

The Viatorian

Volume XLVII

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Number 4.

COLLEGE INAUGURATES GIGANTIC DRIVE

Senior Defends College Students

To the Editor of The Viatorian:
Many students have read the diatribe against the supposed conduct of the student body of St. Viator College which appeared in the last issue of The Viatorian with stark amazement, because it was composed of nothing but the grossest exaggeration. Possibly and even probably the reporter who wrote the article in question merely desired to start an argument, and I am doing now exactly what he hoped some one would do. I would not pay any attention to this calumny on the student body had it not been dignified by the apparently learned title of "survey", and therefore presumably based on accurate fact, laboriously reached, and also carefully weighed, which might deceive those who do not know the truth. Perhaps it was written as a joke on the student body, if so, it was in bad taste, because it was calculated to do much harm. No one who knows the facts can believe the reporter was serious. If he was, he needs to learn much about proper scientific procedure.

How does he proceed to build this terrible indictment of the student body? First of all he supposedly interviews various anonymous members of the faculty and anonymous "representative members of the student body" regarding the religious activities and conduct of the students, and then melodramatically summarizes these interviews. "It was revealed that in the opinion of the men interviewed a really alarming situation exists". It certainly would be something more than a revelation, if any sane member of the Faculty or student body said that the present situation was "alarming". Some zealous priest probably deplored the fact that all the students do not go to Mass every day, but what good priest would not do this, but because some stay away, he would not call the situation "alarming". I will agree not to sleepover the remainder of the year, if this imaginative reporter can produce one representative student who thinks the situation is "alarming". "Alarming" and "dangerous" are favorite words with this reporter. Where did he get the idea that any representative part of the student body think that "the sincere and generous practice of one's religion stamps one as 'effeminate'?" Has he ever been in the chapel in the morning and seen many of the most representative and least fortunate members of the student body at daily Mass? No student, who can be called "representative" believes it is mainly to use profanity, and if he occasionally indulges in it, he is thoroughly ashamed of himself, as he could be for any other wrong doing. He possibly says "The use of profanity and obscenity, both by cultured seniors and innocent freshmen was starting". The only startling thing in the whole affair is this youthful reporter's imagination and reckless use of language. How can a senior be characterized as "cultured" and at the same time convicted of using "profanity and obscenity"? His love for explosive words like "alarming", "dangerous", "effeminate" at times with his logic.

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Juniors Elect Todd as Vice-President

The Junior Class held a meeting in the college club room on Monday evening November 4th.

Mr. Thomas Hayden, the Vice-president of the class, registered this year at Illinois University, making it necessary to elect a man to take his place.

The nominations for the office were Mr. Flynn, Mr. Cleary, and Mr. Todd. The results of a secret ballot were in favor of Mr. Todd as Vice-president. Bill, as he is known to most of the fellows, will certainly make a capable man to fill the office. He is one of Viator's best athletes and is liked by everyone that knows him.

Mr. Todd responded, thanking the fellows for their support in the election, and promised to do all in his power to help the class out in every possible way.

Several important activities were discussed at the meeting and from the present view of the situation this promises to be the banner year for the class of '31.

Reorganization of the Monogram Club Evard Is Elected President

One of the most important events of the current school year was the reorganization of the Monogram Club. This organization was founded in 1927 but due to the lack of interest and activities the club deteriorated into an organization in name only. At a recent meeting the men who have won the coveted "V" in athletics decided to resurrect the organization from its state of dormancy.

The first step to be taken by the members was the election of officers. Byron Evard, popular three sport man and captain of football and basketball, was honored with the presidency. Kenneth Clothier was chosen to assume the duties of vice-president. Al Furlong was elected secretary and Joseph Logan was chosen treasurer. In order to establish a definite form of rules and regulations for the maintenance and activities of the organization it was found necessary to draw up a constitution. A committee has been appointed to take up this work and it is expected that a precise set of by-laws will be in effect in a short time.

Plans relative to a social calendar were discussed and it was decided that some sort of a social function will be held immediately after the football season. According to present plans the social functions of the club will not be limited to one big affair. Various social functions will be held at regular intervals throughout the year in order to keep a certain degree of enthusiasm in the organization.

The Monogram Club is expected to be one of the outstanding organizations on the campus. Membership in the club is limited to those men who have won their letter in athletic competition. This feature will tend to act as an added incentive to students to engage in collegiate athletics.

Short Story Prizes Announced; Three Judges Are Chosen

The prizes have been secured for the Short Story Contest announced in the last issue of The Viatorian. The first prize will be a DeLuxe Fountain Pen and Pencil Set, donated by Brown and Mills, successful Campus business men. The second prize is donated by the College Club, and will be an elegant and expensive cigarette lighter. If the winner happens to be a co-ed, and has no use for cigarettess and therefore lighters, she will be awarded a handsome compact. Or in the event that the winner of the second prize can use neither a compact nor a lighter, another prize of equal value will be given.

Three Judges.

The judges have also been secured. They are the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, Dean of Studies, the Rev. James A. Williams, Professor of English in the High School and Dean of the Department of English last year at Columbus College, Sioux Falls, S. D., and Mr. James Allen Nolan, also a teacher of English in the High School. These men will read the stories, select the first and second prize winners, and will designate the third and fourth best stories for honorable mention.

Rules Repeated.

The rules, printed in the last Viatorian, are repeated here for ready reference.

1. The contest is open to all members of the College department.
2. The subject is a short story not to exceed fifteen hundred words.
3. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor of the Viatorian, Mr. Warne, by 11 P. M., Monday, December 9, 1929.
4. Manuscripts need not necessarily be typewritten, but must be perfectly legible.
5. No names are to appear on the manuscripts, but each will be given a number, Mr. Warne keeping a record of the author.
6. All manuscripts will become the property of The Viatorian, and none will be returned.
7. Each student may submit only one story.

Since the final date, Dec. 9, is fast approaching, all College men who desire to compete, are urged to begin their stories soon.

Month's Mind Mass at St. Bernard Hall

Last Saturday morning, at the request of the members of the High School graduating class, a month's mind Mass was sung at St. Bernard Hall by the director, Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Gallery, sister of a prominent High School Senior, Mr. Thomas O'Neil. A number of Mr. O'Neil's classmates, and the Moderator of the Class, Brother Walsh attended. St. Bernard Hall choir furnished the music.

Professor Kennedy Given Extra Duties Made Director of Admissions

Father Maguire announced last week that Mr. Clarence J. Kennedy, Professor of Biology, has been appointed to a new office at St. Viator College, that of Director of Admissions. The purpose of this new department is to study the most systematic and methodical manner of increasing the enrollment of St. Viator College, and later on, to be in full charge of all operations to gain new students.

Professor Kennedy, because of his originality and practical ability is the ideal man for an office of this kind, and granted the entire co-operation he needs, he should be able to increase the number of students attending St. Viator College very substantially.

Professor Kennedy has not as yet completely outlined his plans as yet, and nothing concerning the method he will follow is given out yet. However, he is evolving a very elaborate and original organization that should without any doubt achieve excellent results.

Viatorian Opens New Department Column for Communications

In the next number of The Viatorian it is hoped that a new department will be inaugurated in the college paper. The column will be known as The Critique, and will be open to anyone who chooses to send in communications. This column is established in order to give everyone a full chance to express his views on any subject he chooses, relevant to college life. The column is not only open to the students, but to the faculty, alumni, students in other schools, and for that matter, anyone who wishes to express himself on any idea whatsoever that would be of general interest.

