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Christmas Shadows.

His locks are grey and his face is wan
As he sits in the dying embers' glow,
And gazes with eyes long since grown dim
On a faded picture of long ago.
Through the pines without the night winds howl,
And the bitter sleet rides the angry blast,
But he heeds them not, for his mind is filled
With memories fond of the misty past.

From out of the quaint old chimney-place
Comes a ghostly shadow of days gone by,
That recalls a Christmas of other years
When life was brighter and she was nigh;
The dear old manor wherein she dwelt,
Aglow with many a festive light,
And the happy faces he used to know
Are with him in fancy again to-night.

He beholds once more in the Yule-logs' blaze
The dancing hall draped in forest green,
The rosemary branches and mistletoe
That hung o'er the tripping maids unseen.
The once loved forms the shadows reveal
Of many a half-forgotten friend;
And queen of them all, his loved one he sees,
In radiance fair, earth's beauty transcend.

But the fleeting vision is passed away,
As the dying firelight fainter burns;
The old man's head bows low on his breast,
From the past to the present his mind returns.
Alone in the drear old homestead now,
With no one his aching heart to relieve,
Alone with the shadows of happier days;
There are tears in his eyes this Christmas Eve.

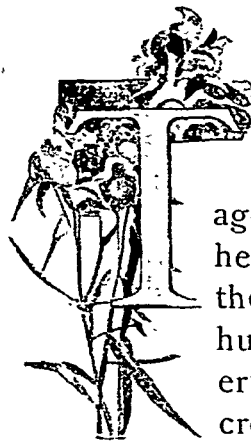
If only out from the silent past,
From the changing shadows that quickly flit,
One might return to the vacant chair
In the embers' glow where she used to sit!—
Was that the form of a dear white face,
Of a hand that seemed to beckon him on,
That suddenly rose in the spectral gloom
Of the manor hearth and then was gone?

The night at length fades into day—
A glorious day for men is born;
Glad tidings of the kingly Babe
The chimes ring out on Christmas morn.
The grey light gleams through the window pane,
And gently falls on the dreamer's head,
The brow is cold,—to its sacred own
The yearning spirit hath gladly fled.

G. A. FARABAUGH, '04.

The Origin of Christmas.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.



THE Catholic Church, that grand old monument of the Incarnate God, which has for ages withstood the assaults of heresy and revolt and witnessed the overthrow of innumerable human institutions, has in it, nevertheless, an element of human creation which ranks among the highest products of man's genius. In the history of human institutions there is nothing more instructive or more expressive of the inner movements of the Church than the evolution of its year. The entire Christian world now celebrates annually the recurring festivals, and the life of Jesus is not only written in the minds of the people, but it is expressed outwardly by the pomp and majesty with which the events in it are commemorated.

The chief festival in this splendid system, the one which marks the distinction between Judaism and Christianity, is the Resurrection of our Lord. Rightly so; for if "The crucified Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our faith in vain." Around this, the piety and devotion of the faithful have grouped many new festivals expressive of their undying faith in their Saviour. Among these, though not first in rank, is Christmas. It is celebrated with great enthusiasm, for it is the day on which the Expectation of Nations was born into this weary and sinful world.

It is now generally conceded that at the end of the third century A. D., the birth of our Lord was celebrated in both the Eastern and the Western Churches. It is just as certain too that at the beginning of the fifth century, the feast was celebrated by the entire Christian world on the 25th of December. There was, however, between these two

periods some misunderstanding as to the day on which it was proper to celebrate the great festival. It is also sufficiently established that the feast of the Epiphany was celebrated by the Eastern Church at the end of the third century, and that throughout the greater part of the fourth century, the Easterners kept the birth of Christ conjointly with this feast. In a sermon on Christmas Day, 388, St. John Chrysostom justifies the introduction of the feast into Antioch, although he speaks of it as a custom that had been imported into Syria scarcely ten years before. Some of the other noted Orientals seem to be ignorant of any celebration of the birth of Christ at all; while others mention it as a custom that prevailed among the contemporary heretics, who placed the date in April or May. In 379 the feast was introduced into Constantinople by St. Gregory Nazianzen and Theodosius the Great, and in 382, St. Gregory of Nyssa introduced it into Pontus and Cappadocia. It is clear that the authority of the Holy See had no little influence in obtaining these remarkable liturgical acts. The feasts were originally Roman, and it is interesting to note that even under the natural dislike that exist between peoples, they were introduced into the calendar of Constantinople and Antioch.

There seems to have been some difficulty in accepting the 25th of December as the date of the Nativity, for the reason that in Judea the rainy season had reached its height during that month, and as a result neither flocks nor shepherds could be seen at night in the fields of Bethlehem. Reasonable though this be, there is an opposite view which seems perhaps equally credible. Father F. E. Gigot says: "The month in which our Lord was born may be determined in the following manner: From St Luke (i, 5, 24) we gather that the conception of John the Baptist took place in either the month of April or of October, and counting onwards fifteen months,—for six months intervened between the Annunciation to Zachary and that to Mary, and nine months between the latter event and the birth of Jesus—we reach June and December, in one or other of which Christ's birth is to be placed. Now when we bear in mind that in the night our Lord was born the shepherds tended their flocks, we feel that the month of June can not be thought of, because in this month the fields are absolutely parched around Bethlehem;

in the month of December, on the contrary, the earth is clothed with verdure. So that this is most likely the month in which Jesus was born. In fact, an early tradition of the Church designates this month as the time of our Lord's birth." The two views, though not diametrically opposed to each other, seem to pivot on the same trivial notion, namely, the condition of the earth in the month of December. One states that the soil by reason of the heavy rains was rendered too moist for the tending of flocks, and the other that the soil was productive of verdant pasture, and consequently was agreeable to the shepherds. These are not contradictory statements; for one presupposes the other. Yet, these two writers arrive at opposite conclusions. Such reasonings are too trivial to exact much attention, especially when plain facts are obtainable on the subject.

There is a notice in the Philocalian Calendar of A. D. 336 that Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda on December 25. Shortly after, about the middle of the fourth century (354) we find St. Liberius receiving at Rome on Christmas Day the vows of Marcellina, the sister of St. Ambrose. Strange to say, with such decisive evidence, a little ecclesiastical tract of the year 243, called "De Pascha Computus," is silent about any feast of the 25th of December, and asserts positively that Christ was born on March 28. The Church would probably lay more stress on keeping a day in memory of the Nativity than on celebrating it on the actual and precise day of the event. Indeed, in the parallel case, it does not appear that Good Friday and Easter lose anything of their respective associations and devotions from their variableness each year. Since so far it does not seem possible to arrive at any certain conclusion as to whether December 25 is the actual date of the birth of Christ, let us table the consideration and pass on to the motive that induced the introduction of Christmas into the liturgical year at this particular season of the year.

Two motives have been urged. One was a desire to supplant heathen festivals of that period of the year, such as the *Saturnalia*, a lewd, pagan carnival that was celebrated from the 17th to the 23d of December. The very fact that Christmas falls after these dates disproves this statement. The other is that it was established to counteract another pagan feast called the Birthday of the

Invincible Sun (*Natalis Solis invicti*) that was celebrated on December 25. This may have been a motive because the worship of the sun was in almost general favor in the third century, and the astonishing host of its converts and the resemblance it bore to the Christian religion may have led the Christians to establish a feast in its stead. There is, however, another plausible motive. It was customary in those days to celebrate with great pomp the birthdays of the Roman magistrates and emperors, and a growth of this custom might reasonably have led to a more glorious tribute to the King of kings. It has been suggested that, perhaps, in the third century in which acknowledgment of the authority of Jesus Christ began to increase, there began the habit of signing the acts of the martyrs with the words: "In the reign of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is highly probable that the Romans, who were accustomed to witness imperial ceremonies, should look for some exterior sign which might increase devotion to their heavenly King.

From time immemorial it has been the custom that when Christmas falls upon Friday there is neither abstinence nor fasting among the faithful. This is a strong proof of the age of the festival itself. The Church thus places it on an equal footing with her greatest feasts, the Sundays, Easter and Pentecost. The interval between Christmas and Epiphany meant formerly a relaxation from all labor. The servants were obliged to go to church on the feast and no games were allowed. There were formerly many privileges connected with the feast, but only two now remain. One is the privilege of eating meat on Friday, and the other, peculiar to the clergy, of celebrating three Masses on that day "in honor of the threefold generation of Christ, namely, from all eternity in the bosom of His Father; in time, in the womb of the Blessed Virgin; and in the souls of the just." This custom is a very ancient one and has its beginning in Rome. According to the old missals, the Masses were said "at midnight, before aurora, and after sunrise." The Midnight Mass is a relic of an ancient custom which prevailed among the early Christians of celebrating midnight vigils for the feasts of the saints. The disorders of the times led to the abandonment of the latter, but that of the Nativity survived. There was a custom at this Mass of receiving

Communion under pain of three years excommunication, and it served as an effective means of compelling the faithful to make what is now called their Easter duty.

