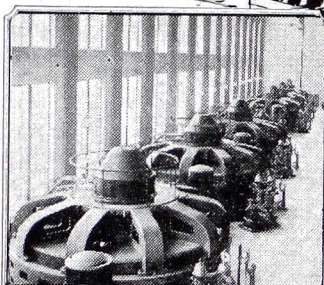
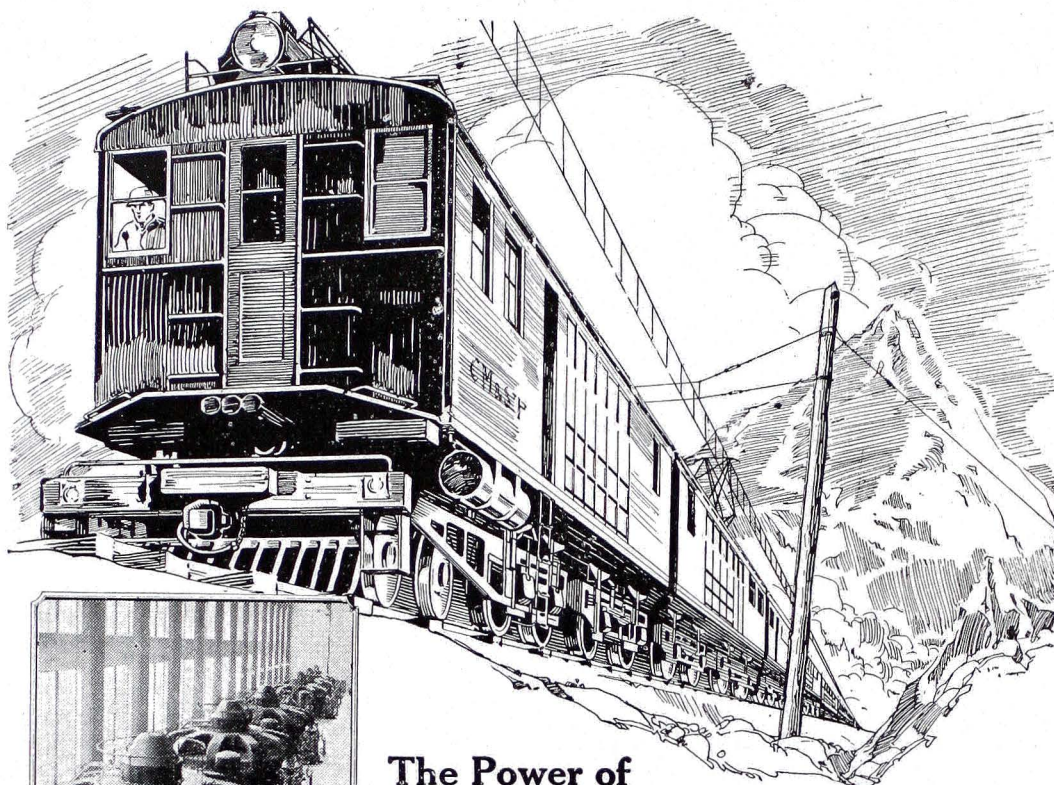


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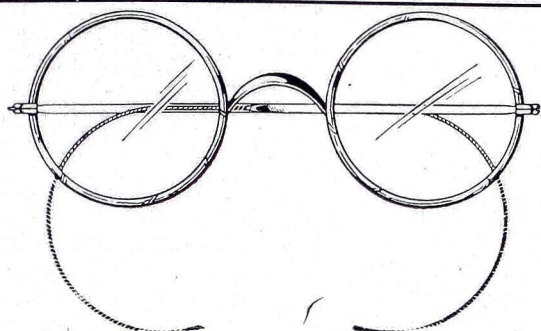
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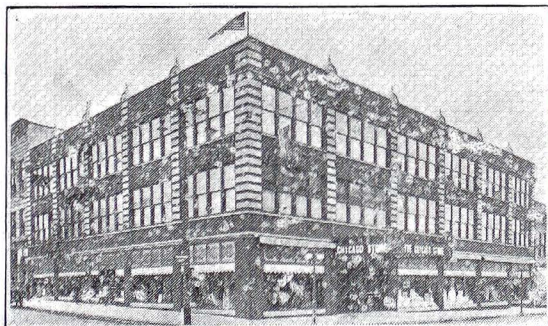


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# The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 37

St. Patrick's Day Number, 1920

Number 3

## The Lynch Memorial Burse

ST. VIATOR College announces that through the instrumentality of its former president, the Very Reverend John P. O'Mahoney, C. C. V., it has been presented with a \$10,000 burse by Mrs. Mary F. Lynch of Chicago. The endowment will be known as the "Lynch Memorial Burse," and is established in loving memory of Mrs. Lynch's son, John Francis Lynch, who died in the service of our country in October, 1918. The intention of the donor is that the interest of this bequest shall be used in perpetuity for the education of young men for the priesthood. It is stipulated that a bronze tablet shall be erected in Marsile Hall to the memory of John Francis Lynch.

John Francis Lynch, familiarly known as "Jerry," was a student at St. Viator College from 1906 to 1912. During "Frank's" college days, his winning manners, gentlemanly behaviour, Christian conduct and generous spirit won him the admiration and esteem of the faculty and of his fellow students. He is remembered as a faithful student and an athlete of considerable ability. Those who knew "Frank" Lynch well during his college days testify to his generous spirit of Christian charity. They relate that it was not an uncommon thing for him to supply liberally the needs of some poor student from his own pocket money. It is then worthy tribute to the memory of John Francis Lynch that his name is perpetuated by an act of signal munificence.

The friends of Mrs. Mary F. Lynch are not surprised at her generous gift. It is characteristic of her, and is but the crowning of many acts of friendship toward St. Viator College. It is indicative of the unselfish spirit of this sterling Catholic woman. In her gift she has not sought personal profit nor the benefit of her own kin, but her charity has reached out to embrace the unknown, struggling Catholic students of all times. Truly this act is one of lively Faith and ardent charity, prompted by the teachings and example of Him whose love extended to all men. Mrs. Lynch's princely donation has won for her the perpetual gratitude of the faculty and friends of St. Viator College, as well as that of the present and future generations of Catholic students, who are her real beneficiaries.

Mrs. Mary F. Lynch's generous gift is an inspiring example for wealthy Catholics. What better means can the well-to-do Catholic

employ for perpetuating his name and befriending his fellow man than to establish a burse at some Catholic College? It is obvious that our Catholic colleges cannot hope to compete, with any degree of success, with State Universities and richly endowed private institutions unless wealthy Catholics take an active interest in them, and make them the objects of their benevolence. The battlefield of Christianity is no longer the catacomb or the Roman Forum, but it is the school. The men and women who have consecrated their lives to meet the brunt of the fight do not fear to face the enemy, but they must be supplied with ammunition by those behind the lines. Unless wealthy Catholics respond to the appeals of our colleges, the work of Catholic education will be greatly handicapped. But, so long as the Church numbers among her devoted children generous souls like Mrs. Mary F. Lynch, we need have no fear for the future of Catholic education. Her shining example of devotion to the cause should be an incentive to many other wealthy Catholics to benefit their brethren in the Faith by endowing some Catholic college.

—The Editor.

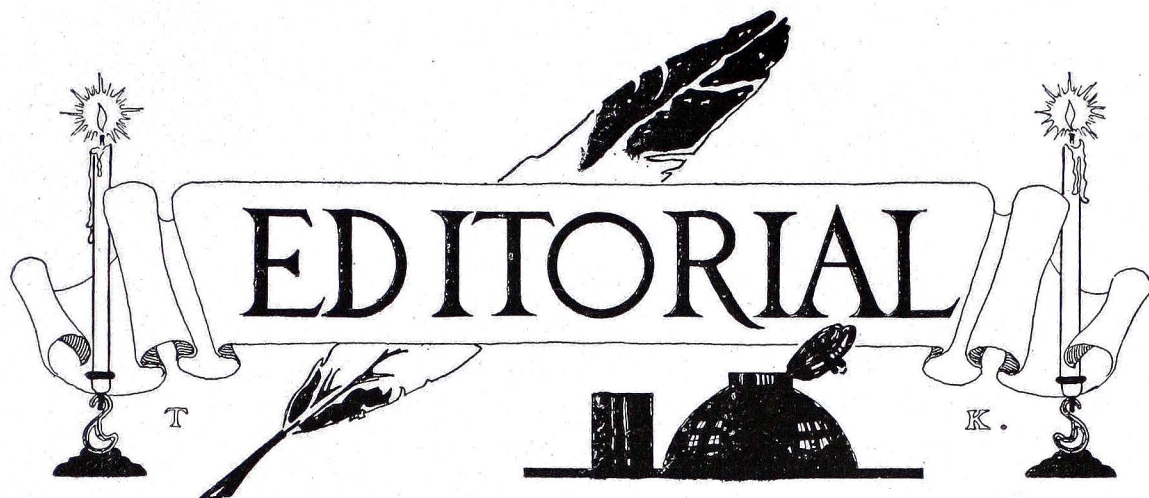
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#### TO A FADED SHAMROCK.

"Its leaves are crisp and faded now,  
Though vainly did I strive  
By every art and strange device  
Its lustre to revive.  
Alas! its kindred trefoils were  
Three thousand miles away;  
It withered on an exile's breast  
On sweet St. Patrick's day."

—("Exile"—Denver.)





# The Viatorian

Published by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

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If there is one quality that distinguishes the Irish people and wins them the universal admiration of men, it is their loyalty to their holy patron, St. Patrick. This devotion seems to be a property of the Irish heart. So much so that to suppose its non-existence in the soul of an Irish Catholic is to offer him one of the greatest possible insults. So intimately are faith in the holy Catholic Church and faith in St. Patrick connected that the existence of one of these sentiments necessarily supposes the presence of the other.

St. Patrick

Why is it that faith in Rome and faith in St. Patrick form the twin piers upon which rests the edifice of the creed of every Irish Catholic? Obviously it is because these two ideas have from the very beginning had such a close association in the minds of the Irish people. It is because St. Patrick became for his beloved people the concrete representation of the doctrine which he taught.



And so, down through the centuries the people of Ireland have had the living monument of the life of St. Patrick ever in their midst, to strengthen them in times of weakness and trial, to counsel them in doubt, and ever to keep them faithful to the teachings of holy mother Church. It is for this reason that the Irish people have been so loyal to their holy faith, in spite of every difficulty. The consciousness of the abiding presence and directing influence of St. Patrick among his children in Christ has enabled countless numbers of martyrs to refuse the bread which their starving stomachs might have obtained at the price of apostacy. This living presence of a spiritual father has given helpless women and children the courage to defy tyrants, and to face death rather than deny their faith in the teachings of St. Patrick. If this be not the explanation of such devotion, then why has Ireland been so constantly true to the faith inculcated by St. Patrick in spite of the most fearful persecutions, whereas England, her neighbor, with nothing to suffer for the faith has miserably apostatized? Is it not true that this difference of conduct is adequately explained by the fact that St. Patrick has constantly had a mystical life amongst his people, whereas England has not had any such influence?

