

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

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TO
REVEREND THOMAS J. LYNCH,

whose kindly words and priestly
labors have been a holy inspiration
and a shining example for all of us,
we, the graduates of nineteen hundred
twenty-five, dedicate this, the
Commencement Number of

THE VIATORIAN

Class Poem--A Dialogue

Joseph E. Suprenant, A. B.

Graduate speaketh:

Did you see the bright dawn of this day, my good friends?
Did you see the fair rainbow of joy dip its ends
To the earth, as if pointing to us the wide fields of play,
Declaring our labor o'er, and done the day
When to musty tomes our minds we must chain,
To tasks which are dull, and weary the brain?

Life speaketh:

Nay, child, e'en now thy gala days are departed,
For on the morrow thy real work is but started;
And hard is the path that thou hast to tread,
"In the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt earn thy bread".
Mine is the school thou hast yet to pass through
To temper thy knowledge, to make it ring true.

Graduate speaketh:

What voice is this, that would sadden our hearts
And break our fair hopes before we depart.
Have we not striven these many long years
With sighs and with groans, with eyes dim with tears
To fashion and forge into truth's keen blade?
Think'st naught of the sacrifice we have made?

Life speaketh:

Nay, child, think not that thy ardors I'd cool,
Or sadden these last happy hours at school.
I mean but to speak from the wisdom of ages,
The storied lore of savants and sages.
For know, now thou enter'st this great worried sphere,
Its turmoils, its strife will smite you with fear.
And well must thou fight against error and sin,
And speak out the truth in the midst of the din.
Thy soul has been steeled in these halls thou wilt quit,
Thy mind has been nurtured, and keen is thy wit.
Thy soul shall be tried; thy powers fully stressed.
Gird then thyself; stand as the soldier, full dressed.

Graduate speaketh:

Methinks thou speakest both truly and right;
The warfare's just started; but begun is our fight.

Life speaketh:

My child, list to my words; treasure them with care.
Follow the truth along the way of its lights,
Lift up thy ideals far unto the heights.
God be thy first quest throughout thy career,
The sole end of thy seeking, the goal to hold dear.
Strike hard at ignorance, the demon of night;
And prejudice foul, that carries the blight.
Of pleasure's cup taste naught but the fair;
Refuse that which the soul doth impair.
Thy country's honor always defend;
Thy assistance to her most readily lend.
With thy buckler of truth and thy helmet of right
Thou wilt, with God's help, come safe through the fight.

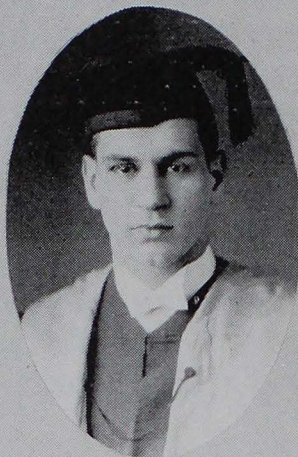
Graduate speaketh:

Fellow Graduates, let us heark to this voice;
And then may we safely on this day rejoice.
We are now to leave Alma Mater's kind walls
And go wherever our stern duty calls.
With truth in our minds, and God in our heart
From this fair precinct we are to depart.
So, dear Alma Mater, we bid you Adieu;
Our thanks and our love remain ever with you.

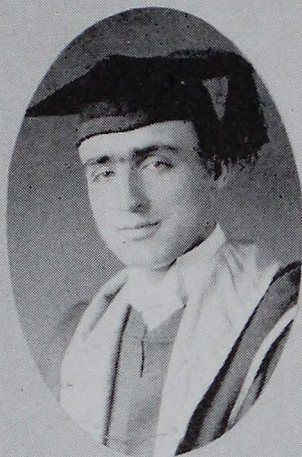


CLASS OF 1925

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Moderator

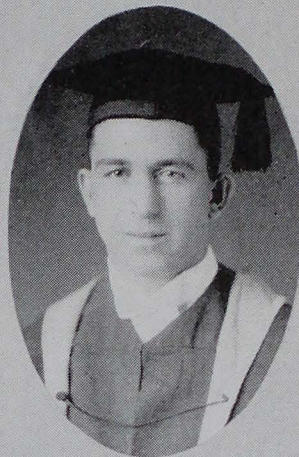


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AUT INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM

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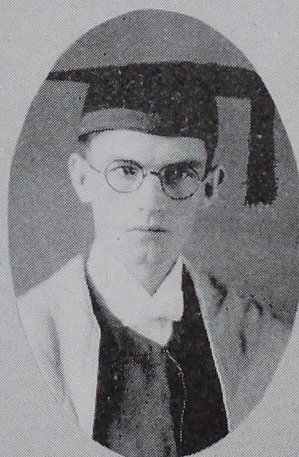
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ANDREW A. O'LAUGHLIN, A. B.

Right of the State to Inflict Capital Punishment

Joseph E. Suprenant, A. B., '25

As seen in the light of future history, this age will be known as the greatest of all ages in experimental discovery. Though we dare not assert that no other era shall go beyond us in the realm of experiment and invention, yet we may boldly state that no epoch in the past has equalled nor shall any epoch in the future surpass this in the breadth of its scientific investigations. Indeed no phase of man's existence with its manifold interrelations has escaped the hand of the experimenter. So much so that all truths ever accepted by man have been subject to the doubt of scientific skeptics. Unless science can lay hold of tangible, living, evidence to prove the truth, there is no truth. That is the mental attitude that characterizes many of our modern so called scientific leaders. Practically, however, they feel the inadequacy of their mental dicta, and yield assent to a firm belief in human truths. Thus we have the bewildering spectacle before us of the prophets saying one thing and doing another. Practical faith and mental skepticism are at war in the individual and in society. Consequently many of our experiments, and especially those of a social character, are deeply affected by this attitude.

One of these social experiments, which has felt the pressure of these diverse elements of modern thought, is the institution of capital punishment. Due to the ceaseless investigations of scientists, this old, frequently-discussed question has arisen for a new trial. People of today, as those of yesterday, are questioning the justice and the necessity of this institution. They are demanding the reason for its existence. Indeed, it is asked why should the state be allowed to murder a man, while the individual cannot justly do so? What good can such a course effect? Who has given the right of life and death to the state? These and many similar questions arise in the mind of inquisitive people, and they will not be stilled until some reasonable answer is given them.

Whether or not capital punishment is expedient; whether or not it should be abolished is not mine to say. I shall merely attempt to expose the foundation upon which the institution rests. Now, since the infliction of the supreme penalty of death is reserved chiefly for crimes, such as premeditated murder, we shall examine the right of the state or the govern-

ment to inflict such a penalty for such a crime from three points of view. These are the nature of the individuals composing the state, the origin of the state and of its authority, and the purpose of the state. In the light shed upon the question from these three angles we should be enabled to come to some conclusion concerning the right of the state in this issue.

Whenever we speak of the nature of a family we speak of the nature of the individuals composing it and of their relation to each other, so when we refer to the nature of the state we refer to the nature of the individuals that go to make it what it is and their relationship one with another. These individuals are men; they are the perfection of created beings. They are beings whose "inalienable rights" are held in virtue of the faculty and power of reason. And no one knows better than we how highly they value these rights. Yet, these same rights form the very basis of the duty each one has of acting according to his thinking nature. By this nature man recognizes the existence of a natural law that secures each individual in the enjoyment of life and its necessary accompaniments of physical, intellectual and spiritual well-being. Indeed, the natural law guarantees every one of us in the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". Now, is not the murderer shutting his eyes to the rights of his fellowman when he deprives him of his life? Is he not denying the duty imposed upon him by the natural law, by his very nature? Is he not opposing his reason, which tells him that such a man has the right to live and that he has the duty to let him live; nay, to help him live? Is he not debasing himself from the realm of man to that of the soulless beast? Reason thunders an unmistakable yes. It would be rank foolishness to say that man has "inalienable rights" without postulating the existence of his correlative duties. As long as he fulfills these duties he enjoys his rights. But just as a man cannot deny the sonship of his child without denying his paternity, so an individual cannot neglect, nay, spurn his duties and still retain his rights. Hence, when a man murders in cold blood, he freely and wilfully denies his duties to his fellowmen, and thereby forfeits his rights. Consequently if he has no rights to life, can it be an injustice on the part of the state to inflict punishment by death?

There are some, however, who will find a more positive right for the infliction of capital punishment in the origin of the state. Where did society originate, they will ask you? Where does it find its necessary basis? Moreover, since without government there is no society, whence is the authority of the state to govern society? These are questions, the answer to which may well cause us to pause, but which must be investigated and answered if we are to arrive at a correct and

reasonable conclusion. As we look into the nature of man we find that he is more than a mere individual; he is a social being. The very fact, that he has faculty of speech and an intelligible language, proves him such. Now, if man is to exist according to his social nature, society must exist. It must be there to give him the necessary opportunity to exercise his powers. Yet, society cannot long endure without a guide. Experience shows us that man cannot associate with his fellows without some arbiter over him. On the other hand, God, who created man, who willed society, is the source of all authority in as much as He is the creator of all. Yet, He has assigned no specific ruler for society, nor has He found fit to rule by direct intervention. Consequently, His authority must be vested in some human agency for the normal development of society. Yet, since no specific agency has been selected by Him, whence is the authority of any government? It cannot be otherwise than that the authority of God, which is the only legitimate source of authority, is vested in the government chosen by the people to be governed. Thus we see that although the just authority of the state is subject to the consent of the governed, yet it represents the authority of God in the state. Now, when a murderer is found guilty by the state, is he not guilty of opposing divine authority? And if the state is to fulfill the plan of Divine Providence, must it not uphold its authority, which is the only safeguard of society? As we saw before, by attacking society in one of its members, the individual has forfeited all his just rights to life while the state, by virtue of its origin, must act in the name of God. The state has the right of the Almighty behind it, while the guilty individual has no right. Yet, the state need not necessarily impose capital punishment. That is not my contention. But, when the circumstances demand it, can we doubt that the state has the right to exercise a God-given authority, and hence, the right to inflict the supreme penalty? To doubt it is to doubt all authority, and to doubt the right of society to exist.

Yet a more appealing argument is often found in considering the end for which the state is founded. Whenever we wish to know the rights of any office, we always inquire concerning its purpose, thereby determining the extent of its powers. Now, in the case of the state, the end of its creation is the welfare of its citizens. Unless it tends to attain this end, the state has no reason for existence. Such a definite purpose requires that the government produce definite conditions whereby the citizens may attain to physical, intellectual and spiritual well-being. It requires that the state protect and guard itself from disintegration by promoting peace and order among its citizens. But to arrive at such an end, it is neces-

sary to have laws and regulations, the enforcement of which must have the required effect. These laws, however, will not be obeyed properly unless these are sanctions for them. They must be enforced by a reward of security in peace and property for the individual who abides by them, as well as by the fear of punishment for him who violates them. Thus if the state is to attain its purpose, it must have the power and right to enforce its laws and execute its sanctions. Otherwise it cannot exist and society must fail. But when the government allows the violation of the rights of its citizens by restricting its power to punish, is it fulfilling the purpose of its existence? If the state is denied its right to punish even unto the supreme penalty, it is not denied the right of using every just means in its power for achieving its end? If these United States were to be attacked tomorrow by an invading power, would any one dare deny the right of the state to send its army to repel the attack? Would you say that the state had not the right to demand the sacrifice of the lives of its soldiers that society might continue to exist? You dare not deny such a right to the state, for in so doing you deny the right to your own existence as a social entity. Yet, if a man attacks another in cold blood, is he not doing in miniature what the invading army is doing? Now, if the state has the right and duty to demand the death of thousands of men that society might be preserved, it must certainly have the right to demand the death of one. To say or to do otherwise is to declare that the state has to attain the good of society without having the means of arriving at that good. This is an evident absurdity, for an end always implies the power to use the just means to achieve that end. Consequently, we must concede to the state the right to inflict capital punishment.

Now, it must be quite evident that the institution of capital punishment is not the outcome of sentiment and imagination. For as we have seen, by committing premeditated murder, a man forfeits all his just rights to life. At the same time, the state, who is the custodian and guardian of society, must seek the welfare of its ward by the exercise of its authority, which is from God. In all these considerations, we have seen that the state does no injustice to the guilty individual and is in duty bound to punish him when it is necessary. Consequently, unless we wish to oppose our reason and pervert all ideas of justice, we must admit that the state has the right to impose capital punishment.

Expediency of Capital Punishment

Andrew A. O'Laughlin, A. B., '25.

Today one of the most difficult problems that the American people have to solve is that of murder and its punishment. Homicide, in this day, instead of being the rarity that it was a century ago, is an event but too casually accepted by a public which is shocked at the crime but which does nothing to remedy the evil. We are amazed because the city of New York has a murder record larger than that of the entire English nation's; or because the city of Chicago boasts of homicide list whose length is twice that of the British people's! Everywhere in this country the situation is alarming; the prevalence of murder is such that it cannot be ignored. Something must be done; this evil cannot be tolerated.

But presently nothing is being done. We have laws against the unjust taking of human life, but they are laws absolutely without any specific penalties. The slayer takes a life; he is brought before a jury; and then, instead of entering a dungeon or perishing on a scaffold, he goes forth free to do his nefarious deeds. Thus do we treat our murderers; and thus do we make our condemnation of murder but a traversery of justice!

This cannot go on; it must some day end. The sooner the American people realize this and begin to devise some remedial measures, the quicker will they solve the difficulty. Shall we enact more laws? Have we not enough already? Further legislation is not only useless; it is unwise and unnecessary. It is not more laws that we need; but the strict enforcement of those we now have. We must adopt the one, and the only certain and sure expedient that we have,—the death penalty for murder.

We must accept capital punishment as the only penalty for homicide, because death is the only powerful and effective deterrent we have; and only the most fearful punishment is today able to overcome the careless attitude that criminally minded men have taken towards the sanctity of human life. The only reasonable method we now have to prevent the further increase of crime is to employ a preventative so powerful that it will compel the slayer to pause before he presses his finger to the trigger that will take a human life—that is death to the murdered! If the murderer realizes that the bullet which wings a soul to its eternal doom sends him to the grim gallows or the dread chair, he will think. It is useless to say

that he will not. Nothing is so precious as life; nothing is more feared than death. Then, if the slayer knows that his own death is the inevitable result of his act, he will hesitate before he kills. Decree swift and certain death for the killer, and murderer will decrease. Apply capital punishment alike to the rich and the poor slayer and you will have the best of deterrents.

But, argue those opposed to the death decree, capital punishment has already failed as a preventative. True it is that in some places in which this severe punishment is permitted, murders have not lessened. However, this does not militate against capital punishment as a preventative, for it is a known fact that in these places the laws authorizing the execution of the convicted criminal are dead statutes. A notorious example of this is to be found in our own state of Illinois. In this state there is a law sanctioning the imposition of the death penalty on a condemned murderer. Yet, only two out of every four hundred forty-four convicted slayers are hanged! Peculiarly enough, co-existent with this fact, we have the appalling truth that the murder rolls of Illinois is much larger than that of New York, which has a much better enforcement of the death penalty. Still more unfavorably does Illinois compare with Great Britain. There the killer meets a swift and certain death; the result is that the murder record of that nation is low. Thus, there seems to be some relation between a high murder record and a loosely enforced law permitting the execution of the criminal; some relation between a stringently applied decree demanding death and a low homicide list.

Still, urge the opponents of capital punishment, even though it be granted that death is the best deterrent, it is not expedient to demand a more rigid use of the death sentence, for it is almost impossible to obtain conviction if death is the verdict demanded. A considerable number of people are opposed to capital punishment and hence they will not impose it. Consequently, it is often to the murderers advantage to be indicted on a charge which calls for the supreme punishment. That this condition exists is no reason for the abolition of capital punishment; rather, it is an argument against our childish ways of doing justice.

It is the sentimental attitude that we take towards the criminal that today causes the failure of justice. We hold the accused to be "a human wreck helplessly adrift on the stormy seas of passion"; he is "but a victim of circumstances"; "an automaton in the hands of fate." He is wicked, not because of himself, but because cruel, crushing, relentless fate makes him evil! How can we punish such a one? Is it not an act of sheer cruelty to inflict suffering on a poor, helpless

derelict who has no will, no power to control himself? Such is the sentimental nonsense that our sob lawyers pander to gushingly sympathetic juries; and these tender juries, unwilling to impose any pain on the poor, innocent gun toter—who has brutally taken a human life—liberates him!