Freedom Allowed.

The Viatorian is liberal enough to publish any letter that is not of course obscene, or downright, destructively abusive. There has come to the notice of the editors, within the past week or so, instances of dissatisfaction with The Viatorian, alleged grievances of the students, and severe criticism, on the part of the faculty, of several things to be deplored in the students. Now if the individuals who have made these remarks, or who have any other remarks to make, are convinced of the value of their ideas it is hoped they take advantage of this new department to air their views.

Chance to Write for Print.

The establishment of The Critique offers an excellent opportunity to the students, both of the High School and the College Departments, to write for print. Besides, if there is sufficient co-operation among the students, this column could easily be made into one of the most interesting, and also one of the most valuable columns in The Viatorian.

Model Home to Be Given Away

Fr. Maguire in Charge

St. Viator college is sponsoring a giant drive to raise money to be used in paying off part of the College debt. The drive consists in soliciting donations from everyone who will be willing to help the college. To encourage donations, a Model Home is to be given away, and each person making a donation of fifty cents or more will be given a ticket on this home. The holder of the lucky number in a drawing to be held at a picnic next July 6 will receive the home.

Model Home in Chicago.

The Model Home will be located in Chicago, on the corner of Lockwood and Drummond Avenues, in a fine residential section of the Northwest Side. It will be a six-room Colonial house, fully equipped with furnace, frigidaire and every other modern convenience. The house will be built on a corner lot, and the grounds around it will be beautifully landscaped. The famous South Side firm of John R. O'Connor and Co., is building the house. Construction is to begin at once, so that it will be completed by February. The cost of the home, when complete, will be \$20,000.

Father Maguire Directs Campaign.

The Very Reverend J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., President of St. Viator College, is in charge of the campaign. To him is due the credit of conceiving the idea, and of laboring incessantly for the success of the drive. He has added to his already numerous duties the task of personally directing the entire drive, and is in Chicago four or five times a week for this purpose. He is being assisted now chiefly by Mr. John R. O'Connor, and by Mr. Andrew Bracken of the Extension Club. But he is also organizing the alumni of St. Viator College in Chicago, Peoria, Rockford, Bloomington, and other cities, in order to have as many workers as possible assist in the drive. The students of the College will also be organized soon, and will undertake the canvassing of the neighboring towns.

Canvassing to Begin December 15

The tickets for the house will not be out until around December 15. It is hoped the preliminary work of organizing will have sufficiently progressed by that time to begin intensive canvassing. About December 15 also, definite announcement will be made of the various committees and organizations that are to assist Father Maguire in managing and conducting the campaign.

There is no definite goal set in this campaign, other than to make every effort to raise as much money as possible to reduce the debt with which St. Viator is burdened. This plan of raising money for the College has been spoken of encouragingly by all whom Father Maguire has interviewed to date. It is sincerely hoped that all of the friends of St. Viator College, students, alumni, and other benefactors, will do their generous part in making the drive thoroughly successful.

When the complete committees have been selected, the announcement will be made in The Viatorian. A full description of the model home will also appear later.

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Gratias Agamus.

The reader of this editorial is not going to have his intelligence insulted by any pulpit oratory on the necessity of giving thanks for all good things received. That has been the common practice of grateful mankind from the beginning; the Jews had their Feast of Tabernacles, the Greeks the Harvest Feast of Thesmophoria in honor of Dionysus, the Romans had the Cerealia, the English of modern times celebrated the Harvest Home, and we have Thanksgiving times celebrated the Harvest Home and we have Thanksgiving.

The only point to be emphasized here is a peculiarly appropriate way we students have of showing our gratitude to our benefactors. Briefly, let us say we have received, and are now receiving, favors from God, our parents and our school. Later on we will be able to demonstrate more definitely, to our parents and our school, at least, how deep are our affection and gratitude. But hie et nunc, the most practical way to be thankful is to make the best possible use of these benefits we have received. Reducing the favors God and our parents are now granting us to a common denominator, we will quite readily see that the common denominator is exactly the same as the favors our school is lavishing upon us—the advantages of a Catholic education. Obviously, then, we would almost be able to satisfy all debts of gratitude we owe by utilizing these magnificent advantages. Nor is it necessary to dwell on these advantages besides making the simple statement that they consist in the chance to gain a splendid education, in a chance to live a devout and practical Christian life, in a chance to enjoy ourselves reasonably during the golden days of our gorgeous youth. If we are rational men, no more need be said; if we are not, nothing more would be of any use.

Improvement.

Two weeks ago The Viatorian carried a story on a survey made on the Campus regarding Religious Activities of the Students of St. Viator College. The criticisms of the article were hot and furious. Yet one of the conditions complained of has, in some trifling way at least, been improved. Reference is made to attendance at daily Mass. For it seems that last week there were more students at the week-day Masses than ordinarily. The Viatorian is not unaware of the fallacy Post Ergo Propter Hoc, and does not wish to take the credit entirely to itself for even this little improvement. We know that the Holy Name Society has been organized, and that Father Maguire delivered himself of some very forceful language to the students last week on voluntary attendance at daily Mass. But it is hard to think that such a discussion of the entire religious situation as was carried in The Viatorian last issue should not influence us somewhat at least. It is inconceivable that we are so wretchedly perverse that we wouldn't respond in some little way to an honest appeal to do something that can only be for our own good.

Thank You, Kankakee High School.

In the October 31 number of the Kankakee-Keynote, from Kankakee High School was an editorial entitled "Yea! St. Viator!" It criticized the practice of some of the students there of cheering against St. Viator College athletic teams. The writer of the editorial is quite correct about the necessity of community co-operation and good-will, and about the splendid means to demonstrate it by cheering for the home team, whether it be St. Viator College, St. Viator Academy, or Kankakee High School. The Viatorian thanks Kankakee High School for attempting to remedy this lack of community spirit, and expresses the hope that the students of St. Viator College will aid in the further cultivation of this spirit of co-operation.

Alumni Notes.

John Smith, '29, a seminarian at Kenrick, Webster Groves, Missouri, recently found an opportunity to pay us a visit. He had been called home on account of the illness of his father, who, after having passed the crisis of his sickness, is gradually improving.

As a result of a membership drive carried on by the Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., and the Rev. G. A. Galvin, C. S. V., in St. Viator Parish, Chicago, two hundred new men were recently received into the Holy Name Society there. The Parish enrollment now numbers seven hundred and twenty-five members, every one of whom is active and zealous.

Warren Nolan, a busy man from the East, spent a few days with us recently. He is now advertising manager for United Artists, and has his offices in New York. Mr. Nolan was editor of The Viatorian in 1924.

The Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., who has been confined to the Oak Park Hospital for some time, is reported as improving again. Brother James Sees, C. S. V., after lying for three months in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Indianapolis, is now able to sit up.

The Rev. T. E. Shea, Chancellor of the Diocese of Peoria, was a recent visitor at the College; he was accompanied by the Rev. Thos. Kelly.

Joseph Marzano, Acad. '25, who is finishing his medical course at Loyola this year, was elected President of the Senior Medics at the University last week. Leonard Kelly is also taking up medicine at Loyola.

SENIOR DEFENDS COLLEGE STUDENTS.