As Ireland has remained faithful to Catholicity up to the present time, so too, will she remain faithful even to the end. It is almost as logical to suppose that man will cease to be a rational being as to imagine that the great body of Irishmen will ever cease to be Catholics. So firmly has devotion to St. Patrick become imbedded in the Irish heart that, as has been said, it appears to be a property that is handed down from father to son. And, with Irishmen, devotion to St. Patrick and fidelity to Catholicity are synonymous. So long, then, as the spirit of St. Patrick lives among his people, so long will the faith of Christ abide in the souls of Irishmen; and when that spirit shall have lost its influence, then Ireland will be no more, for there will be no more Irishmen.

---

The prospect of universal military training is one that should strongly appeal to every loyal American heart. The late war has taught us two great lessons. First, that we are liable at any time to be forced to vindicate our rights by an appeal to arms; and secondly, that "in time of peace, we must prepare for war." The first of these lessons was taught us by the insults and the outrages of the haughty German Empire. The second we learned, Oh! how dearly, on the battlefields of France, when our raw, undisciplined troops were sacrificed to the greedy maws of the German cannon.

"History repeats itself." Let us be sure of that. It is only a question of time before we will again be engaged in war, and perhaps a more bloody war than the last. The nature of men has not changed. The passions of nations are not destroyed, but only quieted for a time. The League of Nations cannot and will not permanently preserve the peace of



the world. Did it meet the most sanguine hopes of its sponsor, it still would not prevent all wars. At best, it would but lessen their number. In its present form the league is practically useless. Are we then to await the occasion of another great war before we candidly admit that the League of Nations is as impotent as the wildest dream of the most ideal of philosophers?

War is coming! Then, common sense bids us prepare to meet it in the most effectual manner possible. Two courses are open to us. We must either maintain an immense standing army, and a navy second to none in the world, at an expense of countless billions of dollars; or we must train our young men in military tactics, so that they will be ready to meet any emergency. The first of these plans would only be imposing an unnecessary burden on the American people. In normal times, we do not need a large standing army, although we must always have a respectable navy. The second plan, then, is the only sensible one. Let us train our school boys of fourteen years of age and upwards in military tactics and the use of arms. Let us open schools for those men who feel any special interest in military science. This is the work the R. O. T. C. has started so well. It should have the hearty support of Congress, and should be more fully developed. If this plan is efficiently executed, we will always have at our disposal the material to form a trained army at short notice. Every intelligent citizen will be prepared to serve his country in the event of war. Thus we can tranquilly pursue our industrial and commercial affairs without being harassed by the undue fear of war, and if war does come its burdens in the form of human sacrifice will be lighter.

---

“No treason we bring from Erin, nor  
bring we shame or guilt;  
The sword we hold may be broken, but  
we have not dropped the hilt.  
And the words we bring for freedom are  
washed in the surge of tears;  
And we claim our right by a people's fight  
outliving a thousand years.”



## Ireland and Sinn Fein

By JOHN P. LYNCH, '21.

The history of Ireland since 1916 is the history of Sinn Fein. The terms are synonymous: Ireland means Sinn Fein, and Sinn Fein means Ireland. To deny this is to fail to grasp the real significance of the political revolution that has just taken place in Ireland. From 1870 until 1916 politics in Ireland were in the hands of the Nationalist party, whose aim it was to procure some form of Home Rule for their land. Now all is changed. A new and brighter light illumines the political landscape and the cry for independence is now heard throughout the isle. Neither Home Rule or any other half measure can satisfy the Irish people. The treachery of the English Tories, who opposed the government in enforcing the home rule measure already on the statute books; and the subsequent executions of the Irish patriots, who knew no crime—unless loyalty to country be a crime—has caused a rekindling of that ancient hatred for England, which makes government of any kind under English supervision intolerable and insupportable to a people whose ancestors gloried in death for the ideals of freedom. The Irish stand firmly united under the banner of green, white and orange, as members of the Sinn Fein party—the strongest and most powerful political unit in the history of Ireland. Their cry is: a free and independent republic.

Sinn Fein dates back to 1905, when it was organized for the revival of Irish culture and civilization. As watchwords this organization chose the two Gaelic words: "Sinn Fein"—words which mean, when freely translated, "Self Reliance," and literally translated, "For Ourselves." From 1905 until 1916 it had no existence as a political power: it existed merely as a force for the revival of the Irish language, industries and national culture. In 1915, its first candidate at a general election was overwhelmingly defeated. In 1916, seventy-three of the one hundred and five delegates elected to parliament throughout Ireland were Sinn Fein. Since 1917 Sinn Fein has rapidly increased until today it numbers no less than eighty per cent of the entire population of the Isle.

The loyal patriots who make up the rank and file of the Sinn Fein party may well be called the spiritual inheritors of the ancient Gael. They regard the preservation of their nationality as a sacred charge, and they look upon themselves as an oppressed people owing no allegiance to the more powerful oppressor. They are not traitors, for they are the descendents of an ancestry, who, like themselves have never recognized the right of foreign rule. They derive their inspiration from an ancient history, from a literature made glorious by the bards of antiquity, and from a culture and civilization which dominated the culture and civiliza-



tion of the whole continent of Europe at a time when England was the home of barbaric tribes. They do not undervalue English culture, nor its political system, but they do resent the imposition of such ideas or systems upon them. They believe that the national genius of a race cannot be manifested in a civilization fettered by the degrading chains of slavery. They insist that Ireland is a nation that has grievously suffered and is still suffering because of the failure of English rule to properly govern Ireland. The independent government which has been established at Dublin by the Sinn Fein party is the natural outcome of such conditions.

To determine whether or not the Sinn Fein position is justifiable, we must consider the three following questions: (1) Is Ireland a nation? (2) Is Ireland being misruled by England? (3) Is Ireland capable of governing herself? My answer to the first of these questions is that Ireland is a nation, separate and distinct from the rest of the British Isles. Even England has recognized this fact, for the crown of Ireland is merely annexed to that of England and not united to it, as is the crown of Scotland. The law recognizes this, for no law made by the British Parliament is applicable to Ireland unless the law so states expressly. Even were this not so, what is lacking to Ireland that she should be deprived of the title of nationhood? She has a national boundary set by the Almighty finger of the Most High God. Ethnically, she is of a purer stock than are the English. She is inhabited by a race whose ideals of government, of social institutions and of religion are at variance with the materialism of England. Undoubtedly Ireland is a nation.

It is hardly necessary to answer the second question. History tells us in no unmistakable terms that English rule in Ireland has been a complete failure. The history of Ireland from 1172, when the first band of English marauders set foot upon Irish soil, is an account of revolts and uprisings. For five centuries the Irish fought unceasingly in a vain endeavor to halt the onward march of the more powerful invader, so that it was not until the time of Elizabeth that English rule extended over the entire island. Not even then was the spirit of the Irish broken. Weary and half starved they would not admit defeat. They merely waited until their strength could once more be regained and they could arm themselves before engaging with their sworn enemies. The two centuries that followed—centuries of rebellions and uprisings—shall ever be recorded as a tribute of glory to the nobility of a race who knew no defeat. Not one decade has elapsed during the last seven centuries that has not seen an uprising in Ireland against England—the outward expression of a national spirit that accepts death rather than passive submission to autocratic might. The English have never been able to gain that voluntary submission without which government is impossible. Every force imaginable has been used, but without avail. And today England is farther from attaining this end than she has ever been. In Ireland at the present time two hundred thousand English soldiers, fully equipped with all the appliances of modern warfare, are stationed as an



aid to the regular police force, in order that some semblance of peace may be maintained. Yet, notwithstanding this large number of soldiers and the limitations placed upon all members of society, there are numerous outbreaks. Although the Irish prisons are filled with political prisoners, England is not able to curb the expression of the ancient yet ever present spirit of the true son of St. Patrick. What does all this signify if not that the rule of England is still being rejected by the majority of Erin's sons? Is not the resorting to martial law for the entire island an acknowledgment that English rule in Ireland is a failure?

England has not only failed to gain from Ireland that voluntary submission so necessary for just government, but she has likewise failed to enact just laws for the island. Her rule in Ireland is outrageous. The imposition of her unjust laws has crippled Ireland economically and financially. She has always discountenanced direct trade routes to Ireland and thereby has forced the great bulk of Irish exports and imports to pass through England. Scarcely more than a month ago, English officers in carrying out government orders openly insulted an American officer and his crew, sailing under their own flag, because they were attempting to carry on direct trade with Ireland. In taxes England annually robs Ireland of a huge sum. In 1896 the financial relations commission appointed by the British government reported that the annual over-taxation of Ireland was at the rate of \$13,750,000. The same rate has been continued during the past twenty-three years, which makes a sum of \$2,720,000,000. In 1800 before the Act of Union the Irish national debt was less than \$15,000,000. In 1801, just one year after the Act of Union, which was to work such blessings and benefits, Ireland's national debt leaped to \$142,225,670. The debt was made as follows: immediately after the union Pitt borrowed on Ireland's credit \$15,000,000 and in addition the Irish were loaded with a hundred million tax, which was England's estimate of what it cost to suppress the rebellion of 1789. It was expressly stated at the time of the union: "In respect to past expenses, Ireland was to have no concern whatever with the debts of Great Britain." But, in 1817, just sixteen years later, the two exchequers were amalgamated, and the already overburdened Irish were compelled to assume their share of the British national debt. The Irish debt leaped instantly to \$605,000,000. At the present time the government of Ireland is nearly ten times more expensive than any other government in the world. There are one hundred thousand office holders in Ireland under the control and appointment of the British government. These receive salaries far in excess of the servants of any other government in the world. For instance: the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland costs the country annually \$350,000; the Chief Secretary of Ireland receives a larger salary than the President of the United States; petty judges in Ireland are paid more than the justices of our supreme court. The Irish police system costs Ireland \$7,500,000 annually. At the same rate it would cost the United States of America \$170,000,000 a year for police service. England at the present time maintains a standing army of 200,000 in Ireland. Allowing \$1,000 a year for the pay



and equipment of men and officers, including tanks, aeroplanes, machine guns, heavy and light artillery—and everyone will see how ridiculously low the estimate is—the military establishment would be costing Ireland at the present time \$200,000,000 a year. At the same rate the United States would maintain a standing army of 5,600,000, which would cost her \$5,600,000,000 annually. In proportion to the population England maintains an army in Ireland one-third greater than she ever put in the field against Germany. This is a record of plunder which has no parallel in history.

Nor does the case against England rest here. England has likewise disabled Ireland's industries. She has never aided in developing the natural resources of this rich and fertile isle. Under the shamrocks of Erin lie great beds of iron and coal. Large copper deposits that have never been worked for want of capital remain untouched even to this day. The enormous ceramic industry that is possible in Ireland has never been attempted. Irish clay is the best in the world for pottery and chinaware. None of these possible industries have been given the necessary aid by the English government for their development. England even refuses to connect the large coal fields of Ireland with railroads and thereby hinders any real economic progress. Surely even the most prejudiced Englishman is forced by this array of facts to admit the failure of English rule in Ireland.