However, if we will not send a murdered to death, will we not sentence him to prison for life? Is not this the more expedient form of punishment? It is not, for life imprisonment would not be more effaciously used than the severer penalty. The objection to electrocution or hanging is that great pain is inflicted. When we sentence a man to prison for life, are we not imposing a great pain on him? Then to contend that life incarceration would be better applied than capital punishment is, at best, to rest the argument on the insecure basis of a mere probability. As a matter of fact, how many life convictions do we have today? How many of those decreed are actually carried out?

Besides, if justice is to be considered, capital punishment is the expedient form. Under the present system of punishment, there is a terrible inequality in the imposition of penalties. A striking illustration of this is at hand. In this state three atrocious murders in the last year were committed; the brutal Loeb-Leopold killing, the cowardly Hight-Sweetin murder, and the Joe Davis slaying. Loeb and Leopold, two highly gifted young college men, deliberately slew young Bobby Franks merely "for the thrill of the thing"; the Reverend Mr. Hight and Mrs. Sweetin, engaged in an illicit love affair, calmly poisoned their unsuspecting mates; Joe Davis and a companion while attempting to rob a store killed the daughter of the proprietor. Note the punishment given in each case. Loeb and Leopold were sentenced to prison for life; so was the Rev. Mr. Hight; Mrs. Sweetin must serve thirty-five years; the poor negro was hanged. In other words, the one who seemed to have acted with the least deliberation received the severer penalty! Still, he deserved death. But how much more they who coolly planned and plotted their dastardly crimes. If we had a law decreeing death for cold-blooded murder, this injustice could not have happened.

Furthermore, capital punishment solves one angle of the problem that every other form of punishment leaves open. Death rids the community of men who have shown that they do not care for the rights of others, and hence that they do not deserve to live with law-abiding citizens. Imprisonment only removes them temporarily. Life incarceration, if actually observed, would keep them out of the way forever. But we cannot definitely say when we sentence a man to prison that he will remain there until he dies, for we have both pardons and escapes. Consequently, life imprisonment does not act-

ually solve the problem; but capital punishment does. The latter makes sure that the criminal can no longer bother the state; the former permits him to live, and thus leaves the opportunity for him to escape or be pardoned. Hence, if we base the justice of a penalty on the execution thereof (all other conditions being fulfilled), justice, in perpetual confinement, is always at a hazard.

Moreover, life imprisonment does not settle the problem now. The crime was committed now; it should be atoned for now. When we hang or electrocute a man we are punishing him at the moment in which his crime is done. But if we sentence him to prison for life, we are shifting the burden. The dead is dead now; his slayer, if he pays the penalty at all, will pay it at some future time. We are forcing our children to punish the murderer. But how can we tell in what light our children will regard the killed? How can they feel his guilt? Why should they punish him? The atrocity of his act is not apparent to them; then why should they be compelled to chastise him? There is little reason in this mode of acting. The evil that is done now should be atoned for now.

For many reasons, then, capital punishment is expedient. First of all, life confinement is no real solution of the problem. It only means the transferring of the burden to other shoulders. It does little to prevent crime for it is not a good deterrent. At the same time, because the law decrees no specific penalty, much injustice is done. This injustice could not exist if the law called for but one penalty—death for all deliberate murderers. What if death be opposed to the sentimental spirit of this age? If death be for those who murder the just and effective punishment, it ought to be employed. Sentimentality for the slayer must go. We must give our sympathy to the murdered, not to the murderer.

Gentlemen, the fact is before us: crime is increasing. But, like the sluggard, we do nothing. We must arise from this lethargy; we must cast off this enervating spirit of sentimentality; we must take up the torch of justice. If we really wish to solve the problem, we must adopt the only real expedient we have—capital punishment for murder. Thus, and only thus, will we rid this land of one of its greatest evils.

Resolved: Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished

JOHN J. WINTERHALTER, A.B., '25

The general trend of modern thought has of late shown a tendency to be opposed to capital punishment. Public opinion claims that the death penalty has not the deterrent force that it once had; that it is unjust, inhuman and is now but a relic of barbaric ages, and as such that it should be abolished. It has been tried sufficiently long, only to be found wanting and it is now time to relegate it to the past with the rack and other modes of torture.

The first of the objections raised by the public lies in its inhumanity. The people see it only as a relic of those ancient times when life was considered lightly, and when "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was the only law. They are right. Capital punishment originated when no other method of punishing criminals was known. In that day there were no reformatories or penitentiaries where men could be kept and educated. In that day there was no science to help the sub-normal. Man was then but little more than an animal and he necessarily had to act as one. But today, conditions have changed. We are now in the twentieth century and civilization has advanced. Man is now considered the most perfect of all beings in this world, the image of his Creator and the ruler of the universe. But, it leads one to doubt the heights to which our civilization has supposedly risen, when we consider that we are still punishing criminals in the same inhuman way as in the ages when might was right and there was no justice. We, who pride ourselves on our progress and humanity, are continually holding before the public eye, a constant example of savagery and barbarity. When we sentence to death, we are denying to man all chance of making any reparation for his wrongs. Is this in accordance with our new theories of humanity? Instead of following civilization, this seems to be giving full rein to what we are trying to suppress in man, the instinct to kill. Instead of abolishing the taking of human life by capital punishment, we are offering for all to behold, a public example which some men are only too glad to follow. They say, "the state murders men in cold blood, why should not we?" They see the victim of the gallows, not as a criminal, but as one who in their eyes is something of a hero. He has been enmeshed in a set of circum-

stances from which he could not extricate himself and now he is being denied the last chance of ever making restitution. This is why the people in general are raising their voices in protest against a procedure which cannot be considered other than inhuman. They want the victim to be punished, but they do not want him punished in a way which deprives him of the only possession which he can truthfully call his own, his life. Life imprisonment is the penalty they want. Since the people are the ones who rule the country, the laws should be changed to meet the popular ideal.

The injustice of the procedure is another of the principal reasons why public opinion is losing faith in capital punishment. Too many criminals, guilty of capital offenses, have escaped the death sentence. If capital punishment is to be effective, it must be used impartially. But everyone is aware that while some prisoners receive the full penalty of the law, many others escape entirely. Yet both may be equally guilty. There may be some good reason why some go free and others do not, but to the public, these reasons are not always apparent. They notice only the fact that one dies the death of a criminal, another in similar circumstances goes free or spends a few years in an asylum and then obtains his liberty. To them, this is not justice.

This attitude has reached such a development that it is very hard now to find a jury that will convict a criminal, if capital punishment is to be the verdict. To them, life is precious and they will not impose upon a person what they later cannot rectify, if the need should ever arise. Besides, the jurors on murder cases do not, or will not impose the death penalty on women offenders. They dislike to see a woman sentenced to die a public death. Consequently, it is a very rare occasion when a woman is ever convicted of murder. Sympathy is always on her side and too often she goes free. But, is she any less guilty, or any less deserving of the death penalty than a man under similar circumstances? Certainly not, but this seems to make no difference. Juries will not convict her. Even in those rare occasions when they do, the judge will not impose the supreme penalty upon her.

A different instance of the injustice of capital punishment is in the treatment of the poor and the wealthy criminal. If a man is rich, he has a chance to continue his case indefinitely by carrying it to each of the many courts operating in this country. He has money to hire the most skillful lawyers, the ones most able to defend him successfully, and to find some legal loophole through which he can escape. But the poor have not this chance. They must be freed on the first attempt or not at all. Being without money, they are at the mercy of the courts. They have not the opportunity to

stage a long fight and the results show that more poor men are convicted than wealthy. Thus, money words inequality in courts where justice should be most impartial.

Perhaps the greatest argument that can be urged against capital punishment lies in the fact that it does not give what should be offered in a punishment. Any penalty that is effective should do as much as possible to repair outraged justice. Capital punishment does not do this. When a man commits a murder he is committing a three-fold offense; first, against the life of the victim; secondly, against the family of the victim by depriving them of a provider; and lastly, against society by taking from it an active member. The offense against the life of the victim is irreparable, because life cannot be restored after death. But the crime against the family and against society can be repaired. However, this will not be accomplished by taking the life of the offender. Instead of helping society, such a practice merely deprives it of a person who could, if alive, be of some value. By sentencing him to a penitentiary for the rest of his life, by making him work in the manner best adapted to him, by distributing the surplus fruits of his toil to those whom he has wronged, society will be doing as much as possible to force him to repair the injury he has done. He would be taking the place of the man who has been deprived of his life. Then this practice would be more satisfactory to the people, who are the final judges of our country's policies, in that it would not be open to the charges that can be urged against the death penalty.

These are the main arguments against the use of capital punishment. The people no longer want it, and life imprisonment, if properly administered, is more effective. At the present time in this country, crime is flourishing as it has never flourished before in any place. The punishment in use today is not effective; but that this is not due to the punishment itself. What we should do is strive to make operative those real forces which keep down crime, which is the efficient and certain administration of our laws. Today criminals have every chance of escape. Make the balance on the other side, let it be a foregone conclusion that a man that commits murder is doomed to spend the rest of his life in prison. Then will crime decrease and capital punishment can be discarded.

Baccalaureate Sermon

THE VERY REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D.

Wearied from His journeying over the hillsides of Palestine, the Master sat down one day to rest and quench His thirst at Jacob's well in the little town of Sichar in Samaria. It was almost within the shadow of Mt. Garizim, that rises like a silent sentinel into the heavens, keeping its sleepless vigil over the waters of the ancient well. Here the Savior meets the Samaritan woman who has come to draw water from the well. By revealing to her the deeds of her past life, He convinces her that He is no ordinary man, but that He is the Christ, the long expected Messiah. So, she goes and summons the townspeople, saying, "Come and see a man who has told me all things whatsoever I have done. Is not he the Christ?"

Throngs of Samaritans come trooping to see this wonderful Man. As the Master sees them approaching, He turns to His disciples and utters these significant words: "Do not you say, there are four months, and then the harvest cometh? Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth, receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting."

The harvest of which the Master spoke was not the harvest of corn or oats or wheat. For it was the month of December. It was the white harvest of human souls—the souls of the Samaritans, who were approaching in the distance. The harvest which His disciples were to reap and gather was "fruit unto life everlasting."

The White Harvest

Nineteen centuries have winged their ceaseless flight into the unexplored regions of eternity. Sichar no longer can be found upon the map. It has fallen under time's disintegrating touch, into the dark oblivion of the centuries past, and lies buried in the dust of ages. The disciples as well as the Samaritans have all passed to that "mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Mt. Garizim lifts its hoary head less haughtily into the heavens, for it is scarred and mutilated from the wear and tear of centuries. But the tide of time flowing down thru the ages, engulfing nations, empires, and dynasties, has been singularly impotent to drown that cry of the Saviour's: "Lift up your eyes and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."

The land in which we live presents a harvest singularly rich and attractive. America has risen in the course of a single century, as the youthful giant among the nations of the earth. The eyes of all the world are turned upon her now as never before—as the great Land of Promise. She holds the key to the world's wealth and power. To a great degree she is the arbiter of the nations' destinies.

Turn now to the other side of the picture and a different scene is disclosed. For, in spite of all our material wealth, the stark truth remains that more than sixty millions of our citizens are without active affiliation with any church whatsoever. To win this vast army of souls to Christ, ah! what an ideal! Is it not as glorious and as thrilling as that which stirred the hearts of the crusaders of old?

That wistful cry of the Master comes to you then, my dear young graduates, gathered here today, not under the arching vault of the skies of Palestine, but in these fertile prairies of Illinois—across a sea of centuries, challenging you to be His disciples, to gather the great white harvest that is perishing for want of reapers, into the eternal granary. You will answer that cry aright, by giving to the Church that which she needs most—that educated lay leadership that will defend her by the invincible might of intellect against those dangers that confront both the Church and society. Scan carefully the horizon of modern social life and you will find that society is harassed by three great evils which menace the stability of that America we love so much.

Three Problems

The first is the evil of divorce. This has grown in recent years by leaps and bounds, until at the present time, one out of every six marriages ends in the pitiful tragedy of the divorce court. Only recently the newspapers told of a judge in Houston, Texas, who broke all speed records by giving 58 divorces in 73 minutes. Ah! the blighted hopes, the broken homes, the heartaches and the pangs, the scores of little children thrown out upon the world without the protection of a father and a mother—these are the other side of that picture. The home is the foundation of society. Destroy the sanctuary of the home and you undermine the bedrock of society. The Church, in accordance with the Divine command, stands foreshore against the evil of divorce. She is the great upholder of the sanctity of the home, the protector of little children, and the guardian of society. How much society owes to the Church's adamant stand against divorce, no man can even estimate. The Church expects you to uphold her arms in that valiant defense she wages for the most sacred things of life.

The second danger that menaces the land we love so much is the seething undercurrent of disrespect for authority that manifests itself in lawlessness and anarchy—civil, social, economic and religious. Only a few weeks ago, the Literary Digest quoted figures showing that there were more murders in Chicago alone in one year than in the whole of England. The prevalence of homicide, burglary, highway robbery, and other crimes of violence throughout the country, is truly appalling. They rank this country as the most criminal on the face of the earth. More effective in combatting crime than an army of police is the teaching of religion which reaches the intellect and the conscience of the citizens. Amid all these terrifying waves of crime, the Catholic Church stands like a Rock of Gibraltar, as the great upholder of respect and obedience to properly constituted authority.

The third evil that endangers modern society is to be found in those tidal waves of religious bigotry and intolerance which periodically sweep over this land, leaving rancor and destruction in their wake. Even as we stand here this morning, there are people assembled in secret places in woods, with faces masked, who are plotting to curb the growth of the Catholic Church and to persecute those who worship at its altar. Why? Because there is any teaching of the Catholic faith that is antagonistic to the welfare of our country, or that would dim the glory of that flag we love so much? No, not at all. It is because they do not understand the teachings of the Catholic Church. Because vicious persons have placed false pictures of the Church in their minds, that they are ready to hurl stones and mud at the beautiful spouse of Christ. Do we send you out to return hatred for hatred and stone for stone? No. We send you out to return love for hatred, kindness for hostility. For their hearts, like ours, have been fashioned by the great Creator to love, if their minds are but given a vision of the truth.

Challenging the Ghost

You students of literature will recall that scene from Hamlet where Shakespeare portrays in his masterly manner, the consternation that is caused by the appearance of the ghost of the murdered king of Denmark. The scene is laid at Elsinore on a platform before the castle. Bernardo and Marcellus are keeping watch. When suddenly the ghost appears they are terror-stricken and unable to speak to it. In this crisis Marcellus instinctively turns to Horatio and appeals to him in these significant words: "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."

I am speaking to the graduates of a Catholic College. You are educated scholarly men. When the ghost of religious bigotry stalks abroad in our land in the dark hours of night, spreading the poison of hatred and rancor among our citizens, I say to you in the immortal words of the Bard of Avon: "You are scholarly men. Speak to it, my graduates." And like the ghost of the murdered king of Denmark, when challenged, it will slink away in the darkness of the night.

We know that you will always defend the Church because you love it. In sending you out from St. Viator College, my dear young graduates, we know that you will never forget the debt you owe to this Alma Mater which has given to you so unsparingly of her nourishment. Here unselfish hands have wrought for over half a century to build out of this wilderness a great institution. Over these hallowed grounds of Bourbonnais, saintly brothers and priests have trodden, lifting tired and heavy feet, but singing in their hearts a paean of joy. Ah! if these storied walls could speak, what a moving story they would tell of priestly zeal and sacrifice.

Your Alma Mater bids you to labor unselfishly, neither for praise nor blame, but for the advancement of the cause of Truth. By so doing you shall advance towards that altruistic idealism described by Kipling with such bewitching artistry in these lines:

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes
are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
When only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as they are!

There is a river down in South America called the Amazon that springs from the melting snow and ice high up in the Andes Mountains. That river descends down thru the mountain range until it empties into the Atlantic Ocean. So pure and sweet is that body of water, fed by the eternal snows on the lofty mountain peaks, that sailors miles out at sea, scooping up the water in their buckets, find it not salty, but pure and sweet and fit to drink. So we send you out into society to sweeten and chasten and purify it with the sweetness and beauty of your lives—that you may add to its happiness and virtue and detract from its ugliness and sin.