(Continued From Page 1)

It is true that more students might be daily communicants, but there are few student bodies in the Catholic Colleges of the United States that are more regular in the reception of the Sacraments on the First Fridays and Holy Name Sundays. Any student body that receives Holy Communion twice a month practically without exception can not be accused of spiritual apathy and religious indifference.

The trouble with this reporter, if he was serious, (and the charitable supposition is that he was not) is that he has tried to ape the methods of modern realism. He looks at his college world with a jaundiced eye, sees this fault, and that failing, refuses to see any virtue or right conduct, and then with gaudy rhetoric proceeds to exaggerate the evil he has seen. A fair sample of his method in his description of a few students' conduct in chapel. He sees them lounging instead of kneeling upright as they should, characterizes them as exhausted sausages, and says nothing about the students who behave with reverence and respect. But what matter accuracy and truth when an immortal and refined description like "exhausted sausages" can be flung to and expectant world. If truth interferes with rhetoric so much the worse for truth. The truth is the student body is no worse than it has ever been in the four years I have been here. It is composed for the most part of clean-minded young Catholic gentlemen, deeply imbued with faith and love of their religion. There is plenty of room for improvement, but if there was not, there would be no need for any of us to be in college. The Faculty can be trusted to work the needed improvement. The only "alarming", "dangerous", "startling" element in the whole situation is that The Viatorian has a reporter who can be so unfair to his fellow students and to his school. If he was trying to get someone's "goat", then here it mine. A SENIOR.

Campus Briefs.

Fr. Lynch—"Well, what are you mumbling about?"
Paul Mills, (Sotto Voice)—Father, they say a soft answer driveth away wrath."

Band Master—"Now who knows the definition of a flat?"

Irvin Mathews—"A flat is a number of rooms on one floor"

Prof. Scully—"What is the chief work of Izaak Walton?"

George Shea—(half asleep). Nothing, why?"

Miss Smole—"Let's put up our umbrellas."

Miss Taylor—"No, we might get them wet."

Bob Evard describes a compact as a pill box with powder and a piece of cotton in it.

Question asked in English Poets—"What do Il Penseroso and L'Allegro mean?"

Some one replied—"Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."

Prof.—"Why are you late?"

Rutechi—"Class started before I got here."

Burly Logan strolled into a cafe and ordered a cup of coffee. The waiter brought the coffee and Burly proceeded to sample it.

After one gulp Burly rapped on the table and said; "Waiter!

Waiter! this coffee tastes like mud!" The waiter replied:

"I'm sorry sir, but it was ground this morning."

A strange animal has been seen and heard on the campus here of late. Jim Brown! why don't you keep your mongolian cheese hound locked up?

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF COLLEGIANS.

Gotta Cig?
How's chances for two bits?
Aw! go lay down.
Big "Hot Air Session" on.
C'mon gang! room 220.
Pipe down!
Ya got problem 2?
Gee, that bird works a guy.
I'm sure working my fool head off this year.
Hey, "Griz", how about my sheets?
Well, gotta write home for some dough.

The sophomore class of late has not been enforcing the penalties inflicted upon Freshmen by the Kangaroo Court. May we ask when the Sophs intend enforcing these penalties.

"Al" Furlong and "Eddie" Mathews are considered as the best comedians on the campus. "Al" has one jump on his buddy "Al" Jolson, he is now the "singing janitor."

College Club Notes

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the college club was held Monday evening November the 4th in the college club room.

At this meeting Father O'Mahoney spoke on the Extension Club. He gave a short history of the Extension Club and explained its present work in such a way that the new students could realize the great work of the Club. He stated that the Endowment the Club has been working on is no longer a dream but a reality.

After Father O'Mahoney's talk a brief business meeting was held. Mr. Warne reported on the progress of the insurance drive stating that it was progressing very well.

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Book Reviews.

The Golden Day, by Louis Mumford.

In this age of hopeless optimists and sterile pessimists it is a refreshing experience to hold converse with a man whose reason is neither asleep in the fond allusion that all is well, or else obsessed by the conviction that everything is with frantic haste going to the devil. Except in very rare cases, when peculiar circumstances make their respective viewpoints coincide with fact, neither an absolute optimist nor an absolute pessimist can be a very profound or even intelligent thinker. The one sees all things as unmitigated good because his puerile intellect will not enable him to peer beneath deceiving appearances and view unpleasant realities. The other thinks all is lost and wanders the earth without hope because he falls to probe to the very root of reality and see what is wrong, and see what can be done in improvement.

Perhaps no discussion today is clouded with so much Rotarian buncombe as well as such dire pessimism as the current nonsense being written on American civilization and culture. In the camp of the optimists are innumerable men, deserving of respect for the most part, if not, however of admiration or approval. Among the pessimists are most of the self-styled intelligentsia, most often deserving of no respect because they consider abuse a virtue. Most of the men of this second class never had a constructive thought in their otherwise intelligent cran'a. Their brilliant flippancy excites us and we enjoy their piercing satire, but we pass on not a single idea the richer.

Louis Mumford is far from a blatant optimist; yet he is all the more significant in not being an irredeemable pessimist. In his latest book, "The Golden Day," he handles the much vexed problem of American civilization in about the only intelligent and sensible way. His thesis is that the queer mixture of pioneer romanticism and industrial pragmatism that is the make-up of our civilization, can in no legitimate manner be styled a culture. He sees a few men in the field of American Literature, for instance, that rise far above the level of the rest of their countrymen, and exhibit a remarkable and varied genius. These five men make up The Golden Day of American Literature. Emerson was the Morning Star of this Glorious Day, Thoreau was the Dawn, Whitman was High Noon, and Hawthorne and Melville were the Twilight. To Mr. Mumford these five men were the only five to achieve anything like greatness in American Literature. Mark Twain, Poe, Henry Adams, Dewey, the Brothers James, Howells, Bierce, Dreiser, and others are recognized as masters, perhaps, the one of pioneer and Mississippi life, another of literary criticism and the technique of the short story, another of the glory and the splendor of the Middle Ages, others of pragmatic philosophy, and so forth down the whole gallery of respectable American men of letters. But all these with the exception of the five mentioned above lack the depth and the breadth necessary for a complete culture. Yet it is characteristic of Mr. Mumford that he detects really remarkable powers in these other men, and is broad-minded enough to give them credit when they deserve it. If he were one of your puerile pessimists, the spark of genius that certainly glowed in Poe, for instance, would not be recognized because of the pall of imbecility that was his inheritance as well. Mr. Mumford, it seems, has just about as correctly and as definitely as possible separated the truly great from the near-great in American Literature, without lavishing undue praise on the one class, or annihilating with satire the other.

Mention was made above of the depth and the breadth that is necessary for a complete culture. It is on this

point that Mr. Mumford commits an error of excess. Anyone who knows the A B C's of Culture will tell you that the best, and for that manner the only culture, is that which springs out of full and complete living. Now right here on the meaning of the expression full and complete living we take exception to the views of Mr. Mumford. To him, at least as far as can be gathered from numerous passages in this book, 'life' excludes all idea of repression. To explain, the whole trend of many of the expressions he makes in the book is that a full and complete life results from a thorough use, not only of all man's faculties for good, but also in the fulfillment of all desire. Anyone who has thought profoundly on the meaning of life and has been through a few of the fearful battles of life knows that there are some desires that must not be fulfilled if we are to have life in its fullness and abundance, and that there are some faculties that must be restrained and held in proper bounds if we are to live at all. Repression, then, is a necessary law of life, and if culture springs from full and complete living, repression must be an element of culture. And that is what Mr. Mumford fails to see, for he contends that we will never have culture until we test out every conceivable experience and follow out every conceivable desire to see if we can discover the germs of a new culture. It is significant that the one culture Mr. Mumford seems to admire most, that of the Middle Ages, sprang from the Catholic Church, the only institution through the ages that has taught consistently that repression is essential to complete living, and that life without repression is sin, whose wages are death. To contend that culture can spring from the fulfilling of every desire in the heart of man, is not only un-philosophic, but contrary to facts Mr. Mumford himself admits.