Some of the most powerful influences that characterized the Middle Ages were the public feasts. The cities of those times were small, and extensive commerce was burdened with too many dangers and difficulties to induce the people to break up their isolated lives. The celebration of the feasts, however, served in a great measure, to gather them together. Their private life ceased for a short while, and the vast multitudes listened to the eloquent instructions of famed preachers. It was during the Christmas holidays that some of the mystery plays were enacted. Through the pulpit only could the people of these times acquire any knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and so it was that by a gradual process of development, the mysteries were evolved for their instruction. Some of these plays are still extant, and though modern taste disdains them, they were, nevertheless, very suitable to the medieval Christians.

The present generation may be tempted to ridicule the ancient method of celebrating this great feast, but we must remember that, although the laity were sometimes below par, the same spirit then reigned within the sanctuary as does now. There is another consideration too and that is the laborious task that confronted the priests of those times of educating and converting such proud and barbarous nations. The Church had of necessity to be motherly and indulgent, and it was only by such simple devotions that she could touch the hearts and souls of such peoples. It is only through the eye and ear that the inner-barbarian can be reached. As a result of this primitive form of religion the Church has taken on a new, vigorous and healthier view of social relations, and the cold, rough spirit of earlier days is fast giving way to kinder and more liberal views of life and things human. The reign of tyranny and of oppression, founded on cruelty and inequality, has, by the birth of a new Star who is called Jesus, been changed into one of justice and truth, kindness and equality, and His Church is rejoiced by the heavenly song which has been its watchword since that holy night:

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good-will!"

A Reflection.

I STOOD beside a narrow forest stream
 Bordered with rows of overhanging trees,
 Whose leaves becrimsoned by the sun's last beam
 Falling like snowflakes, drifted with the breeze.
 Into the brook they fluttered bronzed and sere;
 Some floated slowly to the other bank,
 While more were swallowed in the waters clear,
 And downward to the pebbly bottom sank.
 And gazing on this forest scene, my mind
 Fancied the stream a symbol of man's life
 O'er which the leaves were driven by the wind
 As men pass through this world of care and strife.
 For some in safety reach that other side—
 The common goal, success,—while other men,
 Swamped in the treacherous, fast-rushing tide,
 Like dry leaves sink and never rise again.

M. J. SHEA, '04.

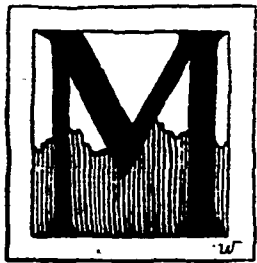
The Dissolution of Chess.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

I.

To Miss Marjorie Dawson from Mr. Clement Preston.

PALO ALTO, Nov. 30, 19—.



MY DEAR MARGE:—You didn't send me a Thanksgiving letter. I spent a tiresome day, too. Suppose I really had much to be thankful for; numerous letters from you were not included in my classified thanks, however. You take a grim delight in worrying a fellow, don't you? I deserted the Fraternity course dinner and went away to take an unsocial meal by myself—consideration for my friends' feelings was a degree above my own selfishness. Upon my word, I believe I am again telling my troubles, and you have told me Chess never does that. Speaking of Chess, how is the dear boy? Now I mean no sarcasm. Though I am most jealous of him, I must say I am interested in him and am his admirer because he is so dear to you. A long credit mark please!

Frankly, I don't believe any young man ever lived before who possessed to so high a degree so many beautiful qualities as Chess surely does. Of course I have never met him. I don't want to! I think highly of your judgment and doubt my own impartiality.

But you have written about him so much for the last three years that, when he is the topic, I am not only curiously jealous, but, I may say, jealously curious. I am positively ashamed of myself for writing this way.

Am working steadily for the mid-winter exams. Senior work is hard. I am just getting reconciled to the hours. I can assure you that your infrequent letters have been a source of unbroken mental agitation for me. All these circumstances help a sentimental fellow so much, you know. I suppose Chess wouldn't mind. Beg pardon! Hope to come home for New Year's day. I have to stay here during vacation to dispose of my one condition—how fortunate that that is not my one condition of heart! May I see you when I come home?

Yours as ever,

CLEM.

II.

To Mr. Clement Preston from Miss Marjorie Dawson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7, 19—.

MY DEAR CLEM:—You have evidently undergone another relapse! What a silly person you are, Clem. Now you know very well "Chess" never talks or writes so sillily. Just at present he is studying socialism and Tolstōi and Ibsen and, incidentally, wearing his eyes nearly out on suitable Advent books; still he never tires one telling one about himself. I presume if you worked as Chess does you would some day get the appointment I understand has just been given him. In fact, he has never said anything to me about it. He has never told me he got the inter-collegiate honors, either. Chess never talks about himself. Excuse me, Clem, for saying as much to exonerate Chess.

Positively, I am disappointed that you are not to be here for Christmas. I do not believe Chess would stay away, were he as near here as you are—I forget again. Yes, I shall be pleased to see you on New Year's day. For heaven's sake, Clem, do not load up with confectionary and flowers, and, mind you, when mamma and the girls are present, just say a word occasionally to them, and do not watch me the whole time as if I were a criminal and you my guard. If you insist on making me a Christmas gift—of course I should not like it if you didn't—do not spend your money foolishly, or pay express charges, bring the present when you come. Never mind the present anyway; defeat that condition—I refer

to the one in your scholastic course. That will please me more than anything else you could do just now.

My mother is not well, and, as you are aware, my sisters are at boarding school. I should write you oftener if I had the time. Now, Clem, do not act up. Remember you are a senior.

Affectionately yours,—MARGE.

III.

To Miss Marjorie Dawson from Mr. Clement Preston.

PALO ALTO, Dec. 9, 19—.

MY DEAR MARGE:—Postman just gave me your letter. Its arrival is the sensation of the month for me—instead of an incident it is fairly an epoch in my year's work. Should surely like to answer it right away. Have some observations to make concerning Chess, but I am this minute due at the Lecture Hall. Shall write in a day or so.

Mostly and hastily yours,—CLEM.

IV.

To same from same.

PALO ALTO, Dec. 11, 19—.

MY DEAR MARGE:—There shall be nothing in this letter about me or my work! However, I shall devote a page or so to the ever-recurring Chess. You say he has never mentioned winning inter-collegiate honors—well, maybe he never has won them. You say he wouldn't stay away from you at Christmas time. Now I quite ardently accept the hypothesis that it is impossible for him to come to you; still would not a man of his almost infinite capacity for making contemporaneous history find the crossing of an ocean or a continent or two a mere bagatelle? [A professor used that word the other day; I much affect it]. I had also concluded to enlarge on an inference, sort of outcropping from all this Chess talk, but I can not trust myself or my ability to discuss this inference just now. I hope to have a pleasant day with you in a few weeks and am afraid to tempt Providence.

When your sisters come home from boarding school and your mother is—oh, I forgot; how is your mother feeling now? What I meant to say was that when all conditions might be the leastwise favorable, just write and explain to me what a ninny I am. I think I merit the term. Observe that this is my only reference to myself (?).

Less hastily yours;

CLEM.

V.

To Mr. Clement Preston from Miss Marjorie Dawson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18, 19—.

MY DEAR CLEMENT:—The girls are home now and I am going to devote some little time to you. I have felt that you deserved a letter before this—I did not say what kind of a letter; however, as nearly a week has passed I shall not write spitefully. Clem, you are quite insane whenever you speak of Chess. Your remarks are not only unkind and ungentlemanly, they are irrational. If I thought you were in a position to injure Chess materially, things I might write might hurt your feelings considerably. But then Chess is not jealous, and I can not see wherein you can harm him at all.

Do you know, Clem, in all candor you are harmless. Now aren't you? And Chess is so strong and reliable. He is patient and just; you are—just impatient. I know I have written a great deal about Chess. It seems to me at all events if you cared so abnormally much for me, when you knew what qualities I admired in others you would try to cultivate a few of them yourself.

Am I unkind? Anyway, I do think a great deal of you, Clem. Will that partially make up for my very candid criticism? My mother and sisters send remembrance.

Affectionately,
MARJORIE.

VI.

To Miss Marjorie Dawson from Mr. Clement Preston.

PALO ALTO, Dec. 20, 19—.

MY DEAR MISS DAWSON:—Of course I am not angry; still I haven't Chess' angelic disposition. One thing I am, though, I am as blue as persons ever become. I am laboring under the severest attack of depressed spirits I have ever had. I realize your letter was true enough. It certainly held up my negative qualities—inequalities, if you please, when referring to Chess—altogether too delightlessly. While such letters are not exactly what may be called sources of endless pleasure—they manage to succeed splendidly in being the opposite of pleasure. Professor really complimented my work the other day—I mean to say on the morning before the afternoon on which your last letter came. You know the allusion to pinnacles. I was not in the rarefied air long enough to have it interfere with my lungs. The breathing

is salubrious down here where I now am, but the location is depressing on the heart's action.