Unity in Variety

The story is told that one day a little girl was walking by the seashore. Lying strewn on the sand, cast up by the sea, she saw myriads of shells. They were of different sizes, of different shapes, and of all the varying hues of the rainbow. With the curiosity of a little child, she stooped and picked them up, placed them one by one to her ear. Though they differed from one another in structure and size and in color and in a thousand ways, yet there came from them all the same response—the murmur of the ocean waves, the echo of their common ocean home. So the members of this graduating class differ from one another in size, in mind, in temperament, in disposition. Some of you shall be doctors, and lawyers, business men, and priests. But no matter how you shall differ from one another, in all these particulars, there is one point where all differences must disappear. For from the lives of each of you, though cast in different fields, there must come alike the echo of your love and loyalty to your Alma Mater, the Catholic Church, in whose womb you have all been formed and fashioned.

The Choice at the Parting of the Ways

One word and I am through. When a son was about to leave home to enter upon his life's career in a distant city, his father took him up on a mountain side. There he pointed to the peaks in the range of mountains, rising up into the heavens, lofty, serene, and beautiful. Upon their summits the setting sun, lavished its gorgeous wealth of coloring, tinting them with all the beautiful hues of the rainbow. Capped with the eternal snows, resplendent in their dazzling radiance and eerie beauty, they seemed to loom up as the foot-hills of Paradise, the entrance into that other world. Then the father pointed down into the dark valleys and the yawning chasms and the frightful abysses where the ugly shadows lurked. Then he said to his son: "Here is the pathway to the lofty mountain peaks of virtue and beauty and nobility of life. There is the path down into the valleys of sin and vice and shame. Choose you which path you will." As we stand today at the parting of the ways, your Alma Mater is whispering to each of you, in whose eyes where gleam the bright fires and the lovely enthusiasms of youth, "Choose you my son, the higher path." For,

"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,

The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go."

Merged with the whisper of your Alma Mater to choose the better way, is that age old cry of the Master that comes to you today, freighted with the wisdom of all the centuries. from the white hillsides of Samaria. May it be to you a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. May it echo and re-echo in your ear, pointing out to you amid all the vicissitudes in the labyrinth of life, the path of service and of true nobility—that age-old wistful cry: "Do not you say there are four months, and then the harvest cometh? Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries: For they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting."



Valedictory

HOMER E. KNOBLAUCH, A.B., '25

Though the human mind has a tendency to magnify the stature and the glory of the past, nevertheless we shall find the present to be an age that shall be known as one of the greatest in the history of centuries. The castellated grandeur of the ancients withers to insignificance when compared to the day in which we live. It is not because we have accelerated motion, or because we have been able to manufacture the most delicate of instruments that we are proud of this day, for progress may never be defined as merely an accumulation of facilities. It is because we are to accomplish that for which men have labored for all time, and that we now have in sight a knowledge not restricted to a few, but glorified and diffused among all classes. The alphabet is conquering the world!

When education has attained a position in the formation of youth such as it never before attained, it is necessary that we give it more attention than has ever been assigned to it in the past. It is not education in the ordinary sense of the word that I refer to, it is that education that really educates, *really* develops. By this I mean an education that lays stress not alone on the intellectual or physical, but which rests on the harmonious development of both of these combined with the moral faculties. Experience has proven that education has a tremendous power for good or for evil. An education that enriches the mind with knowledge and quickens the intelligence, but fails to react on the will and direct it to virtuous practices, is capable of producing scholarly men, but it cannot produce *good* men. A keenly educated mind is nothing more than a delicate instrument, the use of which necessarily depends on the character of its possessor.

Knowledge, of itself, can give no guarantee that it will result in righteous action to the benefit of society. History has shown that a culture of the highest order, having at its command vast stores of knowledge, may be utilized toward the attainment of unworthy ends, and thus prove the ruin of the very institutions that nourished and supported it. Education is not scholarship alone, but scholarship impregnated with religious principles, and the exclusion of the latter in the educative process becomes more serious as the intellectual faculties are more highly developed. Its definition, in its highest meaning, is: "*a co-operation by human agencies with*

the Creator for the attainment of His purpose in regard to the individual who is to be educated." Since we see that it has neither social service nor self-realization alone as its end, but is rather a combination of both in accordance with the eternal decrees, it must follow that only the guidance of sound principles will enable it to attain its true purpose.

These principles of which I speak will enable the young college graduate to encounter successfully the multitude of difficulties that confront him when college days live only in memory, and he finds himself compelled to rely entirely on his own resources. Having had but little experience with the world, it appears to him as a vast waste of waters patterned with treacherous reefs, and he, a lone sailor, forced to face its perils unassisted. Its engrossing interests, its heartlessness and indifference, its cruel rivalry, and its hasty judgments are but the awakening from a dream in which he has visioned to himself a picture fair and beautiful, an Utopia devoid of all this dread reality. Therefore, his education must prepare him, must armour his mind for the combat instead of leading him to believe that with his degree he will find a path strewn with roses leading straight to the heights of immortal renown. In order to realize this aim, to accomplish this purpose—to make his mind sound, active, well-trained, discriminating and it is necessary to maintain an intimate alliance among letters, philosophy, and science. Education must pierce to the mysterious spiritual principle of the mind, for by enlivening that into activity and growth, we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusions of the senses. Voltaire wrote to Helvetius: "The body of an athlete and the soul of a sage are what we require to be happy." That he did not substitute *mind* for "*soul*" shows that even the Atheist understood, in a measure at least, how far knowledge penetrates into the unknown. For it is only by drawing upon the treasures of suggestion and imagination that we may unfold truth and knowledge and beauty.

Our state universities are forbidden by law to introduce religion into their curricula. Aristotle once said that: "The fate of empires depends upon the education of youth." Could it not be said that the same is true of republics also? But how can youth be constrained toward right reason—how can he become imbued with the sense of responsibility, the respect for authority, and the considerateness for the rights of others that form the very essence of civic virtue—in a democracy, where he, enjoying greater personal freedom than he would in an empire or under any other form of government in existence, finds a greater obligation to control himself if he has not had the advantage of moral training? Yea, how can the professors themselves enjoy any success in their profession

without having the guiding light of religion to direct their courses? Both philosophy and history professors find themselves compelled to deal with Christianity and with all religions, or else abandon their work altogether. If we deprive history of all the considerations of the great religious and Christian movements of the world, we have but little left; take away from philosophy the weighty questions and religious theories that have occupied the minds of ancients and moderns alike, and their professors will become but figure-heads as devoid of interest and enthusiasm as automatons.

We need religious instruction in our educational systems because without it they are empty and void; we demand it for our youth because without it he cannot fulfill his duties to his country or his God. His duties to his Maker take precedence over all others, and those to his country are next in importance. Citizenship requires a training that unites the intellectual, moral and religious elements to inculcate in expanding manhood that which is essential to right living. Schools and colleges are powerful agencies for social welfare, and upon them as such rests the responsibility of the whole civic body.

Moral and religious training is most valuable when it so penetrates instruction that its influence will be felt in every walk of life, exalting the faculties of the soul and bringing the mind into more intimate contact with spiritual and mundane affairs. Therefore, it is in these institutions that specialize in instilling in youth the right thinking processes that the most efficacious results can be produced—in Catholic institutions especially, where, according to Burke: "restraint of discipline, emulation, examples of virtue and justice, those things which form the education of the world," are best illustrated—endowing men with resources that will endure throughout their lives, and forming habits that time will improve but not destroy.

State institutions of learning are not permitted by law to teach religion, but even though they were privileged to do so, the Church could not admit their competency to discharge the duties that She alone has been divinely commissioned to perform. They would soon undermine the whole dogmatic basis of religious instruction, failing utterly even as our systems of purely secular learning miserably fail to teach morality.

We have seen from sad experience that religion is necessary to the teaching of morality, just as it is necessary for the intelligence and moral welfare of the people, and for their fitness to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices of peace and war. Loyal sons of the Church, who

are soon to take their places in public life and mould public opinion, turn, consequently, to the schools and colleges She has erected for their education—institutions where they will be taught the principles of religion by those who have been divinely commissioned to “Go and teach all nations,” and where they will be able to receive secular knowledge properly related to religious truths by those whose correct knowledge of the latter make them doubly competent to guide in the fields of science. Free from the impediments of that which is not essential, She can focus her attention with a tremendous, irresistable effectiveness upon the achievement of education’s true purpose, preserving the growing generation from the errors and misfortunes into which their unguided inclinations might lead them, and inspiring them with the enduring standards of truth and beauty.

On this epic occasion that marks the fruition of our labors at college, we, the class of '25, extend to you, dear Alma Mater, the homage of our eternal gratitude for having crowned our youthful careers with that priceless gift so much needed by the world today—a Catholic College education. You have guided our footsteps and shaped our minds with maternal care and kindness; you have led us up to the sunkissed heights so that we might glimpse the golden treasurers of the future, and glimpsing them, find the strength and courage to labor steadily onward. Even now, with life’s vistaed hopes and ambitions as yet untasted, and with the reward of achievement still distant and unattained, we feel that we cannot but profit gloriously by the teachings and principles you have imparted, and they will enable us to meet and conquer those massive obstacles which Fortune and the world see fit to strew in the pathways of the children of men.



Class Will

John J. Winterhalter, A. B., '25.

There comes a time in every man's life when his possessions and his treasures serve his needs no longer. To continue in progress they must be replaced by new. To some this period is reached only when they are preparing to depart from this life and when they are about to enter the great adventure beyond the grave. It is then they realize how useless their worldly goods will be and their thoughts turn to the prospective fate of their precious belongings. The Class of 1925 is now upon the death bed of its collegiate career. Hence before departing for places unknown, it wishes to see a few of its outgrown possessions in the hands of those who will adequately protect them and give them the proper amount of love and respect. Accordingly, still being of sound mind and health, we declare this to be,

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT:

FIRST, to Reverend Terrence J. Rice, we will a full quota of thanks for his kind direction and his unceasing labors to make our college life a success.

SECOND, to Father O'Mahoney we bequeath a copy of Caruso's singing lessons in ten installments and a fifteen minute limit to his sermons.

THIRD, to Father Bergin, a six foot megaphone to amplify his words of encouragement, and a new griddle on which to roast the athletes.

FOURTH, to Father Maguire, we allow his seven minutes grace to appear in class and a high powered political machine to run the state legislation.

FIFTH, to Father Kelly, we leave some competition for his baseball team and a new rope to hold his baserunners in check.

SIXTH, to Monsignor Legris, a new Panama straw hat.

SEVENTH, to Father Plante, we leave a new course of studies for next year and a new loud speaker for his radio.

EIGHTH, to Father French we bequeath a full set of garden implements.

NINTH, to Father La Plante one carton of Fatima cigarettes and a new cowboy sombrero.

TENTH, to Father Munsch, we leave a fond memory of room 130 in Roy Hall.

ELEVENTH, to Father Lynch, we give all credit for a successful commencement and the memory of a snap course in English.

TWELFTH, to Father Harrison, we will one can of automobile polish for his Studebaker and forty academics to watch in the study hall.

THIRTEENTH, to Professor Glaze we leave a new bag of chestnuts and a new muzzle for his dog.

FOURTEENTH, to Professor Lyons, we bequeath an automatic detective to watch his big baby Lincoln.

FIFTEENTH, to Professor Kennedy, we will the title of king to fit him for his environment without unnecessary embarrassment.

SIXTEENTH, to Prof. O'Leary, we leave a selected list of telephone numbers and two, blown out Ford tires, discarded by Bill Barrett.

SEVENTEENTH, to Prof. Dooling the class of 1925 wills its record for punctuality at classes and the hope that he will continue the good work.

EIGHTEENTH, Homer Knoblauch, wills his extension to Father O'Mahoney with the hope that it will be of value in his newly formed club.

NINETEENTH, Eugene Suprenant wills his attachment to Morpheus to Samuel McAllister.

TWENTIETH, Eugene Suprenant wills his heavy beard to Jimmy Dalrymple and his dominion over the dormitory to Homer Knoblauch.

TWENTY-FIRST, Andrew O'Laughlin wills coaching proclivities to Ralph Glaze and his intellectual abilities to Frank May.

TWENTY-SECOND, John Ryan wills his pugnacious attitude and his fistic tendencies to Tom Dillon and Pat Kearns, to be shared jointly by them.

TWENTY-THIRD, John Winterhalter wills his undying thanks and gratitude to Father Bergin for his method of giving the fourth quarter examinations.

TWENTY-FOURTH, The Class of '25 wills to the Juniors a full measure of senioral dignity and the injunction to uphold the traditions of their departed classmates.

TWENTY-FIFTH, the Class of '25 wills to the sophomores an abundance of good wishes and the best of good times in their remaining days at Saint Viator.

TWENTY-SIXTH, the Class of '25 wills to the Freshman class the promise that with hard work and faithful performance to duty, they will one day outgrow the green in their make-ups and be considered upper-classmen.

TWENTY-SEVENTH, we name the Class of '26 as the executors of this, OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have set our hand and seal, this tenth day of June, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE.

Homer E. Knoblauch, A. B., '25.

Joseph E. Suprenant, A. B., '25.

Edward M. Farrell, A. B., '25.

John J. Winterhalter, A. B., '25.

John T. Ryan, A. B., '25.

Andrew A. O'Laughlin, A. B., '25.



Class Prophecy

Edward M. Farrell, A. B., '25.

When I was a small boy the simple creed of childhood, delight and liberty, was mine. Like the rest of the youngsters this world of ours was to me an imperial palace. Heaven seemed to laugh all about me. The meadow and stream in my innocent brightness carried a blessed splendor; and often in my childish play when I tired of chasing a crimson butterfly I would lie upon the bank of a babbling brook and my youthful fancy would lose itself in the glory of a boyish dream. Strange to say, even to this day I take great delight in my dreams because they invariably come true. As a small child I dreamed that I was some day going to wear long trousers—my dream came true. Later on in my teens when I whipped a neighborhood bully, one of my most cherished dreams came true. At my first attendance at a college graduation exercise I dreamed of someday assuming the sage garments of a prophet. To-night that dream comes true.

Last night soon after my eyelids dropped their shades I dreamed the best dream of all my life. Never before did I behold a dream with such a wealth of reality. It contained such a rich treasury of facts and information that my heart swelled with a fascinating delight as I watched that train of wondrous sights pass by like soldiers in review. I saw a glory flow like a stream from the fountains of the past. It was the matchless history of the courageous Viatorians who came in response to the pleas of the early French settlers of Bourbonnais. I beheld that splendid spectacle of fervor and devotion to duty when those stout-hearted Brothers carried the coarse stones from the river banks and built not only a place of worship but an institution of learning. I saw the sons of common men scale the sunkissed mountains of Knowledge under the tutelage of a devout and learned faculty, and I watched that small college achieve prominence in the scholastic and athletic world. In my dream I beheld the fire that destroyed the noble efforts of the pioneer Viatorians. Soon, however, I beheld rising Phoenix-like from the ashy ruins, the Viator of my day. But in my dream I could hear the unanswered cry for more room and for prospective students. But a dearth of funds forbade any hope of expansion, until Father O'Mahoney heralded the magic words of the Extension Club, "bigger and better St. Viator". He had nursed this idea for years, but not until the coming of the class of 1925 did he see a means of the realiza-

tion of his dream. I beheld the departure of the graduates, the importance of the task committed to them deeply imbedded in their minds.

Suddenly that pleasant dream picture faded and as my dream dipped far into the future I found myself in the year nineteen forty-five the proud owner of an inter-ocean airplane service. I was flying high above the clouds in a large modern machine with the delightful task before me of gathering all the members of the Class of '25, and bringing them to their Alma Mater for the celebration of Home-Coming. My first stop was in the sunny land of South America, where at Nicaragua I met my old class-mate Homer Knoblauch, the liberator and president of the young republic, quietly reclining in the Capitol and contemplating upon a plot for another spanish novel. The Hero-President was now an international literary light and was considered the "Kipling" of South America. While at college his associations with "Mex" and his frequent letters to his Spanish Queen furnished him with a most valuable training for his present work. The senorita who received "Knobie's" love letters in Spanish and answered them in English is now his happy wife, and being a highly gifted woman, she assisted him in the affairs of State. Homer revealed a deep affection for his life's mate, but one could hardly blame him, because she like the girls of his college amours, was very beautiful and her Spanish manner made her exceptionally attractive. The people of this country were highly devoted to their President, whose pen had won for them their freedom and prosperity. After spending several pleasant days in that fair clime together with the president and under the guidance of a skillful crew we crossed the Atlantic and landed on the campus of Louvain University, Belgium, where another class-mate, now Father Suprenant, was giving a series of lectures on "Electric Oscillation", "The Kinetic theory of Matter and statistical Mechanics" and "The Modern Problems of Philosophical Investigations". Altho located at St. Viator, his command of oratory won for him international fame, and he has lectured in the leading universities of the world. Father Suprenant is by far the greatest philosopher of the age and is also as versatile as Roger Bacon of the thirteenth century. Being a practical scientist he has made several noteworthy inventions but his greatest contribution to posterity is a "New Manual of Scholastic Philosophy" which removes all the obscurities of Mercier. After flying over some of the leading cities of northern Europe we journeyed to U. S. A. and while enroute, Knobie and I listened very eagerly about the expansion of our Alma Mater as told by the distinguished Father Surprenant, and he mentioned that the Faculty was highly

pleased with the manner in which the Class of '25 had carried out the mission entrusted to them.

