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Agnes Repplier, the Stylist

M. R. Vogel, '26

In any list containing the masters of present day American prose, the name of Agnes Repplier must be mentioned as one of the most brilliant of essayists. Her essays, appearing singly in the leading literary magazines, such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century Magazine*, *The Yale Review*, and others, or collected into book form have been widely read, and practically everyone has enjoyed them so greatly that the acclamation of her powers is becoming ever more and more widespread. She has a sparkling diction and a clear attractive style that appeals instantly to the reader, and the continued grace and movement of her writings hold the attention. The beauty of her diction, the fluency of her language, the fine elegance of her style, combine to produce an effect that is extremely pleasing. Her accomplishments are rare, and he who spends a half hour or so in reading one of her essays is sure to be fascinated by its continued charm and grace. Each of her productions conveys the sense of perfect craftsmanship so completely, that in reading them one feels himself entertained by a master. Agnes Repplier is not the greatest of present day essayists, yet there is something unusually fine about all her works, a simple clearness of expression and innate beauty, which places them high in the rank of modern day productions.

About the style of Agnes Repplier's essays, we can scarcely be too enthusiastic. It is here that she attains her most consummate art. Her essays go along with such smoothness and grace, and are developed with such delightful urbanity that we are carried along with the current of the thought, regardless of whether we are interested in the subject itself or not. The very charm of the style makes us pursue the topic until the end. The author adopts so familiar a vein that she seems to be relating to us her views on the subject simply because they interest her and she believes they will interest us. She puts her very self into the essay, so that behind every paragraph we seem to hear her gentle, calm, persuasive, voice actually speaking the words in the volume before us. Her arguments never become ranting, inflammable, or coercive. She places her opinions before us, cites facts and common experiences to uphold them, and then leaves it to our own judgment to decide. The manner in which she does this, the pleasant anecdotes and amusing little happenings which she

relates to drive home her point, the acute and decisive comments that inevitably follow any lengthy quotation, which act as spices to the general pleasing effect of the whole, all tend to give the entire essay the highest enjoyable quality possible. Her style throughout is light, airy, and admirably adapted to the nature of the subjects she treats. It attracts our undivided attention at the very outset, and by force of its abundant action and sparkling life, we are held deliciously enthralled until the very end. When we lay the book down, our mind is refreshed and we feel the enjoyable sensation of having gained a new aspect of some phase of life. It is a moving, persuasive, conversational style that makes the reader feel that he is being treated as an intellectual equal, and not as though he were a mere child harking to the mighty words of a sage. Our confidence is won, our vanity is seduced, and our applause is elicited by the manner in which the author places the material before us and then seemingly feels implicit confidence in our ability to see the truth of her argument, without forcing her to resort to the use of striking phrases or bitter invectives. Such a forceful, yet fascinating style is seldom found.

In some essays this easy and delightful style rises to the height reached in the personal essays of Lamb, of whom Miss Repplier has ever been an ardent student. The untold wealth of charm and interest in Lamb's essays is due to the fact that he does not tell us how he felt on certain occasions, but he actually makes us feel his emotions. He pours his whole spirit into his words, and in reading them we really experience every emotion that played upon his delicate sensibilities when writing. Who has ever read the "Dissertation on a Roast Pig" and experienced the same sensation as though he were actually eating? It is this infusion of self, this pouring forth not only of thought but also of feeling and emotion into her works, that Agnes Repplier often resembles Lamb. She begins to write on some subject dear to her own heart and soon she is unconsciously weaving into the essay the strength and feeling of her own emotions. We can find this emotional outburst in passages of "The Novel of Incident", "A By Way in Fiction", and numerous others. Thus in "A Short Defence of Villains", the whole essay has such a personal appeal that we feel once more that shiver of fear which ran up and down our spines when as children we sat by the fireside and eagerly followed the long-mustached, brutal, treacherous villains in their horrible plottings and deeds. She ends her pleadings for the now antiquated typical bad man in this petulant manner. "Why should human nature, out of the provinces, be assumed to have outgrown its simple, chival-

rous, instincts? A good, strong, despicable designing villain, or even villainess, a fair fight, a stout fight, an artistic overthrow, and triumphant Virtue smiling modestly beneath her orange blossoms,—shall we ever be too old and world-worn to love these old and world-worn things?" Is not that a fitting close for an appeal to our mere sense of enjoyment of the bloody deeds and daring actions that so stirred our childish imaginations as we witnessed brave and fearless Virtue triumph over mean and heartless vice, finally bringing it down to defeat?

The technique of this admirable style is flawless in its simplicity. All her essays follow the same general plan,—a striking introduction, an interesting body, and a strong finish, that rounds out the entire development and gives it a satisfying air of completeness. In "The Beloved Sinner," for instance, we are confronted by this attractive introduction, which immediately arrests our attention, and arouses our curiosity. "All the world does not love a lover. It is a cultivated taste, alien to the natural man, and unknown to childhood. But all the world does love a sinner, either because he is convertible to a saint, or because a taste for law-breaking is an inheritance from our first parents, who broke the one and only law imposed upon them. The little children, whom Fra Lippo Lippi sees standing in a "row of admiration" around the murderer on the altar step express their innocent interest in the crime" After this follows an interesting analysis of the general public interest in crime and criminals, the treatment of criminals in the country from a scientific and sociological point of view, the attitude of criminals towards crime and toward the law, and lastly the essay directs an attack against sickly sentimentalism that "is, and always has been, virgin of standards. It is, and it always has been, insensible to facts." The general ideas are developed by little anecdotes of modern life that illustrates the various points, and these are interspersed by comments that clear up any doubt we may entertain on the matter. Following these anecdotes, there are usually a few paragraphs, which broaden our view and made evident the point under discussion. Finally, the entire theme is unified and emphasized by the summing up in one short and always brilliantly written paragraph the ideal towards which all the matter has been tending. The last three sentences of "The Beloved Sinner" well illustrate this point. "Sufficiency, security, and freedom have been defined as the prerogatives of civilized man. The cry of the revolutionists for freedom is met by the cry of sober citizens for security. Sympathy for the lawless (the beloved sinner) is not warranted in denying equity

to the law-abiding, who have a right to protection from the Republic which they voluntarily serve and obey”.

To such a fine and simple technique, Miss Repplier adds an eloquence and beauty of diction that is equally fine and equally simple. Her vocabulary, though large, consists in the adroit use of common words so that she attains an artistic effect without giving us a series of high-sounding terms which rob any book of interest and mark it with the stamp of superficiality. She possesses an unusual knowledge of the individuality of everyday words so that her language conveys that delicate shade of meaning which we term, appropriateness. This felicity of expression contains beauty of sound and rythm, as well as appropriateness of meaning. Notice the fine blending of rythm and tone with meaning in this passage from “A Short Defence of Villains”. “Amid the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the delicate drab-colored shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth”. Or this selection from the same essay, “But a converted witch, walking demurely to vesper service, gossiping with good, garrulous old women on the doorstep, or holding an innocent child within her withered arms,—the very thought repels us instinctively, and fills us with a sharp mistrust. Have a care, you foolish young mother, and snatch your baby to your breast; for even now he waxes paler and paler, as those cold, malignant heart-throbs chill his breath, and wear his little life away.” Here, indeed, is found a fluency of expression, a subtle sense of the hidden meaning and innate beauty of words that must produce a keen sense of enjoyment for the critical reader.

Another great quality in this enchanting style is the abundance of humor intermixed with satire that plays over every one of Miss Repplier’s essays. This humor never becomes coarse or vulgar, but it constantly maintains a gentle and polished character which lights up all the pages of her works. In many essays, such as “The Strayed Prohibitionist”, through which this humor flows like a rich wine fresh from some old and secret vault, it forms the tone or atmosphere of the entire matter. Here, it is a mild, amusing satire constantly ridiculing its subject by its mere presence. At other times, as in the last part of “Dead Authors”, it becomes more pointed and piercing and makes a direct thrust which pierces its target to the quick at the same time that it amuses the reader. After scornfully treating of books supposedly written by the dead, and showing their nonsensical pages, the treatise ends “We are told that once, when Patience Worth was spelling out the endless pages of “The Sorry Tale”, she

came to a sudden stop then wrote, "This be nuff", and knocked off for the night. A blessed phrase, and of a certainty, her finest inspiration. Would that all dead author's would adopt it as their motto: and with ouija boards, and table-legs, and automatic pencils, write as their farewell message to the world those three short, comely words, "This be nuff".

But by far the most effective and delightful portions of the humor are those devoted to comical descriptions of some incident. The entire essay entitled, "The Comedy of the Customs House", is alive and rippling with this sort of writing. It is fairly bubbling over with the laughter inspired by witnessing the scenes connected with landing at port after an ocean voyage. The excitable and irritable mother, fretting and fussing about the whole procedure; the composed and non-chalant young Maisie keenly and calmly enjoys the sport of trying to elude the ferret-like efforts of the inspector, who "settled down to the search like an Indian to the war-trail, and who seemed possessed with the idea that the wealth of the Indies lay secreted somewhere in those two shabby, travel-worn boxes; the impotent efforts of their fellow-smugglers to escape the eye of the custom's inspector;—all unite to make a situation so extremely funny that it would take a Stoic to keep from smiling. The same type of humor is found in "Woman Enthroned," although here it is not so ostentatiously intended to be purely amusing, but is tinged with a light mockery. She describes a political speech delivered to a group of women-voters in the following inimitable fashion: "The superlative complacency of American women is due largely to the oratorical adulation of American men,—an adulation that has no more substance than has the foam on beer. I have heard a candidate for office tell his female audience that men are weak and women are strong, that men are foolish and women are wise, that men are shallow and women are deep, that men are submissive tools whom women, the leaders of the race, must instruct to vote for him. They did not believe that he believed it; yet the grossness of his flattery kept pace with the hypocrisy of his self-depreciation. The few men present wore an attitude of dejection, not unlike that of the little boy in "Punch" who has been told that he is made of "snips and snails, and puppy dogs' tails," and can hardly believe it." It is this vein of lightly satirical humor running through all her works which contribute so greatly toward making their style so delightful and their interest so sustaining.

Unfortunately this light, airy, sparkling, style used by Miss Repplier places one great limitation on her powers as a writer. It prevents her from dealing with any great subject exhaustively, or of treating seriously any great or profound

idea. She can preach no gospel as Carlyle does, nor start a crusade against Philistinism, as Matthew Arnold endeavored to do. Great ideas, the sincere backing of great and noble movements, the philosophical treatise of cause and effect, none of these are open to the personal essayist. The domain of expressing deep thought, or the treatment of a subject with any degree of penetration is closed to them by the very nature of the style they adopt. This method admits of presenting reflections of personal views on a subject, but it renders depth of reasoning, or extensive development of a question absolutely impossible.

The only course left open to them is to give a clear and simple treatment of some one phase of life, or some simple aspect of a great problem. In order to attain complete perfection even in these, it is necessary for the subjects to be of universal interest. They must be applicable not only to one generation, but to all succeeding generations. Lamb's essays are as new today as they were the day he published them. Addison and Steele's best known works are the *Roger de Coverly Papers*, which is due to the fact that jolly old Sir Roger's lessons can still be applied to society in its present condition. The defects in social life illustrated by Sir Roger's experiences will ever be true of our civilization, hence the works are, and will ever be interesting and popular. It is in this respect that Miss Repplier falls short. She has failed to combine the treatment of topics of lasting interest with her brilliant style. The subjects she treats are of intense interest today, but a generation from now they will probably be obsolete. Her light and attractive style may compare, in a measure with that of Lamb, Steele or Addison, but they surpass her in the fact that they have chosen topics that will ever be of interest. A few instances will prove this deficiency. It is conceivable that future classical editions may not be loaded with the "Oppression of Notes" in Miss Repplier's eyes so useless and distasteful. The position of "Ghosts" in England is amusing, but the subject is not of much interest to anyone. The attempt of the descendants to attach romance to the "Three Famous Old Maids," justly or otherwise, is certainly a rather trivial topic, as is also the essay on "The World Pets". Were it not for the style of their presentation, both of these might easily become boresome. In "The American Laughs", telling us that the English idea of humor and the American sense differ, but that no real reason why this is so can be advanced, except that it probably has some connection with peculiarities of certain localities, the subject itself is only of passing interest. Even her treatment of such broad topics as "Conservatism," "Woman Suffrage", and "Prohibition", which might be termed

universal problems, is also devoid of any thought or sentiment that might make them of continued or permanent interest. Thus, we find that although the fault in her subject-matter is glossed over, and practically lost sight of by the charm and grace of her style, the deficiency robs the essays of that lasting appeal which is the characteristic of all great and living literature.