Now you know I have fought this Chess business for nearly four years. I think I have shown some perseverance. I did not know I could be so magnanimous, but for your own good and happiness I guess I must resign in favor of Chess.

Regretfully yours,

CLEM.

P. S.—That last sentence has just stopped blurring; either the blotter, the ink, or the writing is execrable—or, might I add, the writer?

VII.

To Mr. Clement Preston from Miss Marjorie Dawson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25, 19—.

MY DEAR CLEM:—Will you ever outgrow your foolishness? And so you would give me up so easily? I am disappointed in you—mind, I do not say whether favorably or unfavorably. So you think you could never be the paragon Chess has seemed to be? Well, I don't know that I should wish you to be. You are a rarely dear old Clem to me, and you are much more like Chess than anyone I have ever known. Chess, you simple boy, did never really exist other than in my imagination and yours. If you need any further assurance let me know. Don't fail me at New Year's. A merry Christmas and much love to Clem,

From

MARGE.

A New Version of U. S. A.

R. P. HURST, '06.

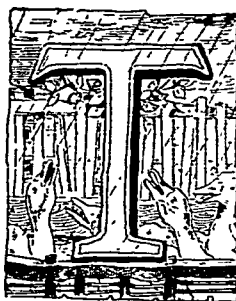
U STANDS for Uncle, the jolly,
Who is out on a Thanksgiving "Bun,"
He indulges in his little pastime,
And has what he likes to call fun.

S stands for the Station dark chambered
Where Uncle must needs pass the night;
He had all his fun, lost his temper,
And ended the day in a fight.

And A is the Anger of Auntie
When Uncle sends home this request:
"They gave me ten days and ten dollars—
I'll do the time; you do the rest."

The Christmas Spirit.

JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04.



HERE is a certain almost indefinable spirit of happiness connected with the associations of Christmas Day. Perhaps on all the great holidays there is a tendency toward an outburst of hilarity, but on Christmas there is that peaceful, quiet kind of happiness which seems to cast a certain spell over the heart and which, by lending a peculiar charm to the festivities of the day, sets Christmas apart from all the other days of the year.

There is only one place to eat the Christmas dinner and that is at the family table, and hence when the holidays approach we find all eyes turned toward home. There is always something lacking if we are not able to eat the Christmas turkey at the old homestead. There is something about the day which makes us particularly susceptible to the manifestations of that affectionate solicitude which is peculiar to the family circle and for which we can find no substitute in the kindness of strangers. Even when we are living in luxury and surrounded by friends we are willing to part with all to return to the old home for the pleasure we find in witnessing the happiness of those who sat and chatted with us around the old fireside.

This feeling about Christmas seems to be quite general. The student at college, the clerk and the mechanic feel themselves irresistibly drawn to the old home. And even the heart of the prodigal son, that perhaps has not beat with a single noble impulse for a whole year, is chastened and purified for the moment by the nobler thoughts suggested by the approach of Christmas. Perhaps he never realizes better his true condition and the great gulf that separates him from loved ones at home, and for the time being he yearns for a better life. This feeling of kinship that makes us long to be a member of the family circle on this day above all others of the year, does much to contribute to the general happiness of the festival.

Ever since the angel appeared to the shepherds at Bethlehem and greeted them with the words: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will," it seems

that this peace and joy have stolen unawares almost forced a way, into the heart of man, for to all Christians, even to the agnostic and atheist, who believe not in the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, Christmas is a day of joy. From the poorest child to the richest, Christmas is a day of the purest, most unalloyed happiness. All rejoice and for the moment throw off the yoke of care and the burden of sorrow to forget for a while that there is such a thing as pain, to live for the joy they find in living, and to extend to all men that hearty good wish of "A Merry Christmas."

Long before the sun has dispelled the darkness from the peasant's hut two little white-robed figures are seen stealing softly from their warm bed and creeping with the greatest caution to a place near the chimney where hang two tiny well-filled stockings. And as the little midgets seize upon their treasures they glide softly back to bed to hug and keep guard over their precious charges till the first light appears to give them an opportunity to feast their eyes on the hidden beauties. And who can fathom the depths of the child's joy as one after another he brings forth to the light of day the toys and "goodies" that lie hidden in that one small stocking? And who can be surprised at his wonder that Santa Claus was ever able to find a place for them all?

In the mansion of the rich stands a large Christmas tree. Lights of different colors illuminate the gorgeous ornaments and beautiful presents which weigh the branches to the very floor. Round the tree a merry group of children form a ring and dance and shout and clap their hands for joy. We can easily understand why the little ones are happy, for to them the day is a series of pleasant surprises and endless feasting. Moreover, they have a certain personal satisfaction to think that they have earned a good time and many presents. For weeks they have been warned time and again that Santa Claus visits only good children, and the fact that he has come is proof sufficient that they have been good.

To the little ones the charm of the day is enhanced by their belief in the bounty of old St. Nicholas. There is such an air of mystery about him which they can not understand; yet children believe in him readily, for the child's popular idea about him is something that has the appearance of being the product of some youthful

imagination. Santa Claus is a character who might have been brought into existence in some fanciful boy's mind, and he is pictured to appeal most strongly to a child's credulity. His kindness, his bounty, his generosity and affection make the ordinary boy or girl imagine that he must really exist, for he is their ideal. And thus the very mysteriousness of the principal character of the day and the self-satisfaction that they feel to think that Santa Claus has deemed them worthy of notice, constitute the chief happiness of the little ones.

It is not, however, only the little ones that rejoice on Christmas Day; everyone, young or old, rich or poor, feels a common desire: they wish to see the dawn of the Christmas morning and to hear the glad sound of the merry Christmas bells. The weak old man whose body is racked with pain and who already stands on the edge of his grave prays that he may be allowed to live to wish his friends a merry Christmas. The poor laboring man glad in his heart that he is able to keep the wolf from the door, rejoices in the happiness of his children, and feels more than ever the goodness of the bountiful Providence which watches over the least of His creatures.

To all classes of people Christmas time extends its purifying influence, diminishing the spirit of selfishness, and uniting man to his fellows in a closer bond of brotherly feeling. However fleeting these nobler emotions may be they are usually in evidence on Christmas Day. There is no man so wholly corrupt that there is not one spark of good in him, and this spark, though it has long been smoldering, is fanned into a flame by the atmosphere of good-will that is characteristic of the day.

It might be a difficult matter to give any definite reason for this general spirit of joy and good feeling that is so evident on Christmas Day. Surely, it is not wholly on account of the religious character of the feast, for the man that professes to know no God rejoices to a certain degree with the mortified, saintly old monk who sees God in everything that he does. The spirit has come down to us together with the festival, and the cause must be sought away back in the early days of the Church when the anniversary of Christ's Nativity became a universal holiday and the fervor of the early Christians found vent in the expressions of that joy which they felt in their hearts.

Happy Times.

MASSA he war allays joyish,
 When de Chris'mas time war nigh,
 An' de little ones kept peekin'
 Fer dem sleigh-bells in de sky;
 Den dis nigga too war happy
 When de chillens climb hes knee
 Sittin' wid de whole plantation
 Neaf de Massa's Chris'mas tree.

G. J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Uncle Joe's Christmas Turkey.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.



ESH up, yoh pesky purp,
 yoh! Yoh jes' laik them
 Yankees what's allays
 'busin' Kaintuck, barkin'
 down thar in de da'k at
 somefin' yoh don' know
 nothin' erbout."

Great relief followed the departure of the dog that held me on the windy side of Uncle Joe's gate that Christmas Eve. Uncle Joe and his wife, relics of the days when the negro spoke in melodies, lived in a little log cabin at the end of the village street. With them were their grandchildren, two pickanninies as black as ink, who made Christmas Day a reality for the old man.

Christmas would not be Christmas if I did not spend its eve at the home of the old negroes. Fresh logs always danced long flashes from their hearth that night and, best of all, the big cushioned chair was drawn to the hearthstone's corner. Turkey was the children's only Christmas gift, and when all had retired this same turkey's capture was the topic for discussion.

We sat late, an unusual thing on Christmas Eve, perhaps because the children were larger now, or because Aunt Jinny was too busy with the Christmas dishes. Ten times the old clock on the mantle between the faded paintings struck as Uncle Joe knocked the ashes from his "cawn cop" and led the youngsters off up the ladder to the loft. Every now and then we could catch his tale of the Christmas turkey. Aunt Jinny kneaded and kneaded not noticing the little black ball that slipped down the ladder until a moan filled the room.

"Go way dah," she sang out without taking her arms from the pan. "Go way dah foh I smoder yoh brack face wid dis raisin-cake dough. Hesh yoh moanin' laik a 'cimmon tree. Yoh ain' no sicker'n yoh aunty. All yoh wants is 'nother b'nanna."