After thirty-six hours of flying we stopped at Boston to get the once no-hit king of the Majors and one of the leading hitters, but were forced to continue our trip to Duluth, Minnesota where we found Mickey Donnelly retired from baseball and reclining in Benda's restaurant where Mick's chief occupation consisted in entertaining visitors. Leaving Duluth we tarried long enough at Chicago to get John Winterhalter who in company with his brother was operating Chicago's largest bank. Huge John had played several years with St. Louis Cardinals and has starred in two world series but wishing to make use of his education he abandoned baseball for the banking business. Winnie also turned down several attractive offers to coach great universities. He is now a member of several prominent clubs in Chicago and is also very active in the K. of C. athletics. John has been very kind to his college and it is owing to his generosity that our college was able to make such rapid strides. It is rumored that he will be Chicago's next mayor as recently he has been intimately associated with politics in the Windy City. With four members of our class together, sweet memories of the past brought happiness to our party, Mickey especially entertaining us with a clever supply of jokes and now and then a vocal selection, the likes of which had made him very popular at College.

Soon we were flying over a beautiful modern city and a large magnificent University whose splendid structures represented the acme of twentieth century accomplishments. The streets and buildings were glittering with purple and gold, and the entire college and community were overflowing with gayety and delight and waiting with excited anxiety for the afternoon foot-ball struggle between St. Viator and Notre Dame. Bourbonnais now boasted of a large hotel which was owned and operated by Charlie Hansen and Oscar Byron. As our huge flying machine descended in the rear of Kelly Stadium, it attracted a large crowd which had been interested in a Minim's foot-ball game. We were not at all surprised when we found one of the teams coached by our former class-mate Andy O'Laughlin, now Father O'Laughlin. Andy is the successor of Father Thomas Lynch at St. Viator, so he has mastered both the field of history and English. In addition to this, he is acknowledged the greatest Catholic literary man in America, whose pen scribes even for the London magazines. He is considered the biggest man in letters since Chesterton and Belloc retired from active work. He contributes to the Forum, Mercury and Atlantic Monthly. It is rumored that he was offered the editorship of the Columbia, but he refused in

order that he might remain the athletic director of the Minims.

We found that the splendor of the buildings was out-matched only by the beauty of the campus which was the fruit of Father John Ryan's labors. Poor old Prof. Kennedy was forced to abandon several of his laboratories, for Father Ryan had employed all available space for his many experiments with plants and flowers. He had a special hot house on the Kankakee river where he grows numerous species of plants. One of his most noted products is an unusually juicy apple which serves the need of Father Rice who still believes that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away". In the afternoon we watched the Varsity football team defeat the University of Notre Dame in Kelly Stadium. The football field revealed one of Father Ryan's unique creations, which is a species of white glass that marks off the yardage. It is said that a goodly sum has been offered by numerous universities for his invention but the St. Viator aged treasurer is living up to his past reputation by holding out for more money.

St. Viator was now no longer a small college. It was one of the leading universities of the West. There was no more crowded dormitories, no eating in the basement. Many splendid buildings were on the campus, the most recent structure is a large laboratory donated by Henry Ford in gratitude for one of Surprenant's inventions that enabled Henry to produce the "Flying Ford". The Clerics of St. Viator now make their week-end missions in these flying lizzies. Gossip on the campus revealed to us that Father Surprenant was not so universally popular as he led us to believe. One of St. Viator's noted sociologists who all his life had been a strict adherent to the virtue of silence finally burst forth about the curse of prosperity resulting from Surprenant's activity. He denounced automatic cafeteria system which enabled the students to enjoy a sleep-over by having their breakfast served in their rooms. This reformer was also very much provoked at the automatic dryers which did away with the use of all towels, and he raved persistently against each room being installed with a radio-set. But these torrents of rebukes were somewhat repressed by Fathers Bergin and O'Mahoney who, owing to one of Surprenant's concoctions reaped the benefit of an automatic pin-setter, which enabled them to start their bowling games without emitting frantic yells for a pin-setter.

Each member of our class viewed with the greatest pleasure that small drinking fountain which was a symbol of our first effort to assist in beautifying our college. Then, too, we were proud that since our graduation we were able at frequent intervals to contribute to the Extension of our Alma Mater. Just as I beheld the splendid Class of '25 gathered around the

banquet table in Kirby Dining Hall my dream faded.

Class prophecies have been read and will be read as long as graduation is an exercise. Every graduate assigned to the role of a prophet has invariably proved to be an extravagant seer. But if ever there breathed a class of individuals whose talents and characteristics warrant extravagant predictions it is the class of '25. It is an assertion of truth and not an expression of vain glory when I inform you that we have in our institution a learned and prudent professor who has devoted many laborious years in quest of the "perfect treasurer," namely, a class of supermen who excel in books, athletics, and school loyalty. So highly did this professor esteem the object of his inquiry that he delayed his ordination until the coming of the "perfect treasure." When he found a class which was as near perfect as human nature would permit, Father Thomas Lynch was ordained.



Banquet Speeches

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND HIS COLLEGE

Edward M. Farrell, A. B., '25

We recognize in today's activities, the sacred ceremonies and traditions that are essential for a true graduation. The warmth of feeding, the heartfelt and sincere sentiments expressed, crown our past years' efforts. Our hearts throb with happiness as visitors, friends and teachers shower on us good wishes, but in the midst of this extreme delight, there comes to our souls a stillness which permits us to perceive the importance of the duties that arise from the covenant which seals our past and future relations with our Alma Mater.

We graduates, who in this age of rationalism and materialism, have been so blessed as to receive the stamp of approval from an institution like St. Viator, should lift our voices in gratitude for such a unique favor. Within the walls of this institution we have had the principles of Christianity imprinted on our hearts and minds, which will forever serve as a faithful guide in the activities of life. Little do we know of the importance of this Catholic education. During four long years we have come in contact with great men, who, with undaunted spirits and heedless of earthly rewards, have led us to the realization of the profundity and beauty of life. Just as we are by instinct admirers and lovers of our parents, so likewise we graduates ought to be devoted to these custodians of Christian education, who have taught us not to place before our eyes the standard of vulgar success. St. Viator has given us a view that to be is better than to have, that in truth a man is worth only what he is. Whether or not it fits a man to achieve what the world calls success, it does fit us to live wisely and well, like Christian gentlemen and scholars.

It is a fact, incontestable, that if university graduates live and die commonplace men, they fail in their duty to their Alma Mater. But we must bear in mind that at the best the school can but stimulate and guide us in the work of mental and moral discipline. The decisive thing for each graduate, if there be any significance and value in his life, is not what he is taught, but what he teaches himself. We must continue amid other surroundings the work of education which here has but begun. We must go forth with resolute wills and noble enthusiasm to labor to build up our being that we may

unceasingly approach the type of perfect manhood. A deep fervor of glowing enthusiasm for what is highest and best is of immeasurable worth to the young man. Let us adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are the perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creators. If ambition is akin to pride, it is none the less a mighty spur to noble action. Where it is not found in youth budding and blossoming like the leaves and flowers in spring, what promise is there of a happy and successful future?

As graduates of St. Viator College, we must not merely lead loyal, brave and helpful lives, but we must so live that the atmosphere in which we move shall receive a magnetic character, the power to stimulate all who breathe it to nobler ideals and to a zealous solicitude for the rights and needs of all mankind. A truly educated man is an inspirer and guide to his fellowman, so we must forever be governed by a love of truth and justice, lest we prove untrue to our Alma Mater.

Once we have received our diploma it does not mean that we have forever severed relations with our College. Youth, faith, and hope spring out of devotion to one's Alma Mater. To revisit her old halls which have seen so many generations of students come and go is to restore to the soul a world of inspiration. To renew companionship with those youthful pathways is to grow strong in loyal appreciation of benefits received, it is to value the traditions that have given to our Alma Mater a glorious past. During her many grand years of existence, her kindly relations with her students and her tender sympathy and affections for those who crossed her gates, have done more than all else to make her name honored.

The glory of St. Viator is in her Alumni. They stand, for the completeness of her work, since their education embodies not only the knowledge gained but also the results of the training of several successive years.

Regardless of the great prominence which no doubt we may achieve in the world, let us never forget the genuine loyalty which we owe the institution that gave us our intellectual birth. The future of St. Viator lies in the hands of her Alumni, her destiny will be regulated to a great extent by the fidelity of her graduates. If St. Viator is to continue the noble work which she has undertaken, her sons must from time to time express their allegiance to her. Loyalty, therefore, the noblest of virtues shall be our guiding impulse. Space nor time cannot efface this noble standard that St. Viator has burned into our hearts, and let us unceasingly bear in mind that it is the practical expression of loyalty which will make us real graduates of this our Alma Mater.

OUR DAY

John T. Ryan, A. B., '25.

For four years, we have been interested yet silent participators in the scholastic conflict, each year gazing with half-envious eyes at those who had completed their college course. We realized as we saw them capped and gowned, receiving their merited reward and the praise of the interested, that on that occasion they could say "Our Day". We, too, were there, but only as a decorative background to make the departing ones stand out in bolder and more palpable relief. During these four years spent wandering on the edge of the promised land, we were continually visualizing our own graduation day; a day on which we would occupy the forefront of the stage; on which would be enacted a brief drama with us as the principal actors. Today what was but a vision becomes a reality, wherein we swing the earth a trinket at our wrist and magic casements open wide, giving us a glance at fairy land. This day is truly "Our Day".

To us, "Our Day" means the end of all our endeavors, the culmination of our persevering labors, wherein have been enshrined the dream of our youth and the hope of our maturity. It signifies the attainment of that goal toward which our eyes have been constantly directed. It is the completion of our intellectual noviceship, during which we have assiduously applied ourselves under the guidance and direction of our masters. It is the end of our years of silent and diligent study apart from the distractions of a fascinating world. The preparation for our chosen vocation in life is not terminated. We can no longer rely upon the guiding hand that has so carefully sustained us in the paths of duty. Instead, the principles our Alma Mater has inculcated in us must be henceforth the compass by which we must steer our life's course.

Today we stand at the apex of our past careers. As a mountain climber scaling the heights, can gaze back and see the prominent points in his ascent, so too in retrospection, we can recall the salient incidents in our struggle. The tasks, the joys, the trials, those mysterious elements forming the lasting and wonderfully beautiful mosaic of our college life stand out today proclaiming to all the farce, the comedy, and the high tragedy in which we participated, and which have fashioned us into new men to meet the future with a song of joy and exultation.

But, fellow graduates, we must bear this in mind, that all our strivings in the past have been guided under the skilled

direction of able men; men from whom we have received not only those principles peculiar to the secular sciences that will aid us to greater attainments, but also those basic elements of character that are of prime importance to a christian life. We have had them graven deep into our being with the fiery eloquence of winged words. Precept and example have been so closely related in our lives here that we accept both as a matter of course. But when we leave this home, our home for the past few years, we must rely solely upon our adherence to the principles given us during our brief period in college.

The sculptor producing a master-piece from chiselled stone receives praise for that beauteous form that he fashions, because through his hands it grew from its natural bulk to its present beauty. To the spectator's eye, all there is present is the wondrous beauty of the carved stone, but to the shaper of that art, that is but one of the points to be considered. The long arduous hours, the labor, the adherence to set principles are closely interwoven in the finished product. So, too, when we, the graduating class of 1925, stand here, the finished product of St. Viator College, the prominent features emphasized are the culture and the attainments we have acquired. Each is an architect of his own fate, but there are powerful influences in the forming of each of us that direct the course of his existence. In the past years our professors have been the kindly formative guides who have led us through the slow and tedious process of our intellectual aspirations. They were the sculptors who took the quarried block of rough stone and day after day hewed, carved, shaped and formed it into a monument, so that neither time nor adversity, can marr or change it.

But, fellow graduates, when we say "Our Day", the words seem somewhat empty and vacant, so that they fall upon our ears with a hollow sound. They make us stop and pause, only to hear the harmony of another music, the music of our institution. When we whisper the words, the flaming image of their beauty casts a greater radiance on our Alma Mater, because a few more men are gathered to her silent yet anxious heart, a heart that thrills to ecstasy when men like us have the right to say but even two words. We have become a part of her great soul. The tread of our feet on her campus, our hilarity in her gymnasium, our merriment in her halls, today are sacramentals for us. Silently her fascination has entered our hearts, her languages thrill our being so that it is her glory and not ours that we chant when we mention the magic words "Our Day". She took us in childhood and fashioned us, she guarded us in the dawn of young manhood, and now

she places on us the seal of her benediction on which is the real glory of "Our Day". Hence when the silver cord is cut and the golden bowl is broken at the fountain's brink, let us resolve that the glory of this "Our Day" is but the grandeur of our Alma Mater, that the monument of our lives will be her lasting title to fame.

OUR PROFESSORS

Denis J. Swenie, Acad. '25.

It is with feelings of extreme diffidence that I rise to respond to the toast, "Our Professors",—with all the timidity, I might say, of a rookie fresh from the Minors, sent in to pinch hit for a veteran. For Mr. George Ohlheiser, our worthy President is a veteran in the league of classroom and scholastic achievements. And I wish to impress upon you the fact that his batting average has been uniformly high for the last four years. I may be doing the batting now, but please remember that Mr. Ohlheiser is still in the game and going strong. Whereas you might have been treated to one of those long low drives, cleaning the bases and making the crowds rise to their feet in cheers, I fear that you will have to be satisfied with just a timely bingle, in fact, I will be glad if I get on base at all.

Surely no subject could be more inspiring to talk on than this, Our Professors, for they are the men who have directed our steps along the winding and intricate paths of learning. They are the men who have pointed out to us the flowers of knowledge and where they lay hid. They have taught us to cull them, to transplant them into our own minds, until we feel that the gardens of our mind are well-stocked with the choicest varieties of God's own truths. But far and above this,—they have nourished our souls by teaching the truths of our religion, that have brought into clear relief the image of God imprinted there. They have labored diligently, enthusiastically, and lovingly to sanctify our intellects and mold our wills, forming them for their arduous part in the fray of Life, molding them for the attainment of our final destiny. These true men have learned from their Master the value of a soul, and with this knowledge they have sought to give us a rule with which to guide our reason and to curb the force of rising passion. They have filled our souls with a desire for a greater love of God, a greater love of man, a truer appreciation of Life and its value, a keener sense of our duties and

responsibilities, in fine, with a more holy, noble, grand and fuller appreciation of our religion, its beauties, its principles, and its obligations.

We do not regard them as task-masters. It is true that at times we are under the impression that we are being worked too hard, but is it not quite natural for all students to think it their privilege to complain of work? However, in our hearts we are sure that no matter how tough the sledding may seem or how adverse conditions may be at times, all will end well and be for our own good. This occasional faulty thought of ours is immediately dispelled when the hours of class toil are over for the day and our good teachers stroll out upon the campus in quest of sharing our recreation. They work for us, pray for us, do for us, help us,—Yes! they even play with us. Think, my dear friends, how grateful we must be to these noble, high-minded men of God. And think again, my dear friends, the good fortune that must be ours to be able to mingle with these learned men, for by this close association are we not brought into contact with the culture and refinement that only higher education can bring? They do more than merely aid us in the mere education of books. It is the close contact, their intimacy that we are privileged to enjoy that does more for us than all the books in the world. Their association with us on the campus, the feeling of ease with which we are possessed as we approach them;—these, my dear friends, are the things that do much to mold and fashion us for our Life's journey. They are always present, always willing to lend an aiding hand to our difficulties. Nowhere will you find a body of men so friendly, so approachable, or so kind to students. The walls of dignity are always there,—insurmountable, but the walls of distance and indifference—never. I defy you to find for me an institution wherein the students are given such a rare honor of enjoying their professors' intimate friendship to the degree it is enjoyed here at St. Viator. With all due respect to the great Catholic Colleges of our country, it cannot be said of them that they bring their students so close to their breasts and give them the individual attention the Viatorians do.