On the whole, Miss Repplier's essays are well worth reading. The choice of subjects may rob them of any scientific value, or of lasting worth, but if one wishes to spend a short time in reading for the mere sake of enjoyment, he will find ample life and sparkle in any of these essays to reward his efforts. Their perfect technique, the subtle and amusing humor that is to be found in them,—all combine to give them a vivaciousness and gaiety that is bound to leave a pleasant impression on the mind of the most fastidious of literary pleasure seekers. There is an air of simple elegance and cultivated refinement in them that impresses each essay with a mark of polish and sound quality. Her whole style has the robust vigor of individuality, because into it has been infused the lively personality of Miss Repplier herself. In her essays, "the wearied and worn novel reader, sick unto death of books about people's beliefs and disbeliefs, their conscientious scruples and prejudices, their unique aspirations and misgivings, their cumbersome vices and virtues, is recompensed for much suffering by an hour of placid but genuine enjoyment." Therefore, let us read her according to the simple suggestion of Hazlett, "with all the satisfaction in our power."

* * *

AN EPITAPH

*At least, you died for Freedom's holy cause,
 And counted not the sacrifice you made.
 The thought of frightful death ne'er made you pause,
 You won a glory that can never fade.
 But we, who left you there in Argonne's vales,
 Or 'neath the naked trees that fringe the Aisne,
 Oft turn in envy to these shell-scarred dales,
 Where you saluted death, for we would feign
 Uncoffined sleep with you, and thus be spared
 The scarlet shame that raped your sacrifice.
 In Versailles' storied halls, which might have shared
 The honor of the Marne, base avarice
 Of Tyrant Might has trampled Right rough shod,
 And sold your lives, as Judas sold his God.*

S. U. N.

Monsignor Mugan

M. V., '26

We wish to unite our congratulations with the hundreds of others that are pouring in on Rt. Rev. Chas. Mugan, '86, because of the great honor recently bestowed upon him by Our Holy Father, Pius XI. On January the eighth Monsignor Mugan was invested with the purple of a Domestic Prelate by Archbishop Harty, in St. Mary's Church, South Omaha, Nebraska. The church, founded by Msgr. Mugan, and of which he was a pastor for twenty years, was packed with his numerous friends among both the clergy and the laity, who had assembled there to witness the solemn and joyous ceremony which crowned with honor a life spent in lightening the burdens and sorrows of men out of love of God. Among the large gathering of proud friends was Msgr. Mugan's old college chum at St. Viator, Rev. J. S. Kelly of Moline, Ill. In his congratulatory sermon after the investiture Archbishop Harty said that "the honor was richly deserved because of the self-sacrifice and zeal shown by Monsignor Mugan in his parish work and as chaplain at St. Joseph's Hospital, where he has labored as fruitfully for the past six years and where his life has been like a ray of sunshine to all the inmates."

While we are proud of the honor itself with which our Holy Father has been pleased to bestow on one of our sons, it is the significance attached to the honor in which our greatest joy consists. The honor is an acknowledgement of a noble work. It comes as a recognition of twenty years of unselfish effort spent in founding St. Mary's Church, in building up a flourishing parish and in relieving the needs, both spiritual and temporal, of the people of South Omaha. It stands as an eminent proof of the relief and encouragement his presence afforded the sick, the bracing consolations given to the suffering, the peace and aid he brought to the bedside of the dying during his six years as chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital. It means that Msgr. Mugan has fulfilled his duties in life with a love, a zeal, and success, that is a glory to God, his Church, and to himself. These are the reasons why we honor him. We are proud of Msgr. Mugan because he has put into practice the lessons of charity, duty, and self-sacrifice instilled into his youthful mind by word and example while at St. Viator. The record of his life in the ministry is a glorious one of achievement, effected through hard work, toil, and sacrifice and therefore we congratulate him on the honor conferred upon him as a signal of this heroic labor.

Lincoln, The Statesman

Vincent Pfeffer, '26

Some writers have said that Divine Providence seems to abide with democracies, fostering them in their inception and never deserting them in crises when mere human power has become as futile as specks of foam on the ungovernable ocean of Destiny. We Americans, with all the ardor of our faith in our form of government, are ever-ready and eager to attest the capability of the commonwealth to govern itself. By pointing to the history of our own existence as a nation, we refute the objections of the political theorist who insists that the populace is inadequately educated in the intricacies of government and hence unable to discharge the functions of so exalted an institution. We then feel that we have settled the question in a very practical manner, and that our people have been and will be able to direct the affairs of their country.

But we should not be unaware that there are unmistakable evidences of providential aid in our records, which should modify this spirit of human self-sufficiency. During the Constitutional Convention, for instance, for weeks chaos and dissension prevail. But our Constitutional Fathers being all God-fearing men, unlike many present-day statesmen, prayed for the supervision of a higher power in their deliberations. Students of the product of their labors, the Constitution, assert that "they built wiser than they knew." Shallow people will say that they were lucky, but the serious-minded man knows better.

After the Constitution was enacted, the nation had still to be guided through the myriad of precarious hazards which threatened to destroy it in its infancy. A weak leader, at that time, would have been a catastrophe, but in the divine order of things, the right man in the person of George Washington was ready at the right time.

A nation's most perilous affliction is that which arises from within. After the United States had been a nation for almost a century, the insidious malady of slavery had worked its way to the point where secession was threatened if its demands were unsatisfied. Great nations of antiquity, that had successfully repelled the attacks of every foreign enemy, succumbed to internal disruption. The American nation stood within the shadow of the same predicament, but fate was merciful toward her. The situation needed a great man, perhaps even a providential man, and Abraham Lincoln became

president. Lincoln, as we know now, was undoubtedly the greatest man of that era. But he did not receive one half of the popular vote, although he obtained an overwhelming majority in the electoral college. We can but come to the obvious conclusion that Abraham Lincoln was one of those great men who belong to all ages, that he was a being brought into existence to fulfill a definite mission.

Great men are rarely appreciated by their contemporaries and the newspapers during the campaign and administration of Lincoln contain convincing testimony to prove that his greatness was not generally acknowledged. But even we, at this time, fail to realize fully the greatness of the man. We regard him as a hero, it is true, but we do not possess an intelligent understanding of what truly constitutes the essence of his simple grandeur.

Perhaps this deficiency in our knowledge is due to our proximity to his age. Personal anecdotes of the man are still too familiar to us, tending, by their subject matter, to mislead us in our conception of his fame. We all delight in the stories that deal with his humble beginning and with the trials he had to face because of his poverty. Many men have been just as unfortunate in their childhood surroundings and have had to fight the same battles he did, and yet they now rest in unknown graves. Stories of Lincoln's humor and wit, we have heard beyond number. But they do not explain the secret of his success, for many minds with a ready retort are housed in mediocre personages. Jokes of Lincoln's unpretentious attire and of his homeliness carry a special appeal for us, probably because they induce a feeling of kinship. Still, we can but frankly admit that greatness and inelegance of appearance are not always associated with each other. The tales which deal with Lincoln's honesty, if studied in the right light, may be of benefit in analyzing his character. However, we all have friends with whom we would trust our very life, but of whom we can predict only a very modest ascent on the ladder of success.

To achieve a correct understanding of the character of Lincoln, we must study him as the statesman. From oft-related incidents of his young manhood, with which we are so familiar, we know him to be of sterling honesty, of unlimited charity, and blessed with a rare judgment based upon an extraordinary degree of common sense. When he entered public life, he soon showed himself a brilliant scholar, despite the limitations placed upon his early schooling. These attributes, together with a fine sense of moral justice, enabled him to detect the error in any controversy and to champion the truth. It would be a gross mistake to assume that the

cause of right appeared to him by a happy gift of intuition, for we are told that he thought slowly, cautiously, profoundly and accurately. But when he had at last come to a decision, no opposition, however overwhelming, would ever swerve him from his conviction. When his position was once taken he clung to it with an adamant will and defended it fearlessly. It is this characteristic of Lincoln, this whole-souled espousal of the truth and the right as he saw it, that has won for him the title not only of politician, orator, and patriot, but the right to be called a man of all peoples, a champion of humanity, and the defender of man's most sacred rights.

Early in his public life, Lincoln manifested a strict adherence to the principles, which in his judgment, and which the passage of time ultimately proved, were based upon fundamental wisdom. At the time of his nomination as Republican candidate to the United States Senate, the political situation was extremely confused. The great majority of worthy citizens, who usually avoided the worries of critical judgment in political questions by identifying themselves with one of the old political parties, found these organizations rent by dissensions. A new party, the Abolitionists, demanding the total riddance of slavery had sprung up in the North. In the South, the Secessionists, threatening withdrawal from the Union if their right to hold slaves was interfered with, were disrupting the Democratic party. These two groups representing the opposite extremes in the slave controversy were made up of the radical elements of the populace. Between these, were the conservative-minded people, dismayed and bewildered at the scene, hearing everywhere the new cries of strange leaders, who had brought together small groups in which was to be distinguished the strange union of their former political comrades with old foes.

The nation as a whole was uneasy, contentious. In the North, the people had become so disgruntled with the tedious conflict between the interests of freedom and slavery, which was disrupting the placidity of daily life and interfering with the operations of business, that large numbers were demanding some settlement, whether based upon moral principles or not. The Abolitionists, who were considered as contributing to the spirit of dissension, were generally looked upon with bitter animosity by the majority of their neighbors. Even in the South, the Secessionists were far from meeting with universal favor.

In such a state of affairs, it would be evident to an adroit politician that the popular sentiment would rush to the support of the man who could promise any kind of arrangement that would restore serenity. Yet Lincoln, who, in anticipation

of his nomination as a candidate to the Senate, had spent weeks in the most painstaking preparation of his speech of acceptance, incorporated in that address these striking remarks. "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved,—I do not expect the house to fall,—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the cause of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all States, old as well as new,—North as well as South."

Before he delivered this speech, Lincoln assembled a few of his closest friends and advisors and read it to them. All save one were overcome with consternation by such daring language and such unqualified terms. They feared that such an advanced stand at that time would be disastrous to the party for years. Lincoln listened to their unqualified condemnation with grave seriousness rather than with surprise or chagrin. When their tirade was finished, he calmly told them that his position was based upon truth, right and justice. He said the time had come to make such a statement and that he would make it, even though he might have "to go down with it". To him, defeat with this paragraph in his speech would be preferable to victory without it. He had worked his mind with prudent deliberation to a conviction and was immovable, so that on the following day he spoke the entire paragraph without the change of a word.

I do not believe that this event in Lincoln's career is sufficiently appreciated. A crisis had arrived, not only for Lincoln himself but for the United States. Had the nominee qualified his position at that time he would probably have won an election to the Senate. But if in the beginning he had compromised with truth and right, could he have changed his policies later on to agree with the principles dictated by conscience and judgment? Experience seems to deny such a probability. The record of those who have held high offices reveals that instead of establishing a regime based upon nobler ideals than they advocated in the beginning, they are more often forced to abandon many of their avowed principles.

But Lincoln, the lover of the truth for the truth's sake, precluded the necessity of ever changing his stand by allying himself with the truth in the beginning. Had he been less scrupulous in observing the right as he perceived it, and smothered the impulses that proceeded from his deeper nature, he could have endorsed a political plank that would have elected him to the Senate. But the future of his country was too dear to him. He was fully aware of the strength of the evil

of slavery. He knew that if it was not crushed then, that it would be impossible in a few years to restrain it at all.

Such a possibility inspired him with the courage to face the opposition of public opinion practically alone. Yet we, living at the present time, cannot realize the degree of moral strength required to make this statement in 1858, "A house divided against itself cannot stand". More than nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in every thousand were insisting with all their might that it could stand and must stand. All their lives the nation had been following the policy of a division of slave states and free states. The Northerners had no desire for the system of slavery, because it was not well adapted to their industrial arrangement. On the other hand they were not greatly interested in the Southern States, but on the whole they were, like the Southerners, under the impression that slavery was indispensable to the economic system of the South.