From then on nothing but the falling ashes distracted memories of the past.

"Massa Will'm," began the gray-haired old man, filling his pipe again from my tobacco pouch—"Massa Will'm, taint no more that she used ter be. White fokes don' raise tukeys no more laik they used ter do. Hyar she am Chris'mas Eve, an' I come nigh on not habbin m' tukey. I rambled ober nigh Hayes' by de creek, an' they all's tukeys done dead an' gone. Bill Shay ain't got none neither. 'Taint nobody got none, 'ceptin' it be Pa'son Chawles, thinks I ter m'self, so I totes m'self ober thar. Roun' an' roun' he's house I goes, an' I nebber sees no tukeys. Den I mos' gibes up an' 'lows de young ens aint goin' ter put they all's teeth in de tukey leg nohow.

Don' know what dis nigga did, de good Lawd done taked erway all de fowls. Jes' es I I was comin' erway, wid the win' amoanin' sadder'n m' ole hyart wus a beatin', hyar comes de pa'son dribin' up in he's shay wid a big fat tukey gobbler on de seat 'side him. I's allays got pr'found respect fer de pa'son 'cause he knows de Good Book pat; m' eyes so full ob watah when I seed de tukey dat I don' somehow bow as 'spectably as I mought an' den he sholy knowed dat sin am come ercross m' path.

"Joe," says he to me wid dat angeliferous look, "what you all been adoin'? Now, now, don tell me no percrastinashuns, 'cause I reckon yous been astealin' from the chosen ob the Lawd." Fer de fus' time I knowed why angels and fowls hab feathers on his wings. "Now, Joe, you better visit your spiritualizer ternight till we recompense de Lawd fer you moll—moll"—well, anyhow, moll—somefin. I neber could get ober dem big words, nohow. Den he dash off an' leab me standin' dere wid me eyes plum full ob dat tukey an' m' soul plum full ob fear.

Well, yes, Massa Will'm, I went to see him all right, an' comin' in de baik way—lawsey! ef thar wan't that er big fat tukey. No, sah, Massa Will'm, de ole boy put dat er tukey there ter tantelize foolish niggas, an' ef I hadn't been strengthened I'd a left him dere fer some nigga ter offend de good pa'son by reliebing him ob his Chris'mas dinner.

Den I sees de pa'son comin', an' 'fo' I could segashiate that er tukey erway he says ter me, says he:

"What you all goin' ter do wid that er fowl, Bro. Joe?"

"What I gwine ter do wid him?" I thinks ter m'self. "Why jes' the same es you all war goin' ter do 'fore I cotched him." Den I tell him out loud:

"I's gwine ter present him ter yoh—all, wid a merry Christmas." Den he got mad.

"Joe," says he, "yoh stole dat tukey."

"Yas, pa'son!"

"Yoh know I caint eat stole tukey, Joe?"

"Yas, pa'son."

"Den yoh go gib dat tukey ter de pusson yoh stole him frum."

"I did, pa'son." All de time I war gettin' scarrier and scarrier. Den he says, kinder easin' up laik:

"Did he 'fuse ter take him?"

"He did pa'son," says I, not lookin' at him.

"Den you tote him home an' eat him?" An' I did tote him home an' I will eat him, an' dats how I got m' fowl dis Chris'mas.

Good Lawd been good ter dis nigga in de winter ob his life. Maybe I won' see no moh Chris'mas Eves, but I got m' tukey share now. I reckon I'll fetch him in fer the boys now."

Much faster than he went, he came rushing back. His big heart seemed in his mouth and tears were gushing from his eyes. The old gray head was shaking and he could hardly hold his shriveled lips to my ear as he whispered:

"Some measley-lookin', lanky-limbed, snake-eyed hedge-hog of a nigga has done stole m' Chris'mas dinna."

A Talk.

(With the actors of the burlesque).

YES, everyone enjoyed your farce,
From Minims to the "grads."
And all agree, you fellows are
A witty bunch of lads.

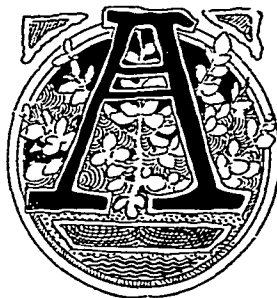
But if at any future time
Again you give that play,
You'd best not put the scene in Niles,
'Tis but eight miles away.

And when you do select a place
Now be advised, I pray,
And find a spot—far, far from here
Where poultry never lay.

M. J. RIORDAN, '06.

Reflections on Gift Making.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.



STRANGER from another planet who had alighted upon earth at about this time of year, and who, mayhap, had never heard of Christmas or its significance to about three hundred millions of earth's people, could not fail after a ten minutes' walk at the shopping hour, down a busy street of any of our cities to notice that something was out of the ordinary, that such was not the state of affairs the year round. He would notice, and couldn't fail to be impressed by the eager, rushing, happy throng, the store windows brilliantly lighted; and the newsboys' cry of "Huxtree," would bear something that intonated of joy to such a stranger ignorant even of the reason why.

He might enter a department store fascinated by the wealth of glitter and perplexing show within. And he might follow the pressing crowd of shoppers from counter to counter; he might see them making countless purchases appropriate for a thousand different individuals, a thousand different tastes. And what a wealth of thought and kindly sympathy must be expended before all these presents were purchased! And this stranger might enter in fancy the home on Christmas Eve and see all those things that make us remember the Christmas Eves of our childhood as one of the pleasantest memories that life holds. He might walk down the avenue Christmas morning after church and see at least the outward aspects of peace and joy.

And I should pity this stranger from another planet because *he* did not know of Christmas, its special meaning for us, its traditions and observances; and from one point of view I should pity him most of all because not being moved by the same kindly sentiments that move Christians at this time, he was not to receive gifts and best of all present gifts to those he loved, those to whom their love and his love are more closely united at the celebration of the giving of the great Gift at Bethlehem.

The train of thought called up by seeing the title "Gift-Making" usually embodies ideas of neckties or cigars for this male friend, or

furs or bric-à-brac for that lady acquaintance. Of course gifts as these made at Christmas, or any other time, should be made with a certain appropriateness and affection, for, as has been said, "the heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious."

But the celebration of Christmas is a time too for other sorts of gifts than those of material presents. For the great gift that was made in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day has taught men through the centuries since in turn to make to their brothers gifts in some measure similar to those which the great Donor conferred. The giving of a Redeemer to man has made the time of Christ's birth peculiarly appropriate for gifts akin to Christ's teachings. Gifts are not all merely material ones, merely the giving of this or that for the other's personal comfort or convenience. Of course in many instances such gifts carry with them, as Thomas à Kempis said, not merely "the gift of the lover but the love of the giver." But this is a time peculiar for the bestowing freely of the highest gifts—forgiveness, tolerance, and that above all which Christmas Day most deeply affects—one's heart and affections. Not bestowing them abstractedly in a paternal way, as the portly gentleman bestows the change of a five-cent piece on the newsboy; not folding one's hands on Christmas morn and with a contented sigh of comfort look over the white fields and softly, apathetically say: "Peace to my neighbors," but bestowing the precious not-material gifts in a directly personal way upon those who receiving them will be glad—to bestow on all men known charity in word as well as deed; on yourself, Christian respect.

Longfellow.

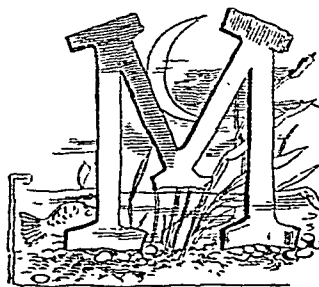
AS all things mortal that from earth have sprung,
Began their life in lowly, humble state,
Then helped by nature or propelled by fate
Climbed to a place more perfect beings among;
So he, in all his verse so nobly sung,
Pleads to the soul in gentle, artless gait—
To show how simple are the truly great—
And makes his lines an idol for the young.

In spirit mild as his Evangeline,
He loved all men as she loved Gabriel,
While in his lines, like angels, children dwell.
His thoughts like crystal water, calm, serene,
Possess within them elements so pure,
That e'en a saint could drink and be secure.

E. L. HAMMER, '04.

A Welcome Visitor.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Grey," the guard had said, as he paused in front of cell 15, and smiled upon its inmate. John Grey had heard it, and he wondered if the jailer meant to mock him. To say "Merry Christmas" to him, a murderer—no, a man convicted of manslaughter by a court of justice that knew not, dreamed not of the great sacrifice the pale-faced prisoner was making—to say those sacred words to him a convict, whose home for five long years had been a narrow prison cell.

The guard meant well. He wished to share his Yuletide cheer with that quiet, pale-cheeked prisoner, who seemed so far above his surroundings. But if he had only thought of the pain those two words would cause John Grey, of the many, almost forgotten visions of past Christmases, of a boyhood home, of father and mother, of brother, sister, and sweetheart, those simple words would bring before the tear-dimmed sight of the prisoner, he would never have uttered them.