In spite of this error, however, "The Golden Day" is a great book. Besides the favorable comment accorded to it above, it is becoming to state briefly that it is a grand piece of English. The style is quite readable throughout, whether the subject being treated is the Philosophy of William James or the private life of Walt Whitman. Short, pithy, epigrams, and flowing musical language confer an unusual dignity on most of the book. This is a book that is destined to become the classic of American Civilization, and any American that is interested in his native literature will read it with great gusto and profit.

New Edition of Roman Index.

On November 9, by order of Pope Pius XI, a new edition of the Roman Index of Prohibited Books was issued. The preface by Cardinal Merry Del Val summarizes the Church's practice on the reading of books and the decrees of the Popes in this matter. This is followed by articles of Canon Law relative to the publishing and reading of books. After these are the Papal Decrees concerning sensual literature, and the condemnation of the books of Maurras, and of L'Action Francaise. The Index lists about five thousand volumes. Though the Congregation of the Index is not infallible, it represents the Pope as the Shepherd of the Flock of Christ, and should be obeyed. Anyone who reads the condemned books must blame either his malice or ignorance for the spiritual harm that may result.

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

- The Foot and the Lunatics—G. K. Chesterton.
- The Middle Ages.—Munroe and Sontag.
- Alice Meynell, A Memoir—Viola Meynell.
- Red Silence.—Kathleen Norris.
- Educational Year Book for 1927.—Columbia University.

Exchange Column

Armistice Day on the Prairies of Illinois.

The regrets about the Campus the last week have been most mournful because of the Editor-in-Chief's refusal to publish my reflections on Pastoral Simplicity in Illinois' colleges, or something like that, for I forget the title myself of the unlucky article. The requests for my observations on this subject have been so numerous that I have attempted once more to have my say, although perhaps this time I will be more euphemistic. Why one admirer of my column even made a written protest that it was a lamentable shame that my intimate knowledge of the cow paths of Illinois should not be made use of in some such profitable manner as I attempted last time. Yielding to his earnest eloquence, I roamed around the cow paths again yesterday, that is, I read the exchanges from the Illinois colleges in search of some interesting hay—and hayseds, to write about. It seems that everywhere Armistice Day was making quite a hit. Consequently, the text for this week's Exchange comment is "Armistice Day on the Prairies of Illinois"

It seems that Monmouth College was celebrating the memorable event most interestingly. At a prayer service on the evening of November 11th, someone spoke on the learned text:

"He lives the best
Who thinks the most,
Feels the noblest,
And acts the best."

An original little feature of the program is described in this sentence: "Candle light and music were used very effectively. It would be very interesting to know how in the name of the King's English can candle light and music ever be connected by the word "and". But the most interesting part comes later. The speaker said: "More of us should take advantage of musical appreciation for it is the language of the soul." But he forgot to tell us what candle light, music's little running mate, is the language of. Could the orator have implied that it is the language of the heart? If he stressed the cultural advantage of music, and the keynote of the evening was the close relationship of music and candle-light, could he have implied that candle light had, not perhaps a cultural value, but an amatory, or let us say, a national value.

Many have been the triumphs of this little combination, music and the subdued lights. But enough! Oh, yes, the talk closed with the profound observation that "There is a difference in the way one may look at a sunset."

"On the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the eleventh year after the signing of the Armistice, etc., etc." This from the Mt. Morris Mountaineer. The Rev. Hightower pointed out the horrors of war: maimed bodies, shattered nerves, orphaned children, widows, the stationing of wounded in county jails. So gruesome was the picture he painted that a duet by the Misses Stutsman and Schellign was needed to relieve the emotional strain of the audience. "He closed his message with a poem", the news story starts. Now why was that a message he relieved himself of, and not just a speech, or perhaps a piece? The reason for this mystic word message cannot be given me. Unless of course he meant that he was teaching the world something new—that nowadays widows are designated as being among the "horrors of war."

Page the Bradley Tech! At the Armistice Day festivities in Peoria, some noted speaker orated on "Stories From Life". But the tragic note of the whole affair there was that Lawrence Blackman arose and knocked

Two Local Priests Are Made Pastors

Announcement was made recently of the appointment of two priests of the College to Pastorates in the Diocese of Peoria. The Rev. Joseph D. LaPlante, C. S. V., has been designated Pastor of L'Erable, Illinois, and the Rev. Jos. V. Vien, C. S. V., has been made pastor of Martinton, Illinois.

Father LaPlante to L'Erable.

Father LaPlante, who will assume the duties of Pastor at L'Erable next week, has for the last few years performed the double task of Assistant Pastor at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, and of Professor at the College. This year he has been teaching six classes, in Apologetics and in Greek, and his loss will be very keenly felt. The students and faculty alike regret sincerely to lose him, and be deprived of the magnetic attraction of his jolly personality and aimable disposition. To him is extended a sad farewell, but the hope is reserved that his new duties will not be so arduous and exacting as to prevent him from paying us numerous visits.

Father Vien to Martinton.

Although Father Vien has been at the College but for a short while this year, he is well remembered by all students of the last few years. Father Vien was Professor of French, and had the reputation about the Campus of taking just about as much interest in his classes and his pupils, and of doing just about as much work for them as was humanly possible. About the Campus he was always well liked. The rich, musical sound of his jolly "Bon Jour" will be greatly missed. To Father Vien, also, The Viatorian extends the best wishes of the faculty and students, asking him not to forget that the distance between Martinton and Bourbonnais is so short that we will expect to see him often.

The announcement of the two appointments was made recently by the Very Rev. Gerald Bergan, Peoria.

h-l out of the works by singing "There Is No Death." It is said, furthermore, in the write-up of the main speech, that the speaker came down to the level of the students. He must of had a mighty long slide if he reached the level intimated by this excerpt from one of the student's description of the speech on the front page of the Tech: He said that "a number of his students whom he had considered "dumb" have since become successful, proving that no one can judge a person by one phase of the work that they do."

But everything I saw in the cow pastures was not dry grass. There was one little place I visited where the remarks on Armistice Day were as refreshing as a fragrant field of clover. That was the Augustana Observer, from Rock Island. There was an editorial in that paper on "Eleven Years After" that was about as sensible a thing as I have seen in a college paper this year. For the edification of the cynics who say I am incapable of detecting merit where merit exists, I quote the last paragraph of the editorial, "summa cum laude: "But we are human, and when governments and men want a war badly enough to hire a few experienced psychologists to change our exceptions and work on our imagination, we will probably shoulder our gun, eager to fight, and if need be, to sacrifice our all for a country which, when the war is won, will list its dead heroes on artistic bronze plaques and proceed to forget them and to lose faith and interest in the "cause" for which they fought." The Exchange Column of The Viatorian is so impressed by that paragraph that it is asking the Augustana Observer for the name of the author.