Consequently, when Lincoln came forth with the statement which virtually meant that the North would have to adopt slavery or else the South would have to abolish it and become as the North, entirely free, even his own friends grumbled, referring to the statement as "a mistake". Lincoln, however, retorted that in time they would consider it the wisest thing he ever said.

To study Lincoln as a statesman, we need not examine his record as president, we need but to follow him through his campaigns for the Senatorship and for the position of Chief Executive, paying special attention to the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates. Lincoln did not acquire the qualities that have marked him as one of the illustrious statesmen of all time, while living in the White House. There he was simply putting into effect the high principles which he had proclaimed to the world in his campaigns.

When the Republican managers arranged to have Lincoln meet Douglas in a series of debates, they made a shrewd move. They realized that with a man of Lincoln's character their hope lay in meeting the issue fairly and squarely, for Lincoln's forte was in hitting out straight, direct and hard. Yet this plan involved great difficulties and grave risks, for Douglas was a formidable opponent. He was the leading fighter of the Democratic party, possessed of gallantry in attack, adroitness in defense, readiness in personality, skill and power in popular oratory. Besides these qualities, he enjoyed the added advantage of experience and distinction. But he had no decided advantage over Lincoln, for we are told that the best man and best fighter from each party met each other and were not unevenly matched.

Douglas began the attack by distorting the very phrases which Lincoln had framed in language of painstaking precision. Douglas persisted in quoting as a declaration of policy what his opponent had stated only as a forecast. He continually dwelt upon the phrase in which Lincoln predicted that slavery would either be abolished or become universal, pointing out that Lincoln endorsed a doctrine which would be destructive to the government and which would invite warfare between the North and South. Lincoln became exasperated in calling attention again and again to the fact that he had voiced no policy whatever, but simply a mere opinion. He realized that it was not entirely courageous to allow any uncertainties to exist in regard to his position, so he once more insisted that he did not express himself in favor of anything in that much-mooted paragraph and that he had not even said that he desired that slavery should be put in the course of ultimate extinction. Then he added, "I do say so now, however, so that there need be no longer any difficulty about that." Certainly there is nothing of cunning or duplicity in a statement of such frankness. A little later in discussing his views concerning Republicanism we observe only remarks of unmistakable accuracy. "The Republican party", he said "believes slavery to be a moral, social and political wrong and that any man who does not hold that opinion is misplaced and should leave the party. On the other hand, any man, who holds himself a Republican, and who is impatient over the necessities which spring from the actual presence of slavery and is impatient of the constitutional guarantees thrown around it, and desires to act in disregard of these, is misplaced and should stand with somebody else, for Republicans have a due regard for all these things." Are not these very unusual statements for a man to make who is seeking a following that will elect him to a public office? Certainly no man was ever more discriminating in his supporters and surely no politician was a poorer vote baiter.

We know that Lincoln loved the common people and with that love there was evidently united a strong faith in their power to vision the truth and right in critical issues. To him, to whom are attributed the well known words, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people part of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time", it was but the logical thing to speak out the enduring principles based upon moral and social justice, for he knew that eventually his race, the common people, would champion his cause.

A study of the speeches of Lincoln made in the campaign will reveal his profound seriousness. They remind us of the essays of Bacon by the closeness of their texture in both logic and language. Each sentence has its mission and every word

bears a special significance. We would naturally expect a wealth of humor, knowing Lincoln's gift, but scintillations of wit are found only occasionally. When urged to introduce more of that quality in his style Lincoln replied, "The occasion is too serious; the issues are too grave, I seek not for applause, or to amuse the people, but to convince them." At the beginning he raised the discussion to a high plane and kept it there throughout. His good judgment taught him that a language of utter simplicity was the appropriate vehicle with which to deliver his thoughts. The winning of the Senatorship had become to him only a minor consideration. Even the opinions of his fellow citizens were of secondary importance to the pronouncement that future generations would make upon his stand. He became a crusader to stimulate and maintain a grand uprising in the cause of humanity and justice.

The battle became to him, not a struggle for supremacy between the Republican and Democratic parties, but it developed rather into a more sublime conflict in which right and wrong were striving to overcome each other. Lincoln attacked every phase of the slave question starting with the policies followed in the territories before they became states. His advisors insisted that he omit that issue from the campaign, but it was entirely contrary to him to subordinate his own deliberations and opinions to the opinion of others, and in this case he was merciless in pressing the question. It is especially interesting to study his attitude toward the practice of allowing the people of the territory the right to decide whether they should have slavery or not. Douglas had expressed himself in favor of the policy, contending that any community that wanted slaves had a right to have them, and that it made no difference whether they voted slavery 'up or down.' Lincoln agreed that they enjoyed such a right if slavery were not wrong. But slavery, he insisted, was regarded by a proportion of the American people as a vast moral evil. "And if slavery is wrong," he said, "Mr. Douglas or no other man can say that the people have a right to do a wrong."

The immediate result of that campaign was a triumph for Douglas. Lincoln had stated early in the fight that he did not expect election to the Senate, but he also stated that Douglas could never win the Presidential election in 1860 upon the policies which he then championed and that a battle for the Presidency in 1860 would be worth a hundred like the one in which he was then engaged. Yet, because Lincoln had worked so strenuously with his feelings so deeply stirred, the defeat was a trying disappointment. He bore it with resolute equanimity however, merely saying that he felt "like the boy that stumped his toe,—it hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry."

This little remark almost sums up the character of Lincoln. He was "too big" to lapse into the weaknesses and small practices to which lesser men in defeat abandon themselves. In this case he squandered no precious hours in extravagant melancholy. The popular vote showed that he received a slight majority over his opponent, but that the apportionment of districts was such that the legislature returned a majority for Douglas. If he were really dreaming of the Presidency at that time, he was sufficiently shrewd to realize that his prospects were considerably improved by the campaign. His debates with the illustrious Douglas had brought him into national prominence. But, he did not rest easy with what he had already gained, for even between the close of that campaign and his nomination for the Presidency by the Republicans, he hastened to Ohio and carried on a series of lectures in opposition to Douglas, who was speaking in an important canvass for the governorship.

It is not our purpose here, however, to follow Lincoln through that second campaign ending in his election to the Presidency. It will suffice to say, we know from the great and eternal principles he labored for and from the integrity of his character that he displayed in that first campaign that one of the world's great men came into charge of the nation's destiny.

In our own age we cannot fully grasp the true greatness of the man. His fame is tremendous now, but it is growing greater and becoming wider every year. In our country we have had great party leaders, we have seen men rise to great prominence in their own age, we have had men whom we like to call great Americans, but Abraham Lincoln was much more than all of these. He does not belong to one party, neither is he confined to the limits of one age. He is America's pride, but we cannot claim him exclusively as ours, we must share him with all mankind, for he belongs to all races and shall be remembered in the ages yet unborn. His influence shall prevail when present generations are silenced and in lands where he never trod. He whose motto was, "Stand with everybody who stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong", has left with us lessons of statesmanship as applicable today as they were sixty-five years ago, and lessons that shall be as true a thousand years from now as they are today.

The Rookie Backstop

John Brophy, Acad., '25

It was March 9th, 1924, and the local sport sheets were beginning to blossom forth with predictions for the annual struggle for the Tri-State pennant. This struggle for supremacy on the diamond had grown to be a tradition among the Tri-State contenders, and each year was renewed with the same degree of determination and bitterness that had prevailed the year before. The surprising feature about it was that no one of the teams was superior to the others to any remarkable extent, and the final victory was always won by such a close margin that none of the contestants for the championship would acknowledge defeat until the very end of the season, no matter how far they seemed to be behind at the beginning. It seemed to be a rivalry between managers rather than a clean fought competition between the members of opposing teams. Each individual manager schemed and planned and planned and schemed, trying to outwit or outdo his friendly enemies, the managers of the other outfits. Scouts were sent out by the dozens to recruit material, and under the soothing promise of a fat, juicy reward in case they succeeded in locating a good man, prayed daily that they would happen on a lucky 'find'. Now with the first games but a few weeks off, each manager was busy figuring out his prospects, and an interviewer would have had a difficult time indeed to find one out of the nine that was not absolutely certain of a wonderful season ending gloriously with the winning of the treasured bunting.

But corpulent 'Jawn' McGee, manager of the Houston Reds, was plainly worried about something. He had just arrived at the little town of Marlanville with his men, planning to get in a few weeks training before the race for the pennant. He had been the proud possessor of the coveted bit of cloth three times in the last six years, and his rotund little figure was feared and respected by every player in the circuit. He had firmly determined to upset all the dope and win two successive penants,—a feat that had never been accomplished in the history of Tri-State baseball; but now as he led his boys toward the single hotel that the town boasted of, he chewed viciously at his black cigar and his florid countenance bore unmistakable signs of chagrin. There were twelve husky athletes in his crowd, with "Stubs" Morley bringing up the rear. Those who gathered to witness the coming of one of the most feared teams in the circuit cheered lustily

and 'pumphanded' every man in the bunch until their arms were about ready to drop off. They were all there, every member of the famous infield and equally famous outfield, pitchers, crack hitters and all. The aforementioned "Stubs", let it be known, had more curves and breaks on the ball than any other man in either league, and would have been 'a world beater' if he had only not lacked control. He, too, received an ovation from the spectators as he walked along. But just then the crowd noticed somebody missing—somebody essentially lacking from the aggregation that had marched on to victory more times than any other of the penant-seekers. What it was they soon found out. A reporter elbowed his way up to Zeke Roberts and grabbed him by the arm.

"Say, Zeke," he demanded, "Where's Jackson?"

Zeke turned slowly. "He'll be here later," he answered shortly, and hurried on.

As McGee turned into the library at the hotel, he was confronted by Darsch, his second-sacker and captain of the team. He stood looking at his favorite youngster a few moments, ominously mutilating one of his famous twenty-five centers. He turned as if to walk away, then thought better of it and placed his hand on Darsch's shoulder.

"You know more about it than I do, Robbie", he said, "Let's have it."

"What's that, Jawn?" countered Darsch.

"You know what I mean. Why didn't Jackson meet us? Now give it to me straight."

Darsch hesitated a moment. "Well, Mac, you know he threatened to retire from baseball if you did not give him the increase in salary he asked for—well, he's made good his threat, that's all."

"What's he doing now?"

"He has gone into business with his brother in Chicago."

McGee looked solemnly at Robbie Darsch and swore softly. "Robbie, that's a devil of a note. Here I pick Jackson out of the bushes—teach him baseball until he gets to be one of the greatest catchers in the game and now he leaves me flat without a single man that can fill his shoes. Robbie, do you realize that that means no pennant for us this year? I still have Jerry Maughn, but you know as well as I that he can't keep training to save himself. There's only one thing to do,—that's to pay that robber Turner of the Fort Worth Blues what he wants for Nap Zinzer. He's getting too old for baseball, but I'm up against it and have to get a catcher somewhere. You run along to dinner with the rest of the boys now and I'll wire my offer to Turner for Zinzer."

McGee went to the Western Union booth and wrote the following message to Turner:

Turner:

I am starting a boneyard. Send me Zinzer and I'll give you Maughn and \$5,000,

Then he walked back into the lobby and parked himself in an easy chair without even glancing around the room. The next moment he felt some one touch him on the shoulder. Looking up rather angrily at being disturbed, he saw a tall, well-built youth standing beside him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. McGee, but perhaps you would give me a few moments?"

"Well?"

"My name is Saunders, Ralph Saunders. I would like to make you a little proposition".

"Alright, go ahead," retorted McGee sharply, "but let me tell you in advance that I am forty-six years old, married, carry plenty of life insurance, get all my clothes made at the Royal Tailors in New York, wear a Stetson hat, shave every morning with a Harper straight edge razor, never read books, have a year's supply of soap, don't owe a cent to anyone, and am not giving away baseballs. If your proposition relates to any of the things I have mentioned, clear out. If not, shoot!"