Oh, the agony of the moment after the guard had passed by on his rounds. John Grey realized then, as he never had realized before, all that his act of sacrifice, of renunciation had meant to him and his. What brilliant, broken plans, what thwarted, high ambitions, what bitter sundering of strong, sweet home-ties—all, all because of his love for her. She indeed loved another, and to save this other for her he had renounced the best of life, assumed the red stain of guilt and the convict's garb. "Merry Christmas!" came the cry from his lips, as he flung his arms upwards in the madness of despair,— "as if it could ever be merry, happy, for me again! Does she know; does she think of the one who saved him as she looks into his eyes, the one who loved her well enough to sacrifice himself—to die a living death for her? O Margaret! Margaret! will you ever know? Will you ever realize my love for you?"

Grey flung himself on the prison bunk, and, burying his head in his hands, tried to shut out the alluring vision of her face, her figure.

that would come before his mental gaze. At length he gave up the useless struggle and abandoned himself to thoughts of her, of him, for whose crime he was paying the penalty.

His memory, which had long been dormant, awoke and quickened into renewed activity. It carried him back over the gap of years to the time when he and that other, Harry Livingston, had carved their names together in the bark of the old oak; and there in Brookville, under the blue skies of dear old Indiana, had sworn to be friends through thick and thin. The friendship thus happily begun grew firmer, stronger, through the years of boyhood, and as both attained to man's estate bid fair to last through life. But it was to be tried and tested as few friendships have ever been tried and tested. Both young men fell in love with the same girl, Margaret Marsden, as fair a vision of girlish loveliness as ever the sun shone upon. Both men, each unconscious of the other's passion, resolved to woo and win her. At length they became open rivals for her hand, and the friendship which had survived so many years was disregarded, forgotten, in the mad, sweet strife for her favor. Fiercely did they strive to win the girl who seemed to show no preference. Livingston proposed and was accepted, and Grey—never would he forget that moment when gently, tenderly, she told him that there was no hope for him, that all her love had been given to that other, his one-time friend. Maddened with the sting of rejected love, John Grey left home and kindred that night. He turned his eyes toward Goldville, Colorado, which was then as now the mining metropolis of the West; and here, amidst the greed and avarice of thousands of gold-seekers, he tried to efface that remembrance from his memory. This sufficed for a time, but at last, even the fierce, mad search for the coveted gold failed to keep his mind from dwelling on the anguish of that moment. Cards—drink. Over the table of sinful pleasure and in the cup of degradation he tried to drown that memory. Debauch followed debauch, until it seemed that her beautiful face was going to prove a curse to him, to cause John Grey to fall into the depths of darkness and degradation.

One night, after a mad game of poker, in which John Grey lost nearly every dollar that he possessed, he arose from the table, resolved to play no more that night. He was leaving the den of evil, when the sound of a familiar voice, a voice he had not heard

for years, reached his ears. It stirred him strangely; it sounded a chord in his memory that he thought had long before been broken. The voice was that of Harry Livingston; and at sight of that once beloved face John Grey forgot rivalry, rejected, spurned love, hatred—everything, except that his friend stood before him. In an instant he had seized Livingston's hand, and as the two friends faced each other the cloud that had been between them was dispelled by a common feeling of the old-time love stirring within their breasts; and again they pledged themselves to remain friends until death.

In the early hours of morn, before the sun ushered in a new day, Grey related to Livingston all that happened to him since that fateful day, and Livingston told Grey of the sensation his strange departure had created in Brookville; of the grief of parent, brother, sister, friends; how Margaret had wept and said she was the cause of Grey's unexplained departure. And then Livingston answered the question his friend feared to ask. Yes, he had married Margaret year before, just two months after Grey had departed from home, and her love for him. . . .

The rest of the story seemed like a mad dream to John Grey as he sat upright in his bunk, staring off into space, and seeing again as plainly as if they were taking place before him, the events of that terrible night: the poker table, around which sat the four players—himself opposite the friend of his youth, and Jennings the sharp, whose victims were many, opposite 'Cool' Griggsby—the heaped-up pile of bills, gold and silver lying in the middle of the table; the excited, eager, maddened faces of the players as the bidding went higher and higher; the startling accusation from Livingston's lips; the panting "you lie" from Jennings. Again he felt his own weapon in his hand, saw Jennings reach for his, and then the flash and loud report, as Livingston's revolver spoke and carried its missile of death into Jennings' heart. His quick interchange of weapons; the dumb, white face of his friend opposite; the rage of that maddened crowd of cowboys and miners; the repulse of the lynchers; Livingston's offer to give himself up to justice; the words that silenced him; the trial; the sacrifice. . . .

The key grated in the lock, and the guard rattled the bars of the cell door.

"A visitor to see you, Grey," he answered,

as he opened wide the door. "Warden says you are to come to the office. Guess he's got a Christmas surprise for you."

John Grey felt a sudden, sharp pang of hope shoot through his heart, a few moments before torn with conflicting emotions of love and despair, as he arose to follow the guard. For five long years he had been separated from the outside world. True, letters had come from home, from Margaret; but in his shame he had never answered them. But now—he stifled the sobs of longing, of hope that welled to his lips, and fell in behind the guard. Corridor after corridor they traversed, for the penitentiary was a large one, and after what seemed a long time to John Grey, reached the warden's office. The door stood wide open. The guard stepped to one side and allowed Grey to enter.

The convict paused a moment on the threshold, his eyes dazzled by the Colorado sunlight which streamed in through the window. Then as his eyes became accustomed to the light, he looked beyond the warden, who was discreetly withdrawing, to where, under the mistletoe, which some hand had entwined about and suspended from the light jets she stood, her face glowing and her eyes shining with a strange, tremulous light.

"Margaret," the name broke from his lips with all the pent-up longing of five long years. In another instant he was looking into her blue eyes, now glistening with tears, and feeling the moist, the soft, tender clasp of those hands. "Margaret, is it really you?" almost sobbed the man, as he held her fast, as if fearing that she would vanish from sight.

"Yes, John," she replied, with a smile of ineffable tenderness. "Yes, it is I, Margaret Warden that was in those days of long ago; Margaret Livingston that is. And, John, I have come all the way to tell you that he for whom you suffered is dead, and you—you, John, are a free man!"

John Grey staggered and swayed unsteadily upon his feet. It seemed too much, this sudden, overmastering joy that thrilled him from head to foot and set every nerve a tingle. "Free! free!"—the word rang in his brain like the sound of Christmas chimes. Free—free to go out into the world, into the sunshine; to seek the companionship of kindred, friends and her! Slowly he raised his head and looked into her eyes, now shining with a light that meant all her lips

would have said. And, sweetly, softly, like the sound of the Christmas carol, he heard these words, "John, John, I am standing under the mistletoe."

With a cry of joy, the man clasped her to him in a fond embrace, and as his lips found joy and happiness on hers, he knew that at last his self-sacrificing devotion had reaped its reward "under the mistletoe."

Passing Fair.



CAME to the outskirts of the voiceless woods and as I leaned against a sturdy moss-grown oak, what a beautiful picture was spread before my eyes! Not even a twig appeared through the thick fleecy mantle of snow. At either side of me stood the dark trees, like silent sentinels robbed of their once gorgeous splendor, but seemingly proud of their beards of glittering icicles. In the distance lazily stretched the jutting hills, their night-caps studded with many a jewel caught from the setting sun. Nestling in the sheltered ravine was a cozy little house. It was guarded by clusters of evergreens, and the paths were lined with box-wood bushes that drooped under the weight of their bright Christmas coats. Through their wee sturdy arms I could catch the glare of the fire in the hearth. As I stood there admiring it all, a pretty young girl with long golden hair hanging over her shoulders suddenly appeared at the door. Her merry peals of laughter and gentle reproaches to the big St. Bernard frolicking by her side fixed my attention. Had she tripped out there with her brave, handsome pet to add to my ravishing scene, or to take *me* from it? I wondered, and soon felt an irresistible longing to be over there, but the kindly, good-meaning eyes of that dog, the significant groan that three were too many for such limited space helped me to awake, and I found myself demurely humming:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

T. A. HAMMER, '06.

To A. F.

SUNLIGHT and song above you
And roses where you rest;
And peace to those that love you,
Your soul among the blest.

MACD.

The Angels' Song.

LIST to the song the Seraphs sing,
List to the joyous news they bring,
Telling the earth of the new-born King,
The God supreme.

Hark to the words the angels say,
Giving glory to Him for aye;
Peace to good-willed men to-day,
The prophets' dream.