The Inquiring Reporter

Question: Of all the characters in literature, which would you rather be?

FRANCES M. CLANCY, '32. From the novels and plays that I have read, Cyrano de Bergerac, a character from the play of that name by Edmond Rostand, stands out distinctly in my mind. His is a character not easily forgotten. A brave, independent, generous man, a wit of the keenest humor, a poet who has "stood below in the darkness while others have climbed to gather the kiss and glory"—such is Cyrano de Bergerac. He is very sensitive about one defect—an extremely large and ugly nose (one doesn't exactly want to resemble him in that respect.) His sacrifice of his own happiness for the sake of the woman he loves is one of the most generous and touching acts of a career enriched by many such. His homeliness of features is entirely forgotten in the beauty of his soul. Truly the character of Cyrano de Bergerac is such to excite the admiration of all.

ARMAND LOTTINVILLE, '31. I believe that of all the characters which I remember at the present time, Orlando is my ideal. I would be quite content to undergo a transformation and live the part he plays in "As You Like It," not only because of his own virtues, but especially on account of the excellent company and delightful environment which it was his good fortune to enjoy. Life in the verdant forest, in daily contact with the beauties and mysteries of nature, with the wit of Touchstone, the philosophy of Jacques, the humanity of the old Duke, and I might add, the presence of the fair and virtuous Rosalind, would be far more pleasurable than the hurry and bustle of our every day life.

RAYMOND M. BOYSEN, '30. Beatrice in The Divine Comedy is the ideal character, whose beauty, goodness and wisdom must ever lead men to the most brilliant moral conquests. She is the embodiment of all that compels admiration and love, seeming, as it were, a perfect reflection of the perfections of God Himself. We see in Helen, Dido, Cleopatra, and other heroines a fatal gift of beauty which, unguarded by virtue, arrests men bent upon the building of empires and brings about their debasement. In Beatrice we find the secret of woman's overwhelming power for good, the inspirer of mankind, the power by which he becomes God-like. We, then, observe, that as woman was the occasion of man's fall, so she can become his inspiration to rise again. If every woman had Beatrice's virtue and gentleness, man would be compelled to love her, and in loving her would love that which is purest, holiest and worthiest on earth. He would then be best able to serve God and man while preparing himself for perfect happiness above. In Beatrice we find inherent goodness, gentleness, which is its outward form, and modesty, the veil that overshadows it. It is the secret of her intellectual power to sway the minds and hearts of men. Her beauty is beyond description. The comeliness of her person, the ravishing beauty of her face, and the dazzling brilliancy of her eyes transfixes Dante with happiness. And she is compelled to tell him:

Turn thee and list, these eyes are not thy only paradise.

NOTICE COLLEGE STUDENTS!

The Administrative Council Have Announced That the Thanksgiving Vacation Will Extend From Wednesday After Close, Until Sunday Night at 11:30.

VIATORIANA



Talk about your coincidences! Here's the strangest yet. You recall the last issue we offered a hundred grand for the best satire on American advertising. Well, it's the funniest thing, but through some freak fortune, after looking through all the manuscripts, we found—we had won it ourselves.

The "Legend" of this prize-winner hinges around an ill-fated and disinherited butcher-boy. In his despair at rejection he turns upon his parents and sings that most pathetic of lyrics, "You Called Me a Loose-Liver Dad, So I Threw Myself to the Dogs".—But here's the story itself.

The great iron clock of the Seattle Hotel lobby approached the stroke of twelve when young Addison Sims hurried through the room and rushed over to the elevator. "Roof Gardens, please, and hurry it up," he said. The boy turned the throttle and the elevator rose like an arrow. At exactly the stroke of twelve Addison was seated at a corner table, facing the open waters of the Sound. Breathing a sigh of relief, he surveyed the guests, signalled the waiter, and ordered a gin-ricky, keeping his eyes, all the while, upon the cafe entrance. Not many minutes had passed before the elevator delivered another passenger—a tall, rangy man of about 40 years. His giant and weather-worn features were black from a torrid sun. Surveying the crowd quickly, he made his way over to the aforesaid corner, facing the open Sound. At the stranger's entrance, the younger man had hidden behind some ferns that grew from great earthen pots along the wall. From the vantage point he contemplated the features of the stranger. "It's old Jack Webster," he mused, "twenty years have not changed him a bit. Just as handsome as ever. Yes, it's all of twenty years, and he didn't forget his promise. How glad I am to see the old boy."

And then trembling with emotion, he crept up closer to the silent figure. Soon he was so near that his bated breathing might have been heard had not the stranger been so intent upon the blue waters far below. At last a warm breath beat upon the stranger's cheek and a voice whispered "Jack", shrilly in his ear. Turning around quickly he beheld the speaker. And the light of recognition flared up in his eyes. At the same time, however, an expression of extreme hatred overspread his countenance, and seized by monetary rage, he grasped the younger man around the body and heaved him over the low wall into the whirling waters far below. Then, realizing the insane act, and before the guests could prevent him he hurled himself likewise from the dizzy height for down into the inky depths.—That's the insidious thing about halitosis. You, yourself never know you have it, and your best friends hesitate to tell you. Only Listerine can save you from such tragedies as this.

Last Words of Great Men.

- "The wurst is yet to come."—Oscar Mayer.
- "My pants are numbered."—Hart, Shaffner or Marx.
- "The next life should be a real 'dive'."—Annette Kellerman.
- "Let's play the rubber, anyway."—Goodrich and Son.

The last joke on Dempsey proved so successful that we are turning our "rare vintage" joke on him. Say! Why did Estelle Taylor marry Dempsey? Because she loves Jack.

New Library Books Received.

- "The Rise and Fall of a Roaming Empire".—Peggy Joyce.
- "The Emulsions of Sir Walter Scott."—By Shakes-beer.
- "No Matter, Never Mind."—David Hume.
- "The Crop Is Great This Year."—By Heck.

If you stand on the I. C. bridge and watch on the one hand the dirty, grimy, smoky tracks, and on the other hand the two story laundry building just oposite, you can rest assured that—it's Snow-white laundry.

Rutecki—Talk about your "Beau Brummels". Why I introduced him to my partner at the dance and in two minutes he had her address and an invitation to dinner. Maguire—What took him so long.

Man, I had the funniest dream last night. I got up into Heaven and discovered that the angels all had saxaphones and were playing away to beat the band. Yeh! What were they playing? "I aint got nobody."

Gee! We pulled an awful stunt. We put soap flakes instead of corn flakes on the priests' table. Did they get sore? Yeh! They foamed at the mouth.

Rastus Brownson says, "The Wages of Gin Is Death."

Evanow Ivanitch

CHAPTER III. "YOUR FARE MISS."