Having determined that Ireland is a separate and distinct national unit, and that she has been grossly misruled, we proceed to inquire whether Ireland is able to govern herself? The abundant natural resources of Ireland and the native genius of her people indicate that she is. The Irish have a land rich in soil and capable of immense produce lying in waste. They have a national spirit that prompts them to seek to make their land fruitful. They have ideals both social and economic which are being restrained by a brutal materialistic system. They desire to be free from the galling yoke of English tyranny, and to gain their end they now seek to be recognized as a free and independent nation. Like all other nations they wish to carry on unhampered commerce and to be unrestricted in their international relations. On what grounds, then, can Ireland be refused her just rights? Her abundant resources make her self-supporting; and the progressive, enlightened spirit of her people, as crystallized in the Sinn Fein party, indicate that she is able to manage her own affairs. The machinery for self-government is already established under the wise leadership of President De Valera. In Practically every country in the world Irishmen are ably discharging responsible governmental functions. Will they be less careful or less efficient in the management of the affairs of their own beloved land?

Not only is Ireland able to govern herself, but it is essential for the peace of the world that Ireland should be self-governing. The leaders of the Sinn Fein party recognize this, and hence there is a certain altruistic spirit pervading their proposal not unlike that which prompted America to wage war with the militarists of Germany. They desire that there may be a lasting peace throughout the world, and they know



there can be no peace as long as Ireland remains under British rule. It is an historical fact that in every world war in which England has taken part, one of the deciding factors has been the situation existing in Ireland. The war just ended establishes the truth of this contention. We have Ambassador Gerard's word for it that Germany was convinced that the acute situation in Ireland in 1914 would compel England to remain out of the war. Were this not so Germany would not have dared to set out against the whole entente.

In the light of these facts the position held by the Sinn Fein party is readily understood. They desire a free and independent Ireland, because Ireland is essentially a nation, because Ireland has been tyrannously ruled by England, and because Ireland is ready and able to manage her own affairs. She is larger in size than Norway, Holland or Belgium. She has a population greater than that of Norway, Denmark or Sweden—and this with an annual decrease for the past fifty years that is directly attributable to English misrule. Although Ireland's industries are severely crippled, in 1915 she was able to export more than Greece, Bulgaria, Portugal and Norway combined, and her exports in that year nearly equally England's exports to America. Ireland's ability to meet governmental expenditures is attested by the excessive tax revenue that is annually extorted from her for the English treasury. With a full realization of Ireland's condition and a keen sense of Ireland's manifold wrongs, the seventy-three duly elected representatives from the Sinn Fein party refused to sit in the English parliament, and instead set up an independent seat of government in Dublin. Like Washington and the other revolutionary fathers of our land, they declared that neither they nor those whom they represent will longer submit to the tyrannical rule of England. They now await the recognition of the Irish Republic by all the free and independent governments of the world. America's only answer in justice can be: "IRELAND, WE HAIL THEE, A SISTER REPUBLIC."

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"TO EMMET'S EPITAPH."

"Let when my country takes her place  
Among Earth's Nations grand—  
And not till then—my memory's trace  
In epitaph outstand.  
No man does now my motives know,  
But other times shall come  
And other men to Nations show  
How Liberty is won!"

—(John J. Walsh.)



## THE GRAVES OF OUR HEROES.

'Neath alien sod and alien sky  
On the banks of the silvery Marne they lie;  
Tourist and toiler pass them by  
The graves of our hero dead.  
Oh! glorious hills, enrobed in haze,  
Oh! stately woods, Oh! blossomed ways,  
For ye the meed of our stilted praise,  
For them the tribute of tears.

In death, as in life, brave comrades still  
Who fought for our freedom and died with a will  
And poured forth their blood on French vale and hill  
For a cause that will ever endure.  
In death, as in life, one symbol near  
Their comfort and solace for hurt and fear  
Cross of the Master guarding here  
The dust of our hero dead.

From city and hamlet, and woodland dell,  
They answered the call of their funeral knell.  
Their fading names on the cross arms tell  
A story that ever endears.  
In cloistered silence it may be read  
How they followed the colors wherever they led  
And knew no rest till each laid his head  
In the grave of a soldier,—dead.

—J. H. N., '21.



## "The Secret Will"

By STANLEY J. CREGAN—Fourth High.

In a richly furnished apartment in one of our large cities, a group of bachelors were seated around a glowing fire, discussing news of friends and acquaintances, of days gone by. As the evening whiled away, the conversation became somewhat desultory and finally drifted into story telling. Each one of the group in turn related his story, until it came the turn of Mr. Rankin, a retired minister. The reverend gentleman, though at first somewhat at a loss to recall any stories he had heard which were new to the rest of the company, finally related the following:

In a certain New England town which is named after President Lincoln, there lived a wealthy family by the name of Bennett. Mr. Bennett, a very erudite man though of a stern and jealous disposition, quarreled with his wife regarding some secret, he claimed she withheld from him. A separation immediately ensued. The husband with his eldest son, Jim, a youth of twenty, departed for the West. The younger son, Frank, a lovable though easily influenced young man, remained with his mother and attended to all her wants. He did all in his power to eradicate from her mind the deep sorrow that the separation had imprinted. Time passed and Mrs. Bennett partially forgot her blighted life by the aid of her son's devotedness; for during the pleasant days of summer they walked through the shady woods and beside silvery streams that babbled unceasingly at peace and forgetfulness. Often they walked through sweetly scented meadows, picking violets and scented cowslips, or gathering the beautiful honeysuckle that grew so profusely around their little bungalow.

Thus did two lazy summers drag onward claiming precious time, and neglected labors, for Frank had often been careless about his work on the farm while attending to his mother and cheering her dispirited feelings. About the end of the second summer dating from the time of the separation, Mrs. Bennett began to decline rapidly in health, so that she was finally confined to her bed. During her long illness she was nursed by a friend, Dorothy Manley, who attended all her wants like a dutiful daughter, and whose indefatigable zeal and love were instrumental in prolonging Mrs. Bennett's life. She often discussed with Frank various methods of defeating this mortal sickness which was slowly but surely wearing away the thread of life. All their endeavors proved futile, for in the last week of May Mrs. Bennett became worse, and the attending physician shook his head in a dubious way which was indicative of death. Two days later Frank was called to his mother's



bedside to assist at her death. There were many lamentations on the part of both Frank and Dorothy. Mrs. Bennett took from her finger a pretty ring and gave it to her son; saying that he should take it to her attorney on his twenty-fifth birthday. She then gave him some maternal advice and also a letter to deliver to his father, who was in San Francisco, and lay back in the sweet sleep of death.

With the death of his mother, Frank had lost a dear friend. On the other hand he had found another in Dorothy. Often they met at a certain trysting place, whence they went to the little cemetery to visit Mrs. Bennett's grave. Time was passing quickly; it was now three weeks since the death of his mother and he had not yet delivered the letter which she had given him. He told Dorothy that he must go to San Francisco to deliver the letter to his father. The day of his departure at length arrived, and Frank met Dorothy as usual. After many protestations of love, he placed on her finger the ring his mother had given him and then the lovers parted, both promising many letters.

Three weeks after Frank's departure we find him trudging the streets of San Francisco. He had met his father by appointment at one of the leading hotels and delivered the letter. As Mr. Bennett read the missive a scowl overspread his face. He thrust the letter into his pocket and left abruptly without saying a word to his son. Frank was not so easily evaded; he determined to stay in the city and if possible interview his father at his dwelling place. He therefore wrote Dorothy of his adventure and purpose to stay in the city. Frank was rather rusticated and was soon picked up by so-called friends, who, after taking all his money, and pledging themselves as aids in his search, soon lured him into their evil ways. One night it happened that Frank was an accomplice in a certain holdup during which he was shot and wounded seriously. He was dragged back by his companions to their rendezvous half dead. After a lingering illness of two years he partially recovered but still remained confined in a dirty, dingy little room, living on the resources his comrades chanced to get.

It was about this time that Jim Bennett returned to Lincoln, where he was employed in a real estate office. He made the acquaintance of Dorothy who often asked about his brother whom she said had so basely deceived her by not writing or returning to Lincoln. Jim told her that he had read in the paper the description of a man fitting that of his brother, who was shot in San Francisco, and did not doubt a bit that it was he. As they often met at gatherings in the town, acquaintance gradually developed into love. Soon after an engagement ring was placed on Dorothy's finger next to the one Frank had given her. Dorothy was very happy now and took peculiar pleasure in showing her rings to all her friends, and vowing she would not part with them for all the money in the world. Jim only smiled at such acclamations of fidelity, reflecting on the fickleness of women's promises in general.

It was in the month of June, when all nature was decked in its most gorgeous splendor, that Jim and Dorothy drove to the little church. The interior was festooned with roses and violets. After the solemn cere-



mony of matrimony had been performed they went to their little home. Feasting and merry making were enjoyed during the day and far into the night.

Mr. Bennett came to Lincoln and lived with Jim and Dorothy. He bought a large tract of land and began to cultivate it. This little family was quite happy until the reappearance of Frank cast a black cloud over the sunshine of their happiness. He was now fully recovered from his illness and had abandoned his evil ways. He anticipated with great happiness his meeting with Dorothy, for as yet he was unaware of her marriage to his brother Jim. Upon visiting Dorothy's home he received the sad information that she had been married to his brother. This news aroused Frank's anger beyond control and he went to the home of his brother. He was ushered into the house and confronted by his father, Jim, and Dorothy. He demanded an explanation from Dorothy for marrying Jim, after he had given her an engagement ring. She told him that his affections for her must have cooled considerably within the last two years, for he had never written to her. Could he then blame her for marrying? He demanded the ring which he had given her. She was deeply humiliated by this apparently unreasonable demand, and absolutely refused to give him the ring. Jim and his father now interfered and insisted that he should not meddle with the affairs of Dorothy, since her affections were no longer bestowed on him. Furthermore, they made it evident that he would save them trouble if he would absent himself from their house forever. A very heated argument ensued in which Frank was ejected from the house. Several times Frank wrote letters to Dorothy demanding his ring, but in vain. The letters were returned to him unopened.

Things were now taking a serious course and Frank was meditating whether or not he should bring the case to court for he had informed his mother's attorney of the ring. He had been advised by him to get the ring, no matter what means were employed. The case was finally brought to court, and a very interesting trial followed. Frank pleaded his case before the judge, explaining that the ring had been given to him by his mother at the hour of her death, and that he had been told by his mother to show the ring to his attorney on his twenty-fifth birthday. Frank's lawyer was then called as a witness and the ring having been taken from Dorothy's finger was given to him to examine. After a brief examination of the ring he pointed out a certain inscription and number within it. The lawyer then took from his pocket a record book and presented it to the judge, pointing out on one of the pages an initial and a number corresponding to those within the ring. The attorney said these initials were those of Mrs. Bennett's father; that the number was a record of a squatter's claim that had been recorded at Washington, and the owner of the ring would be the recipient of a large fortune.

This information aroused the ire of Mr. Bennett, and he insisted that the fortune should have been willed to him, since he was the husband of Mrs. Bennett—that he was aware of the fact that Mrs. Bennett had inherited a fortune at her father's death, but she would never give



him any information. He further explained to the judge that it was her secretiveness that brought on the separation of the family just about a month after her father's death.