T. P. IRVING, '04.

The First Christmas.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

A PERFECT calm following a troubled period enveloped the civilized world. Rome had completed the most important epoch in its history: the transition had been made from a republic to an absolute monarchy; intestine wars had ceased for a time to rend the bonds of friendship, and there came a lull in the frequency of the barbaric

inroads. The mighty legions enjoyed a brief respite from their warlike pursuits; the foes of the emperor had been crushed and the exposed frontiers were secured. From the forests of Germany to the sands of the Arabian wastes; the provinces were blessed with peace. Augustus Cæsar was nearing the close of a glorious reign—the Golden Age of the Roman Empire. His sovereignty was made illustrious by just laws, by wise decrees and above all by the culture of his subjects. Amid this intellectual development, as if the result of it, there existed an increasing irreverence toward the gods. Sacrifices were made regularly to the Lares and Penates; offerings were dutifully placed before the national divinities, but the ancient spirit of piety was lacking.

This brief interval of peace was indeed a fitting opportunity for the true God to bestow upon His children a heavenly gift—His only begotten Son. Christmas morn, nineteen centuries ago, in a remote corner of the Roman Empire, a poor but holy Virgin brought forth a Son—the Saviour of mankind. Millions did not rush on that eventful morning to worship the new-born Christ: a few ignorant shepherds and later, the Magi, guided by the star of Bethlehem, knelt before Him. About the cradle of Christianity was grouped a scanty band of the faithful and some beasts of the field; its sole protection was a barn roof, and its supporters amounted to barely fifteen. Neither displays of joy nor expressions of honor signalized the humble birth of the Son of God; few presents were sent to greet the King of Peace, and that first Christmas was seemingly an ordinary day to men. Nature alone realized what had happened. A star announced to men the birth of their Redeemer and pointed out His lowly resting-place, yet a mere handful heeded the joyful tidings. Angel choirs sang His praise in Paradise, but few render Him homage on earth.

Sibyls had muttered ominously about this Child, and the oracles had made many predictions in regard to His birth. His existence had been a source of angry disputes to philosophers and His holy Name was revered among the Hebrews. When, however, through divine power He was born into this world, a stable was His birthplace and a manger His cradle. Those whom He had loved and assisted while He was in heaven became now His bitterest foes; the tribes that adored the Father were the first to seek the Son's life, yet must He not sacrifice Himself to save sinful man?

That Christmas day passed as quietly as it had dawned; the Jews continued to await the coming of the Messiah, and the Romans returned, though less intently, to their pagan worship. The reign of peace was in course of time disturbed, and the Golden Age passed away; the barbarians renewed their attacks and the legions resumed active service; enough time had elapsed, however, for a new religion to be born, such a one as would overthrow idolatry, conquer the passions and rule the universe. Kingdoms would rise and fall, changes would occur, but the new code of morals would live forever; Rome would become its capital, and the Name of Christ would adorn its temples and protect its shrines until the end of time.

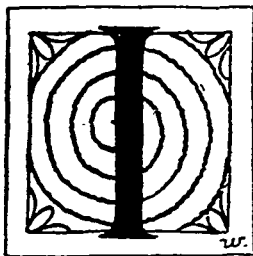
Saved.

HARK to the song of the angels,
Throughout their ethereal flight!
List to the rapturous melody,
Betokening pure delight!
Hear the words as they echo
Back from the castles of light!
They tell that the spirits are bearing
A soul that has conquered in right.

T. P. IRVING, '04.

Jim Wall's Christmas Present.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.



It was Christmas Eve and there was great excitement among the loungers in Sam White's store. Something had just happened to stir up the proverbial quiet of "The Corners"—something which they almost hesitated to believe, and which would make them all change their attitude toward one of their neighbors. They had settled down for an evening's gossip over the *Boston Pilot* when Frank Nolan rushed in, shouting: "I told you Jack didn't do it; they've got the proofs now." The rest of his story was soon told; all understood.

On Thanksgiving night, Sam White had lost a large sum of money. The usual crowd had been there all evening; but when they had gone John Higgins and White were still talking together. Before leaving, Higgins helped the old storekeeper put up the shutters. They had rolled in a few barrels and then bolted the door. His friend had just left when White discovered the loss of his wallet. He remembered that while they were fixing the shutters he had laid it on one of the barrels. When they began rolling them in he forgot all about it. He hunted high and low, inside and outside, but no wallet was to be found.

Sam was old, somewhat morose, of a suspicious disposition, and his conclusion was that his friend had stolen his money. All night long he hunted for his wallet and fretted over his loss—receipts and cash both gone! The next day the story came out. The neighbors were a whole-souled, simple people, but too easily convinced. They seemed to form a little settlement in the heart of their great city, entirely apart from their surroundings. The neighborhood was as secluded and exclusive as any cross roads of the country. Higgins had come into it as a young man and had grown to take a prominent part in its political and social life. He had a good trade and was a hard worker. He was frank, straightforward, temperate and respected. Yet somehow when old man White's version of the loss of the money was told, each time a better case was made in the telling, and there were few among those credulous

folk who believed their neighbor innocent.

As the hours went on and the gossip increased, old Sam became more bold. At first he had only insinuated that Higgins was guilty, but later in the day he openly declared he was the thief. Yet he hesitated to prosecute him. He was too much a coward to approach the tribunal of justice and on his oath perjure his neighbor who had done so much for him. That night an unusually large crowd gathered in the store; the story was told for the hundredth time. All the evidence was produced and examined, and then a jury of gossiping old men declared the guilt of their friend, and from that day forth John Higgins was a condemned criminal.

A change seemed to come over the entire community of "The Corners. Nothing like this had ever happened there before. The crime of the husband and father in their eyes must "work corruption of blood,"—his wife and children fell under the odium of the disgrace. Every time any of them spent a cent, if even for a roast on Sunday or for some stuff of the huxters in the street, some sharp tongue would cry out: "There goes some of old Sam White's money." When one of the children came out on a Sunday afternoon with a new dress, a crabbed old dame exclaimed: "It's easy enough to be swell on other folks' money."

Higgins felt very deeply the disgrace of having his name connected with the theft. He sympathized with his friend in his misfortune and was anxious to do all in his power to clear up the mystery. The insinuating persecution of old White was his reward. Yet he had a few friends who believed him innocent and who were ready to stand by him. Among them was Jim Wall, a detective on the force of the Central Station. Jim had known Higgins ever since he was a boy and he trusted him in everything. He firmly believed he was being wronged and exerted his influence to have justice done him. He wanted to work on the case, but it was not "on the blotter." White had never reported it or made a charge, so he had to pay attention to his regular work. The holiday season was approaching and times were busy at the station.

On the second night before Christmas he was seated in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel in Montreal. The place was filled with a crowd of well-dressed, aristocratic-looking visitors. For a long time Wall sat unnoticed, yet keenly observant of all about him. He

had been sent out two weeks before to locate a young man who until recently had been employed by Hibbard, Cooper and Company, and who had disappeared under rather mysterious circumstances. When the firm put some one in his place it was discovered that he had taken a considerable amount of money with him. At once they determined to bring him to justice. Detective Wall was assigned the case, for he had a bowing acquaintance with the young man. After following a somewhat blind trail for two weeks, he had heard that the object of his search was in Montreal. He located him at the Windsor Hotel, and learning the course he had taken, Wall decided that the young man would probably return after the theatre. About eleven o'clock a carriage stopped at the block and four young men in evening dress and opera cloaks stepped out. The foremost bounded lightly to the entrance. He was a trim-looking chap, rather handsome and dashing, of athletic form and possessing a certain attractiveness of manner. He had been introduced as the friend of an acknowledged leader of the society of that metropolis. He seemed to have plenty of money, spent freely, was a "hail fellow, well met," good company, and in general he had created quite a favorable impression. He was very much surprised and indignant when stopped in the corridor by a stranger; he was somewhat startled when addressed as Mr. Klein of Cleveland, and then he turned deathly pale as he recognized Detective Wall, and was requested quietly to accompany the officer to the station.

When he saw the state of affairs he took the matter very coolly and asked to go to his room for just a minute. Wall went with him; and once in the room, alone with the detective, he tried to induce him to settle. He told a seemingly straightforward story of why he had to leave Cleveland, and said that in an extremity he had taken the firm's money, but really intended to return it when "he could get on his feet again." He pleaded home, parents, and his former good name. He said he could get a friend to replace the money for him in the morning. But the detective suspected this assistance of a friend, and he didn't believe Klein's life for the past four weeks had been that of one trying to get on his feet. From the prisoner's nervous eagerness to settle the thing at once he suspected there was something more he was trying to cover up, and on this supposition

he started to search the young man's effects. Klein protested vigorously, but when the detective produced a bunch of scrap paper that had been tucked away under the flap of his satchel, the poor fellow broke down completely and begged him to go no further. The officer had no notion of what he had found, for only cash money had been lost by the company. Yet as a hound on a fresh trail, the instinct of the sleuth scented something wrong; his heart was deaf to all entreaties; his mind bent on the discovery of crime; his eye turned toward absolute justice alone. He resolved to paste those scraps of paper together. Klein, manacled and trembling, sat watching. For an hour the detective bent over his task and unceasingly shuffled that confused litter. At last he found two pieces that joined completely, and across them he saw the letters "ite."