Evanow Ivanitch was visibly impressed. His broad, rangy frame hung motionless and rigid over the small table, expressing by its tenseness the violent physical activity within. During the narration his mind had wandered far away. The steady sonorous voice of the narrator, and the sadness of the tale had awakened in him vivid memories of the past. Once again he was in Petrograd, at the height of the war period. Visions of noisy taverns and strang deeds of violence raced through his excited brain. Now he was walking the crazy winding streets, overflowing with scurrying masses of unkempt and restless people. Now he sat at disordered drinking tables, quaffing vodka and listening distractedly to a steady hum of voices at one time rising to a piercing crescendo, at another time lapsing into monotonous monotone. De Quincey's voice was constantly altering in quality and strength. Now it seemed as violent as that of a frenzied fanatic's. Now it reminded him of some perfervidly eloquent visionary, spinning splendid stories of things that might be. When it stopped altogether the effect was like an electric shock. It recalled Ivanitch to reality. His body twitched violently a few times, and his eyes started out of the fixed stare they had assumed. Slowly the eyes began tracing a path around the room, now settling for an instant on the curiously colored ceiling, again concentrating on the tapestried curtains or the polished shining floors. At last they came to rest on the handsome features of De Quincey. Ivan studied the physiognomy boldly. There was something fascinating in the sensitive nose and penetrating blue eyes. He was beginning to experience a strange attraction toward this youth. Something in his character struck a responsive chord in his own. Here, he felt instinctively, was a companion with whom he could fly fast and far. For the space of a Freshman English recitation they stared fixedly at each other as if trying to pierce the veil that held the two souls apart. Ivan was the first to emerge from the hypnosis. He broke silence good-naturedly, "I'm booked for the Blackmail Hotel tonight. Is there any possibility of your directing me there?"

De Quincey shifted in his seat, lit a cigarette, after about four attempts with his new cigarette lighter, and then answered indifferently, "Know the place! Why I know it like a Greek grammar. Stopped there not long ago myself for a rest and a change. As the old story goes, the bell-hop got the change and the hotel got the rest. To be specific the hotel is all of a paralytic's throw from here. If you give me a chance to change this negligee of mine I'll escort you there in person." De Quincey called the proprietor over, talked with him a second, and then retired into the rear of the cafe. He emerged several minutes later completely transformed. In place of the rags he sported a haberdashery display that would turn Mayor Walker just green with envy. Ivan surveyed him, half-admiringly, half-amused. Then clapping him good-naturedly on the back, he recited one of his pleasantries and proceeded to conduct the boy to the door. Justin Steel, however, had taken a terrible fancy to his guests. Before they could get away he insisted on taking them behind the curtains for a shot at his sure-shot South American Yermat. It was guaranteed to make an Egyptian mummy jibber. They survived two trials and walked out gaily into a clear Indian Summer evening. The sky was already brilliant with stars, and, together with the artificial lighting, illuminated the surroundings like daylight. The "Yermat" was a fine tonic. They felt exhilarated and lively. The whole world smiled at them. Surely the Lord was good and the devil not

half-bad. "Do you see that street car ahead there," called out De Quincey. If we can catch it our searching is ended." Ivan responded by leaping forward and twisting and twirling through the scattered crowd. "Yez can't catch me," he yelled back playfully over his shoulder and then made a bee-line for the car. De Quincey broke into a gallop, and after upsetting a few indignant or dazed night-walkers caught up with his playful pal. Together they reached the street-car and waited to see the women and children on. The conductor was delivering his usual line with great gusto.

"Everybody get aboard please. Ladies and children first."

What are they going to do, giggled Ivan, have a spanking contest inside? And then out of pure devilry he hollered out, "Never mind the boards conductor. Just think of the pleasant change you'll get with us on the car." "Don't talk like that," snickered De Quincey. "One thing about a conductor. He's not afraid to tell anyone where to get off."

Ivan approached the conductor and offered him a kopeck.

That ain't fare, said the con. I know it isn't, Ivan countered, but they use them just the same.

De Quincey, who was having a hard time standing up, walked in and captured a few seats, while Ivan negotiated for his change. At the next stop a young lady got on. "Your fare Miss," said the conductor significantly. Not bad at all, agreed Ivan. And he marveled at the strangeness of a universe in which a conductor and an aesthete could agree in an ideal of beauty.

When Ivan finally got his change the car was filled to capacity. Ahead of him were crosses row on row, crosses between Mulattoes and Afgan'ians, Congo's and Egyptians. Chicago must be a wonderful city thought Ivan that it could attract people from darkest Africa. Ivan trudged his way through the leather-pushers and strap-hangers, and looked around for his diminutive friend. His head felt a trifle dizzy and besides the "black cloud" ahead hid the rest of the car from his view.

"Where are you Quincey, old boy," he cried out despairingly.

"Right here Ivan old kid," came the reassuring answer.

And then away down at the end of the car Ivan beheld his little friend, valiantly guarding two seats from the covetous gaze of strap-hangers. Ivan made his way up and took his seat, but all the time he felt very guilty. Three or four over-worked and underfed office girls were eyeing him beseechingly. They really did look a little dizzy. Ivan turned to his partner.

"Shall we surrender our seats like a couple of gentlemen?"

"Not on your life," came the reply, "My motto is 'Never give up.'" So the women stood for their rights. About this time a little incident occurred that isn't much in interest but nevertheless serves to illustrate the generosity and thoughtfulness of Ivan's heart.

The car had stopped and was just about starting again when a shrill feminine voice cried out, "just a minute conductor, wait 'till I get mah clothes on." Naturally everyone was greatly confused and some threw up their hands in horror. Quincey giggled shamelessly. Ivan, however, with that rushin' courtesy and considerateness characteristic of his race, dashed boldly onto the platform and helped the poor lady in with her laundry.

"It's about time for the Jewish Passover," said De Quincey when Ivan had regained his seat. "After we get past it our hotel will be in hailing distance."

What's the Jewish Passover got to do with getting to ur hotel, inquired Ivan innocently.

At this remark Quincey started off on a repetition of his "Penny Arcade" convulsions. Ivan stood by helplessly "Let me in on the joke, he pleaded, you're evidently trying to make a fool out of me."

"Trying to make a fool out of you,"

screamed De Quincey with particular emphasis on the try. "I don't need to try." And then he started laughing in dead earnest. Ivan looked around at his passengers beseechingly. An interested colored boy came to the rescue "You see it's this way mistah. When that fellah says "Jewish Passover" he really means the twelfth street bridge. You'se got to wvatch these Chicago boys. They'se just full of the Dick ens."

Ivan answered that it must be so and continued a close watch on his friend. The latter finally came out of his hysterics and began to act normal again. When they passed the celebrated bridge he had the goodness to point it out to him and to remark the powerful olfactory nerves of the people who used it. They reached the hotel soon after. De Quincey was in high spirit and while Even Ivan negotiated for a room, he stealthily backed up into telephone booth to strengthen the shop of "Yermat" by a swig of the original Wooster sauce. The effect was nothing less than violent and instantaneous. When Ivan turned to look at him again his eyes were sparkling, his countenance glowed and his entire frame appeared surcharged with an emotion much like an artificially enlivened and spirited horse at a race track. De Quincey was now out for good time and, in his mind, the whole world seemed anxious to give it to him. Stepping up briskly to the desk he slapped the clerk familiarly on the back and whispered in a confidential tone "Mike old boy I've been trying to think of something for a week back." The clerk was on to his tricks, the old sharper, and responded, "Slona's Liniment!" without hesitation.

You guessed it all right, continue De Quincey, and now Ivan its your turn to guess one. Do you realize that I've been trying to think of a word for two full weeks?"

Even Ivan had heard that stale away back in the Steppes. He looked away for a second as if absorbed in thought, and then turned back to suggest "fortnight" as a solution. By that time, however, De Quincey was on the other side of the lobby pumping questions at the dumb Bell Telephone operators. "Say, he began, what number do I have to call to get Main 492. A you girls ever do is telephone to hang up."