The judge, who had been listening very attentively to Mr. Bennett, raised his hand as a signal for silence. He looked sternly upon Mr. Bennett and reprimanded him in a very authoritative tone of voice for allowing such petty motives to disrupt his family, and told him that he was not worthy of a woman's love since he allowed jealousy and avarice to get the mastery of him.

The case was decided in Frank's favor and he assumed ownership of the ring. Mr. Bennett, followed by Jim and Dorothy, strode out of the courtroom in a very angry mood, vowing never to meet Frank again.

If one may judge by the loud applause that followed this narrative, Mr. Rankin's story had made the hit of the evening.

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### ERIN AND ST. PATRICK.

Fear not, fair island of sorrow, oh! fear not.  
Weep not, dear Erin, though care may be 'round thee.  
Hear the sweet voice of thy father entreat thee.  
Care not that villiany smiles at thy sad lot.

Deep in thy heart plant the hope for the morrow.  
Strong in thy breast keep the thought of thy lover.  
Quick to thy lips, bring the pray'r to thy father;  
"Patrick, dear saint: Oh! comfort my sorrow."

Weep for the wrongs that have robbed thy rich treasure.  
Mourn for the sons who have fallen about thee.  
Soon in thy soul springs this hope of delivery:  
"Patrick, my father, will love me forever."

Sweet is the thought, though hard trials may be coming;  
Dear is the hope when thy heart is nigh broken:  
"Erin is dear to the heart of her patron;  
Patrick will comfort his child that is weeping."

Sing of the glorious past unforgotten.  
Call the fair names of thy sons and thy daughters;  
Summon them all to loosen thy fetters.  
Heaven will hearken to Patrick and Erin.

Erin, be strong in the Faith of thy father;  
Mind not the taunts and the threats of old Britain  
Wilt thou be filled with the strength of the Christian?  
Lean on his bosom, who calls thee: "Fair Daughter."

—D. A. O'C., '20.



## The Spirit of St. Patrick

By JOHN H. NEWMAN, '21.

The Ireland of today, with its wasted fields, its ravaged farms and its depopulated cities, presents quite a different aspect from the Ireland of St. Patrick's time; but in one respect it has not changed nor deviated in all the centuries since the great apostle first set foot on her sacred soil down to the present time. The land which he found was one of clans, of feuds and druidical worship, steeped in the prejudice of paganism, torn asunder by internal strife and warfare, but withal redeemed by a veneration for holy things that has been found in no other nation that has been brought within the pale of the Church and the light of civilization. This veneration for holy things St. Patrick found particularly adapted to the lessons which he had brought them and that spirit infused into the blood of Irishmen has been their characteristic trait ever since that time. It seems to be indigenous to the soil on which they are brought up. It is the spirit of undying and unquenchable patriotism and fidelity to ideals, born on that Easter Eve when first St. Patrick climbed the heights of the hill of Tara and enkindled thereon the Paschal fires.

There is a story related of this memorable event. It happened on the feast of the fire-god Beal and all the fires in the surrounding towns had been extinguished in honor of this pagan deity. Suddenly, as the natives were gathered idly about the market place, they beheld a great fire springing up on the mount above the hill and reaching far up into the blackness of the night. Astonished at this evident violation of their law, they rushed to their Ardrigh and demanded that the culprit be arrested and the fires extinguished; for the pagan custom taught them to believe that if the fires were permitted to burn after dawn they would continue to burn forever. They set out, led by the Ardrigh, to take the culprit into custody and to put out the illegal fires. It was long after daybreak, however, when the Paschal fires were extinguished and these, symbolizing the ardent flames of patriotism, have indeed continued to burn in the heart of every true Irishman..

The faith and zeal of their apostle quickly brought the Irish within the fold of the Church without the opposition and bloodshed that has accompanied the conversion of other nations. The spirit of St. Patrick wrought into the very texture of the Irish race, has never ceased to shed its luster over the true church of Christ. It has been the inspiration of the thousands of martyrs who have died for their faith. It has been the animating spirit of the Emmets, the O'Connells, the Parnells, and the numberless heroes who have fought and died that Ireland might be free. The heresies without number that have left their insidious stamp on all



the nations of Europe have never taken root in Irish soil. Persecutions, tyranny and oppression, under which she has labored for nearly eight centuries, have never daunted the spirit of St. Patrick in the hearts of the sons of Erin. Other nations have, it is true, suffered persecution from tyrants and have, however ingraciously, submitted their necks to the yoke and after a time become resigned to their subjection and merged their individuality with that of their oppressor, but Ireland stands today an individual nation, true to her ideals and true to the spirit of her apostle, a nation among the nations in eternal defiance of her persecutor.

Through all the centuries, since Henry the Second, the murderer of St. Thomas A. Becket invaded Ireland under the specious pretext of aiding her in internal strife and then placed his foot upon her neck, even to the present day, the Irish have never for a moment submitted willingly to the rule of England. True there have been times, such as the present, when the English have almost stifled Erin's protesting voice by murdering the patriots who dared to voice her indignation, but they have never and shall never find Ireland a willing subject as long as Irish blood flows in Irish veins and the spirit of the great apostle continues to animate his children.

This spirit of loyalty to a sacred cause is the dominant note in all Irish literature and song. Who can read the orations of Emmet, O'Connell, Grattan, Sheridan, Phillips, Davitt, and the many others who have had the courage to voice the protests of the Irish people, without feeling in some degree that all-permeating spirit of Irish patriotism? The words of Emmet at the trial for his life, after sentence had been passed upon him, are characteristic: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." They illustrate the unselfish and eager desire of the Irish people to win their freedom. But, alas, the day of Irish literature seems to have passed. The cruel necessity under which the nation is laboring, leaves no time for education of the higher arts. Only when the sunlight of freedom again bathes Ireland's fair fields can she hope to revive the education and the culture of former years.

The songs of Ireland's heyday, too, are among the classics of the world. The melodies of Sir Thomas Moore are the expression of the simplicity and earnestness of the Irish people. They are pregnant with that tenderness that is fruit of virtue and the invariable complement of all true greatness. In all Irish songs we find a religious sweetness, imbibed from the patron of Erin, that endears them to every heart. Their pathos, too, is expressive of the sadness which lurks in the hearts of Erin's children.

Unfortunately the education which was Ireland's boast in brighter days has been neglected under the stress of circumstances. The saints and scholars who flooded her monasteries and drew students from all parts of the world are no more. Ignorance and poverty now stalk everywhere engendered by the woeful influences of tyranny. But somewhere in the hearts of those wretched, poverty-stricken people the seeds of genius lie hidden only waiting for a favorable soil in which to germinate



and a heavenly dew to nourish them. Those favorable conditions must come in the form of national freedom. Still the spirit of the apostle lies hidden in the hearts of the Irish people burning low but ever ready to burst forth in flame and brighten the world with its splendor.

The resources of the tyrant have been exhausted in trying to crush the spirit of St. Patrick in the Irish race. She has driven her war chariots over the fertile fields and left nothing but ruin and desolation. She has hanged the heroes who have dared to espouse her sacred cause (as criminals and traitors); she has wantonly murdered her saints and scholars who would not abrogate the faith of St. Patrick; she has consigned Erin's patriots to a living death in filthy English prisons; but she has not and cannot stifle the spirit of St. Patrick. Through the enveloping mists of fifteen centuries, the fires of faith and charity still burn brightly and in the hearts of every Irishman those fires have their counterpart in an undying loyalty to Ireland and St. Patrick.

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"There's an ever green Isle in the sea,  
 The home of affection and rest;  
 This welcome they'll give there to thee—  
 Cead Mile Failte, sweet guest!  
 Thousands of welcomes sweet guest.—"  
 (R. O. K. in the Ave Maria.)

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"Nations have fallen and thou still art young,  
 Thy sun is but rising, when others have set;  
 And tho' Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,  
 The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.  
 Erin, O Erin, Tho' long in the shade,  
 Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade."





A few more weeks of careful training under the skillful hand of Prof. Gaudiose Martineau will perfect the St. Viator Military Band and prepare it to lead the R. O. T. C. unit on the campus. At present it is composed of more than twenty pieces, including cornets, clarinets, saxophones, trombones, tenor, alto and bass horns, fife, snare and bass drums. Requisition has been made to the government for instruments and it is hoped that with these the membership in the band will be increased considerably. Prof. Martineau has planned a concert to be given to the faculty and student body in the near future.

The Senior club "Jazz" Orchestra is a new institution at St. Viator emanating from the musical talent of the Senior club. Mr. Cal. Burkett, the director, has shown exceptional talent in this capacity. The purpose of the organization is to furnish music of a lighter vein for the amusement of the club members.

Rev. F. A. Sheridan, who has been appointed to direct the choral activities of the St. Cecilian Philharmonic Society, is endeavoring to develop a reserve repertoire of unison masses and sacred hymns for the choir. Among the masses included in this repertoire are St. David's Mass, Belljen's Mass and Weigand's Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin.



On January 14th a quiet little ceremony took place in the college chapel at which the following members were received into the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society: Brother William Cracknell, C. S. V., director, John T. Ryan, Joseph Weiss, Thomas Sullivan, Murel Vogel, Andrew O'Laughlin, Edward Cahill, Weldon Beland, Edward Hamilton, Joseph Collins, Joseph Jansen, Philip Burkhart and Charles Shea. Before the ceremony of reception Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., explained the nature of the promises which the applicants were about to make. He insisted that the rules, though they do not bind under pain of sin, must be rigorously observed.

The Society owes its origin to Rev. Vincent Basile, S. J., and was approved by Pope Pius Ninth in 1865. Its purpose is to encourage exactness and piety in serving the priest at the altar.

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"Sinn Fein repudiates any responsibility for the \$30,000,000,000 war debt incurred by England to bring other lands the liberty she denies to Ireland."

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"Sing me a song of the dear old land,  
 The land I can ne'er forget,  
 That sparkling shines like an emerald grand,  
 In the ocean's coronet.  
 Sing of the vales and dashing streams,  
 The hills and the winding bay,  
 That come to me in pleasant dreams  
 This blessed St. Patrick's day."



## Entertainments

The Dramatic Club of St. Viator College presented its first production of the year on December 17th, when it staged "The Nativity Play" of Robert Hugh Benson in the college auditorium. The talent displayed by the characters, many of whom were appearing for the first time on the public stage, was very commendable indeed and much thanks is due to the untiring zeal of Reverend F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., who directed the play. The plot is concerned with the advent of Mary and Joseph to the little town of Bethlehem on that cold winter night; the subsequent birth of the Saviour, and the adoration of the Magi and the shepherds.