And lastly, my friends, we see beautiful examples in watching their lives,—always good sports, ready for everything in which there is good clean fun but always, too, with the watchful hand of censorship held over us in all our activities. Their lives are those of noble and self-sacrificing men, and if we can but carry away with us just a few of the splendid, uprighteous characteristics of manhood displayed here before us, and shape our careers according to their standards, then our stay will not have been in vain,—even though we have not learned all we might have from our books, we have learned

more. We have implanted in us the principles and requisites to make us exemplary members of the great body of Catholic manhood.

And in leaving St. Viator College we carry away with us only the best and happiest remembrances of our teachers, especially of Fr. Phillips, our Moderator, the man who has done so much towards the organizing and establishing of this Academy Class of '25, as one of the best classes ever turned out from St. Viator.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

William Neville, '26.

"In all times and places, says Carlisle "the Hero has been worshipped." It will ever be so—we all of us reverence and must reverence Great Men. Hero worship exists, has existed and will forever exist universally among mankind. From the very beginning of antiquity to the present day, heroes, moral or physical, have commanded the praise and the admiration of the multitudes. The varieties of heroes are, of course, as many as the degrees of human activity. No matter what may be his walk in life, every man has his ideal. The religious finds his hero among those eminent for piety or virtue; for those thirsting after knowledge, the illustrious philosopher and distinguished educators of old have a profound fascination; for those who are athletically inclined, such names as Gipp, Cobb and Tilden are sacred. For the youth beginning to tread the tortuous pathway of knowledge, the Seniors stand, pre-eminently, as objects of worship. To the mind of the undergraduate, the Seniors typify the fabled Titans of old. They are conquerors and leaders worthy of admiration and imitation. Conquerors and leaders in many fields, perhaps, but, what is most noteworthy, victors in the sphere of knowledge. After four years of heroic struggle through the intricate maze and labyrinth of arts and sciences, they have finally emerged into the open plain and ascended the mountain where they stand radiant with the light of Achievement.

In the fanciful mind of the Freshman, they wear upon their brow the wreath of victory. To him they are sun-gods among men. They have experienced the great adventure of knowledge and have conquered. He dreams of the time when he, too, may take his place in the "deified" rank of the Seniors, but in the immaturity of his imagination, he attributes an infinite space of time to the few short years separating him

from the realization of his dreams. Yet the scholastic sun rises and sets but thrice, until the roseate hue of his dream is dissipated by the obliterating brilliancy of reality. The time is all too short until the hero-worshipping Freshman finds himself upon the threshold of the "promised land" of Senior-dom. The passage of three brief years places him in the body of men he formerly worshipped and brings him face to face with the great adventure of being a Senior.

We, the Junior Class of '25, pledge to the fraternity of Seniors, see in the year to come the greatest adventure of our college life. Fate, like Atropos, the classic goddess of old, has graciously placed upon our shoulders the mantle of leadership which you, distinguished graduates, have worn so well. We are no longer the dreamers but the "dreamed-of". We must, in the year to come, continuously cherish the ideals which were formulated in the first three years of our collegiate career so that, in the final reckoning, we will be true conquerors and true heroes.

In the past years, the Senior classes have been our mirror and our light. We saw reflected in them the cherished ideals of our dreams and found in their leadership a light that never failed; and unflickering light of steady guidance. The mirror is about to be taken away and the light has disappeared, we must become individual guides to ourselves;—our own mirror. In the past we measured ourselves by standards established by the Seniors, yet "under them our genius was rebuked", as t'was said Mark Anthony's was by Caesar, because our native individuality was hampered by too close a patterning. Henceforth we must be artists and sculptors, forming ourselves after our own ideal. We are to be the makers of the dreams that will give a varied color to the texture of our Senior life.

In the coming year, we must ever remember to be Catholic gentlemen, men worthy of the hero-worship of their underclassmates. We must submit our minds with unflinching courage and patience to the intricate machinery of education, so that we will become finished products, prepared for the strife of the world. Our lives must be such that one year from today, we may stand at this very banquet table, look the world square in the eye and say, as you graduates may so truthfully say, "I am an honor to my God, an honor to my parents and an honor to Alma Mater".

As the spokesman of the Junior Class, Fate has given me the happy privilege of assuring our departing classmates that, animated by the strong spirit that has characterized their class, we will live the "great adventure" as only the in-

spired can. From your departing hands we catch the flaming torch that will illumine for us the path to victory and achievement. And, I hope, when we too come to the end of the great adventure, that we may with you and Wordsworth, exclaim,

O Joy! That in our embers
Is something that doth live
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive.—



**THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
AND CLASS DAY EXERCISES**

RT. REV. JAMES A. GRIFFIN, D. D.

Bishop of Springfield, Ill., Presiding.

(June Tenth and Eleventh

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five)

Bourbonnais, Illinois

—Class Day Exercises—

Wednesday, June the Tenth

Ten O'clock A. M.

SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS College Chapel

Celebrant Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. Legris, D. D. '78

Deacon Rev. Harris A. Darche, A. M. '09

Sub-Deacon Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, A. M. '14

Baccalaureate sermon Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D. '13

Soloist John Monahan '08

Eleven Forty-five A. M.

College Campus

Presentation of the Flag..... Bernard G. Mulvaney, H. S. '25

Benediction and Acceptance.. Rev. Gregory A. Galvin, A. M. '19

Procession to the Flag Staff.....

The High School Graduates of 1925

Flying the National Standard Academy Graduates

EVENING EXERCISES

—College Campus—

Eight O'clock P. M.

Overture Kankakee Melodians

Class Poem Eugene J. Suprenant, A. B., '25

Class History	John T. Ryan, A. B., '25
Class Prophecy	Edward M. Farrell, A. B., '25
Selections	Kankakee Melodians
Class Will	John J. Winterhalter, A. B., '25
College Memorial Presentation	Andrew A. O'Laughlin, A. B., '25
Investiture of the Class of 1926....	Senior and Juinor Officers
Finale	Kankakee Melodians
Class Motto	Aut Inveniam Viam Aut Faciam
Class Colors	Blue and White

COMMENCEMENT DAY EXERCISES

Thursday, June Eleventh

Eleven O'Clock

ALUMNI—REUNION

Marsile Alumni Hall

Twelve O'Clock—Class Banquet

Toasts

Homer E. Knoblauch, A. B., '25—Toastmaster

The College Graduate and His College.....Edward M. Farrell, A. B., '25
Our Day	John T. Ryan, A. B., '25
Vocal Selections	John A. Monahan, '08
Our Professors	Denis J. Swenie, Acad., '25
The Great Adventure	William J. Neville, '26
Selections	Kankakee Melodians
Viator Alumni ..	Frank G. Rainey, '08, Pres. Alumni Association
Finis.....	Very Reverend Terrence J. Rice, c. s. v., M. A. President of the College

Graduating Exercises**Thursday, June Eleventh**

College Auditorium—Three Fifteen P. M.

Bachelor Orations

“Capital Punishment”

“The Right of the State to Inflict Capital Punishment”.....
Eugene J. Suprenant, A. B., '25

“The Expediency of Capital Punishment”.....
Andrew A. O’Laughlin, A. B., '25

“Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished”.....
John J. Winterhalter, A. B., '25

Academy Memorial AddressJames R. Cooney, Acad., '25

Master’s OrationPaul H. Kruzynski, A. B., '23

ValedictoryHomer E. Knoblauch, A. B., '25

Granting of DiplomasAwarding of Medals

——Benedictory——

Right Rev. James A. Griffin, D. D., Springfield, Ill.

The following gentlemen, having successfully completed two years of graduate studies, and having submitted a thesis, approved and accepted by the Board of Graduate Studies, were granted the Master’s Degree:—

Paul H. KurzynskiPeoria, Ill.

John P. LynchChampaign, Ill.

Glen J. PowersChicago, Ill.

Walter J. RyanChicago, Ill.

The following gentlemen, having completed the prescribed course of studies, were awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts:—

Andrew A. O’LaughlinSpringfield, Ill.

John J. Winterhalter	Elburn, Ill.
Eugene J. Suprenant	Bourbonnais, Ill.
Homer E. Knoblauch	Peoria, Ill.
Edward M. Farrell	Champaign, Ill.
John T. Ryan	Bourbonnais, Ill.
William A. Barrett	Rockford, Ill.
Francis R. Donahue	Logansport, Ind.

The following students of St. Viator College Academy, having completed the High School Course and passed satisfactory examination, were granted High School diplomas:—

Baron, Randall J.	Kankakee, Ill.
Bonilla, Lucio A.	Philippine Is.
Bowe, Paul F.	Chicago, Ill.
Bregenzer, Henry A.	Kankakee, Ill.
Bryant, Joseph J.	Chicago, Ill.
Bueter, Raymond H.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Corcoran, Francis A.	Earlville, Ill.
Cardosi, Joseph P.	Kankakee, Ill.
Cassidy, Philip M.	Chicago, Ill.
Cooney, James A.	Chicago, Ill.
Collins George	Lexington, Ky.
Devere, Martin L.	Kankakee, Ill.
Delehanty, Joseph L.	Blackstone, Ill.
Evans, James J.	Chicago, Ill.
Fenelon, Stanislaus, M.	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Forrestal, James F.	Ivesdale, Ill.
Frawley, James F.	Blue Island, Ill.
Garrity, Arthur L.	Detroit, Mich.
Haley, Thomas H.	Gary, Ind.
Herbert, John A.	Gifford, Ill.
Hutton, Paul G.	Kankakee, Ill.
Juliano, Aniello O.	Chicago, Ill.
Kelliher, John R.	Chicago, Ill.
LaCharite, Leon L.	Assumption, Ill.
Lane, Shirley, W.	Kankakee, Ill.
Lopez, Philip I.	Saltillo, Mex.
Marzano, Joseph	Chicago, Ill.
Mosher, John H.	Dixon, Ill.
Mulvaney, Bernard G.	Marion, Wis.

Murphy, Richard V.	Chicago, Ill.
McAndrew, John J.	Joliet, Ill.
McGuirk, William J.	Chicago, Ill.
Neirgarth, Everett J.	Bloomington, Ill.
Nightingale, William P.	Watseka, Ill.
O'Donnell, Thomas J.	Chicago, Ill.
Ohlheiser, George R.	Chicago, Ill.
O'Neil, Edward T.	Chicago, Ill.
Potthoff, Robert C.	Chicago, Ill.
Prince, Edward J.	Kankakee, Ill.
Powers, Harry L.	Chicago, Ill.
Reynolds, Lawrence D.	Loogootee, Ind.
Richey, Senour B.	Fowler, Ind.
Simon, Francis B.	Chicago, Ill.
Stafford, John W.	Chicago, Ill.
Steiner, Edward J.	Chicago, Ill.
Scholl, John N.	Chicago, Ill.
Strable, George F.	Saginaw, Mich.
Streeter, Charles W.	Kankakee, Ill.
Sweenie, Dennis J.	Chicago, Ill.
Walsh, Emmett M.	Streator, Ill.
Wimp, Leroy F.	Chicago, Ill.

COLLEGE CLASS HONORS

The Philosophy and Excellence Medal—Presented by the Rev. Stephen N. Moore, of Bloomington, Illinois,—awarded to Andrew A. O'Laughlin, Springfield, Illinois.

Next in merit—John J. Winterhalter, Elburn, Illinois.

The Oratory Medal—Presented by the Rev. M. J. Marsile, c. s. v., of Oak Park, Illinois, awarded to Sarto J. Legris, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Next in merit—William J. Lane, New York City.

The English Essay Medal—Presented by the Rev. P. C. Conway, of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to Joseph A. Harrington, New York City.

Next in merit—Eugene J. Surprenant, Bourbonnais, Ill.

The Evidence of Religion Medal—Presented by the Rt. Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D., of Bourbonnais, Illinois, awarded to William J. Lane, New York City.

Next in merit—Eugene J. McCarthy, Chicago, Illinois.

The Latin Medal—Presented by the Rev. W. J. Supernant, c. s. v., of Bourbonnais, Illinois, awarded to Francis J. Harbauer, Springfield, Illinois.

Next in merit—Thomas L. Sullivan, Irwin, Illinois.

The Economics Medal—Presented by the Rt. Rev. P. J. McDonnell of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to John J. Winterhalter, Elburn, Illinois.

Next in merit—Vincent J. Pfeffer, Urbana, Illinois.

The Politeness Medal—Presented by the Rev. John T. Bennett, of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to John J. Winterhalter, Elburn, Illinois.

A fifteen (\$15.00) Dollar Prize in Gold, for proficiency in English,—Presented by the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch of Bourbonnais, Illinois, awarded to Eugene J. Suprenant, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

ACADEMY CLASS HONORS

The Excellency Medal For The First Year High School—Presented by the Rev. M. P. Sammon of Peoria, Illinois, awarded to Clarence J. Dempsey, Streator, Illinois.

Next in merit—Beryl J. Martin, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The Excellence Medal For The Second Year High School—Presented by the Rev. M. J. McKenna of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to John W. Stafford, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in merit—Beryl J. Martin, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The Excellence Medal for the Third Year High School—Presented by the Rev. T. J. Hurley of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to John W. Stafford, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in merit—Edward J. Steiner, Chicago, Illinois.

The Excellence Medal for the Fourth Year High School—Presented by the Rev. T. J. Hurley of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to Bernard G. Mulvaney, Marion, Wisconsin.

Next in merit—George R. Ohlheiser, Chicago, Illinois.

The Physics Medal—Presented by the Rev. J. J. Morrissey of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to John W. Stafford, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in merit—Edward J. Steiner, Chicago, Illinois.

The Chemistry Medal—Presented by Dr. W. P. Cannon of Kankakee, Illinois, awarded to Bernard G. Mulvaney, Marion, Wisconsin.

Next in merit—Emmanuel A. Kominick, Chicago, Illinois.

The Mathematics Medal—Presented by the Rev. Wm. J. Kinsella of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to Edward J. Steiner, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in Merit—Emmanuel A. Kominick, Chicago, Illinois.

The History Medal—Presented by the Rev. P. J. Dwyer of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to Edward J. Steiner, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in merit—Joseph Marzano, Chicago, Illinois.

The Christian Doctrine Medal—Presented by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, of Bourbonnais, Illinois, awarded to Charles R. Murphy, Kankakee, Illinois.

Next in merit—Beryl J. Martin, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The Academy Conduct Medal—Presented by the Rev. V. Primeau of Manteno, Illinois, awarded to Stanislaus C. Obelenus, Chicago, Illinois.

The Lincoln Essay Medal—Presented by the Illinois Watch Company of Springfield, Illinois, awarded to John J. McAndrew, Joliet, Illinois.

Next in merit—George R. Olheiser, Chicago, Illinois.

The Music Medal—Presented by Mr. Leslie J. Roch of Chicago, Illinois, awarded to Louis B. Valley, Chicago, Illinois.

Next in Merit—John W. Stafford, Chicago, Illinois.

Viatorian Staff

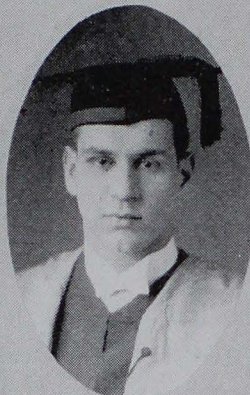
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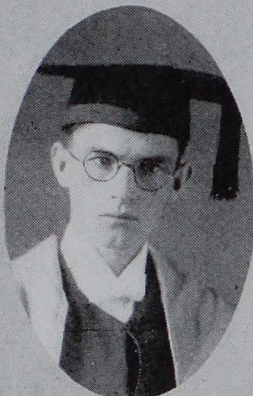
MUREL VOGEL
Alumni



LESLIE ROCH
Alumni



HOMER KNOBLAUCH
Editor



ANDREW O'LAUGHLIN
Exchanges



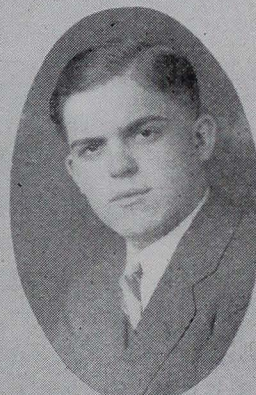
JOHN RYAN
Athletics



VINCENT PFEFFER
Exchanges



REV. LEO T. PHILLIPS, C. S. V.
Faculty Director



SENOUR RICHEY
Circulation Manager



JOSEPH HARRINGTON
Business Manager



EDWARD GALLAHUE
Inter Alia



LYLE BOULTINGHOUSE
Viatoriana



July-August, 1925

FACULTY DIRECTOR

Rev. L. T. Phillips, C. S. V., A. M.