"It's nothing like that," replied he of the blond hair. "I would like to join your club now, and if I look good enough to you, you can give me a contract when the season starts."

"What position do you play?" McGee was beginning to get interested.

"Catch," promptly replied the stranger.

"Any experience?"

"Just a few years with a semi-pro team," was the answer, "but I know I will make good if you will give me a trial".

McGee stood up and looked the young catcher over from head to foot. "If this was yesterday instead of to-day, I would have flatly refused," he said quietly, "but it just happens that I am in need of a catcher. I am rather inclined to give you a trial. Come around tomorrow for practice".

"Thank you, sir." Saunders went out smiling. He passed the rest of the afternoon aimlessly wandering around 'taking in' the few places of interest in the town. While returning to the hotel he ran into Darsch. After the short walk the two had struck up such an acquaintanceship that they resolved to occupy the same room.

Introduced to the other members of the team by Darsch, Saunders found himself the object of much good natured joking—the 'kidding' that every rookie must resign himself to before he is admitted to the elite—the seasoned players. But he conducted himself so admirably as the days passed that all

the men grew attached to him,—all except Jerry Maughn, who could not reconcile himself with a rival. Jerry's dislike for Ralph became more and more noticeable as time went on.

'Whitey,' as Ralph was nick-named by his team-mates, showed himself to be one of those rarely seen ball players that have a natural ability to hit hard, and McGee was highly enthusiastic about his 'find'. Thereafter 'Jawn's' fat little form could be seen at all times in the company of the new arrival, and under the former's untiring tutelage Whitey was beginning to be able to place his hits very successfully, and had also developed a snap-throw to second that McGee had not seen since the days of Jimmy Archer. The only man on the club that could 'steal' on him was his good friend Robbie Darsch, the fastest base-runner in the league. Darsch also worked with Ralph, teaching him the hook-slide and other secrets of a skilled player. Whitey practiced all that Darsch taught him with such diligence that he rapidly developed into a phenomenal runner as well as a hard hitter.

McGee's confidence in his young catcher steadily increased as the latter manifested an ability to steal second again and again. He was so proud of Whitey that he gave him a nice contract, which the latter signed without hesitating. There was one thing that little Jawn couldn't understand, and that was Morley's wonderful control whenever Whitey was behind the bat. As soon as any other catcher was substituted, Stubs lost his control entirely, but with Ralph catching, ball after ball sizzled 'over', cutting the plate in half. Just what was the cause of this, Jawn couldn't figure out, but he never let his wonderment cause him any worry.

One day Whitey was catching Stubs in a practice game between the scrubs and the regulars. Long George Towner raised a tall foul close to the stands, and Whitey, racing over to the wire netting of the grand-stand, accomplished a wonderful one-hand catch. The applause of a large group of spectators rang in his ears as he trotted back to the plate. Jerry Maughn watched him scowlingly as he played catch with one of the rookie pitchers along the third base line. As Ralph came back to the plate after the sensational catch and passed directly in front of Maughn, the latter signalled for a fast ball, and the rookie pitcher, letting it fly, caught Ralph behind the ear. The young catcher fell to the ground, unconscious, and it was only after restoratives had been applied that he finally regained his consciousness and sat up, faint and dizzy.

Jerry looked up guiltily as a voice exclaimed: "That was the lowest trick I ever saw pulled! You ought to be prohibited from playing with any team in the country!" It was Turner, who had run on to the field, suitcase in hand. McGee came

waddling up as fast as his short little legs would carry him. His eyes were blazing.

"You can check in your suit right now, you scoundrel. You'll get your check this evening at the hotel. Clear out!" Maughn left the field without a word.

Whitey rested for a day and then resumed practice. But now there was something the matter with him. His usual accurate throwing had suffered a complete reversal of form, and his hitting fell off, too. Whenever McGee would question him about it, Whitey would reply:

"I don't know. I've just grown stale, I guess."

He grew worse and worse as the days passed, and as a last resort McGee had to send him 'barnstorming' with the scrubs, while the regulars started on a tour of practice games. McGee liked Whitey, so when the reports of the scrub's first game showed that Ralph had played a wonderful game,—cutting off four base-stealers, collecting four hits out of five trips to the plate, and at the same time Stubs so steady that he only issued one base on balls, and yielded but three hits, he sent him a telegram congratulating him and asking him if he felt able to join the regulars. But the next day the young catcher showed such terrible form that McGee didn't know what to do. He realized that there was a great deal of ability in his youngster, but couldn't understand what had made the kid 'fall off' so. He instructed Darsch to call Whitey by Long Distance, and ask him what seemed to be the trouble. But to the call Ralph merely replied:

"Oh, I don't know. Just getting stale, I guess."

This made things more mixed up than ever. In the meantime the team with Zinzer catching was playing up to standard, for he was undoubtedly a fairly good man behind the plate. But he just couldn't get as much out of the men as Whitey did. He lacked a certain something that is essential to the man signalling out to the pitcher from behind the batter; just what this something was, could not be determined, but it was missing nevertheless. The team was playing fairly good ball, having won the major portion of their games with the best teams, and having conquered their most dangerous foe seven out of the fourteen times that they met. The last game of the series was to be played before the Houston grandstands, and McGee was bent on winning the odd game of the series before the thousands of Houston rooters that would see the game. He had to admit to himself that his pitchers were so over-worked that he would have to put in a rookie against the Hawkeye team of Oklahoma, and really doubted whether or not a rookie could hold that formidable aggregation. The Hawkeyes were on a hitting spree that looked bad for the Reds, and McGee wished over and over again that Whitey

would be catching with Stubs on the firing line. But alas, they were a good many hundred miles away from the white-haired catcher, and it was no use wishing.

The Houston ball field was filled to overflowing the next afternoon, and the crowd was not altogether a friendly one. Oklahoma had brought many rooters along with the Hawkeyes, and all the other defeated teams were strong against the Reds. The fat little manager sat in the dressing room talking with Darsch. More than once he heard sarcastic remarks hurled from without such as:

"Where's McGee?"

"Is he ashamed to show his face?"

"He ought to be after letting the Hawkeyes slip home seven defeats. It will be eight after this afternoon".

"Just listen to them, Darsch, exclaimed McGee. "Ye gods, I'd give a thousand dollars if Whitey were here to catch this afternoon. I'd show them something they are not looking for."

"I'll just take that thousand," came a voice outside the door, and Whitey himself came in followed by Stubbs.

McGee, noted for his snappy retorts, jumped up and gripped the young catcher's hand. "You certainly shall have it Saunders! How in the world did you get here?"

"You seem to forget that you are living in the Twentieth century, Mac," replied Ralph. We made some good connections on the Flier last evening, at that. Left the scrubs yesterday afternoon to come over and see the big game. I'm here to win the game for you this afternoon, if you'll let Stubs pitch."

"Let him!" echoed McGee, "Why, I should say I will let him! Hurry, both of you and get into your uniforms. Let's see some real ball-playing to-day."

That they did play ball that day is only too well known in the history of baseball. Morley pitched superbly throughout the game, allowing but three hits, scattered at that, and giving no free tickets to first. Saunders caught perfect ball behind the bat, cutting off every Hawkeye that attempted to steal, throwing with such a fast snap ball that the spectators were reminded of the gallant Jimmie Archer. Whitey also collected two doubles and a single out of three trips to the plate. The whole team seemed inspired by his presence, and, playing errorless ball, emerged victorious at the end of the ninth inning by a score of four to nothing. McGee did not mention Whitey's remarkable reversal to the wonderful style of play he had shown at the beginning of the season until after supper was over and he had lit a long perfecto. Then he coralled Darsch and Saunders together in the library and siezed both of them affectionately by the neck.

"Out with it, young fellow. How did you do it?"

Whitey turned despairingly to Darsch for assistance, but the latter shook his head and motioned him to go ahead. Seeing neither escape or assistance at hand, reluctantly Ralph began his story.

"You see, Jawn, Zinzer's father and mine were great pals, and he once saved dad a lot of money the loss of which would have meant disaster. I knew that Zinzer stood in need of his salary, because I happen to know that he lost heavily in gambling. I realized that if I kept on playing good ball you would probably release him and then he would be out of luck. The time I was hit by a pitched ball served me with an excuse for getting into a slump, and letting him take my place. Yes, it was hard, but I felt that I owed that much to him. Yesterday I heard that some stock he had bought one time materialized into a fortune, so there wasn't any use of concealing my ability any longer. I took the Flyer last night, and here I am. We won our game to-day, as I felt we would."

McGee was astounded. "You certainly made a wonderful sacrifice, my lad, but you couldn't have done it for a better man than Zinzer. He is one of the finest men in baseball, and loves the game for itself. If I ever need a coach, I'll look Zinzer up. Now about Stubs. How is it that he has perfect control when he is pitching to you and can't put a ball over the pan to save his life when anyone else is catching?"

"Well, Mac, I'll tell you why I think it is. You see, everyone rather expects Stubs to be wild, as it is almost a tradition that he lacks control. They take it for granted that he is going to be wild and he is. But I found out that by encouraging him a little, he did much better. Working on the hypothesis that he needed encouragement, I kept on going in that way and finally made Stubs believe in himself whenever I caught him. That's all there is to it."

McGee regarded the youngster in silence for a few moments and then let a broad smile monopolize his features. Then he said softly:

"Ralph, I have a five year contract in my pocket that calls for three thousand dollars a year, and its made out to you. Would you like to take it?"

"Would I like to take it! Just give me a pen and I'll show you whether I'd like to take it or not."

McGee handed him the pen.





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FACULTY DIRECTOR

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Homer Knoblauch, '25.

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The Cross-Word Puzzle Much has been said about the cross-word puzzle, and most critics are under the impression that it is a worthless and even a pernicious fad. They criticize it principally on the ground that the process of solving it is a waste of time, and that its devotees are tempted to sacrifice duty to the word-puzzle's mysterious fascination. They ridicule the absurdity of the suggestions in the key to the solutions and make caustic remarks about 'spendthrifts' who squander precious hours figuring out what the name of a species of Mongolian parsley in five letters can be, or what a famous Scandinavian general used to eat for breakfast food in eleven letters. But it seems that the cross-word puzzle is here to stay for a considerable time, and while we are resigning ourselves to its presence let us see if there is aught beside non-sensical entertainment in working out the difficult solutions. It seems that there must be some justification in the ever increasing popularity of the

intriguing patchwork of 'verticals' and 'horizontal', or else the fad would have died out as the others have.

In what the subtle fascination of such an apparently ridiculous arrangement of black and white squares consists is somewhat difficult to determine, but it seems to lie in the fact that all of us are more or less anxious to demonstrate our ability in accomplishing the difficult and in proving that our powers of preception and our general fund of knowledge excel those of others. How we would like to be able to answer, "Why, *Mudejar*, of course!", when someone confronts us with the baffling question, "What was the name of a Moorish vassal of the Spaniards?", or how we would envy the one who would reply "*I think 'dextorse' is the word*", when everyone is scratching his head over a nine letter word meaning "twining in a spiral from left to right". Those who were somewhat prejudiced against the cross-word puzzle when it first started are now waiting for the evening paper with the rest of the family, and midnight often finds them still engrossed in its solution.

First of all, the cross-word puzzle is a very inexpensive form of entertainment and helps to pass the time away when there does not seem to be much excitement, or when the weather forbids an excursion into the open. Sons and daughters, instead of leaving immediately after luncheon for "downtown, where there's something doing", unite around the library table with the puzzle spread out and dictionary and thesaurus handy, thus keeping the family circle one united group instead of, as is too often the case, a number of disconnected arcs.

Then, too, the critics lament the fact that college students neglect their studies and evolve into "puzzle-fiends". In answer to this, it has to be admitted that the subtle fascination of a cross-word puzzle is, at times, more enticing than the perusal of Virgil or a discussion of trigonometrical problems, but the question is, would they be at their studies even if no such thing as cross-word puzzle existed? Then, too, he who has classes to prepare and would have prepared them were there no, cross-word innovation, will seldom neglect them now, for a firm purpose will not usually permit one to be deterred from the path of duty by minor distractions.