### THE CASTE.

Mary .....	Margaret Hartigan			
Joseph .....	Joseph Bolger			
Tobias (Landlord of the Inn) .....	Vincent McCarthy			
David (His Servant) .....	Murel Vogel			
Zachary.....	Shepherds {	{	.....John Owczarzak	
Ezra.....			.....Leo Ouelette	
Ben Ezra.....			.....Francis Casey	
Eliphaz.....			.....John Tinley	
Nadab.....	Merchants {	{	.....Eugene Gilligan	
Uzziel.....			.....Thomas Cavanagh	
Martha (a child) .....	Frances Granger			
Abel (her brother) .....	Margaret Granger			
King Gasper.....	Gregory A. Galvin			
King Melchior.....	Leo Ouelette			
King Balthazar.....	John Tinley			
Angels.....	{	{	Edward Cahill	
			Walter Keeley	
			Howard McDonald	
			Edward Rowley	

Director—Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V.

### MR. DAVID RUGG.

One of the most amusing and instructive entertainments of the season was Mr. David Rugg's demonstration of the wonderful possibilities of liquid air. In the course of his demonstration Mr. Rugg pointed out the wonderful possibilities of the liquid in the scientific as well as in the practical field. He performed a series of interesting experiments which seemed quite contrary to nature, such as boiling the liquid on ice,



freezing alcohol, driving a nail with a bar of mercury and many other interesting and instructive feats.

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### MOTION PICTURE.

The Motion Picture plays continue to form a weekly attraction at St. Viator. Chief among the productions recently shown are "Fighting Blood," featuring William Farnum; "A Damsel in Distress," a comedy with June Caprice playing the leading role; "Help! Help! Police," with George Walsh; and "Come Again Smith," with Warren Kerrigan. Some of the features billed for the coming weeks are "Brass Buttons," with William Russell and a comedy entitled "On the Fire" with our old friend, Loyd, billed for February 27th; "The Winning Stroke," with George Walsh and "Rose by Another Name," a Mutt and Jeff feature, billed for March 5th; "A Joyous Liar," with Warren Kerrigan; "Swing Your Partner," with Harold Loyd, March 12th; "The Coming of the Law," with Tom Mix, and a Mutt and Jeff specialty, "Spook Agents," billed for March 19th.

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"Three saints in Down one grave do fill:  
Patrick and Brigid and Columbkil."

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"O Mother of men that are fit to be free,  
For their test for freedom borne,  
Thy vacant place in the Nation's race  
Awaits but the coming morn."



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## News Items

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### THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The students' annual retreat was preached by Rev. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., opening on January 28 and closing on February 1. Father Moisant has had many years of experience in the mission field, and during that time has acquired the art of making retreats attractive and profitable for boys and young men. His talks were so interesting that they will not soon be forgotten by the students of St. Viator College. At the close of the retreat a branch of the Holy Name Society was formed.

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### REV. J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C. V. S.

The many friends of Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., will rejoice to hear that he has been appointed to the chair of Religion recently established at Illinois University by the Knights of Columbus. Students of Sociology and Economics at St. Viator College keenly regret the necessity that takes Father Maguire from the faculty of the college. His lectures, based on wide experience and a thorough study of sociological and economic phenomena, have always had a fascination for his students. Father Maguire assumed his duties at Illinois University on February 5, and reports very favorable progress in the organization of his courses. *The Viatorian* wishes him every success.

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### JOHN F. COX AND THOMAS E. SHEA.

Members of the Alumni Association and former student friends will be happy to hear of the return of John F. Cox of the class of '17 and Thomas E. (Toby) Shea of the class of '18 to their Alma Mater. Mr. Cox returns in the capacity of Professor of Sociology and Economics. He has been pursuing the study of these subjects in a post-graduate course at the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C. Mr. Shea will continue his theological studies at St. Viator.

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### PROF. C. H. GREINER.

On February 11th the students of the Chemistry department tendered Professor C. H. Greiner a farewell smoker and party. Pro-



fessor Greiner leaves to take up a position in the state Agricultural laboratories at the Kansas State Agricultural College. While we regret the loss of this brilliant and amiable professor, yet we are pleased at his good fortune and wish him every success in his new field.

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### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

On January 28th and 29th Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., of St. Viator College, presented "The Liar," a comedy in three acts, at the Majestic Theatre, Kankakee, Illinois, under the auspices of the St. Viator Council 745, Knights of Columbus. The play was presented for the benefit of the council, which is endeavoring to raise a fund for the erection of a new building and club house in Kankakee. Recent initiations have raised the membership of the council to more than eleven hundred.





## Obituaries

### MRS. CATHERINE McARDLE.

In the midst of her preparations for a happy Christmas for her family the soul of Mrs. Catherine McArdle of Chicago, was suddenly summoned to appear before the throne of God and to celebrate that great festival day in the mansions of the Blessed. While her sudden death cast a shadow over the Christmas season, yet the consolations of her holy and devoted life will temper the keenness of sorrow and regret at the loss of such a friend and mother. To her son, Steven McArdle of St. Viator College, and to the bereaved family and friends, the *Viatorian*, on behalf of the faculty and students of St. Viator College, offers its sympathies and fervent prayers.

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### JOHN R. McDONALD.

On December 16th death claimed the soul of Mr. John R. McDonald of Chicago, the uncle of Brother Martin W. Doherty of St. Viator College. To the bereaved family and friends of this devoted Catholic man the *Viatorian* wishes to extend sincere sympathy.

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### MATHEW WALSH.

The sad news of the death of Mathew Walsh of the freshman class of last year has just been received. Students of last year will recall this amiable and energetic young man whom God has called to enter the eternal country on the very threshold of manhood. He was an active and able participant in all athletics and a boy of excellent character. To the parents, Mathew Walsh, Sr., and Mrs. Walsh of Rantoul, Illinois, and to all the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased the *Viatorian* extends its sympathies and the assurance of fervent prayers.

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### MR. JOSEPH LESAGE.

In the death of Mr. Joseph Lesage, St. Viator College lost one of her oldest and truest sons and benefactors. Mr. Lesage was for many years a resident of Bourbonnais, Illinois, and a faithful friend and supporter of the college. Despite his ninety years he could be seen walking



to church regularly even up to his last illness. He was a member of the third order of St. Francis and was buried in the habit of the order at Maternity cemetery. To his daughter and to his many friends we extend our sympathies.

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#### MRS. MARY COOGAN.

To Mr. Richard Coogan of the freshman class of this year the *Viatorian*, in the name of the faculty and students of St. Viator College, extends its deepest regrets at the death of his mother. Mr. Coogan was suddenly summoned home a few weeks ago to the bedside of his dying mother. Within a few hours this most loving friend bid a last farewell and went forth to receive her reward. May her soul find rest in God from the troubles and cares of this world.

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#### MR. JOHN SHEA.

Too late for publication in the last *Viatorian* we received the news of the death of Mr. John Shea of Ottawa, Illinois, father of Thomas E. Shea, of the class of '18. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, while Holy Mother Church poured out her praises to the mother of God, his soul was summoned to partake of the rejoicing in the home of the Blessed. To our old and faithful friend, Thomas E. Shea, and to the family and friends of this faithful Catholic man the *Viatorian* extends its heartfelt sympathies and condolences in their bereavement.

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#### REV. LUCIEN LIBERT, '08.

In the death of Rev. Lucien Libert, which occurred on Dec. 5, last, the Church lost a faithful and devout minister, and St. Viator College a most loyal alumnus. Lucien Libert was a student of the college from 1906 until 1911. In 1908 he received the A. B. degree, and after completing his theological studies in the Seminary of St. Viator College, was ordained priest in 1911. Father Libert was blessed with a very amiable character and a charitable disposition. That he should be taken from his friends in the very prime of his useful life is indeed unfortunate. When Father Libert died, he was pastor at Martinton, Illinois. May the soul of this good priest rest in peace.

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#### ARTHUR W. BELAND, SR.

On February 14, Arthur W. Beland, a student of St. Viator College, was called home by the death of his beloved father, Arthur W. Beland, Sr. The students and members of the faculty sympathize with Arthur in his deep loss. Mr. Beland visited the college about two weeks



before his death, and impressed those who met him as a gentleman of most agreeable manners. It is indeed regrettable that he should be so suddenly taken from his family. May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

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#### DR. CHARLES T. MOREL.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Dr. Charles T. Morel, of Bourbonnais, Illinois. Dr. Morel's death came very suddenly on January 6th. He was attending a meeting in the Town Hall, when he felt himself stricken. Shortly after arriving home, the Doctor died. For many years, Dr. Morel was professor of chemistry at St. Viator College, as well as house physician. During the last few years, however, the Doctor has confined himself solely to his medical practice. He was a man who always took an active interest in civil and religious affairs. Up to the time of his death Dr. Morel was the director of the Maternity Church choir, Bourbonnais, Illinois, and in addition held several offices of responsibility in the parish and town. He will be keenly missed by the people of Bourbonnais, especially by the poor, to whom he was ever a devoted physician. The *Viatorian*, in the name of Dr. Morel's many friends at St. Viator College, offers sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

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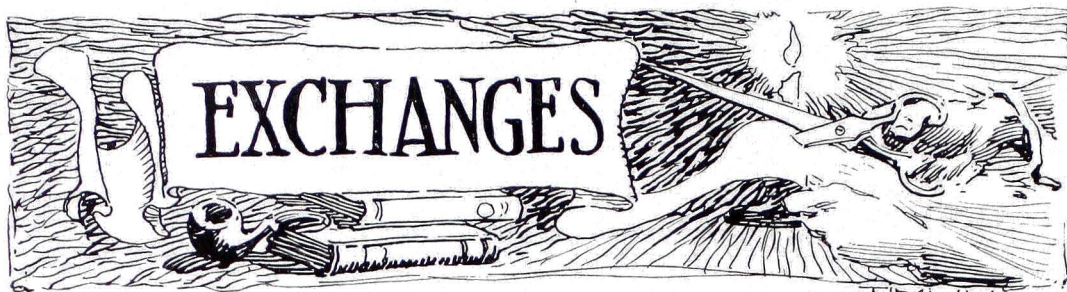
#### MRS. LAMARRE.

The *Viatorian* offers condolences to Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and Rev. Joseph Lamarre, on the death of their sister and mother, Mrs. Lamarre. This good Christian woman died during the latter part of December. It is our prayerful hope that she has already obtained the reward which her holy life merited.