By this time, however, De Quincey felt another urge for action. Talk about your broad jumps he said to the operators. Just watch this running bell-hop. And he started off full speed at a bell-boy who was making his way across the lobby. The boy stepped lightly aside and Quincey continued on until he landed head first in an overstuffed lounge on the other side of the room. This, however, did not stop Quincey a bit. "What do you say Ivan if we go up to our rooms," he called across the lobby, and then made his way over to the elevator. "Never mind the steps Ivan," he continued, "here's old gelatinous Joe waiting to take us up in his osclatting bicoupe. Hello Joe old boy how are you anyway he whispered, walking the indoor aviator out of a sound sleep. "You're wvill about taking us up a few flights aren't you?"

The aviator looked wild about it. He slapped on his cap, gritted his teeth started the elevator, and "swore up and swore up and down."

The two adventurers had taken separate rooms, but Quincey was so well under the weather that Ivan stayed with him until he had seen him safely in bed. Then he tucked the little fellow to sleep and for the first time in three nights hit the hay himself. The first impressions of America had not been half bad and he waited interestedly for further developments.

(To Be Continued.)

NOTICE.

Material on "Disarmament" may be found in Room 6 of Marsile Hall. Debate members only may obtain key from librarian.

Irish Defeated by Strong Lombard Team

Olive Rally in Last Half to Beat Viator

The old axiom that "a good big man better than a good little man" was proven at Lombard field Nov. 9, when the "good big men" of Lombard defeated the "good little men" of Viator. The game was hard fought throughout and despite the score the Olive kney were in a football game. Viator played Lombard on even terms the first half, but in the last period the terrific pace began to tell on the Irish. Lombard, with a trainload of reserves, kept sending in fresh men in place of the exhausted ones. The lack of reserve material was the Irish downfall. The Viatorians took the ball straight down the field after the kickoff to the 10 yard line. Later Toohill blocked a punt and the Green had a good opportunity to score. Here the breaks of the game went against the Irish. With Furlong, Evard, and Cassidy going rough the line for substantial gains looked like a sure touchdown. A 15 yard penalty for clipping sent Viator back almost to midfield. Lombard scored the first touchdown after Viator recovered a fumble, which the officials after an argument, gave to Lombard. The whole Viator team fought like Irish should, in the first half, but were forced to give way before the onslaughts of the Olive in the last period.

PLAY BY PLAY.

First Quarter.
Lombard kicked off to Evard, of St. Viator, who returned the ball 15 yards to his own 35 yard line. Evard gained 10 yards over left tackle and Furlong made four over left guard. Furlong made it first down over center. A pass was grounded and Furlong punted to Lewis, on Lombard's 30 yard line. Lewis took the ball for nine yards around his left end and Sweasy made first down with a line plunge. Lewis went around his left end for a pretty run of 25 yards and Little Nick followed it with five over his right tackle, continuing a steady march down the field. Lewis lunged for 10 yards over left guard and then made 20 more through center. Little Nick made four and on the next play Lewis cracked the line for seven yards, to within six inches of the goal line. Lombard failed to gain on the first play and then Lewis hit the line and it over. Nick made it seven with perfect drop kick. Evard, of St. Viator, received the kickoff and returned the ball to his

own 34 yard line. The visitors failed to gain and Furlong punted to Lewis on Lombard's 30 yard line. Nick was thrown for a loss on an attempted end run, but on the next play Crabtree gained 15 yards. Nick made five around left end. Lombard was penalized 15 yards for holding as the quarter ended.

Second Quarter.
Crabtree raced for 25 yards around his left end. Nick made two around right end, but Lombard was penalized 15 yards for holding. A pass, Sweasy to Worbel, was incomplete and Lewis punted out of bounds on St. Viator's 30 yard line. Furlong punted to Nick, who returned the ball 10 yards to Lombard's 30 yard line. Lombard was penalized another 15 yards, and although Crabtree gained 20 yards on one play, Lewis was forced to kick on the fourth down. The defensive forward wall broke through at this point and blocked Lewis' punt, gaining possession of the ball on Lombard's 30 yard line. By a series of line plays and passes the ball was worked down to Lombard's 10 yard line, where the invaders were held for downs. After a couple of short gains, Lewis got lose with a 31 yard run, escaping everyone but the safety man, and was hauled down in center field.

Third Quarter.
Lombard failed to gain and on an exchange of punts Lombard began another march down the field. With the ball on St. Viator's 10 yard line, Lewis crossed the goal line on a fake play. Nick kicked the goal.

Evard received Lombard's kickoff and returned the ball to his own 35 yard line. Lombard recovered the ball on a fumble and after three line plays the ball went to St. Viator on their 33 yard line. St. Viator's punt went to Lewis, who made a sensational 25 yard run as the quarter ended.

Fourth Quarter.
Hughes, redhead Lombard idol, replaced little Nick and on the first play gained five yards around his left end. Crabtree made it first down over right tackle. Hughes gained a yard. On the next play, Lewis got loose for a touchdown. The try for goal was wide. Lombard kicked off and recovered St. Viator's fumble on their 40 yard line. Hughes made nine yards over left tackle. Hughes made it first down through the right side. Hughes made 15 yards around left end, but was carried off the field after this play began. (Continued on Page 6)

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Team—	Won.	Lost	Tied	Pct.
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Monmouth	4	0	0	1.000
Lombard	3	0	0	1.000
North Central	5	0	1	1.000
De Kalb	4	1	2	.800
Bradley	4	1	0	.800
Charleston	4	1	0	.800
Millikin	4	1	0	.800
Wesleyan	4	2	0	.666
Eureka	3	2	2	.600
Macomb	3	3	0	.500
Elmhurst	1	1	0	.500
Carbondale	2	3	0	.400
Illinois College	2	3	0	.400
Shurtleff	2	3	1	.400
McKendree	1	3	0	.250
Wheaton	1	4	0	.200
Augustana	1	5	0	.167
Carthage	0	3	1	.000
Lake Forest	0	3	0	.000
State Normal	0	5	2	.000
Mt. Morris	0	5	0	.000
St. Viator	0	5	1	.000

WEEK'S SCORES.

Conference.
Wesleyan, 7; Illinois college, 6.
Charleston, 9; Carbondale, 6.
Bradley, 7; Macomb, 0.
McKendree, 19; Normal, 0.
De Kalb, 20; Wheaton, 6.
Eureka, 20; Mt. Morris, 0.
North Central, 20; Carthage, 0.

Non-Conference.
Coe, 5; Knox, 3.
Millikin, 6; Butler, 0.
Cornell, 6; Monmouth, 0.
Lombard, 39; Carroll, 0.
Elmhurst, 33; Valparaiso, 0.
St. Ambrose, 13; Augustana, 7.