Let it be said that the cross-word puzzle is one of our modern fads that enjoys its continued existence not only on account of its popularity, but also because of the fact that the process of solving it is a novel and beneficial education medium. The ability to solve these apparently luricrous patterns of numbered squares indexes fairly well both our associative and suggestive powers, as well as our vocabularies. Not all of us ever used the dictionary before the cross-word puzzle as often as we should have. There is a certain distaste and acknowl-

edgement of deficiency in referring to Webster that has been overcome in the last few months, and we no longer hesitate to use the dictionary as it should be used—frequently. As a consequence, the number of words at our command, our stock in trade when writing or conversing, has been considerably augmented. We are many times judged by the diction we use. The proper word in the proper place is what we all long for, and the cross-word puzzle, by compelling a frequent resorting to dictionaries and books of synonyms, has given us a larger treasury of words from which we can draw when the occasion demands. We acquire a great deal of practical knowledge and at the same time we enjoy ourselves. Pleasure combined with education—is this not a model combination? The fact that publishers will not accept puzzles employing antiquated or obsolete words makes them possible of solution for all of us. The more difficult and less apparent suggestions to the working of the puzzles do not occur often after all, and only serve to make our wits sharper and the competition keener. The really difficult words employed in some of the puzzles are not as numerous as the critics think and the hardened ‘puzzle-bug’ soon becomes accustomed to divining them. for a cleaner, more wholesome, less expensive, and more beneficial form of innocent entertainment than the cross-word puzzle, we shall have to look for a long time. A long life to the word-puzzles, more power to the magazines and newspapers that pay for them, and a world of success to those that solve them!

* * *

Very few of us realize the importance of the “Be-Punctuality. ing on Time Habit”. Punctuality although a rather stern virtue, is one of the cheapest blessings a man can possess. Lord Nelson once said, “I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.” Punctualness is an indispensable qualification for men in business, for he who is habitually unfaithful in keeping appointments will never be respected or successful in life. It is also an index to character. To be continually target casts a stigma on both the intellectuality and morality of the individual. Lack of promptness and dispatch means lost time, and never were words more truly spoken than when the following dictum was uttered by one of our great men: “Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.” Punctuality is the handmaid of method and efficiency, and the effect of education and discipline.



THE DIAL, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kansas. The Christmas Number of the Dial is animated by the Christmas spirit. Particularly is "*Christmas Memories*", a delightfully constructed essay, graced with the beauty of the season. A fine personal touch and a natural simplicity make this essay a real piece of writing. There are a number of well written essays, but because they are not especially adapted to the joyous and care-free spirit of the season, they are not so fully appreciated as they might have been, had they been written at some other time. Under other circumstances, "*A Champion of Religious Toleration*" might have been more enthusiastically received. The Dial is to be congratulated on the number of short stories; however, the quality of these stories is not on par with their quantity. The dialogue of "*A Family Quarrel*" is cleverly handled; so, too, is the conversation of the "*Conqueror*". The conduct of Peg does not suit our taste; but, then, we have either heard or read somewhere the dictum that a character in life and in story does not always act as we would desire him or her to act. The column, "*Book Reviews*", is well written up. It cannot help but prove useful to one who wants to read, and who has not much time to spend in looking for suitable books.

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THE PURPLE AND GOLD, St. Michael College, Winooski, Vermont. An impressive Christmas visitor is THE PURPLE AND GOLD of St. Michael College. Within the neat purple and gold cover is found a fine collection of college writing. There are stories to suit the lighter mood; there are essays to satisfy the mind when it is hungry for thought; there are bits of poetry to satisfy the soul when it longs for the rhythm of words; and there is a section of humor that will cheer the mind when it wants neither reflection nor music. The six poems of this issue are not the perfection of music; nor are they properly suited to the spirit of the season; still they are

commendable efforts. The "*Forgotten Rose*", a pleasing bit of sentiment, is the best verse effort; "*Summer Echoes*" is not without thought; neither is "*In Memoriam*". The stories of the Purple and Gold are not as good as the verse and essays. "*Florida Plays Santa*" is far too fictitious and improbable. "*Marion's Own Spirit*" has a nice plot; one half suspects the ending, but by a clever device the author springs a bit of surprise when it is least expected. The essays of the Purple and Gold are good. We have not met in any recent publication a more interesting collection of thoughtful and serious articles. The wit and humor column is well taken care of. The wit and humor department of a magazine is often very carelessly written or else entirely neglected. This is not as it should be. We hold with Chesterton that a good piece of humor is not the easiest thing in the world to manufacture, and that most of us may write some fairly creditable, serious, sombre and interesting articles, but could scarcely think of a good joke. So we congratulate the editors of this department of the Purple and Gold. "*One Act Farce*", "*Our Gang*", "*If Shades Come Back*", "*Tragedy of the Boudoir Cap*" and "*St. Michael's Troubadours*" are selections of humor, of which the creators may well be proud.

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y. A most welcome and appreciated visitor is the Fordham Monthly. If the Christmas Number does not surpass in merit the previous issues of this high class publication, it at least measures up to their excellence. In the Christmas Number there are two articles that command our attention and commendation. "*The Tryst*" is as good a piece of dramatic college writing as we have thus far chanced upon. The dialogue is excellently worked out; the situation is most clearly presented; and the climax is very well done. The second article is entitled "*Sand By Gosh!*". Under the guise of humor and mild satire the author presents some excellent points of criticism of the Chicago poet, Carl Sandburg. Another essay, "*The Cathedral Schools*", is deserving of mention. Its matter is instructive, but because the style is too matter-of-fact, cut and dried, the essay is uninteresting. The verse of the issue is not as commendable as the prose. Some of it is good in thought or sentiment; nearly all of it lacks polish. We enjoyed "*The Quest*" and "*Lad O' Mine*" best. The lone short story of this issue, "*Too Much Speed*", is lively enough. Indeed, for its intriguing denouement, it might be given a reputable place among college short stories. The idea of a cross-word puzzle in a college magazine is not bad.

THE INKHORN. The January number of the Inkhorn affords no contradiction to the statement that first impressions are lasting. As we took your magazine from its envelope its attractive design and general appearance caused us to examine its contents immediately. The arrangement and cuts are pleasing, while the print is a relief for fatigued eyes. Your Athletic Department is unquestionably your forte. Your publication would be improved with the addition of a little more poetry and more short stories. Of this month's verse, we believe that "*Texas January Nightfall*" is the most commendable because of its poetic quality and imagery. Your jokesmith has struck off a goodly number of bright sparks; while your cartoonist adds a feature to The Inkhorn that cannot be realized by many of your contemporaries.

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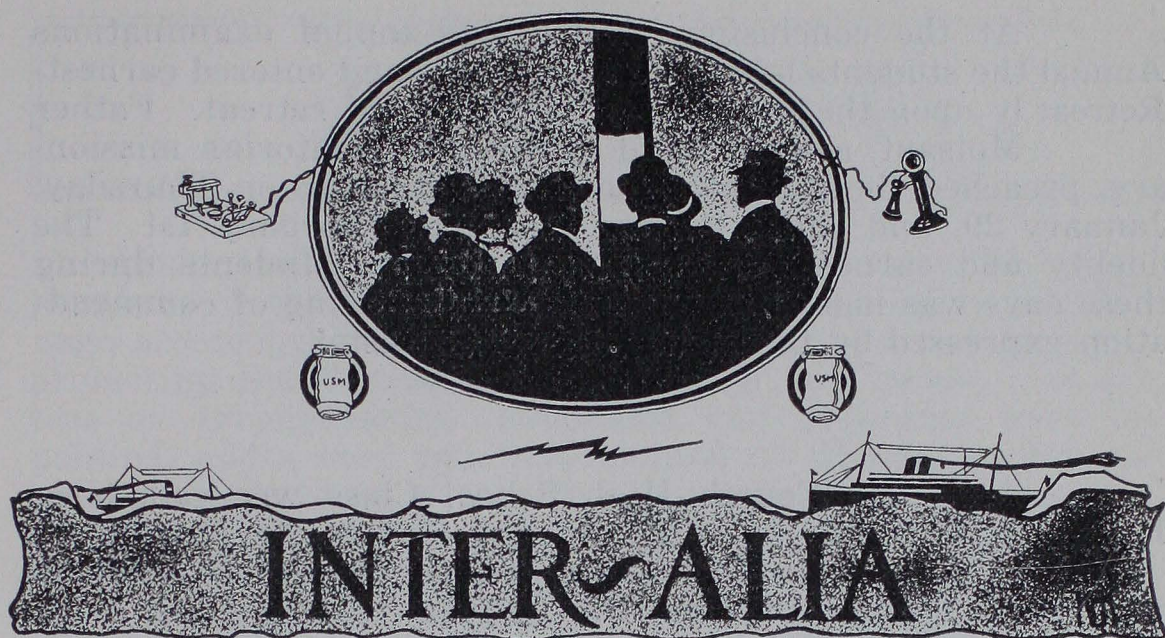
THE ORIFLAME—Congratulations! Assuming that your Christmas Number is representative of your other issues, we can only concur with the judges who selected the Oriflame as the leading high school publication in its class in the United States. Your magazine being of championship calibre it seems impossible to choose one department in preference to the others—they are all so fully developed. The most commanding feature of this issue, however, is the copious fund of short stories, no less than eighteen appearing in this copy. This fact, in itself, would suffice as explanation for the enviable success of your magazine,—it has the interest and support of your student body.

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THE VISITATION RECORD—A dignified and artistic quarterly, having a charm about it that cannot fail to cause the alumnae to treasure it as they do the happy memories of their school days! It is a magazine distinctly literary in character. Yet none of the sections that are regarded indispensable to a college publication are slighted or omitted. Of the short stories, we believe "*The New Driver*" and "*The Rescue*" are the best. "*The New Driver*" is the more original of the two. But we believe that the best article in the issue is to be found in the editorial section under the caption, "*Everybody's Record*."

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RED AND WHITE—A quarterly from St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. This magazine is characterized first, by a thoroughness in its make-up; and secondly, by its lively interest in problems and topics of general interest. Anent to the first mentioned quality, we are positively amazed to note the extensiveness of some of your departments, especially your editorial section and your athletics.



At the suggestion of their English professor, Rev. T. Liberal J. Lynch, the Sophomore, Junior and Senior English Club Classes recently met and organized a society, which they named "The Liberal Club". Its purpose is to discuss and speak on the many topics in which the organization is interested. Present day problems, periods and events of history, and merits of literary works are to be the main sources from which their topics are to be drawn. Furthermore, any problem which may prove of interest to a member of the club may be brought forward for discussion.

At the first meeting of the organization, Vincent Pfeffer, '26, was elected to the presidential chair. The selection of such a capable leader as the studious "Vinc" indicates their earnestness in support of the purpose for which the club was formed. Murel Vogel, '26, was chosen as vice-president and Edward Farrel, '25, as secretary. They agreed to the selection of their English professor, Rev. T. J. Lynch, as advisor of the club.

At this first meeting a number of proposals were discussed, among which was one asking that the class elect a committee for the selection of topics. J. E. Suprenant, C. S. V., '25, J. F. Ryan, '26, Vincent Pfeffer, '25, Edward Farrell '25, and M. Vogel, '26, were selected for the committee.

Their first topic was Dr. Meiklejohn essay, "A New College". J. A. Harrington and T. J. Roch spoke on this subject at their first regular meeting. Many of the members aired their views on the topic, discussing the method of education in the United States and the method of Oxford.

At the second meeting J. E. Surprenant spoke on the Holy Year, while at various succeeding gatherings Child Labor and literary works were discussed.

At the conclusion of the semi-annual examinations the students laid aside their books and entered earnestly upon the exercises of their annual retreat. Father

Moisant, and able and experienced Viatorian missionary, preached the retreat. The exercises began on Thursday, January 29, and ended Sunday morning, February 1st. The fidelity and earnestness manifested by the students during these days was most edifying and well deserving of commendation expressed by the eloquent retreat master.

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The Fourth High School Class was called together by their director Father Fitzpatrick, in order to elect a new president for their graduating year. George Olheiser was elected to the chair, with James Cooney as vice-president. The class numbers as many as former years and promises to be one of the best representative groups that the academy has graduated in some time.