EDITOR

Homer Knoblauch, '25

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Alumni	Murel Vogel, '26	Inter Alia ..	Edward Gallahue, '27
	Leslie Roch, '27	Our Book Shelf ..	William Lane, '27
Athletics	John Ryan, '26	Viatoriana, Lyle Boultinghouse, '27	Eugene McCarthy, '27
Exchanges, Andrew O'Laughlin, '25	Vincent Pfeffer, '26	Circulating Mgr. Senior Richey,	
Bus. Mgr. ... Joseph Harrington, '27		Acad., '25	

Less than one short year ago, we entered a field that **Finis** was, to us, resplendent with glory and pregnant with opportunities to flash our names in letters of fire before the world. Armed with the editorial pens and pencils our predecessors had laid down only three months before, we plunged recklessly into the impenetrable thickets and swampy morass of journalistic enterprise, determined to 'do or die'. We rushed in courageously but blindly to demonstrate our prowess in this new venture and to show our mettle as embryonic Shakespeares, Platos, and Aristotles all combined. Brimming over with ardor and enthusiasm, we, like all other editorial staffs, were possessed of an enormous confidence in our own ability to make new stars twinkle in the firmament of literators, and like them, we aimed to merit undying fame as masterful wielders of the implement some sage pronounced greater than the sword. But how soon was disappointment to blast our fondest hopes and ambitions, and how soon were we to realize that the feat we had contemplated was far more difficult than we had

imagined! In fact, it took only about two issues to cause our ardor to lose its flaming cloak, and then, somewhat chagrined and disgruntled, and considerably wiser, we steeled ourselves to what we now recognized as a task that was likely to be tiresome, certain to be difficult, and very apt to be thankless. That which had appeared to be a delightful and entertaining pastime now loomed up as a real burden, and where before we had almost regretted the short duration of our reign as monarchs in the realm of journalism, we now felt relieved to know that the constant routine of sending out calls for material that were likely to be unanswered, as well as the difficulty of producing a magazine each month that would come up to the multiple and varied expectations of its readers, would not be interminable.

Now we have finished. We lay aside our robes of office and depart from our sanctum with a feeling of relief, yet withal we are sorry—sorry that just as we learned a few of the million and one intricacies of the game, the whistle had to blow that announced the end. But as we add the finishing touches to the final issue of the year, we are conscious of the fact that we have done all any body of men can do—we have given our best. Tireless effort and perserverance dispels any ugly suspicion that the task has been shirked. Generous praise, not unmixed, to be sure, with bits of caustic criticism, from some of our contemporaries, shows us that our efforts have not been altogether in vain. With each comment, the tendency to disparage our own abilities has lessened; the encouragement bolstered up our waning confidence, and the criticism enabled us to profit by our mistakes. We have tried to live up to the enviable standards set by our predecessors on the staff, but we do not know whether or not we have entirely succeeded. The only criterion by which we can judge the success of our efforts is the oral and written comment that has come to our attention. Since the bulk of the latter has been favorable, we feel that we have approached our aim at least. Now all that we can say is adieu.

To our contemporaries we wish the best of luck in their attempts to promote collegiate journalism, for it is invaluable both as a means of fostering and encouraging the literary talents of the student body as a whole, and as something to look back to when the years have winged their flight far into the future; to our successors we have the *impedimenta* of our positions as members of the Viatorian staff, and wish them a world of success and the greatest year in the history of the publication. May they do as we have tried to do, and may their labors and effort fructify into a greater and better Viatorian.



As Others See Us

THE SETONIAN, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.—“The Viatorian”—of business-like yet inviting size—contains articles varied in manner and matter, and extremely interesting. “What About Our Supreme Court?” plunges us into a pool of deep political thought. We are given the origin and development of this institution up to the present day; we are shown its value as well as its weak points, but most of all we are impressed with the fact that “Time has tested the judgment of our ancestors in the crucible of experience, with the result that thinking men unite to praise the founders of American democracy on their masterful division of power into three distinct departments, each acting as a check on the other”. Such an article deserves commendation, for it encourages serious thinking, makes us question the things that are going on about us and even makes us desirous of offering solutions to them. This should be one of the aims of a college that hopes to send from its doors graduates that are true citizens. Wicksburg was excited; so were we as the story of “The Fool” was unraveled to us. As incredulous as those natives, we went with them to the Opera House never expecting that ghastly, most unusual conclusion which inevitably came. Being true makes it doubly horrible although we agree that the story was fascinating, made so by the masterful handling of such material. “Arnold As A Student and Idealist in Criticism” and “Carlyle and His Thought” show earnest and appreciative study of these men. From the lives of these authors are brought to light little niceties which so many ignore. The one-act play, “Camouflage” was cleverly plotted and the characters clearly developed. Of the poems, we like best the product of B. L. K., '25. We look forward to the next issue from St. Viator College.

ECHOES FROM THE PINES, Ursuline College, Chatham, Ontario.—Similarity of style and diction characterize the three essays which form the chief feature of *The Viatorian*; clearness, animation and vigor are qualities that might well describe this style, and they are well suited to the subjects of the essays, "Carlyle The Historian", "The Attitude of Macaulay and Carlyle as Literary Critics", and "American Ideals". "The Glory of The Commonplace" stresses again the old time truth, namely, that true and lasting glory comes not so much from the accomplishment of great deeds as from fidelity to duty, no matter how lowly and humble that duty may be. It is an old story beautifully retold.

* * *

THE CAMPION, Campion College, Prairie Du Chien, Wisc.—In the February number of the *Viatorian* the essay "Agnes Repplier, The Stylist," is easily the literary paragon. The perfect technique and the subtle and amusing humor of Miss Repplier is cleverly demonstrated. Her choice of subjects robs her essays of lasting worth, is the observation of this writer who manifests an extensive knowledge of this subject.

A rather comprehensive treatise is the essay "Lincoln, the Statesman". Much stress is laid on the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates during the Great Emancipators' campaign for the Senatorship. The style and diction of the writer reminds us very much of Macaulay.

The one short story, "The Rookie Backstop", exhibits a rather clever but simple plot with an element of surprise in the climax. The author displays an intimate knowledge of the grand old "American Pastime".

* * *

DUQUESNE MONTHLY, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.—The *Viatorian*—The February issue warrants much of our commendation and little of our disapproval. "Lincoln, The Statesman", appeals to us as the most striking article from the standpoint both of thought—content and style. We agree with the author in his view that the world in general little recognizes, much less appreciates, the help which comes from the hand of God. The style is direct and clear, and, consequently, interesting, than which little more can be said in extolling an essay. "Agnes Repplier, The Stylist", although it evinces a smoothness of style enhanced by simplicity of dic-

tion, is marred by a slight defect, that is by the repetition of the same thought. Until the standard of the vast, vast majority of short stories appearing in college journals is elevated, we will be forced to judge as satisfactory those of the type of "The Rookie Backstop".

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON EXPONENT, Dayton, Ohio—"The Fool", which appeared in the Viatorian for March, was one of the strangest and most original stories that we have seen in any of our exchanges. The author bases his story on an incident which occurred in Capron, Illinois, in the year 1886. The story is principally the speech of a materialist, who, giving his theory to a large audience, commits suicide on the stage. We compliment the author on his ability to explain materialism in such a light, easy manner. The essay on "Carlyle and His Thought" was exceptionally good, and we feel that we should mention one quotation which is Carlyle's idea of a thinker: "Every true thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaching men his way of thought, spreading a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the history of the world."

* * *

THE CASCIAN, *Chicago, Illinois*—THE VIATORIAN, February Number—A Magazine in black and white with few illustrations is somewhat of a pleasing variation from the ordinary. There are instructive articles on Agnes Repplier and Lincoln, both perhaps a trifle prolix, and a short story, "The Rookie Backstop", which is a splendid contribution for an academic student. The editorials are good and the exchange department seems better in its more extended form. We think "The Viatorian" would be improved by shorter essays on a greater variety of subjects, and also by more stories and other specimens of such splendid lyrical poetry as "An Epitaph". We also received the preceding issue of "The Viatorian".

* * *

THE MESSENGER, St. Mary's College, Monroe, Michigan—The Mid-year number of The Viatorian impresses us as having exceptional contributions. "What About Our Supreme Court?" shows excellent reading and research work. "The Fool" and "Not So Bad After All", present such vastly different trends in the short story line that we must congratulate the writers singly. The former we like because of its unusual-

ly wierd, fearless plot; the latter because it is typical and amusing. The editorials, "Borrowed Books" and "Patronize The College Store" express truths that every college verifies and applauds. They are straight to the point and filled with good counsel for those that need it most! The play "Camouflage" abounds in good humor and wit. The dialect is especially well done, and we congratulate "H. K., '25", its author.

* * *

THE ORIFLAMME, Mt. Carmel High School—The Christmas number of the Viatorian contains several excellent essays. But why are the short stories so totally neglected? One or two would greatly improve the Viatorian. The poem "Christmas Night" deserves credit.

* * *

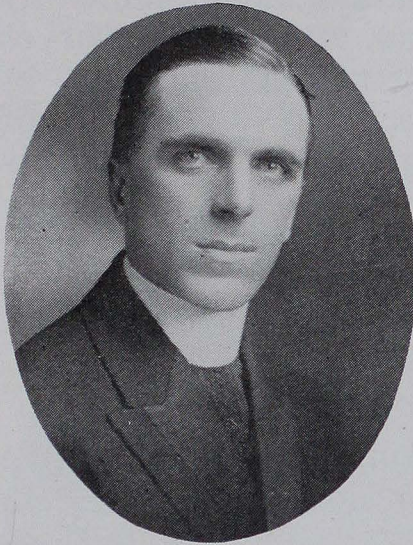
THE LORETTINE, Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo.—The Viatorian; Saint Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. We found your mid-year magazine exceptionally interesting. The opening essay "What About Our Supreme Court?" is up to the minute, the subject matter is of vital importance, and the style is good. The few suggestions made to better the court are worth considering. "The Fool" is all that could be expected of a short-story, but it would have added interest if the note had been placed at the beginning rather than at the end of the story, for, as you say, "Truth is sometimes more fascinating than fiction," so to us the knowledge of a story's truth always makes a good tale far more interesting.

* * *

THE SPRINGHILLIAN, Springhill College, Mobile, Alabama.—The Viatorian furnishes us a few moments of pleasant reading. "The Fool" is a very unusual story, and as a note at the end states that it is based on fact; "The Fool" furnishes us with another proof that fact is stronger than fiction. The Viatorian also supplies us with some interesting data concerning our Supreme Court, and concerning the thought of Carlyle: two subjects of an entirely different nature, but both of which are interesting to read about.

ALUMNI

Rev. John W. Maguire, c. s. v.'s Anti-Injunction Bill Becomes a Law



The long and bitter struggle over the injunction-limitation bill has finally terminated in a victory for the proponents of the measure due to the untiring efforts of Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., Professor of Social Science at St. Viator College. The injunction has its origin in the English law and "was devised first to be a protection to the weak and poor" against the rich and powerful. However, in the United States its use has become perverted, and in the last thirty years it has been made a weapon against the free exercise of certain human and legal rights. "Injunctions have been issued against strikes, against picketing, against lawful and free assembly, against the payment of union funds to men on strike and all these things citizens have a perfect legal right to do". As a result, the American Federation of Labor has for years tried to enact laws limiting the use of injunctions, but its efforts in Illinois as elsewhere have been unavailing. Some such laws were passed in Massachusetts and Arizona, only to be declared unconstitutional. Measure after measure has been brought before the legislature of Illinois year after year, only to be defeated like its predecessor.

At the beginning of the present session of the Illinois legislature, an anti-injunction bill was framed under the direction of Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., and brought before the House of Representatives. The fight was a strongly contested one, but the bill was defeated by one vote. Father Maguire, c. s. v., then drew up a new bill avoiding the illegalities of the Arizona and Massachusetts laws and presented his bill to the Senate. It went through with rather easy sailing and was then referred to the House. Before being voted upon, one speaker from each side of the question was allowed to address the House. Reverend J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., was chosen to support the measure.

When Father Maguire arose to address the House, he was given an immense ovation by the entire body of legisla-

tors, a presage of the coming victory. From then on, the battle was a noisy and a heated one but when the smoke died away and the votes had been counted, it was found that the brilliant and gifted Sociologist from St. Viator had accomplished the passage of the bill which "re-vindicates the principles of right and justice for which the fathers of this country fought and died", and which "gave back again to the great toiling masses of this state the free exercise of rights which the encroachments of courts and legislature had taken away from them". Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., rightly deserves the sincere gratitude of every laboring man in the state of Illinois for his influence and labor in securing the passage of this law. The Viatorian wishes to congratulate him upon his splendid and well earned victory.

* * *

Brother Gedwell To Found New Religious Congregation.

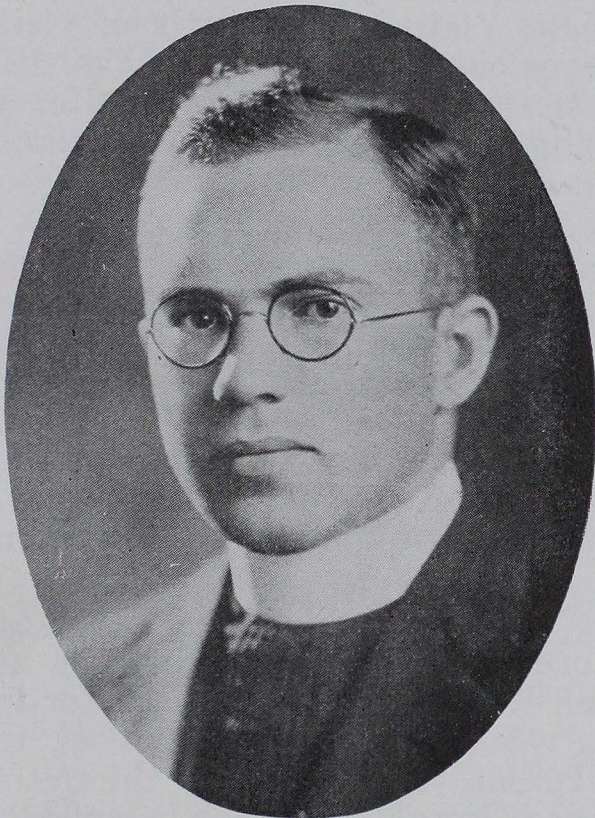
Rev. Brother Casimir Gedwell, c. s. v., has obtained a two year leave of absence from the Congregation of St. Viator in order to found a new religious community to be known as The Congregation of Charity of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. The congregation which is to be purely diocesan has already obtained the approval of Right Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria, and it is to have its novitiate and headquarters at Westville, Illinois. The ends of the new order are the santification of the individual members and the performance of missionary and educational work among the Lithuanians. The members will wear a white robe with a dark cord. They will take the usual three simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience for a period of three years, after making a one year Novitiate at the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Westville, Ill., followed by a renewal for three more years and then for life. Co-laborers with Rev. Bro. Gedwell, c. s. v., in founding the community are Rev. L. S. Brigmanus, c. c. j., pastor at Westville, and Rev. Wm. Azukas, c. c. j., former student at St. Viator, and recently ordained by Bishop Dunne. The solemn canonical opening of the new congregation took place on the twenty-ninth of June. While we realize that the absence of Brother Gedwell's smiling countenance will be greatly felt both on the campus and in the class-room at St. Viator, we wish him all success in his new and holy work and we hope that God will shower his greatest graces and blessings upon both the founders and members of

the community, and that He will reward their labors by granting them success in their undertaking.

* * *

The many friends of Jack Crangle, former foot-ball coach at St. Viator, will be glad to hear that he has accepted a position at the University of Missouri as assistant football and basketball coach, and head baseball coach. After leaving St. Viator, Jack coached at Arkansas Agricultural University, where his ability attracted the attention of the largest schools of that section and resulted in the proffer of the position which he has just accepted. Good luck to you, Jack, and success to your teams.

* * *



The Viatorian is pleased to announce that the list of the faculty of St. Viator for the coming year will include the name of Rev. Christopher Marzano, c. s. v., '17, who recently obtained his Doctor's Degree in Philosophy from the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. Father Marzano distinguished himself as a student when at St. Viator, and after receiving his Bachelor's Degree from here in 1917, he continued his studies at the Catholic University in Washington from which he received his Master's Degree in science in 1923, and his diploma as

a Doctor of Philosophy in 1925. We are greatly joyed to have Father Marzano with us once more, and we feel that this addition to our faculty will serve to keep it at its present high standard of learning.