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*"Beati Mortui, Qui in Domino Moriuntur."*





*"Blame where you must,  
Be candid where you can,  
And be, each critique, a good natured man."*

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The magazines that have reached our sanctum so far this year number almost *ad infinitum*, but among them all, the Ex-man finds none more deserving of praise than the Fordham Monthly. The reason for this well-merited praise may be attributed chiefly to the general style and contents of the magazine, and particularly to the essay: "A Triad of Fragmentary Thoughts." The Ex-man may be thought rash—mere student that he is—to attempt to wield the weapons that belong exclusively to accomplished critics, but even a budding critic may recognize talent and genius in a piece of work. On this hypothesis, the Ex-man affirms that he has not met in any college journal an article more delightful to read or more ingenious in execution. He has found none that interpret in a plainer style the beauties of Nature or that teach a more instructive lesson than "A Triad of Fragmentary Thoughts." The "Thoughts" are a series of essays appearing in the last three issues of the Monthly. They are analyses of the "varied emotions" of color, sound and thought that delight us, each in its own peculiar way. The writer assures us that we all are at some time or other thrilled by some beautiful color; that a terrible coldness sweeps over the soul at a sharp scream in the dark; and that pictures of joy arise in our mind at the sound of sleigh bells. The writer adds that the intellect "appreciates these sensations with an aesthetic satisfaction." The style of these essays is charming, smooth, and gentle—Macaulay-like. The author evidences much talent, art, and even a sort of genius; for, it is talent to perceive the beauty in the beautiful, and to interpret that beauty; it is art to touch the theme of simplicity with as much comprehensive sympathy as would be required to touch upon the sublime; and it is genius to find the sublime in the commonplace. Mr. O'Brien saw the beauties of Nature; he opened the *Great Book*, and read there what would require "the pen of an angel" dipped in ethereal fire to describe. He talks of the color of grass with a "comprehensive sympathy" that would be required in a theme on the purely metaphysical beautiful. He finds the Hand of God even in the tincture of the tiny leaf. He teaches us *how* to think of the commonplace. Would that we, too, could learn "to love to sit under the cool shade of a tree, at perfect ease," and think the thoughts of



Morgan J. O'Brien! In the future, perhaps—we earnestly hope so—the name of Morgan J. O'Brien may be emblazoned on the escutcheon of literary fame. We shall then remember it was our good fortune first to read his productions in the pages of the "Fordham Monthly." Call again.

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University Symposium: "Better to have loved and lost——" seems to be burdened with a few unessential instances and some superfluous dialogue. The plot is well wrought out and cleverly handled, but the instance of Mary's and Jim's reminiscences appears to impede the action. This could easily have been dispatched in a few sentences and not given a page and a half. The story is—paradoxically—interesting and uninteresting: interesting, if that style of plot has never before been read; and uninteresting if it has. To the Ex-man, it was uninteresting, for he had already read so many stories of that style of plot that after reading the introductory paragraph and noticing the foreshadowing in the second, the catastrophe was evident enough. Further reading was like the perusal of the census-man's questionnaire—slightly nauseating, yet capable of satisfying a curiosity. The author must be complimented on his flowing style. "The Idea of a League of Nations" is an instructive essay. The author does not go into hysterics over amendments, nor foam at the mouth with just indignation because the covenant is a sham and a mockery, but presents in an unruffled, judicious manner his idea of what a "League of Nations" really means, and how it can be established. He defines his "idea" as "the organization of the nations of the world into a political unit for the ultimate principle of preservation." This is an excellent definition. The League must be founded on justice, he insinuates, and we might add, "and be sustained, 'tho the heavens fall, else it will be short-lived." The author waxes, in the latter part of the essay, into an oratorical style, which has the same effect upon an essay as a grating noise has upon one's nerves. "Our Heroic Dead" is an ode in sacred memory of those "who had the greater love and gave themselves most nobly in the cause of freedom." The thought is poetically sublime and told in quick, yet solemn measure.

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Gonzaga: When the Ex-man set out into the sea of Exchangedom, he took as his guiding star the apoghthegm that appears at the head of this column. He was determined never to be influenced by any whim or fanciful distortion of truth; and never to open his mouth in criticism until he had weighed, with calm deliberation, in the balance of relative merits and defects, any article under consideration. It was his aspiration to be a unit in the vast machinery of Ex-men, all occupied in the welfare of another. Perhaps this little expose of the Ex-man's mind will have some bearing on the remarks which follow. At all events, as he read "The Worthy Thane of Ross" he became deeply interested in the dazzling tennis-play of premises and rapid deductions. But, somehow or other—it must have been due to his evil genius—he recalled that circum-



stantial evidence is a collection of reasons or motives, all of which pointed towards the truth of a judgment, and that each of these reasons or motives, taken by itself, only created a suspicion of that truth; and also that one would have only probability until he had exercised all due care and caution in weighing and analyzing the evidence. He further remembered that it was only by such an intricate process that one could arrive at certainty. The author of the essay in question admits his evidence is only circumstantial, and yet assures us in the end that he has reached certitude. His own words are: "This paper makes Ross out a detestable character—selfish and unprincipled." We do not think the author has attained the certitude of Ross' moral degradation by the consideration and analysis of his evidence. We think his analysis is faulty. He assumes that which he has no grounds to assume, and then bases his whole argument on the truth of that assumption. The argument that Ross killed the Thane of Cawdor to win the favor of Macbeth is founded on the presumption that Ross gave Macbeth "the wink" when the latter received the news of his advancement and exclaimed: "Why do you dress me in borrowed robes? The Thane of Cawdor lives!"—There is no evidence for this assumption. No one would think of affirming that Hamlet gives Ophelia "the wink" when he says: "Get thee to a nunnery." And yet the argument in the paper on Ross is based upon just such an assumption. Ross is singled out as the third murderer on the evidence that it was Ross who had rid Macbeth of Cawdor. The conclusion is only probable. The essay is of novel type, but the Ex-man does not approve the method of handling the evidence. As we read the short story, "It Happens in the Best of Regulated Cities," we could not drown our feelings of displeasure at the feeble manipulation of the plot by the thought that the style was "snappy." Nor were we able to assuage the galling taste of that long, unessential introduction by the sweet lozenge of an *O. Henry* ending. In spite of these minor shortcomings, the story is a worthy effort. The topic seems to be a little beyond the author's apparent ability. We would rank it above "Christmas in No Man's Land" because its constitutive element is better managed. "A Christmas Awakening" is a praiseworthy composition for a high school student. It appears to the Ex-man to be superior to "It Happens in the Best Regulated Cities" in motivation, but inferior in probability.



## Book Reviews

*Hidden Phase of American History.* By Michael J. O'Brien. Students of history, and especially students of American History, can obtain an astonishing amount of information by reading this "epoch maker." The statements made in this historical volume are based on facts and figures. For nearly half a century American writers and orators have described the revolution of 1775-1783, as a conflict between two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and minimized the part played by the Irish settlers. Their arguments were drawn chiefly from "The History of the United States," by Geo. Bancroft, and "The History of the English Colonies in America," by Henry Cabot Lodge. The author of this book proves that the statements of these historians are false, and strengthens his contention by quoting hundreds of authorities, American, English and Irish. Jos. Clark, of the American Irish Historical Society, best summarizes the book in the following words: "The work divides itself easily into three parts—one devoted to laying bare the heart of the Irish race in Ireland during the War for Independence as beating in sympathy with the revolting colonies in America, and thus refuting the statements of Bancroft founded upon one-sided quotations and misread information, and involving suppression of important historical facts. In its way it is as conclusive as other parts of the work, and will be read by Irish-born, (let me insert, lovers of truth) with real gusto. The second part is devoted to the Irish in the Revolutionary army. I may say be established unequivocally that thirty-eight percent of the Revolutionary army that won American independence was Irish: The third part deals most importantly with the early Irish immigration into the American colonies, evolving remarkable conclusions based on attainable facts. While these facts are spread out to the confusion of the ignorant or prejudiced historians, they mightily contribute to the self-respect and add to the knowledge of the American Irish." Every student of American History who desires the true story of the American struggle for freedom should purchase and study this book. Without it he cannot have a true knowledge of the men who fought and bled that the colonies might be free. We urge our readers to procure copies of this most wonderful and especially scholarly book.

*The Reformation.* By Rev. H. P. Smyth. This book has the merit of being both clear and interesting. High school students of history can read this account of the Reformation and feel somewhat enlightened after having read it. The author traces the course of the Reformation in all European countries, giving at the same time an



account of some of the leading events and leaders. He proves his point more conclusively than other Catholic historians by making Protestants admit that this movement was not in reality a Reformation but a devastation. We need to be particularly well informed on this phase of history because of the amount of literature written to defend the other side of the question. (For sale at the Extension Press. \$1.00.)

*Those of His Own Household.* By Rene Bazin. Those who have read "The Nun," "Coming Harvest," "The Barrier," know that Bazin is one of the leading, if not the leading novelist of the day. However, in his latest novel, "Those of His Own Household," the author seems to be a little below par. The writer seems to have lost the ability of giving us more of those splendid character portrayals which characterized the above mentioned books. Admirers of Bazin would be interested in seeing how skillfully the author brings together a long parted husband and wife, thru the instrumentality of a child. (Benziger's, \$1.35.)



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## Alumni

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The faculty and students were given the great honor and pleasure of a several days' visit from Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Provincial of Clerics of St. Viator in the United States.

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A Kankakee County Post of the American Legion has been organized, and has chosen for its Chaplain, Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V.

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Acting in his new capacity of Chaplain, Kankakee County Post, American Legion, and also representing the Viatorian ex-Chaplains, Father Stephenson attended a meeting of the Catholic ex-Chaplains of the war. The meeting was held on Lincoln's Birthday, at Chicago Beach Hotel, Chicago, and was preceded by the celebration of religious ceremonies at St. Ambrose Church. The assembly formed an organization which will be known as the Great Lakes Post of the American Army and Navy Catholic Chaplains of the World War. Its objects are Americanization, and fostering of loyalty to God and country. The national organization, of which this post is a unit, is composed of approximately sixteen hundred members. The other S. V. C. Alumni who attended the meeting were Very Rev. James Shannon, V. G., Peoria, Rev. John O'Donnell, Rev. E. Savory, Rev. A. L. Girard, Rev. L. O'Connor, Rev. J. B. Shiels, Rev. Joseph Heeney.

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Rev. John L. O'Donnell, '08, who, upon his return from the Army, was temporarily assigned to St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, has been recently appointed assistant pastor at Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, Chicago.

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From the distant port of Valencia, Spain, comes word from our old friend, Harry J. Kaminsky, '08. Harry is in the service of the U. S. Navy. During the war he was actively engaged on the high seas, and for some time after the signing of the Armistice he was employed in the task of sweeping mines from the North Sea. He reported that they expected to leave Valencia on Jan. 24, for Gibraltar, from where they were to set sail for New York. March 1 is the anticipated date of arrival in the States.

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C. F. (Cy) Campe, recently of the Navy, is now employed in the paint business as a traveling salesman, using his persuasive powers to convince the state of Kansas that the product of the Detroit White Lead Works is the "only of its kind, etc.," on the market.



Up in Central Minnesota, Lawrence Ward, '14, district sales manager for the Boston Varnish Co., is busily and successfully engaged explaining the durable and renovating qualities of his wares.

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Rev. Wm. H. Granger has been appointed Chaplain of the Home of the Friendless, 35th street and Lake avenue, Chicago.

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The Dougherty Brothers, James, '08, General Secretary of S. V. C. Alumni Association, and John, '14, have departed from Kankakee for Sioux Falls, S. D., where they intend to open a law office.

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The law profession soon will be honored by the admission of another of our distinguished members, namely, T. E. Sullivan, '17. "Tim" is a senior law student at Creighton University, Omaha, Neb. According to reports, he expects to pass through this vicinity in the near future, and if these reports are true we trust the occasion will offer him an opportunity of visiting the College.

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Dr. E. J. Butler, formerly First Lieut. in the Army, has established a dental office in the southside district of Chicago.

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John Collins, H. S. '16, and Jerry Gorman, H. S. '16, recently completed their courses of study in dentistry, and have opened offices, the former at Lincoln, Ill., and the latter at Danville.