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Tuesday evening, January 29th, marked the initial Academy activity of the Academy Class of 1924. On this occasion the Academy Club held a banquet in honor of the High School basket-ball team and as a farewell to those members of the class who finished in February. After a tasty dinner had been served, the visitors were welcomed by the class president, George Ohlheiser, who introduced the toastmaster, James Cooney. Mr. Cooney graciously adapted himself to the position and his pleasant smile and humorous sayings were greatly acclaimed by all present. The absence of Coach Barrett was regretted very much, but John Herbert ably responded to the toast to the Academy cagers and gave an interesting little talk voicing the appreciation of the entire squad. Among the subsequent speakers were John Winterhalter, president of the College Club, Stanley Fenelon, Lucio Bonnila, Thomas O'Donnell and Father O'Mahoney. The instrumental selections were furnished by the "Three Musketeers", Barton, Barraso and Potthoff, while the exclusive S. V. C. artists, "Ford" Sweenie and "Glenn" O'Neil crowned the musical program with several vocal numbers. At the conclusion of the entertainment, our very reverend president, Father Rice, congratulated the High School students on the splendid organization of the Academy Club and on the success of this, their first undertaking. It is our sincere hope that this is a forerunner of greater things that are to take place before the termination of the scholastic year.

ALUMNI

Under the direction of Father Louis O'Conner, '06, twenty members of the Alumni Associations of Kankakee and Chicago assembled at the college to discuss ways and means of promoting the Annual Alumni Meeting in Chicago. Committees on arrangements, invitations and programs were appointed, and a very practical method of stirring up interest among old students in the coming meeting was decided on.

* * *

A letter from Rev. Charles Raymond is a source of great encouragement to the Extension Club. He is one of its enthusiastic members. He finds time to think of Viator in the midst of his many activities in behalf of the Church in far off Oregon. His mission field at Siletz, Oregon, has the Pacific for its western boundary. We hope that the town of Raymond, which he has just founded, will be one of the most famous summer resorts on the Pacific coast.

* * *

John H. Newman, '21, has been appointed Athletic Director of the new million dollar West Side K. of C. Club House in Chicago. He was installed in office on New Year's day and immediately began plans for carrying out a wide schedule in physical culture. Mr. Newman is in complete charge of all the athletic activities of the club house. It is very gratifying to learn of John's success and especially so when we realize that his application was given precedence over almost one hundred others. Mr. Newman was affiliated with the Hebrew Institute of Chicago as Athletic Manager and also did some work for the Illinois Athletic Club during the past three years.

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Otto Merz, '14, still keeps in touch with the faculty of the college. His numerous activities in the lumber business at Fond-du-Lac and in rearing a family keeps him pretty busy, but he finds time to write once in a while. Mr. Merz will be remembered as a live-wire basketball player on the varsity five of '13 and '14.

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Rev. George Mulvaney, c. s. v., Ph. D., of Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Texas, was a recent visitor. He came to Chicago to attend the Convention of the American Association of Colleges at the Morrison Hotel. He is dean of the philosophy department of the Incarnate Word College.

Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., and Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., attended the banquet of the Association of American Colleges January 15th at the Hotel Morrison, Chicago. They also assisted at the meetings of the convention on Friday and Saturday of the same week.

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Rev. P. E. Brown, c. s. v., is at Ranger, Texas, still taking care of the ranchers there. He reports good health and sends his best regards to all his friends.

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Rev. Thomas E. Shea, '18, of St. Mary's Church, Bloomington, Illinois, spent a few days here during the Christmas vacation.

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Rev. Miles J. Hoare, '20, who is now at St. Peter's Church, Rockford, Illinois, assisting Father F. Connors, was also here for a visit during the holidays.

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Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, Ph. D., and Coach Glaze attended the meeting of the "Little Nineteen" recently at Peoria, Illinois.

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Ray Boysen, '23, aeroplaned over from Wyoming to see us trim Wesleyan January 16th. Ray made the game in record time and hopped off again.

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John F. Sullivan, '23, now at Loyola University, also came down to attend the obsequies of Illinois Wesleyan.

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John Madden, the "Speed King", arrived in time for the Wesleyan game. In his party were Glen Powers, Joseph Bolger, and James McGarraghy, former Viator students.

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James McGarraghy also spent a week-end here recently. He is quite a football enthusiast. When Notre Dame travelled west to beat Stanford, James also entrained for the coast. Shortly after his return he came down to the college to describe the game to his friends here.

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Rev. Jeremiah O'Mahoney paid us a brief visit recently. He now has headquarters in New York City where he attends to his many missionary activities.

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Mr. John Monahan, '03, is in the confectionery business. Johnnie used to sing sweetly years ago and he still has a fine voice. He sings the Offertory solo at St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, every Sunday at the twelve o'clock Mass.

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Tom McKenna, '23, has just finished a football season as captain of the Kappa Gamma squad which won the National

Fraternity Football Championship in New York recently by defeating Rho-Delta-Rho. Tom is now coaching the fraternity basketball team.

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Howard De Celles, '16, is now in Englewood, Colorado, preparing to enter the law profession. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. De Celles on the arrival of a baby boy, Daniel, and look forward to the time when Daniel will be enrolled at his father's Alma Mater.

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Congratulations are in order to Mr. Louis J. Pommier, '10, and Mrs. Pommier on the arrival of a little daughter January 2nd.

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Leo Thaldorf, '09, is now with the Guarantee Association in Detroit, Michigan. We were glad to see him at the game January 14th, when St. Viator played Detroit University.

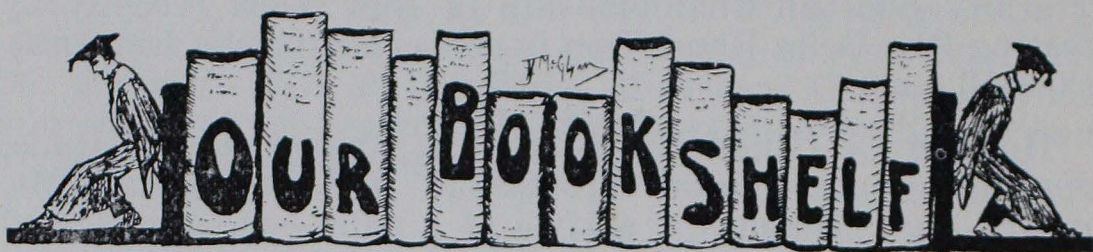
Rev. Edmund Burke, '07, formerly an assistant at Precious Blood Parish, Chicago, has been assigned to the Pastorate of St. Bernard's Church at Joliet, Illinois. Congratulations, Father, on your well deserved promotion.

The March Issue of the Viatorian will be an Alumni Number

OBITUARIES

Mrs. J. V. Clinnin, wife of Colonel John V. Clinnin of the A. E. F., and mother of Paul Clinnin of the Senior Department, died Dec. 26, 1924. Interment was at Mount Olivet Cemetery from the Sacred Heart Church at Hubbard Woods, Illinois. Brother St. Amant, c. s. v., attended the funeral Mass which was celebrated by Rev. J. F. Hearsh, pastor of Sacred Heart Church. Sincerest sympathies are extended to the bereaved family.

Rev. Edward A. Harley, pastor of the Church of St. Gerard at Hollis, Imeens, L. I., died Thursday December 11th at St. Vincent's Hospital, Manhattan, from peritonitis. Father Harley was a native of Donegal, Ireland, and pursued his classical studies at St. Viator College during the nineties. He has been Rector of St. Gerard's Church since 1914. The Right Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, officiated at the Solemn Requiem High Mass for Father Harley, which was celebrated in the auditorium of the fine new parochial school which Father Harley had recently completed. The eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Thomas J. Leonard, diocesan director of the society for the Propagation of the Faith. The sympathies of St. Viator College are extended to the friends and relatives of Father Harley.



The Small Missal, Benziger Bros. Price, Net \$1.75.

Catholics in general and college students in particular will find this new missal an excellent aid for devout and intelligent assistance at Holy Mass. Its size is such that it can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket, and yet it contains the Proper of the Mass for all Sundays and the principal feasts of the year, the rite of Benediction, vespers, and compline for Sunday, and other devotions. We unreservedly commend it to the use of the laity and especially to our fellow students.

The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal. Benziger Bros.

The purpose of this volume is to provide an introductory work on the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal. In its pages are all the Hymns in the Breviary since the Bull *Divino Afflatu* of Pope Pius X, together with the five sequences of the Missal, and a few other hymns. No other work in English, at present, even approximately covers this ground.

The Latin version of each hymn is given. With each is given an English verse translation that combines good idiomatic English with a literal rendering of the original. After this the authorship of each hymn is discussed. Then follows a prose translation interspersed with commentaries from the author, a learned and distinguished scholar in Latin hymnology.

A First Book in Ethics, by Henry Woods. Benziger Bros.

The actual conditions of our modern life makes the study of Ethics imperative, not only for the student of philosophy, but also for any and all who have ambition to contribute to the advancement of the bodily and spiritual interests of their fellow men. This "First Book in Ethics", the work of a profound scholar and experienced professor, presents a comprehensive view of the science in its relations to the existing questions of life. In the first part of the work the author exposes the principles of the science, in the second, he treats of the application of these principles to the vital questions of modern sociology. Not only the student, but the general reader also, will find the volume a clear, interesting, as well as a scientific treatment of the subject.

The Wonderful Sacraments. Rev. Francis X. Doyle, S. J.
Published by Benziger Bros. Price, Net \$1.25

A timely, clear, and delightful work is Fr. Doyle's book entitled "The Wonderful Sacraments". For the Catholic as well as for the inquiring Protestant, a knowledge of the meaning and operation of the Sacraments is necessary. In his usual forcible and lively style Fr. Doyle discusses these very serious subjects informally and interestingly. His explanations are graphic and his examples are up to date.

Communion Devotions for Religious

By The Sisters of Notre Dame

Many books of communion devotions have been published. This, however, is the only collection of communion devotions arranged by Religious and intended for and directly meeting the requirements of Religions.

The character and diversity of the 108 sets of Preparations and Thanksgivings is strikingly defined by Father Le Buffe when he says that "for all our subtly and swiftly changing moods we have prayers that we may speak as we kneel expectant of the coming of our King, or bow in lowliest adoration in those few moments we cherish Him as our Guest."

Three Minute Homilies, By Rev. Michael McDonough.

Benziger Bros.

These talks on the Gospel are for Low Masses, particularly in Churches where those Masses follow one another rapidly. They may also very easily be developed into the longer sermon at the High Mass and furnish matter for it. Although these talks are not homilies in the strictest sense, nevertheless they explain the chief lesson of the Gospel for every Sunday, every holy day and the chief feasts of the year. An interesting feature of the books is that the Gospel of the day precedes each sermon.