A new idea flashed before his mind. He tasted the ineffable sweetness of—justice; and as the wearied stag thirsting for water plunges into the brook, so did that taste inspire his hungering soul to renew his work. Where before professional zeal urged him on, now the hope of restoring a friend's reputation drove him to gain his goal. His nerves steadied as he proceeded; his eyes contracted, and seemed to recede in their sockets; perspiration stood out on his brow; every faculty of his mind was intensely alert. At three in the morning he arose from the table, with the completed receipts of Samuel White before him. "I knew Higgle was square," was what he said, as he smiled faintly at the crestfallen culprit. It was all easily explained. Klein had passed White's store on his way home that eventful night. He had seen the wallet lying there while the two men were tugging at the shutters. Unobserved he slipped the money into his pocket, and adding it to what he had stolen that morning from the company, he disappeared the next day.

Leaving Montreal as soon as possible they arrived at the Cleveland station the next night; and Frank Nolan had lost no time in carrying the news to "The Corners;" and up the street in a little cottage a strong man could not keep back the tears of joy when he heard that his wife and children were freed from the stain of a crime he had never committed. And from that humble hearth that night arose a fervent prayer "of peace on earth to men of good-will," of thanksgiving for Jim Wall's Christmas Present.

Enduring Memories.

YONDER where the sun is setting
Glow the light this winter day;
And the snows of bleak December
Bury faded blooms of May.

So the visions bright of childhood
Gild the memories that last;
Though the fondest hopes of boyhood
Have been buried in the past.

GEORGE E. GORMLEY, '04.

The Christmas Plays of the York Cycle.

THOMAS P. IRVING, '04.



NOT much observation is needed to convince the thinking man that for the human race religion is the most interesting fact in the world. We have a natural bent toward the things of religion. There is in us a sort of undertow that tends to the spiritual. If you wish for an example look to the stage. Observe how much persons are interested in plays dealing with religious themes. The interest taken in "Ben Hur" is an instance of this. More striking, however, is the attention paid to the old morality play "Everyman." It is a play devoid of scenery and spectacular effect, crude in its setting, treating of the death and judgment of man, presenting to the mind that which to most men is repulsive; and yet the attendance has been so large that a second season was a necessity.

Toward the close of the Middle Ages there sprung up in England a form of embryonic drama known as the Miracle Play. The theme that was dealt with was of a religious character. To the men of that time a religious play really meant more than it does to us. Hence what those old dramatic attempts lacked in finery and scenic effect they gained in the subject-matter.

The miracle plays were gathered into groups called cycles. A cycle presented a series of happenings, as, for example, the events from the creation to judgment day. Each play of the group presented some single event, so in one cycle the whole Biblical story was set before the public. The four great cycles that have come down to us are the York, Chester, Coventry and Towneley. The first three took

their names from the city in which they were played and the last one was named after a family that owned the manuscript.

The pageant, a stage on wheels, was used for presenting the miracle plays. The persons of one trade, known as trading guilds, took up the work of giving the miracle plays. They selected the best actors in their group, and each guild took upon itself the responsibility for the presentation of a scene or pageant. All things necessary for such a performance were furnished by the guild and the expenses paid from its treasury. At times it was noticeable that a particular guild presented a pageant that was in keeping with its trade. For example, the creation, the erection of the ark, and the miracle at Cana were respectively represented by the plasterers, ship-builders and vintners.

The York Cycle, which contains forty-eight plays, is the largest. They treat, as has been said, of events recorded in the Bible, but special attention seems to have been paid to the birth of our Lord and the home-life of the Holy Family. The treatment in general shows dignity and reverence, and the religious feeling is more marked than in other plays. The metre of the York Cycle and the forms of stanza are varied. The writer seems also to have suited the metre to the speaker, giving it refinement and grace in some cases, and in others there is a tendency to a pretentious style.

The plays of the York Cycle that deal with the Nativity begin with the fourteenth. This represents the "Journey to Bethlehem" and "The Birth of Jesus." It was presented by the tile-thatchers' guild. Joseph and Maria are the only characters in the play. The work contains one hundred and fifty lines. A few of the plays are divided into scenes and this among them. The first scene represents a cattle shed at Bethlehem, the second shows us Joseph outside the shed, and the third is the same as the first. Joseph opens the dialogue with a speech that takes up nearly one-fifth of the entire play. In this he asks God to give them a place of shelter for the night. The town is crowded and he has not been able to find lodging. He then tells Mary that a good resting-place can not be found, and she exhorts him to be of good cheer as God will take care of them, for here the Child shall be born. They then decide to remain in the shed for the night. Joseph leaves the shed to get "light and fuel," as it is becoming chilly and dark. During his

absence the Child is born. Mary, her heart filled with joy and comfort, worships her Son, saying:

Hayle, my lord God! hayle prince of pees!

Hayle, my fadir, and hayle my sone!

Hayle souereyne sege all synnes to sesse,

Hayle, God and man in erth to wonne!

The second scene opens with Joseph speaking of the cold weather. Soon a light appears to him and he re-enters the shed. The third scene begins here. Joseph sees the Child and says,

O Maria! what swete thyng is that on thy kne?

She answers that it is her Son "that is so good." She also explains to Joseph that the light which he saw was the shining of the star that was to appear at the birth of the Child. Joseph pays homage to the Infant. There is no bed to be found, so the Child is put in a "manger between two beasts," and they keep Him warm with their breath. At the end of the play Mary and Joseph pledge themselves to serve the Saviour.

The fifteenth play, performed by the Chandlers, is entitled "The Angels and the Shepherds." The characters are three shepherds and the scene is "the fields near Bethlehem." There are only one hundred and thirty-one lines in this play, making but one scene. At first one shepherd speaks of the prophecies that foretold of the birth of a Child that would "heal them that are lost." Another speaks of the prophecy concerning the appearance of the star at the birth of this Child. The third tells how delighted they would be if the star appeared to them. Shortly angels are seen in the heavens and singing is heard. The shepherds understand that the spirits bring information of the new-born Infant. The herdsmen follow the star, and they come to the very house in which the Child is, and going into the house they worship Him.

The gifts of the shepherds afford a good example of the simplicity of the work. The first shepherd after adoring the Infant offers as a gift "a brooch with a bell of tin." The second one, complaining of his poverty, gives "two round nuts upon a string." The third presents a "horn spoon that will contain forty peas." With this the play ends.

The sixteenth play was performed by the Masons' guild, and treats of the coming of the three kings to Herod. The caste in this play is large, numbering in all ten persons:

they are Herod and his son, the three kings, a messenger, two soldiers and two consuls. The play contains two hundred and three lines. The scene is laid at Herod's court. This ruler boasts of his grandeur and magnificence, saying that sun and moon tend him honor, while the rulers of the earth treat him kindly. The soldiers then agree to what has been said. Herod orders all lawlessness to be done away with, and then the son promises to help in keeping order. The messenger enters here and announces to Herod that three kings are coming. Preparation is made and the kings enter. They tell Herod of the purpose of their journey, and in reply to the question, who is it that they seek, they answer that they are looking for a child that is to be King of the Jews. At first Herod was inclined to be harsh, but he is persuaded to be more lenient, and he even thinks of accompanying the kings to see the Infant. Later he makes use of deceit and allows the kings to pass. They are to return, however, and bring him news of the new-born King. Herod rejoices to find that he has entrapped the kings, and the play ends.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries this was the treatment of the events connected with Christmas. They are simple in the extreme, yet in this case to be simple is to be grand. For the people of that day the theme of the miracle play was highly dramatic. Men were sincere about those plays. For them the portrayal of the events of the Bible "was no mere spectacle. It was no mere historic execution. It was truth itself,—the truth by which they lived."

A Christmas Carol.

(From the Spanish.)

WE first met in Christmas time,
Isabel;

Hark! again the merry chime,
Isabel;

Your eyes were darkling bright
And your hair like Egypt's night,
Isabel;

Yet not your eyes nor hair,
Isabel;

Nor your face divinely fair,
Isabel;

That made me worship you,—
'Twas your heart so pure and true,
Isabel.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

Whar Am He?

SOMETIMES I 'gin ter reckon
 Wid de Chris'mas drawin' nigh
 When de gant tree 'pears ter beckon
 All de snowdrops from de sky,
 An' de little sleigh-bells' echoes
 Comes a dancin' to an' fro,
 Did de norf fokes hab a Chris'mas
 Laik am faded long ergo?