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The joyful news reaches us that Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., is convalescing at Hot Springs, Ark., and is showing a marked improvement in health.

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The Reverends S. E. McMahon, John O'Donnell, and J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., enroute from Chicago to attend the funeral of Rev. J. G. Libert, Clifton, Ill., stopped at Viator to pay a visit.

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T. P. Kelly and Louis Dougherty, St. Paul Seminary, Gerard Mombteau, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and Theodore Demarais, Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, manifested their loyalty and devotion to their Alma Mater by spending several days at the College.

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During the Christmas vacation, M. J. Hoare, '19, now attending Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D., favored the Faculty with a visit. "Mike" reports that the principal item of interest at Chamberlain is that Father O'Mahoney has enthusiastically taken to the game of golf. We may expect a golf challenge from Columbus College the coming season. Brother Galvin, prepare!

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Russell (Abe) Delaney, for several years one of our star athletes, has departed from our midst, in order to enroll in the Coaching School at the University of Illinois. We were asked if Abe was to be one of



Alexander's understudies. How could Abe, whom we know only as an outfielder, have any ambitions or dreams of becoming a slab artist? However, there was a game last year in which Abe pitched the last two innings and retired the opposing batsmen without allowing a runner to reach first base. Well, Alexander's presence at the University may have had something to do with Abe's change of environment.

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Floyd Harrington, in partnership with J. J. Harrington, is engaged in the real estate business. They have located offices in the First National Bank Bldg., in the heart of Chicago's business section.

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Edward F. (Ducky) Conway has a responsible position with the American Bonding and Casualty Co., Sioux City, Ia.

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Dan Quinn, H. S. '14, of Chicago, is making fine progress as salesman for the American District and Telephone Works. It seems that Dan has met with success in fields other than the commercial, for reports bring news that he is engaged to be married.

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George Kane, with his wife and family, has changed his residence from Chicago to sunny California. George is in the coffee business and is very successful.

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Jack Kane, who attended S. V. C. during 1908-1910, is associated with the firm of Butler Brothers, Chicago.

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The faculty and students enjoyed a joint visit from John Udelhofen and Joe Reading, H. S. '16. John is employed in the services of Morris & Co., Union Stock Yards, and Joe continues to aid his father in the management of the Reading Coal Co., Chicago.

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The other Alumni who visited the College during the past few months were: Rev. J. E. Belair, C. S. V., Chicago; Rev. John O'Brien, Champaign, Ill.; Rev. E. C. Leonard, Pontiac, Ill.; Don (Mootch) Somers, Champaign, Ill.; James McGarraghy, Chicago; J. W. Marquardt, Champaign, Ill.; and the three Gallahue brothers, Pete, John and James, of Piper City, Ill.





Scarcely had the football season come to a close when Coach Finnegan notified the basket ball "hopefuls" to report in the "Gym." His call was answered by fifteen young athletes, four of whom were members of last year's team, and all of whom were ready to begin intensive training for varsity berths. Coach Finnegan immediately began to mould a formidable team, and results show he has succeeded remarkably well.

#### ST. VIATOR VS. CRANE COLLEGE.

The season opened on December 19 against the Crane College team of Chicago. In this game, as it proved to be a "walk-away," Coach Finnegan was able to see all his candidates in action, and was well satisfied with their performances. Sweeney as forward and Clancey at center, frequently brought the spectators to their feet, by their sensational basket shooting.

Line-up:

Crane—		—St. Viator.
Wolf (Roland) .....	R. F.....	Bushell (McCarty)
Glassman .....	L. F.....	Sweeney (Lyons)
Nasselli .....	C.....	Clancy (Colgan)
Krause .....	R. G.....	Delaney (Coogan)
Rinkus .....	L. G.....	McLain (Coleman)

Final score: St. Viator, 50; Crane, 6.

Field Goals: Bushnell 5, Sweeney 4, Lyons 5, Clancy 8, McCarty 2, Wolf 1. Free throws: Bushell 2, Wolf 4. Referee: McIntyre.

#### ST. VIATOR VS. CAMPION CLUB.

In a one-sided game, St. Viator, although considerably outweighed, proved most conclusively to the fans that "good things are done up in small packages," by taking the heavy end of a 36-8 score. The work of



Clancy at center and McLain at guard—both first year men—won the admiration of the fans.

Line-up:

Campion—	—S. Viator.
Ries (Butler) .....	R. F.....Bushell (Langton)
Plunkett.....	L. F.....Lyons (Sweeney)
Carmody.....	C.....Clancy (Colgan)
Cordell.....	R. G.....McLain (Coogan)
O'Rourke (Cavanagh).....	L. G.....Delaney (McCarty)

Field goals: Bushell 5, Lyons 3, Sweeney 4, Clancy 2, McLain 2, Reis 1, Carmody 1, Butler 1. Referee: McIntyre.

### ST. VIATOR VS. CHARLESTON.

On Saturday, January 17, the Viator quintet treated the local fans to a wonderful exhibition of basket shooting against the fast and heavy Charleston Normal team, defeating that team by a score of 43-26. At the end of the first half the score stood 21 to 8 against Viator. In the second half the plucky and "scrappy" Captain Bushell took the "pep" out of the the first half the score stood 21 to 8 against Viator. In the second half the plucky and "scrappy" Captain Bushell took the "pep" out of the Normalites by his accuracy in finding the "hoop." In this half Viator succeeded in making 35 points, while they held their opponents to two lone field goals. The floor work of Bushell and Lyons, together with the close guarding by McLain and Delaney was most prominent.

Line-up:

St. Viator—	—Eastern Illinois State Normal.
Bushell (Sweeney).....	R. G.....Wilson
Lyons.....	L. F.....Schneider
Clancy .....	C.....Turner
McLain.....	R. G.....Adams
Delaney (McCarty).....	L. G.....McCabe

Field goals: Bushell 15, Lyons 4, Sweeney 1, Wilson 5, Schneider 2, Turner 4, McCabe 1. Free throws: Lyons 3, Wilson 1, Turner 1. Referee: Haggerty.

### ST. VIATOR VS. MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY.

The St. Viator quintet journeyed down to Decatur only to be surprised by the Millikin five, who administered a severe trimming to them, to the tune of 34-17. Close guarding on the part of the Millikin "huskies" prevented the Viator forwards from getting within ten feet of the basket. The whole Viator team, although considerably smaller than their opponents, fought courageously until the final whistle, but were unable to find the "hoop." Poscover and Gill were the main cogs of the



Millikin machine, while Bushell and Lyons were in the limelight for the collegians.

Line-up:

St. Viator—		—Millikin.
Bushell.....	R. F.....	Poscover
Lyons.....	L. F.....	Young
Clancy .....	C.....	Gill
McLain (McCarty).....	R. G.....	Bailley
Delaney.....	L. G.....	Goltra

Field goals: Bushell 4, Lyons 1, Clancy 2, Poscover 6, Young 4, Gill 5. Free throws: Bushell 1, Lyons 2, Poscover 4. Referee: McCord.

### ST. VIATOR VS. WHEATON COLLEGE.

On January 26, the St. Viator five, being a little "peevish" over their defeat at Millikin, crossed swords with the fast Wheaton College team. Both teams were pretty evenly matched and until Bushell, the clever Viator captain, limbered up a bit, Wheaton seemed to have the edge. The half ended 14-9 in Wheaton's favor. Both coaches must have urged their athletes to better efforts, for, in the second half a real exhibition of good basketball was witnessed. The game ended with a score of 26-21 in Viator's favor.

Line-up:.

St. Viator—		—Wheaton.
Bushell.....	R. F.....	Sykes
Lyons (Sweeney).....	L. F.....	Vinning
Clancy .....	C.....	Newberry
Delaney.....	R. G.....	Coleman
McLain (McCarthy).....	L. G.....	Polk

Field goals: Bushell 5, Lyons 3, Clancy 3, McLain 1, Sykes 2, Vinning 4, Newberry 2. Free throws: Bushell 2, Sykes 2. Referee: McIntyre.

### WHEATON VS. ST. VIATOR.

On Feb. 3, the St. Viator quintet began a two-day trip at Wheaton. The heavy bombarding of the Wheatonites, who were somewhat downhearted over the trimming the Viator boys gave them at Bourbonnais, resulted in a rough game, in which the St. Viator quintet, being of a somewhat diminutive stature, were worsted. The game ended with Wheaton on the heavy end of a 40 to 19 score. Two men were "put on" Captain Bushell, but notwithstanding this, the doughty captain managed to cage a few baskets. Vinning was the star of the opposition.



## Line-up:

Wheaton—		—St. Viator.
Vinning.....	R. F.....	Bushell
Polk.....	L. F.....	Lyons (Sweeney)
Newberry .....	C.....	Clancy
Smith.....	R. G.....	Delaney (McCarty)
Connolly.....	L. G.....	McLain

Field goals: Vinning 12, Polk 6, Smith 2, Bushell 2, Lyons 2, McCarty 1. Free throws: Bushell 9. Referee: Barry (Proviso).

## ST. VIATOR VS. QUIGLEY PREPARATORY SEMINARY.

Being "peevd" over the drubbing handed to them by Wheaton, the St. Viator boys marched into the Quigley camp and proceeded to deliver a defeat to the promising Chicagoans; the game ended with Viator leading, 25 to 13. It would be a difficult task to pick the star of the game, for all the Viator boys went in to win, and they generally get what they go after.

## Line-up:

Quigley Prep.—		—Viator.
Rydzewski.....	R. F.....	Bushell
Barrett.....	L. F.....	Lyons (Sweeney)
Rezek .....	C.....	Clancy
Wisniewski.....	R. G.....	Delaney
Shottall.....	L. G.....	McLain (McCarty)

Field goals: Bushell 3, Lyons 3, Clancy 4, Rydzewski 2, Barrett 3. Free throws: Bushell 5, Rydzewski 3.

## ST. VIATOR VS. ST. JOSEPH.

Upon returning home after their two-day trip, the Viator quintet, though minus the services of two regulars, Lyons and Delaney, defeated the "Hoosier team" in a one sided game, 44 to 9. The local boys displayed great accuracy in their team-work and basket shooting. Coupled with this, Captain Bushell was "in form," and succeeded in caging baskets from almost every angle. The work of McCarty at guard is worthy of mention; many times his heady work kept the Visitors from finding the "hoop."

## Line-up:

St. Viator—		—St. Joseph.
Bushell.....	R. G.....	Cox (Schaeffer)
Sweeney (Langton).....	L. F.....	Rose (Rua)
Clancy .....	C.....	Wellman
McLain.....	R. G.....	Lang (O'Brien)
McCarty.....	L. G.....	Schneider (Brady)

Field goals: Bushell 12, Sweeney 3, Clancy 5, McLain 1, McCarty 1, Cox 2, Wellman 2. Free throws: O'Brien 1. Referee: McIntyre.