THE SLAVE SHIP

By Mary Johnston

The recent historical novel, *The Slave Ship*, by Mary Johnston, one of America's foremost historical novelists is an excellent study in the vices and cruelties of the slave trade of the eighteenth century. Miss Johnston has depicted nobly the gruesome and repugnant sale of human lives, the transporting of them to this country as so many cattle upon crowded, stifling and dirty slave ships. Aside from this rather grim narrative she has given the tragic soul struggle of a Scotchman sent into slavery for a crime committed in Scotland. His life on the plantations of Virginia, his attempts to escape and finally his successful venture into the woods and his escape

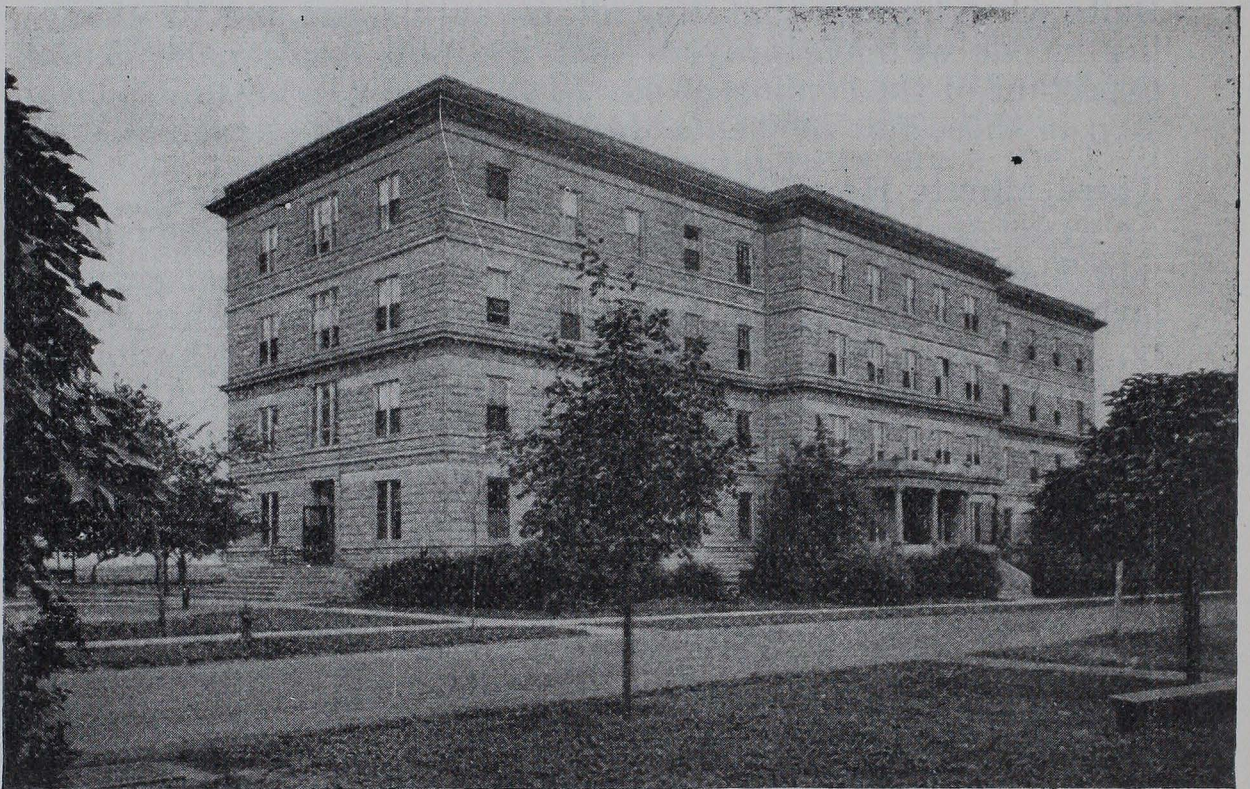
upon the trapping boat of a strange old hunter, all thrills the reader with the anxiety that always accompanies a hero in distress.

David Scott's ultimate escape to the slave ship is welcomed by the reader and then the desperate fight he puts up to convince himself of the righteousness of the trade makes one realize his true worth. His success as captain of the ship and the sadness of his being subjected again into slavery carry the reader's interest to the end with David Scott.

However, to my mind Miss Johnston is a little too dark; her hero might have had a happier ending which would have brightened considerably the gloomy impressions received from the previous part of the novel.

This book is published by Little Brown Publishing Company of Boston, price \$2.00 and it is strongly recommended.

J. E., '25



Abode of toil and effort persevering,
Home, the pleasant dwelling place
Of those who seek and gather
The priceless jewels of the mind.

BASKETBALL

ST. VIATOR, 22—KALAMAZOO NORMAL, 28

January 9th

Western State Normal dampened Viator's opening game celebration by dousing the 1925 team 28 to 22. Borgering was the big item in the success of the northerners. He did everything that is required of a forward and he executed his assignments with ease. His evening of toil netted him eleven points. Dalrymple offset his shooting by bagging eight markers during the course of the fray, but smoother Normal teamwork was too much for the still undeveloped Viatorians. Coach Glaze had had but little time to prepare his charges for the opening scuffle and this lack of training was evident in their faulty passing and ineffective shooting.

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ST. VIATOR, 15—KALAMAZOO NORMAL, 27

January, 12th

The first stop the Viatorians made on their annual Michigan tour was at Kalamazoo where they opened their campaign disastrously by dropping a slow tilt to the Normalites 27 to 15. Any chronicle of that encounter would be worthless were it not mentioned that the locals were woefully inaccurate in their tossing from the free throw line. A total of 15 trys were made from the seven foot mark, and of these, but three were successful. Such a goal shooting record would be enough to topple any club, and such a fate overtook Captain Winnie and his crew. Then they played a slovenly floor game and the defense they presented wilted on occasion to permit the Normal five to count easy chances. One brilliant spot was provided by John Bowe who entered the contest the last 12 minutes of the second half. The slender, freshman forward looped in four field goals during the brief time he functioned.

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ST. VIATOR, 23—MICHIGAN AGGIES, 18

January 13th

During the Christmas holidays the M. A. C. basketball team lambasted Chicago University by a large count, thus the Viatorians had reason to fear the foe they met up with in the second stop of the Michigan invasion. They did meet a speedy quintet in their second battle, but the "Irish" had hit their stride. They passed the ball like machines, faultlessly, smoothly, with the accuracy of veterans and the precision of clock work. It was a pretty sight to see them work the sphere down

the floor and then to view Dalrymple, Bowe or Donnelly swish through clean shots. Johnny emulated his performance of the previous evening by bagging four from the floor; Jimmy nicked three, and husky "Mickey" Donnelly cracked the string for a like number. That 23 to 8 victory sent a crowd of 2,000 Aggie enthusiasts home in the depths of despair. They had rated their team the class of the state and they had grounds on which to base their claims. Speed aplenty was to be found on the Aggie outfit and in Robinson and Richards the northern machine possessed clever shooters and dandy dribblers. But a tight Viator defense headed by Winterhalter and McAllister kept the scoring proclivities of these gentlemen within bounds.

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ST. VIATOR, 24—DETROIT UNIVERSITY, 29

January 14th

Detroit cashed in on Viator's infraction of the playing code to cop the final game of the locals Michigan jaunt, 29 to 24. "Winnie" and his boys committed twelve personal fouls, which called for multiple throws, and the Detroiters proceeded to cultivate a habit of sinking the leather with consistency from the 'gratis' stripe. They made eleven points on fouls and a singular aspect of this free throwing talent was that they coined seven points on free throws in the last four minutes of play. The charity shots were too much of a handicap for the Viatorians after three days and nights of tiring travel and the offense failed to count with any degree of regularity. Johnny Bowe and Jimmy Dalrymple, the 'pony' forwards of Glaze's machine, went out and bagged their customary totals, Johnny netting 8 and Jimmy ringing in 7 tallies.

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ST. VIATOR, 26—ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 21

January 16th.

Back on the home lot the boys got together and banged out a flashy win over Illinois Wesleyan in a tilt that was Viator's all the way. The Wesleyan defense was spotty and their attack was ineffective in the face of a cautious St. Viator front. The invaders did sparkle for a moment in the second portion when Foster got 'hot' and rang up four baskets, bringing his total to six ringers for the evening. He was the only one of the green and white athletes though, who was dangerous and the local shots were given fine opportunity in limbering up their shooting muscles. McAllister and John Winterhalter took advantage of the chance to the extent of rustling the strings for three and Bowe gained distinction by slipping four from afar.

ST. VIATOR, 25—LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 15

January 21st.

The continual polishing that Coach Glaze had been giving his boys in the daily practice drills imparted to them a lustre and brilliance that completely dazzled the Loyola cage forces when they took the Armory floor. They were helpless before a driving Viator attack and the final reckoning of 25 to 5 does not indicate the superiority of the Glaze courtmen. They positively shone as they baffled the expert Loyola defense and they completely befuddled all the attempts of the Chicago five to work the ball within scoring distance. Once again Johnny Bowe contributed the high scoring by ringing up nine points. 'Micky' followed with eight and our back guard John Winterhalter loped down the playing field to connect for six points.

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ST. VIATOR, 33—LA CROSSE, 18

January 23rd.

The first Western Interstate Conference member to be encountered. La Crosse Normal fell an easy victim to the colorful attack of the Bourbonnais quintet. The closing quotations listed La Crosse at 8 and Viator at 33. In the parlance of the financier the 'market' was 'bullish' with Viator forcing the going constantly. Donnelly did considerable 'trading' and his bit netted him eleven points. Then came Bowe with eight and Dalrymple followed with six. That game proved a gala occasion for the reserves as Coach Glaze inserted a complete team before the scuffle closed. The match provided an opportunity for Johnny Benda, who entered school at the second semester, to make his debut. Benda, a former member of the nationally famous Cathedral High School team of Duluth, put up a flashy floor game.

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ST. VIATOR, 30—VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

January 24th.

A tie score with seven seconds to play; a howling mob of Valpo rooters and two fiercely battling cage aggregations, provided Johnny Bowe with an opportunity of a lifetime and he cashed in with a field goal to give the Viatorians a 30 to 28 win over Valpo on the Hoosier's floor. The most sensational basketball of the season was dished up by the contending five. They fought to a 13 to 13 tie in the first half and they continued their neck-and-neck wrangling throughout the second portion. John Bowe was the bright scoring factor in the Viator column, his gunning bringing twelve points to the victor's credit and Donnelly assisted immensely by throwing four goals and a free throw. The locals defense was capital

at every stage. Their passing was too speedy and baffling for the Hoosiers. Long shots featured the Valpo assault and Bourquin proved an expert at connecting from outlying points. He rattled the iron on five occasions with Harris running second with two field tallies.

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ST. VIATOR, 39—COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 29

February 3rd.

Columbia made the 'Irish' hustle for three fourths of the match at Dubuque, but in the last ten minutes of the contest the five cylinder green speed wagon gained momentum and ran away from the Hawkeyes for a 39 to 28 victory. The uncanny goal shooting of White, the Columbia forward, kept the locals in danger for the major part of the fray. He sank six buckets for his share and this bulky scoring total threatened to upset the boys. But they got cracking the hoop in the last ten minutes and led by Jimmy Dalrymple they slipped out in front. Mr. Jimmy collected ten points for his efforts; Donnelly sank a similar number and Bowe trailed with nine. That win elevated the home boys in the Interstate standing as it marked their third consecutive win.

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ST. VIATOR, 53—ST. MARY'S, 18

February 4th.

We quote from the Winona Republican-Herald; "St. Viator College basketball team of Kankakee, Illinois overwhelmed St. Mary's here last night by a score of 53 to 18 in an exhibition as flashy as any ever seen in Winona.

Although St. Mary's cagers played a good game they were completely outclassed by the invaders who ran up a big score with apparently little effort.

In the words of Jackson, Minneapolis, Y. M. C. A., who refereed the game, St. Viator has one of the best teams he has ever seen and, "I think they could stop anything in Minnesota this year." The team is leading the Interstate loop having defeated Columbia College Tuesday night by a score of 29 to 28."

And thus the scribe narrates at length with much more matter of a similar variety. We desist from quoting but we can't help remarking that the natives of Minnesota sure got a treat when the 'Irish' trecked up that way.

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ST. VIATOR, 22—MARQUETTE, 29

February 5th.

On the third day of the locals western trip, St. Viator lost to Marquette 29 to 22. The game was the third played by the

'Irish' quintet in three days and they showed the effects of too much travel. Dalrymple was the only Viatorian able to hit the hoop consistently, crashing the net for four field goals and four free throws. Benda, at running guard (replacing McAllister who as injured) was second high scorer with two baskets and one gratis heave. For Marquette, McCormick and Herte were the outstanding stars, the former breaking through for six field goals while Herte gathered five. The game was rough throughout and the going was stopped at frequent intervals due to the insertion of too much football activities from members of both teams.

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ST. VIATOR, 29—BRADLEY TECH, 35

February 7th.

It was all Captain 'Nick' Carter when A. J. Robertson released his pack of Bradley Indians at the Armory. The leader of the Tech court warriors collected a flock of baskets, played a whirlwind floor game and in fact was the big noise of the evening. His nine baskets were the outstanding reasons why Bradley bagged the contest 35 to 29 though his running mate Poland with five baskets and two 'custom free' shots must be remembered in any history of that fray. Carter and Poland were ably abetted by the remainder of the Tech brigade and though this combination functioned with precision they were continually threatened by the locals. There was only six points separating the teams at the finale and that margin was a bit too close for Bradley's comfort. John Bowe was a constant menace to the security of the Peorians by his gunning orb which accounted for five field goals. Dalrymple was another of the Irish who was banging away at the hoop. His record consisted of three for two points each and two for one tally each.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 30—COLUMBIA COLLEGE. 27

February 12th.