* * *

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Rev. William Azukas, '13, who was ordained a priest of God by Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne at Peoria on Monday, April the thirteenth. Immediately after his ordination, Father Azukas left for his home in Wilkesbarre, Penn., where he sang his first Solemn High Mass on the following Sunday. On his return, he paid us a short visit at the College to greet his many friends and

classmates among the faculty. Father Azukas, in union with Rev. Brother Gedwell, c. s. v., of St. Viator College and Rev. L. S. Brigmanus, c. c. j., of Westville, have obtained the permission of Bishop Dunne to found a new religious community at Westville, Illinois, for work among the Lithuanians. We wish him many years of the greatest success in gathering souls to the Lord in his chosen field of work.

* * *

Harry Hurst, '24, recently favored the faculty with a visit. Harry has just finished a successful term of teaching at the University of Detroit High School and has been re-engaged for the coming year. His many friends wish him continued success.

* * *

Rev. Leo McDonald paid St. Viator College a brief visit recently. He is the able and zealous pastor of Mt. Olive, Ill. On the first of July Father McDonald left for Europe on a Holy Year Pilgrimage. During his absence the Viatorians will have charge of his parish.

* * *

Rev. Bro. Charles A. Carlon, c. s. v., procurator of St. Viator Normal, Chamberlain, So. Dakota, was the guest of the faculty for several weeks during the summer. He returned to Chamberlain by way of Omaha where he visited his father.

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Rev. Harris A. Darche, A. M., '09, vice president of the Second Division of the A. E. F., has left his parish in Bradley, Ill., for Cleveland to attend a three day reunion and convention of the A. E. F.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to a former professor at St. Viator. Mr. Francis Joseph Kelleher, former instructor in the Agricultural Department, was united in holy wedlock to Miss Martha L. Hoffman, on Tuesday morning, May thirtieth, at St. Mary's Church, Dubuque, Iowa. We wish a smooth journey and a happy one on the matrimonial sea to the bride and groom.

* * *

The student who merits our congratulations is Harold "Wiggs" Walsh, '24, who selected a fair Bloomingtonite, Miss Blanche Slater, as his bride. The family of Walsh has been well represented at St. Viator for many years, several of them wearing the coveted "V" that stands for a successful athletic career. We feel certain that "Wiggs'" pleasant personality and splendid strength of character will make him an ideal husband and hope that the young couple will enjoy many happy years of wedded bliss.

Sub-deaconship was recently conferred upon Frank Lawler, '22 at St. Paul Seminary. Ronald J. French, '19 received minor orders on the same occasion. The Viatorian congratulates both of these Alumni and eagerly awaits the day of their ordination.

* * *

Ordination Anniversary of Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V.

Monday, June 22, was a festive day for the members of St. Viator Parish, Chicago. On that day their pastor, Rev. J. F. Ryan, c. s. v. completed the thirtieth year of his priesthood. The parishioners took advantage of this occasion to show their love and gratitude for their pastor's long and zealous labors in their behalf. As a testimonial of their esteem they made him a present of a fine new car. In the evening they tendered a banquet in his honor at the Edgewater Beach Hotel at which large numbers of the clergy and laity were present. Among the speakers on the program were Very Rev. Msgr. B. Shiel, Rev. J. McDevitt, L. L. D., Very. Rev. Msgr. T. V. Shannon, L. L. D., and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v. The Viatorian joins with Fr. Ryan's many friends in extending felicitations, and wishes him many more of such fruitful years in the ministry.

* * *

Father Sheen, '17 at Westminster.

Viator Alumni will be interested in the following account published in the catholic papers of the United States:

LONDON, July 5.—So great is the interest being taken in high ecclesiastical circles here in the forthcoming book of an Illinois priest of the Peoria diocese, the Rev. J. Fulton Sheen, that he has been asked to deliver a course of sermons in Westminster Cathedral in July. The subject of Father Sheen's book is "God's Intelligence."

Topics chosen for the sermons at the Cathedral are likely to attract considerable attention, since some of them deal with matters now the subject of controversy. They are: "God and Evolution," "Christ and Others," "The Church and Institutionalism" and "Peace and Peacemakers."

Father Sheen, who has been studying in Europe, expects to return to America after the publication of his book.

Obituary

On Tuesday, May 25, the faculty and student body were profoundly saddened when the Very Reverend President announced the untimely death of Father Edmund M. Burke, '06, the beloved pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Joliet, Ill. While on his way to visit his brother Father Burke was stricken with heart's disease and died a few moments later. Funeral services were held from St. Bernard's Church, Joliet, and burial was made at Mt. Carmel Cemetery. Father Burke made his philosophical and theological course here and was ordained by the late Archbishop Quigley. His years of strenuous and zealous labor in the service of the Master were unusually successful and won for him the hearty commendation of his ecclesiastical superiors.

In the death of Father Burke, St. Viator College loses one of her most devoted Alumni. In his Alma Mater he was ever interested, cheerfully and generously lending his support to every movement for her advancement. To Doctor Alexander Burke and the other members of the bereaved family the faculty and students extend their sympathy and assurance of prayers.

* * *

The prayerful sympathy of the faculty and students is extended to Father Leo McDonald and Father Thomas Shanley who both mourn the loss of a brother and to Rev. J. A. O'Brien in loss of his father.



INTER ALIA

A Distinguished Visitor

St. Viator College was honored by a visit from Very Rev. F. M. Roberge, c. s. v., the Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. Father Roberge is a man who has the welfare of students at heart and is himself a renowned educator.

The students of the college tendered him a reception in the auditorium, in which they gave expression to the regard and esteem which they hold for this distinguished leader of great order of educators. At this reception Father Roberge exercised his right of eminent domain by granting the students a holiday. He was with us during the Commencement and Class exercises, thus honoring the class of '25 by making them one of the few classes which have had the privilege of honoring the Superior General of their esteemed teachers.

* * *

College Memorial

The Senior class donated to their Alma Mater an ornamental drinking fountain that is to be placed near the baseball diamond on Kelly Field. Andrew O'Laughlin, A. B., as spokesman of the Seniors, delivered the presentation speech in which he spoke feelingly and eloquently of the devotion of the graduates to their Alma Mater.

* * *

Academy Memorial

As a covenant of their love and gratitude to their Alma Mater, the Academy Class of '25 has provided for the erection of a beautiful stone arch that will span the entrance to the campus. This arch will serve not only as an ornament, but as a means of informing the thousands of tourists traveling the state highway of the nature of our institution.

* * *

Academy Short Story Contest.

Some forty stories were submitted for the Academy short story contest. After careful consideration first place was awarded to John Brophy for the story "The Rookie Backstop"; second place was given to James Evans for the story entitled "The Mankiller".

Sophomore Dinner Party. On the evening of May 30, the Class of '27 held their annual dinner party. It is enough to say that the Sophomores entertained with their usual good fellowship and made the occasion enjoyable to all. Fr. O'Mahoney, as a guest, represented the faculty at the event.

After an elaborate dinner, the Kankakee Melodians furnished the music to which the members of the class and their guests tripped the light fantastic.

This event was the closing event of the Sophomores' activities of the year. It is to be hoped that all the members of this class will return for their Junior and Senior years. During the past they have displayed an aggressive initiative and they give great promise of bearing the largest and best class to finish at St. Viator.

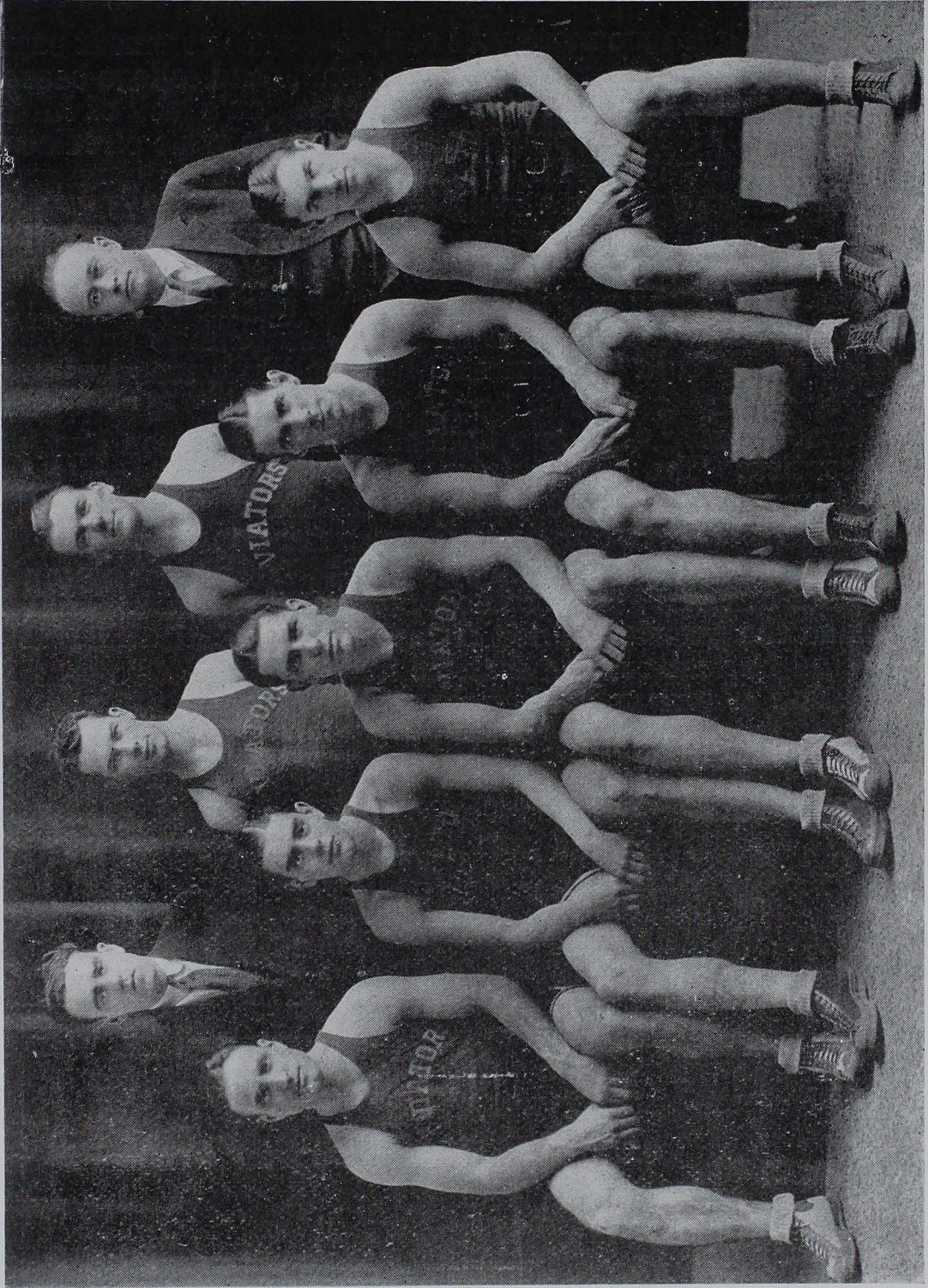
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Future Viatorians The Viatorian takes great pride in announcing the entrance of the following Viator students into the Novitiate at Chamberlain, South Dakota: Joseph J. Ryan, Bernard G. Mulvaney, Raymond J. Boysen, John W. Stafford, William A. Harris, Jerome A. Drolet, Eugene J. McCarthy, and Edward T. O'Neil. These candidates will receive the habit on August fifteenth and in one year will pronounce their vows.

* * *

Summer Courses The following members of the faculty have enrolled in the summer session of Illinois University: Reverend Fathers Rinella, Landroche, and Cardinal, and Brothers Suprenant and McEnroe.

During the summer months Rev. Francis E. Munsch, c. s. v., is giving courses in Latin and Greek to the members of the Scholasticate.



BASEBALL

When big league managers condescend to comment sagely on the limitations of college baseball teams and college baseball players, they invariably criticise the collegian's lack of hitting ability. Their learned pronouncements gain wide circulation, and in the highways and byways of sport, the conviction grows that the college youth is a puny batsman, a mere tyro with the stick. For some college teams and for some college ball players, the accusation may be just, but for a St. Viator nine and for a St. Viator ball player, the words of mighty managers are airy nonsense; for the St. Viator baseball team is one college outfit that can sock and pummel that ball to a frazzle.

For years hitting has been an outstanding characteristic of Viator teams. The late lamented college season has been no exception. The local athletes compiled a hitting record that stands unequalled in the annals of baseball. That record of one hundred and two runs in four consecutive games at the expense of such worthy foes as Illinois Wesleyan, Valparaiso, Northwestern and Bradley Tech, marked Gus Dundon and his mates as the premier minor college nine of the Middle West. They had other claims to that distinction beside this remarkable string of games, as they won fourteen games during the season, losing but four.

The defeats rankled, of course, but two of them were adequately atoned for, and the other two losses were at the hands of formidable and capable opponents. De Pauw University and Michigan Aggies conquered the "Irish" by superior playing, the former defeating us 7 to 6, and the Aggies taking our measure by a 5 to 4 score. Illinois Wesleyan and Valparaiso toppled the Viatorians by 6 to 2 and 12 to 9, but their triumphs were short lived. Viator banged out a 20 to 1 victory over Wesleyan in the second encounter of the two teams, and swamped Valpo 27 to 4 at Valparaiso the second time they met the Hoosiers. Those smashing wins mended the locals' record and gave them an impressive claim to minor college supremacy.

The 12 to 2 win that Gus Dundon pitched the "Irish" to at South Bend hoisted the locals in public esteem, as Notre Dame had humbled some of the best university nines in the country. Captain Gus was boss throughout the doings at N. D., allowing but five hits and keeping these well separated. It was Dundon's second hurling victory over the Hoosier tribe in two years.



Unbounded enthusiasm greeted the news of the victory over Notre Dame, as it was easily the greatest achievement of the team of 1925; however, the pair of trimmings handed Bradley elicited lasting applause. The Tech machine went down in the first game only after a stubborn fight, by a 5 to 3 count. In the second match they wilted and were submerged by a 22 to 3 verdict. "Sheriff" Dundon pitched both encounters with pronounced skill. The list of strikeout victims compiled was as lengthy as the roll call of the Apologetics class.

A set of beatings was presented to Lombard College, once on their own field by 7 to 0 and again at Bourbonnais by 26 to 4. One loss was inflicted upon Y. M. C. A. College in the second game of the year, and a day later, the Kankakee Legion nine was taken to task by 3 to 0. Luther College followed and after a furious tilt that was as interspersed with more good and bad baseball than is usually seen during a season, the home boys came out ahead by a 14 to 11 count. A three-day trip was the next item on the sport menu, Illinois Wesleyan, Milliken, and De Pauw constituting the enemies. Wesleyan and De Pauw humbled the locals; Milliken was subdued 16 to 1 with Vince Pfeffer officiating on the knob. A practice game with Gary, Indiana, was next on the card. Odd practice! Gary walked off the field in the sixth, in the rear by a 19 to 1 count.

Then the boys went to Peoria and Galesburg where Bradley and Lombard were defeated in turn. Home again to let Valpo trim them 12 to 9. That Valpo loss worked wonders, for the youths settled down to serious work and compiled their scoring record of one hundred and two runs in four games for a new scoring total. That little spree set them fine for Notre Dame and they socked three of N. D.'s best twirlsters, while Dundon set the hefty Hoosier hitters down with five hits. From South Bend the boys went to Lansing where Michigan Aggies turned the tables 5 to 4 when Wakefield, the Aggie pitched, knocked one of Mickey Donnelly's choice offerings for the circuit in the ninth inning. The season closed with Lombard at Bourbonnais the 30th of May. The oft repeated story—Viator, 24; Lombard, 6.

To the "boys behind the guns," those dozen or so clean cut fellows who constituted the varsity, go the plaudits of their fellow students for the fine record they have had. We lose three of them this year, John Winterhalter, Charles Donnelly, and "Buddy" Farrell. The first two were regulars who made brilliant records. "Winnie" led the hitters for the second year, his total being well over the four hundred mark. Donnelly was invaluable, serving in the outfield and on the mound with equal talent. He hit well and fielded excellently. As a pitcher, well, we have but to mention his sparkling no-hit, no-

run game against the Kankakee Legion to convince you of his ability.

The Freshman class contributed five performers to the 1925 machine in Benda, at third; Walsko, behind the bat; Walsh and Bowe in the outfield and Harrington to the pitching corps. Harrington saw action in only a few games, but he demonstrated his ability sufficiently to make it a safe prediction that he will be a big help to the staff in future years. Walsko rendered heroic service to the nine after Bell was forced to enter the hospital with an arm infection. He caught well and in the latter part of the season he hit like a leaguer. Benda at third played good ball and Walsh and Bowe snagged everything that came their way in the outer stretches. Bowe was a "find" who developed rapidly.