## ST. VIATOR VS. ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY.

On February 12, in one of the fastest games ever staged on the local floor, the St. Viator five gained a decisive victory over St. Louis University, 36-12. Captain Bushell, displaying his usual accuracy in finding the "ring," scored 26 of the 36 points. The speed and cleverness with which the Viator boys handled the ball convinced their followers that the team has a good "show" in the "Little Nineteen" tournament to be held early in March.

## Line-up:

St. Viator—		St. Louis University.
Bushell.....	R. F.....	Diethelm
Lyons.....	L. F.....	Weber
Clancy .....	C.....	Hermans
McLain.....	R. G.....	Eggler
McCarty.....	L. G.....	Mueller

Field goals: Bushell 11, Clancy 3, Lyons 1, McLain 1; Weber 5, Hermans 1. Free Throws: Bushell 4. Referee, McIntyre.

## ST. VIATOR VS. ST. JOSEPH (Rensaleer.)

On Saturday, Feb. 14, the St. Viator warriors stormed the Hoosier State to clash with the fast St. Joseph College team. From the first minute of play both teams were fighting for "blood," and as a result the score stood 13-13 at the end of the first half. In the second half our "star" forward, Captain Bushell, who had two men "on him" throughout the game, gave the signal for "heavy firing" and as a result Viator forged ahead. At the end of the game, however, St. Joseph mostly by long "shots," had tied the score, and it was necessary to play overtime. St. Viator played clever basketball during the extra session, and managed to take the large end of a 24 to 22 score. The playing of McCarty and Clancy was of a high order.

## The Line-up:

St. Joseph—		—St. Viator.
Cox.....	R. F.....	Bushell
Schaeffer (Brady).....	L. F.....	Lyons
Wellman .....	C.....	Clancy
O'Brien.....	R. G.....	McCarty
Schneidler.....	L. G.....	McLain

Field goals: Clancy 4, Lyons 3, Bushell 1, McLain 2, Cox 4, Brady, 4, Wellman 1. Free throws: Bushell 4; O'Brien 4.

## AWARDING OF FOOTBALL SWEATERS.

At a meeting of the Board of Athletic Directors held January 7, the following men were awarded monogram sweaters, as tokens of their



“scrappy” and undaunted spirit displayed during the football season just passed: Edmund A. O’Connor, (Capt.), Russell Delaney, Joseph Riley, John Lynch, Eugene McLain, Vincent McCarty, John Littig, Vincent Cahill, August De Clerk, Harold Fromme, Eugene Gilligan, Howard Bushell, John Tinley, and Ray Francis. Because of the fuel shortage, etc., it was impossible to arrange for the annual banquet, and hence the captain for next year’s eleven has not yet been named. That he may be as plucky and courageous as last year’s captain is the wish of the Viator fans.





AL. MCCARTHY



## "AL" McCARTHY.

Once more it is our pleasure to inscribe in our athletic annals the brilliant successes attained by Al. McCarthy, a finished product of Viator's training. This time we are pleased to announce that the former wizard infielder has been appointed Manager of the Kansas City club of the American Association. The news of "Mac's" appointment is received with the greatest joy by the students, past and present, of St. Viator, as well as by his staunch admirers elsewhere. Viator is proud of the honor which has been conferred on one of her sons, because it was she that first recognized his ability, and gave him the training which was to enable him to rise to the "starry" heights in the baseball world. Not only did "Mac" develop in his favorite sport at St. Viator's, but he also gained an enviable reputation for being a "hail fellow, well met!" The *Viatorian* offers Manager McCarthy the sincere congratulations of his many friends at St. Viator College, who all feel confident that he will fulfill his new position with honor to himself and to his Alma Mater.



## Academic Activities

The basketball season among the Academics was ushered in by the formation of the "Heavyweight League." The election of captains resulted in the selection of Gallahue, Fitzgibbons, Thulis, and Herbert as captains of the Shamrocks, Pirates, Everreadys and Invincibles respectively. The opening game was played on January 10. To date eleven games have been played.

The standings:

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Invincibles .....	4	1	800
Everreadys .....	4	2	666 $\frac{2}{3}$
Shamrocks .....	2	4	333 $\frac{1}{3}$
Pirates .....	1	4	200

The "Lightweight League" chosen January 13 played their opening game January 21. The league is composed of the Tigers under Capt. Carroll; the Maroons under Capt. Marchi; the Owls under Capt. Leahy; and the Orioles under Capt. Brady. To date eight games have been played, and as yet Capt. Leahy's lead remains undisputed.

The standings:

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Owls .....	4	0	1000
Tigers .....	2	2	500
Orioles .....	1	3	250
Maroons .....	1	3	250

### THE ACADEMIC TEAM.

The call for candidates for a basketball team to represent the Academic Department was answered by Lee, Gallagher, McGavick, Thulis, Herbert, Carey, Long, Gallahue, Fraley, Mies and Fitzgibbons. Under the able direction of Coach Owczarzak two fast quintents have been formed which anxiously await the opportunity to pit their ability against any teams in their class.

### BOURBONNAIS VS. ACADEMICS.

On Sunday, Feb. 8, the Academic team, although but recently formed, subdued the husky Bourbonnites by the score of 28 to 10. The



game was played in the college gymnasium. The "Ac's" took the lead in the early minutes of play and held it throughout the game. The clever work of Gallagher and Carey, as forwards, deserves mention; while Herbert and Fraley elicited the admiration of the spectators by their wonderful defense. Arseneau of the visitors netted three field goals.

The line-up:

Academics—		—Bourbonnais.	
Fitzgibbons (Thulis)	R. F.	Arseneau	
Gallagher (Carey)	L. F.	Roy	
McGavick (Long)	C.	Rivard	
Mies (Fraley) (Herbert)	L. G.	La Montagne	
Lee (Gallahue)	R. G.	Pelcher	

Field goals: Gallagher 3, Fitzgibbons 1, Lee 1, Fraley 2, Thulis 1, Carey 3, Long 1, Arseneau 3, La Montagne 1. Fouls: Fitzgibbons 1, Thulis 1, Roy 2. Referee: Danner.





### THOSE CONTRIBS.

You can hear them chuckling for full a mile;  
 Their faces are split with a half mile smile.  
 They chortle and snort and guffaw and grin,  
 But you oughta see the stuff that the blokes hand in.

---

Jawn (to Ihm): Where did you gat that wicked shirt?  
 Ihm (Gazing at his violent pink chemise): That h'ain't wicked,  
 its cotton.

### WHAT AN ANACHRONISM!

"The Maroon tank team loses to Milwaukee."—Chicago Herald-Examiner. The inevitable. (Apologies to B. L. T.)

### THE AC'S PLAIN'T.

Mis E——— D———.

Deer Maadem:

Hear is thee wring u alwis lett me ware  
 Hear is ure lettur an thee lock uv hare  
 u sent me ween u promist too be troo  
 Becuz ure fals i sennd um back to u.  
 Doant rite ann ast me wi becuz uno  
 Wott u have dun too me thatt greeves me so;  
 u road too skool on frankie mockslies sledd.  
 Hearafftur u will be az iff ure dedd  
 Ann i will pass u bi with skorn an awl  
 my friends will never speke too u at tall.



sum boise wood hate u fore a hartless flurt  
 But no, tho u have throne me in thee durt  
 I will notte hate u. i wil lett u be  
 a sower old made, an sum day ween u sea  
 Me goen by u with a hansum wife  
 ule nash ure teath in pane, and awl ure life  
 ule sitt an si becuz u throo mee down.  
 Ann ile be rich ann own most awl thee town  
 but ween ure dyen in sum lonely plais  
 ile kum and dropp a teer on ure dedd fais.

uve broak mi hart but thare are uther gurls  
 with jusst uz luvly faises, they are purls  
 Beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho  
 Too bee mi awl fore thay have tolled me so.  
 but u ann mee ar dun and iff u kum  
 on bended neeze an offered me ure gum  
 too choo ide waiv u skornfully aside  
 Ann wood not eaven kare how much u kride  
 Taik back ure lettur ann thee wring i woar  
 for u are dedd too me foareavermore.

Wonst yure loofer,  
 Eddie

---

Chow (just before the exams): Why the shortage of sugar in the refectory.

Luke: Next week is canning season.

---

### DEDICATED TO THE SENIOR.

You sing a little song or two  
 And you have a little chat;  
 You make a little candy fudge  
 And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say, "good-night,"  
 As sweetly as you can;  
 Ain't that a h—— of an evening  
 For a great, big, healthy man.

---

### DRAMER IN ONE ACT.

"The Boner"

or

"Whazzt, Chow!  
 "nay! Nay! I wan't no girl."

---

Ihm from Missouri. We know it. It's a contrib.

---

What stroke do you use in eating soup? Gnarf.



## GENIUS ! ! ! ! !

Teacher (in Economics): What do you mean by the term, "Bulls and Bears?"

Student: Shoot the bull and bear the consequences.

---

"THE FLU."

Your back is broke and your eyes are blurred  
 And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred.  
 Your tonsils squeak and your hair is dry  
 And you're doggone sure that you are going to die.  
 Your skeered you won't and afraid you will  
 And you go to bed and have a chill.  
 You pray the Lord to see you through  
 For you've got the Flu, you've got the Flu.

Your toes curl up and your belt goes flat  
 And you're twice as mean as a Thomas Cat.  
 Life is a long and a dismal course  
 And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled hurse.  
 Your lattice aches and your head's abuzz  
 You are doggone sick if you ever was.

What is this thing, this Spanish Flu?  
 Ask me brother, for I've been through.  
 It's misery, yes, and it's despair,  
 It pulls your teeth and curls your hair;  
 It thins your blood and brays your bones  
 And fills your craw with moans and groans.  
 And sometimes, maybe, you do get well,  
 They call it "Flu"—but I call it H——.

—Jos. Daley, '23.

---

With national pride we point to Twain.  
 We'll never see his like again.  
 He made folks laugh with a deft pen-stroke  
 And his fame lives on in anecdote.  
 We fall in line with the bowing race  
 And make obeisances before his face.  
 We respect his ashes in all good grace  
 But could disturb the peace of his resting place,  
 With the stuff that comes to us amain  
 From those that would emulate his fame.

---

To this hectic column we call a halt.  
 If you can't see the humor it ain't our fault.

---

Two g-narfs and a burp.

---

FINIS.



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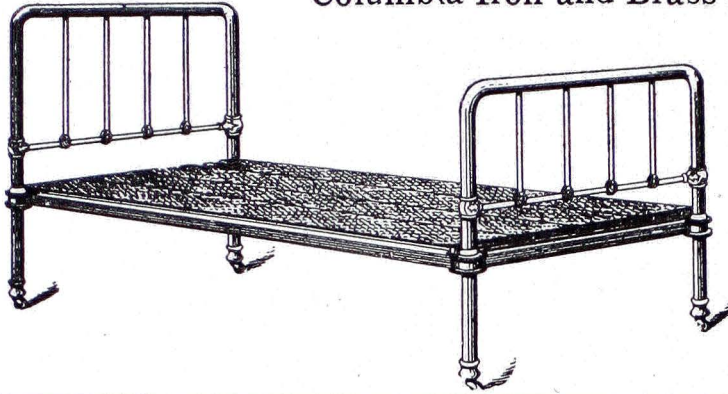


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