Two rampaging Iowa elevens, Coe and Cornell, took the count of Knox and Monmouth, leaders of the Little 19 conference, last week in non-conference games, while James Millikin (Continued on Page 6)

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Holy Name Society Is Reorganized

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, the first meeting of the Holy Name Society for the current scholastic year was held in the College Club rooms. The meeting proved to be one of the most representative meetings of the college students that has been held this year. Before entering upon the business of the Society, Rev. Father Maguire, President of the College and Spiritual Director of the Holy Name Society, addressed the assembly. He quite emphatically stressed the need of greater spiritual activity on the campus. He referred particularly to the attendance at daily mass, and reception of the Sacraments by the college students. He emphasized in a special way the compulsory attendance of all students at the Student Mass on Sundays, which is celebrated at 8:30 on every Sunday excepting the second Sunday of each month, Holy Name Communion Sunday, on which day the Student Mass is at 7:00. The student Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation is the only Mass at which compulsory attendance of all students is required. Father Maguire pointed out that the abolishment of the rule requiring attendance at daily mass by all students was merely another step towards student self-government. But, he further remarked that an appreciable degree of co-operation, as manifest by frequent attendance at daily Mass and frequent reception of the Sacraments, is required from the students to prevent a return of the old regime. He emphasized a fact that was greatly appreciated by particularly the older members of the student body, namely that he is constantly striving to establish, in so far as is reasonably possible, student self-government on the campus of St. Viator College. It is anticipated that the students will respond and co-operate with him in proving his efforts to be successful.

He then proceeded to the direct purpose of the meeting, namely, the re-organization of the Holy Name Society. He made a few remarks regarding the purpose and benefits of the Holy Name Society, and its re-establishment on the campus. He also expressed his sincere wish that all Catholic students be enrolled in the organization. He mentioned, also, the nation-wide movement toward the organization of Catholic students to promote concentrated efforts in religious activity. He read portions of a letter which he had recently received notifying him that St. Viator College has had the distinction of being elected to provide a Director on the Board of Control of the Chicago District Catholic Student Conference on Religious Activities. Last year St. Viator College was quite singularly honored by being elected to provide the Treasurer of this Conference. After a few words of encouragement and instruction, Fr. Maguire turned the meeting over to Mr. G. Raymond Sprague, President of the Holy Name Society.

Two offices in the local organization were made vacant by graduation last June, vice-presidency and the office of Marshal. It was the will of the house to elect officers to fill these vacancies by standing vote. As a result of the ballot, Mr. Gill Middleton was elected to the office of Vice-president and Phillip Mackey was elected to the office of Marshal. The officers who will direct the work of the organization until the next regular election which is to be held in January are: Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, Spiritual Director; G. Raymond Sprague, President, Gill Middleton, Vice-president, Thomas R. Doyle, Secretary; Vincent Morrissey, Treasurer and Phillip Mackey, Marshal. To this list at a future date may be added from two to four Consultants, according to the provisions made by the Constitution of the Society.

The Theatres

AT THE MAJESTIC.

Nov. 24.—"Darkened Rooms"—with Evelyn Brent and Neil Hamilton. A gripping mystery-thrill romance, based on a popular Cosmopolitan Magazine story, "Darkened Rooms" by S'r Philip Gibbs. Added the usual Sunday three acts of vaudeville.

Nov. 25, 26, 27—"Rio Rita" with Bebe Daniels, John Boles and Don Alvarado. Popular musical comedy from the stage of New York. John Boles the well known tenor of the "Desert Song" plays the male lead with Bebe Daniels his opposite. Bebe has a charming voice which wins for her many new friends.

Nov. 28.—"Oh Yeah!" Rib-tickling, Spine-tingling, Laugh-provoking, Breath-taking comedy-drama is "Oh Yeah!"—with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason, Patricia Caron and Zazu Pitts. Based on the story "No Brakes" from the Saturday Evening Post.

Nov. 29, 30.—"Broadway Melody" Spectacle! Musical Comedy! Melo-drama! All the miracles of the mightiest dramatic and musical plays of New York's stage are woven into the world's greatest entertainment. Better than a \$6.60 Broadway show! Starring Anita Page and Bessie Love.

AT THE LUNA

Nov. 24—"Lucky in Love"—as cocky, as breezy, as colorful, as rich, as tuneful, as impassioned as Auld Ireland itself—cut out of human laughter and tears and draped in romantic, sentimental and catchy ditties! With Morton Downey and Betty Lawford. All talking and singing.

Nov. 25, 26, 27—"Young Nowheres" with Richard Barthelmess and Marion Nixon. Tender as "The Enchanted Cottage," wistful as "Tol'able David"—human as "The Noose,"—memorable as "Broken Blossoms." The struggle of romance in a big city.

IRISH DEFEATED BY STRONG LOMBARD.

(Continued From Page 5)

cause of an injury to his knee, Mercer replaced him. Worbel went over with the final score. The try for goal was wide. Substitutions were rapid as the game ended with Viator trying for a score by passes.

Lombard	Position	St. Viator
Ballou	LE	Toohill
Anderson	LT	Carroll
Konarski	LG	Logan
Murphy	C	Weber
Nestl	RG	Hunt
Rice	RT	Matthews
Wroebe	RE	Gibbons
Nichols	QB	Hamilton
Crabtree	RB	Cassidy
Sweasy	LE	Evard
Lewis	FB	Furlong

Touchdowns—Lewis (3) Wrobel.
Goal after touchdown—Nichols.
Score by quarters:
Lombard7 0 7 12—26
St. Viator0 0 0 0—0
Referee—Tuite (Lombard). Umpire—Cox (Millikin). Head linesman—Hamilton (Southern California).

Substitutions—O'Brien for Anderson, Voeskal for Logan, Bellinger for Sweasy, Galloway for Konarski, Mercer for Nichols, Nichols for Mercer, Crain for Rice, Hughes for Nichols, Vogel for Crabtree.

Father Munsch Preaches Retreat

The Rev. Francis E. Munsch, C. S. V., Director of St. Bernard Scholasticate, and Professor of Ancient and Mediaeval History in the College Department, is preaching the Annual Retreat this week for the students of Notre Dame Convent, Bourbonnais.

This is the second successive year that Father Munsch has given the Retreat for the girls in the neighboring institution. Last year his pleasing and familiar way of speaking made him very successful with the girls, and the high grade character of his conferences satisfied the exacting demands of the Sisters, wherefore he was asked to conduct the retreat again this year.

Father Munsch, some years ago, was, for awhile, Chaplain at Notre Dame Convent, and ever since has been held high in the esteem of the Sisters.

FOUR UNDEFEATED TEAMS REMAIN IN LITTLE 19

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university, invading the Butler bowl, set back Patsy Clark's Bulldogs by a 6 to 0 score.

The DeKalb Teachers, another undefeated team, whipped Wheaton, 20 to 0. Coe and Knox, battling for supremacy in the midwest loop, engaged in a hard fought contest that was won, 5 to 3, by the Iowans when Allen booted a place kick from the 25-yard line late in the game.

The victory gave Coe its second consecutive midwest conference title and marked the first defeat of the season for the Siwashers. A fumble by Monmouth enabled Cornell college, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, to gain a 6 to 0 win over the Little 19 team. Capt. Cook scored on a five yard run around end.

Although badly shaken up in a train wreck while enroute to Indianapolis, Millikin gridders downed Butler, 6 to 0. Capt. Gidcomb's recovery of a Butler fumble on the Butler 17-yard line paved the way for a scoring pass from Corbett to Arnett.

The Green Titans of Illinois Wesleyan marched 50 yards to a touchdown in the last period for a 7 to 6 win over Illinois college, the eleven which tumbled Millikin from the Little 19 lead two weeks ago. Illinois college scored in the opening minute of play when a Wesleyan player fumbled the kickoff.

McKendree entered the conference win column setting back State Normal, 19 to 0, and Bradley and the Charleston Teachers boosted their percentages a notch by their respective victories over the Macomb and Carbondale Teachers.

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