After trailing 13 to 18 at the half Columbia came back with a rush and made things mighty warm for the green clad warriors before the battle ended with Viator topping the score 30 to 27. The scoring flurry that Columbia put on was occasioned by the aptitude Kellogg, Dorsey and White suddenly developed for locating the center of the hoop from mid-court. That talent brought the Hawks up on even terms in the closing moments of the wrangle and even threatened to nudge them out in front. But that one flash of power was soon put under control by the alert Viatorians and nothing of a serious nature was perpetrated by the invaders. Once again Bowe

copped the scoring lead with four from the court and one from the seventeen foot mark. Then came Dalrymple with seven counters and Donnelly, Benda and Winterhalter were bunched with the first two boasting of five points and Captain 'Winnie' collecting four.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 23—VALPARAISO, 24

February 14th.

Viator's hopes for the Western Interstate crown were lessened when they dissipated a 15 to 10 lead they possessed at the half and crumbled before a smashing Valparaiso offensive to allow the Hoosier's to triumph 24 to 23. The 'Irish' displayed some of the best basketball of the season during the major portion of the fracas but their play was spasmodic and in one of these intervals, towards the close of the game, Valpo copped the lead and won out in a brilliant finish. A gap in the local defense permitted Bourquin and Harris to cage shots in the final moments of combat and though the Emerald five tried desperately to overcome the advantage they failed by a mere one point. It was a thrilling game with the two teams battling fiercely at every stage. Remarkable goal shooting was exhibited by the contending teams and Bourquin of Valpo with five baskets and Bowe of Viator with a like number brought the crowd to its feet time and again with their sensational tosses.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 28—ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 32

February 17th.

The inevitable let down after a hard struggle left Viator at the mercy of a fast Wesleyan assault and though they fought the Methodist to a 13 to 13 draw in the first half they suffered a relapse in the second section that the Bloomington team took advantage of. Lindquist and Anderson were the star performers in the Wesleyan's big splurge in the last half. Lindquist bagged four field goals in the last stanza and Anderson followed with three. The short pass, installed at the IWU by Wallie Roettger was working smoothly and it had the locals defense in bad shape, particularly after Johnny Benda was removed from the contest by the personal foul route. Winterhalter and Dalrymple were the only Viatorians who could penetrate the closely knit Wesleyan front and between them these youths accounted for eighteen of the points scored by our boys.

High School Basket Ball

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

ST. VIATOR, 28—ST. PHILIP'S, 12

January 6th

Shortly after the Christmas holidays the Academy cagers met St. Philip's High School of Chicago on the latter's floor. With only a few nights of practice after a two weeks recess, our High School ably adapted themselves to the foreign stage and a fast game ensued. The feature of the combat was the strong defensive work on Viator's part, so much so that the opponents had but ten shots in the second half of the game. Captain Kellar's snappy floor action added much to the merits of the contest and it was this occasion that marked the beginning of Campbell's clever guarding.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 16—BOWEN, 13

January 8th

A few days after their victory over St. Philip's, the Viator quintet again invaded Chicago, this time to meet Bowen High School. The boys remembered the football game and willingly concentrated their every effort on the contest. The game proved to be quite rough and the boys were handicapped by a very small floor. Although Viator had hard luck in making goals, the fast work of Cardosi, Herbert and Campbell mastered the situation and our basketeurs emerged victorious from the struggle with a score of 16 to 13.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 17—QUIGLEY, 8

January 9th

On the following day Coach Barrett's boys crowned their triumphant visit to the metropolis by defeating the Quigley Preps. In this contest the close guarding of Herbert and Campbell was so effective that adversaries were forced to rely upon long shots. The team did some real good work in pivoting and short passing. O'Neil and Kellar figured prominently in the game and were the high point men of the day. Thus our High School completed their victorious conquest of Chicago and their reputé has spread throughout the high school basketball circles of that city.

SPALDING, 16—ST. VIATOR, 13

In the opening game of the home schedule, our Academy cage squad encountered Spalding Institute, the National Catholic Champions of 1924, at the Kankakee Armory. Despite the fact that Harry Kellar, captain and right forward was just recovering from a period of illness, the Viatorians demonstrated some marvelous floor work that made the spectators howl with admiration. The Peorians tried again and again to get by our guards, but failed each time and at the end of the first half the score stood, Viator 9, Spalding 6. In the second half the opponents became more accurate in their long shots and succeeded in piling up a final score of 16 against Viator's 13. Eddie Campbell with his wonderful guarding and dribbling was the star of the evening and John Herbert, also guard, figured second. Our team played a beautiful game and we are totally satisfied.

G. O.

VIATORIANA

On The Detroit Basketball trip

(Going from Canada into Detroit) Inspector, looking into auto: "All American?"

Dalrymple: "No, All-Western."

* * * * *

Prof. P.: "Can you tell me how to say: He didn't want to go? in Spanish, Mr. Cannell?"

Cannell: "'El no!"

Prof. P.: "Did you say: 'El no—?' Very well, continue."

* * * * *

Paul L. (Impatiently): "Where's that street car, anyhow?"

Zeke: "It's gone, you poke-head, can't you see its tracks?"

* * * * *

HEARD AT THE ARMORY

"What do you think you are, a cannon?"

"Isn't that little Jimmy a darling?"

"Oh, there's Mickey Donnelly!"

* * * * *

Prof.: Who cried, "A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Stude in back seat: "Please, Prof., what kind of a horse was that?"

Prof. "What are you trying to do, ridicule me?"

Stude: "No, Prof., only I heard Cunningham saying some one lost his pony and I thought maybe you referred to him."

HEALTH HINTS

Don't ask Tiny Kelly to go skiing.

Don't ask Buddy Farrel for some "Plough Boy."

Don't mention to Bill N. the name of a flower attached to a "Bush."

Don't ask Micky if he thinks 13 is unlucky.

Don't ask Bro. St. A. if he has learned anything about the laws of reflection.

Don't ask the Sophs how much they made on their hop.

Don't ask Bill B. what he uses on his hair.

Don't ask Prof. P. what he thinks of our icy winters.

Don't ask Ray B. whom he visited in Miami.

Don't mention East Court St. to Art P.

Don't mention bob-sled parties to Vince or Knobby, also Buddy, Paul M., Si L. or especially Red D.

Don't inquire of the English studies if the Exam is easy.

Don't ask for 1 o'clock per.

* * * * *

Glen Harry's girl
Went up in the air,
To say "Good-night,"
She stood on a chair.

* * * * *

Said little Bill to little Jim:
A two dollar bill,
And we'll get some Gin.
We sure will go
As long as it lasts,
They think we're slow,
But we'll show 'm we're fast.

* * * * *

Absent-minded Prof. entering his room and hearing noise under the bed: "Who's there?"

Burglar, who knows the Prof.: "No one at all."

Prof.: "That's odd, I could have sworn that there was some one under there when I came in."

* * * * *

Art G.: "Say, do you know John Smith?"

Delahaunty (in the same condition): "No, what's his name?"

Art G.: "Who?"

Del.: "I dunno."

Sic Transit

Si L.: Hello, this is — speaking. Will you hold the phone a minute?

Gus S.: Where's that newspaper clipping I had in my notebook?

Knobby: Dates or six? Sure.

O'Neil (Red): What! I can't have two desserts?

Buddy F.: Say, there's two dollars——.

Jerry: Take that you villian (to Bill B.) (Shoots) Smatter, Red?

Doc.: Now how would you like to join my Mustache Club?

Franks: Say, how about this green-cap business?

Vince: Tom and Who?

Pfeiffer: Bring me two dozen cross word puzzles, I'm staying home tonight.

Kommie: I got Bourbonnais on my radio the other night.

Vince again: I'm a forty-niner but the gold won't come my way.

* * * * *

Humanum est Errare

A classy girl
Did past me glide;
I that neat curl
Wished at my side.

She caught my eye,
That little jane,
But she passed on by,
And down the lane.

She seemed so sweet,
I'd go a mile
With these poor feet
To see her smile.

So I did follow,
But soon grew pale,
My dream was hollow,
She wore a veil.

Behind that veil
There was a ace
That told a tale
African race!

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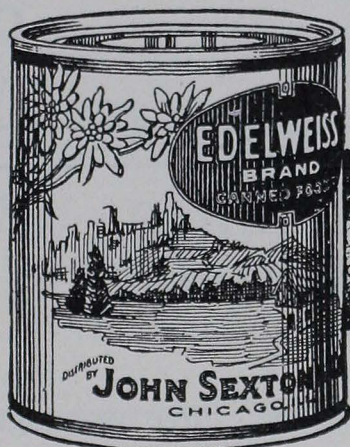
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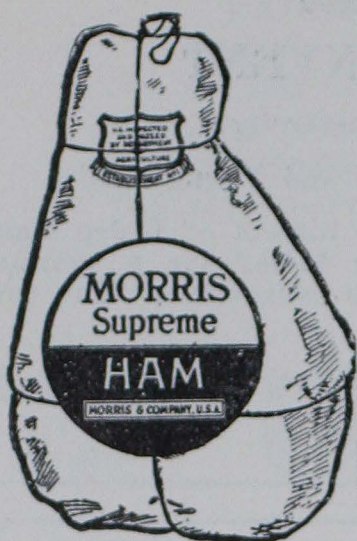
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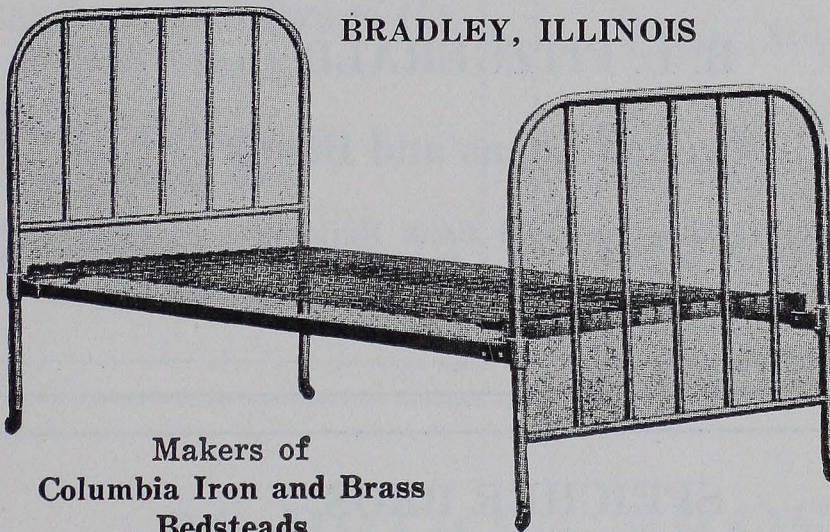
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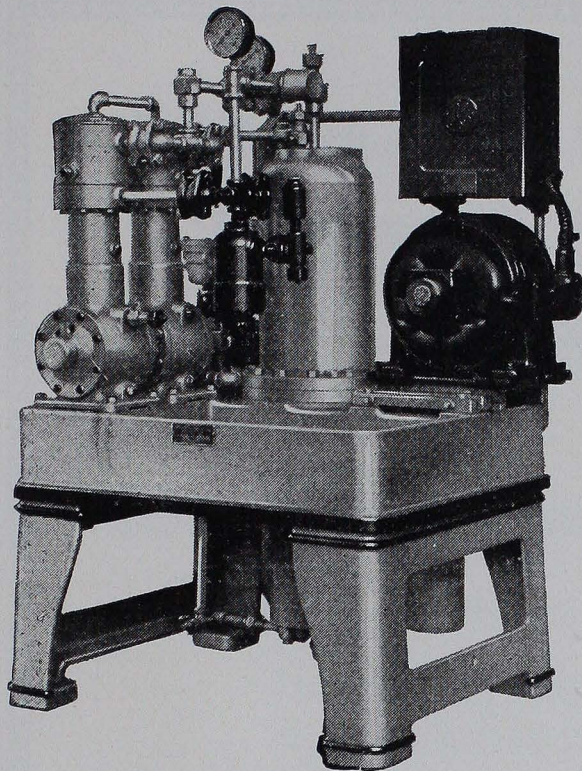
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