Dalrymple was again the star of the infield and with Phil McGrath at second, the locals had a peerless keystone combination. Jimmy rated the first all-conference team, as did Winterhalter, Dundon, and Donnelly.

Twirlers aplenty were in camp in McAllister, Dundon, Donnelly, Pfeffer and Harrington. McAllister had some tough breaks in his games but twirled a fine article of ball in every game he was called upon. Donnelly and Dundon were the outstanding moundsmen, and to them belongs the major portion of the credit for the victories marked up by the team. Vince Pfeffer twirled several good games, being especially masterful against Millikin.



TRACK

Track was begun for the first time in years at St. Viator this spring. Under the efficient coaching of Ralph Glaze, many reported for practice, and the athletic field resembled a veritable Olympic stadium with men running, jumping, hurdling, and vaulting every afternoon. However, the late start greatly hampered Glaze, and the examinations swiftly drawing nearer kept many good men off the field. Several meets were arranged for, and representatives from the team visited Illinois Wesleyan, Grant Stadium, Chicago, and even Dubuque, Iowa. No records were broken by this first band of Viator trackmen, but a start has been made and it will be kept up in the future, starting with fall training this coming October and lasting until late fall, and then again early in the spring. Many of the candidates that were out for the team this spring, show promise of being able to compete with the best in the country with a few months' practice. Vince Pfeffer's mighty arm hurled the heavy discus for lengthy stretches, placing him in the Wesleyan and Chicago meets. Ray Hartnett's aptitude at the high hurdles enabled him to capture a few points at Chicago, and "Chill" Riley's fleetness made him a formidable contender in the dashes. With more practice, these three young gentlemen are sure to make minor college trackmen sit up and take notice in the years to come. Vince Pfeffer especially deserves credit for his ability to handle a position on the pitching staff of the ball club and at the same time working with the discus. He has one more year of college, and in that time ought to develop into a wonder in the weight events. Coach Glaze, once All-American end on the great Dartmouth eleven, deserves commendation for his handling of the recruits to the track team, and will undoubtedly turn out a squad next spring that will give the little nineteen contenders some bitter opposition for first places.

FOOTBALL

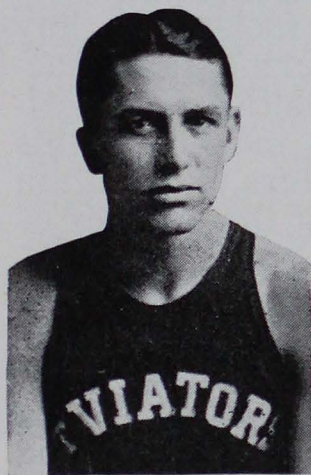
Graduation cuts but a slender swath in the ranks of St. Viator gridiron celebrities this spring, which cheering fact gives promise of a good season next fall. Winterhalter, Donnelly and Farrell are the trio who will be lost to the "Irish," and though they have been prominent performers in the fall

sport, Coach Glaze should be able to replace them from the abundant stock of men left in school. A crack aggregation will be needed to weather the schedule that is tentatively arranged. Strong foes are to be met here and abroad and none of them are likely to prove easy. We list the probable chart:

- Oct. 3rd—Northwestern College at Bourbonnais.
- Oct. 10th—Eureka College at Eureka.
- Oct. 17th—Lombard College at Galesburg.
- Oct. 24th—Valparaiso University at Bourbonnais.
- Oct. 31st—Illinois Wesleyan at Bourbonnais.
- Nov. 7th—Bradley at Peoria.
- Nov. 11th—Columbia at Grant Park Stadium.
- Nov. 21st—Millikin University at Decatur.

* * *

JOHN WINTERHALTER—BASKET BALL CAPTAIN



"Huge Jaw" captured the basket ball team and it is owing to his excellence not only as a leader but also as a player that this year's team was able to establish such a splendid record. Several veterans had been lost to the team and it was John's steady influence that enabled us to forget their absence. Time and again it was owing to his calm persuasion that the Viator boys rallied and turned defeat into victory. John's deportment on the court has always revealed him to be a gentleman athlete, and he has more friends among the fans than his modest nature would allow him to expect.

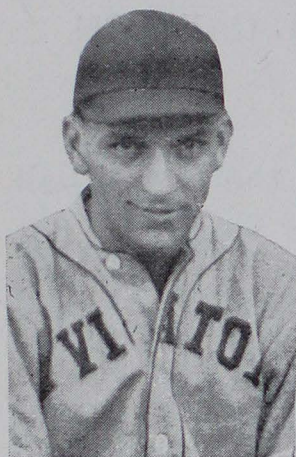
Like his brother, Leroy, John was one of the best all-around athletes that ever played under the Viator colors. On the gridiron he was a reliable end, whose ability to receive forward passes made him a valuable man. In baseball he distinguished himself by the manner in which he filled Dizz Clancy's shoes on the initial sack. He proved to be one of the truest hitters that ever swung a Viator war club, and his activities around first base have attracted the attention of the baseball scouts. His absence from the lineup will be keenly felt next spring.

As a guard in basket ball he can easily be classified as an exceptional star. Tall, rangy, and above all highly alert, he

made an ideal man for the task of defending the Viator basket. It is in this sport that John was able to win recognition for his school, and honors for himself. For his splendid playing, he was rewarded by receiving the unique distinction of being placed on the first teams of the Interstate, and Little Nineteen all-star selections. To achieve such wide-spread recognition, Winnie had to be a player of rare ability, but those who have seen him perform know that he merited all the honors which he received. St. Viators is proud of John because she knows that he will perform as nobly in the game of life as he did on the Viator athletic fields.

* * *

GUS DUNDON—BASEBALL CAPTAIN



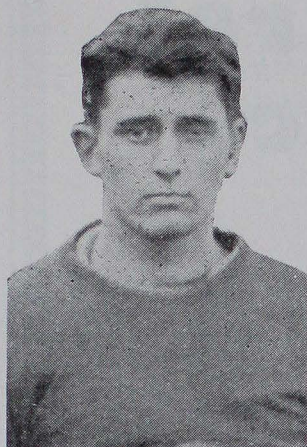
Gus Dundon is one of the best slabmen in college baseball. The batters on the Notre Dame team for the last two years will testify that our crooked-arm has about as clever assortment of foolers as any hurler on the mound. During three successive seasons, Gus has baffled all opposition and has contributed more than his share in assisting St. Viators to maintain her enviable record among the colleges of the Middle West.

His confident disposition served the team well. As most of the players were extremely young they were in want of that confident attitude which is essential for a winning team. Under Dundon's leadership they soon acquired this triumphant air and from then on the boys found little difficulty in trouncing the enemy.

Lefty was an ideal captain. His democratic nature made every member of the squad feel alike in his presence. Gus had a friend in every one, especially among the youngsters, who invariably select him as their popular idol.

His services have been sought by both the Chicago White Sox and the New York Yankees, but unassuming Gus wishes to finish his education before responding to their tempting offers. He has another year to perform on the Viator pitching staff, and it is a safe prediction that if the Notre Dame team can be placed on the schedule, the Viator fans will again receive their annual treat in which Dundon's slants dazzle the South Bend hitters.

JERRY BEST—FOOTBALL CAPTAIN



Big Jerry hails from the state of Indiana. He came to St. Viator seven years ago without a knowledge of the manly art of football, and, possessing the timidity of an agriculturist, he cared little about attempting the mastery of this sport. However, it was not long after his arrival that the facility with which he triumphed in the friendly domicile tussles engaged the attention of the athletes, and it was in response to their pleas that he reported for football practice. Jerry surprised himself and others not only by the ease with which he learned the finer points of the game, but also by the great love that he developed for the vigorous activities of the sport.

When the big boy passed from high school into college, he was almost a finished football player, but nevertheless he seemed to improve with each game, so it was only natural that he should be rewarded by being elected to captaincy as early as his junior year. Jerry's determination made him a splendid leader, and his pleasing personality always placed old man harmony on St. Viator's football team. Whether in defeat or victory his deportment has been worthy of the highest admiration, and no matter how trying the situation, he never had recourse to the mean tactics. The most pleasing feature concerning Jerry is that he has another year to perform with the purple and gold, so with Jerry back along side some other big time linemen, who are also highly skillful in offensive procedures, it is a safe prediction that the Viator backs will make considerable yardage against the opposing lines next fall.



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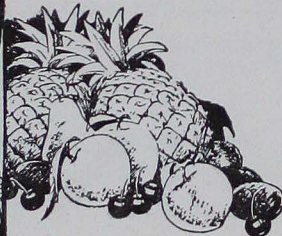
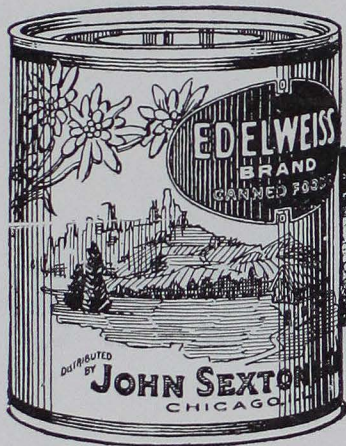
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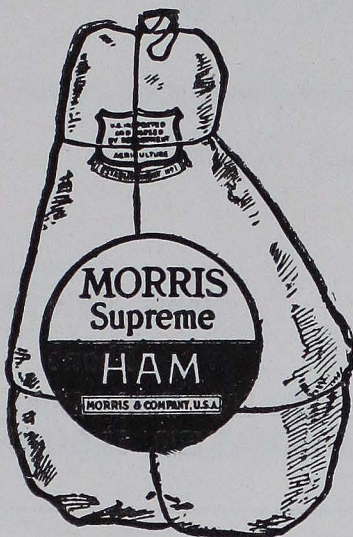
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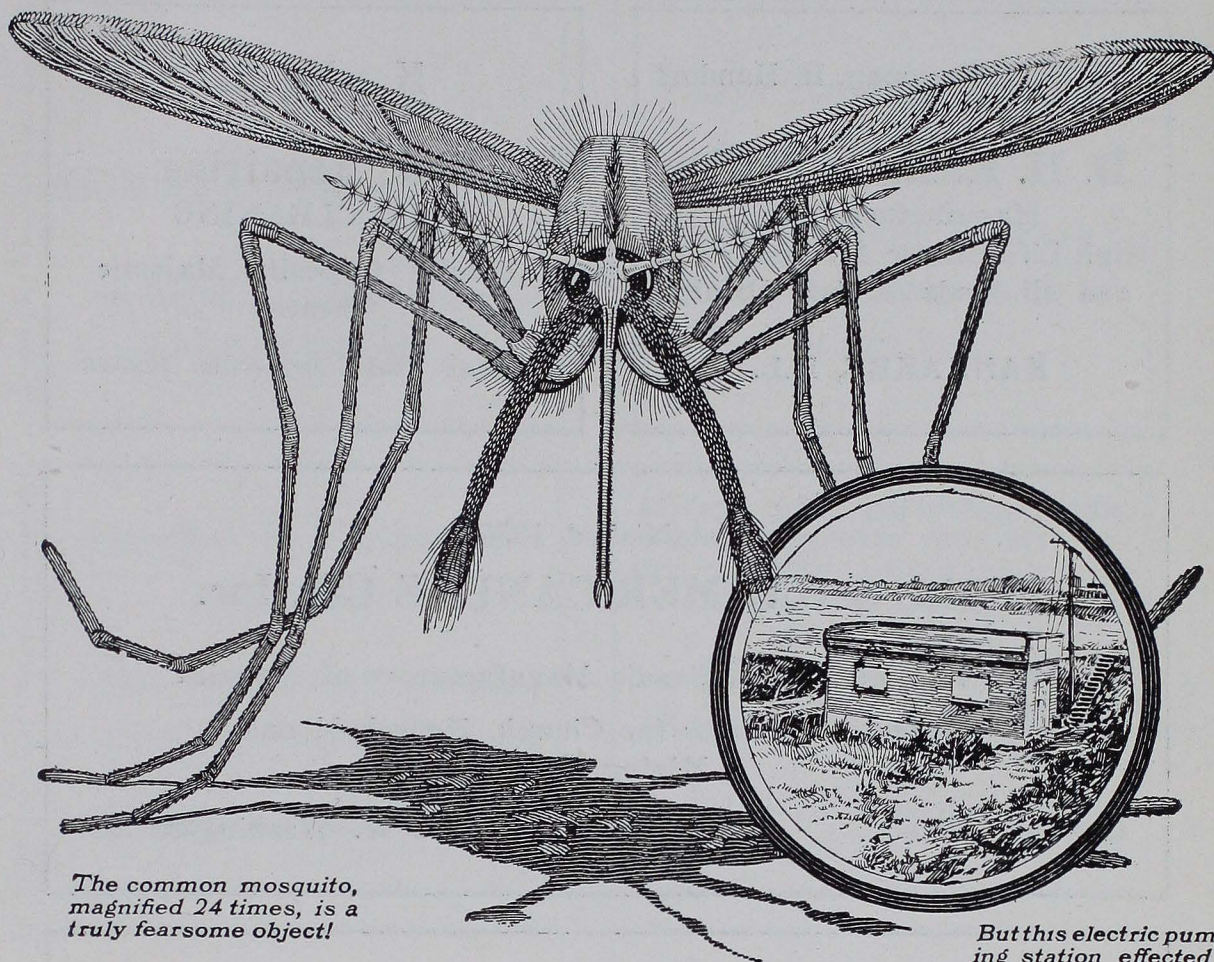
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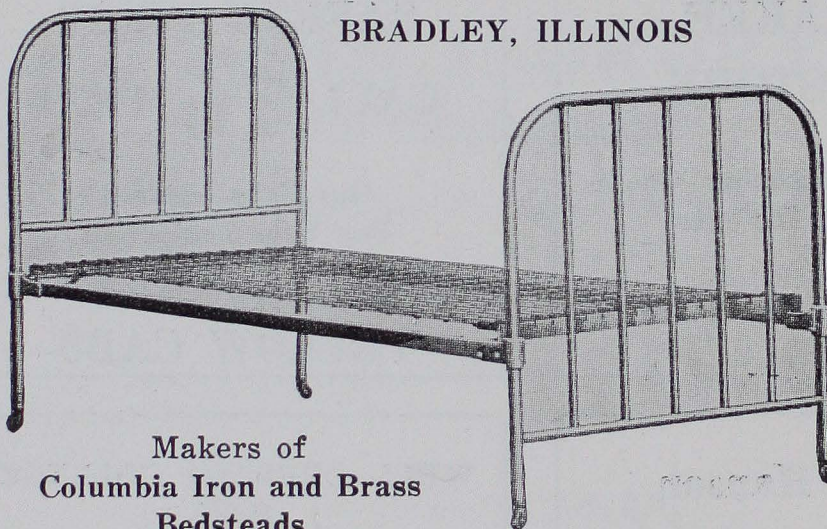
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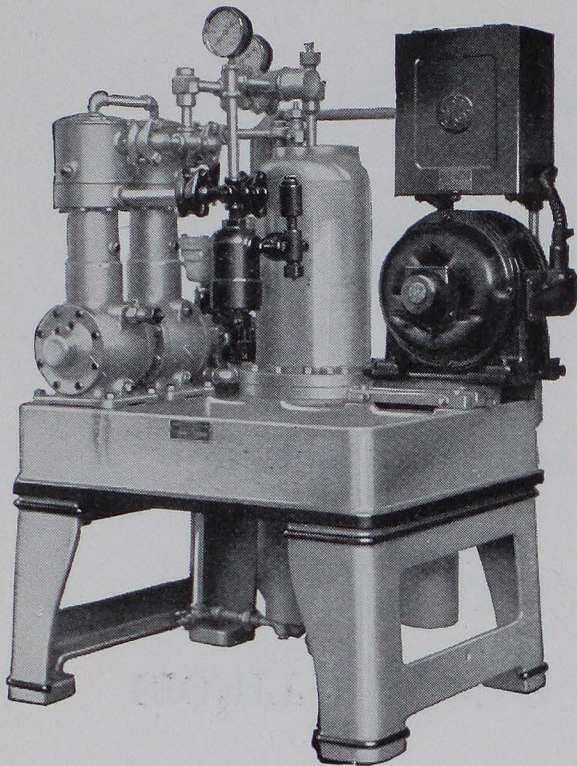
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