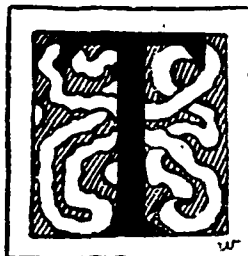
Long ergo when Massa's libben
 En de sunny, sunny souf;
 An' hes white-robed chillens gibben
 Chris'mas Ebe songs to m' mouf,
 An' de little woollen stockin's
 Hangin' in de hearfstone's glow;
 Sholy, chile, dat dere war Chris'mas,
 But she's faded long ergo.

Since de Massa's gone I linger
 On de Chris'mas in de souf,
 Whar no norf win's frizen finger
 Steals de coon song frum m' mouf,
 Whar dey's allays celebration
 In dat lan' whar bluebells blow
 An' dey's allays dere a Chris'mas
 Laik dey used be long ergo.

G. J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Moran's Christmas Brooch.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.



HE snowflakes swirled joyously through the frosty air. Everywhere resounded the gladsome clang of sleigh-bells. The shop windows invited the generous-hearted passer-by. The well-clad crowds jostled good humoredly on the streets. At the theatres the choicest plays were being enacted by the best-known actors. The city had laid aside its cares—and cares it had—to rejoice in the Christmastide as only a great city can.

But young Wesley Moran, reporter, was not overpowered by the spirit of the hour, as he sat in the *Tribune* office and bit savagely on his half-smoked cigar. He had given up a good position two months previously, lured by the fitful glow of the city newspaper will-o'-the-wisp. Things had gone well enough at first; but for the last three weeks his work and finances had alike fallen off, and Bradstreet could not have rated the one lower than did the city editor the other. Indeed just at that particular moment, Moran's personal estimate in regard to both points was not highly flatter-

ing. He thought of a young lady in his home city and a certain gold brooch that he knew her heart was bent on, and came to the conclusion that newspaper life was not intended for any person endowed with gray matter. Then his native grit asserted itself, and his face took on what had been a smile, were it not for the bitterness.

But Moran was not the only one "beset by a sea of troubles" on that Christmas Eve. The city editor (whom the reporter regarded as an enemy to all mankind) was in much perplexity; a fact which, had he known it, would in some degree have consoled Moran. But the head that wears a crown, either literal or figurative, is uneasy not only when attempting repose but on numerous other occasions. The city editor was in a dilemma over the labor trouble.

The industrial world was in a state of upheaval. Growing at first out of nothing, a condition of affairs had ensued which boded a conflict between the united forces of organized labor on the one hand, and the most gigantic combination of capital in existence on the other. For two days the representatives of each body had been conferring, debating, demanding and refusing, and now the crisis was at hand. The capitalists had made their last proposition and adjourned; the labor board was considering that proposition in executive session. It was whispered about in newspaper circles that a decision would be reached before midnight; either the proposition would be accepted or a strike declared. The reporters were in suspense; the rest of the world was content to forget for a few short hours and enjoy its Christmas Eve.

The situation seemed simple enough, too, from a newspaper standpoint: merely await the result and publish it. But the city editor did not see it that way, and for good reasons. The president of the labor board was a man of marked individual traits, and owing to numerous former misquotations by the *Tribune*, had declined to see any of its reporters.

The city editor realized with horror what it would mean to be "scooped" on this great piece of news; he knew that the other papers also understood the state of affairs and were secretly rejoicing. Suddenly he banged his fist down on the desk, and almost shouted, "Moran, of course! He handled that Parsons case O. K. Anyway, it's a desperate chance and he can't do worse than lose." Then he

roared through the telephone to Moran, in a tone that betrayed very little emotion, to "do" the strike settlement. But he unconsciously added, almost fervently, "Do your best, old man;" and from that the reporter knew that the being allegorically represented as innocent of capillary adornment, except for the forelock, was bowing before him.

It was then eleven o'clock. Moran hastened over to the hotel where the board was assembled, and waited. Exactly at twelve o'clock, the secretary of the labor board came out into the lobby. The reporters rushed towards him simultaneously; but he checked them laughingly with his raised hand, and said: "Boys, don't try to interview *me*. President Minchenor will have a statement for you at three o'clock."

"Three o'clock!" Moran's heart sank. There was to be no opportunity for distinction after all. The statement would be given to all the papers just a half-hour late for the morning edition. Well, it was something to know that the *Tribune* would receive the news at all events as early as the others. Then Moran dashed down the stairs, jumped into a cab, and was whirled away to the *Tribune* office. As he hurried out of the cab he saw Helzer of the *Times*, and Larned of the *Journal* emerging from carriages further down the street—the newspaper offices were in the same block. But in less than ten minutes each had been told that his paper must come out at the usual time; it would not be held even for the great strike "story." All laughed rather sheepishly when they met again in the hotel lobby.

But Moran's fighting blood was up, and he resolved to have the "story" out for the morning edition. He interviewed every member of the board, got them all to talk on the weather, the year, Christmas, anything at all, and each gave him unconsciously some information. Then he went to President Minchenor. "The *Tribune*," said the President, raising his eyebrows slightly and with that expression he accused Moran of all the former shortcomings of his paper.

"Yes, President Minchenor," answered Moran apologetically, "and the *Tribune* wants to make amends. It's Christmas, and good resolutions will soon be in order." Then changing quickly to a grave tone, the reporter continued: "The *Tribune* wants to show that it is a friend to President Minchenor in this crisis, and if the statement you are going to

make is important, the *Tribune* will go to press an hour late to publish it."—"If it is important," repeated the reporter solemnly, although he had just been assured that the *Tribune* would not go to press a minute late to publish the first authentic account of the Last Judgment.

But the great labor leader had just undergone a great strain, and in any case would have been no match for the reporter at that game. So he answered slowly and emphatically: "Yes, it is important;" and though he knew it not he had given out the statement he intended to reserve for an hour later.

Moran's ancestors had lost their estates in the old country in steeple-chasing, and the strain was still in the blood. He had mentally drawn up a certain set of facts from the answers of the other members of the board; and on the President's reply he had decided the situation must hinge. So when the official declared in that manner that the statement was important, Moran's decision was made.

At three o'clock the reporters assembled to hear the President's statement. The *Tribune* man was not there, as some one remarked; but the fact that he had been at some time previous was soon made manifest. While the President was stating that a strike would be declared, the voices of the newsboys could be heard shouting on the street below: "Morning *Tribune*! All about the great strike!" And then some one exclaimed aloud in a startled tone what were evidently the head-lines: "Unless a quick concession is made, President Minchenor will declare strike to-day."

The noon editions of the *Journal* and *Times* contained a very inconspicuous statement concerning the strike. It was a matter which they apparently did not deem of great importance. But the managing editor of the *Tribune*, for some unknown reason, looked over the pay-roll that day and made a very material alteration in the figures on the line with W. Moran.

When the representatives of the other papers asked Moran, after the congratulations, how he did it, he said: "Oh, I just made him 'fess up, I guess," then he gave vent to a hearty laugh in which his fellow reporters joined questioningly; but that was the extent of the explanation. It remains only to be said that a certain young lady in another city wears to-day a gold brooch which she received with a card, inscribed only W. M. She, however, understands the abbreviations.

An Exile's Lament.

MID the memories of the days when I dwelt in childhood's ways.

There is one that seems to me will never leave
In the record of the past, if it fades, twill be the last
The picture of my home on Christmas Eve.

And I fancy I can see the children filled with glee,
As they group about before the glowing fire,
They trust in Santa yet, and they know he'll not forget
To come and grant the favors they desire.

The stockings in a row and the flick'ring candle's glow

I love the scenes the Christmas memories weave;
But my heart is filled with grief, and I find my sole relief

In the hope I'll wander home some Christmas Eve.

T. P. IRVING.

of that angelic choir on the first Christmas when the heavens resounded with the words: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

Mr. Bourke Cockran lately remarked in his lecture here that these words and voices must have come from heaven, for peace did not exist on earth, and good will among men was an unknown doctrine. If these words brought up new feelings and were not merely spoken in the heavens but sung, the harmonies must have set in sympathetic vibration the heart-strings of man which had hitherto been silent. Under the new Christian worship music played just as important a part as it did under the old. The sacrifice was accompanied by liturgical chants of priests and clerics. Nor was this merely one of the old forms of pagan worship which the Church had brought over for the symbolization of certain truths, but she saw that the heart still sought a loftier expression of religious sentiment than mere speech.

The Church fostered music along with the other arts and sciences that seemingly died everywhere outside the monastic walls, until we behold these old chants blossom forth in the solemn, passionless grandeur of Palestrina and Handel. We may say that Church music as such reached its perfection in these two men. Later on the secular recitative style rose to supremacy and was even taught and furthered by the monks. Naturally, it found its way into the choir-loft, bringing with it the voices of women and small boys. For a time the grand old style seemed to be overshadowed, but this condition of affairs was only temporary. It became evident that the new form, while admirably suited to stirring purely human emotions was wanting in loftiness of feeling and grandeur of simplicity. However, this style found its place in the grand opera of Wagner, Gounod and others.

But this development and diversification of forms concern us but little. As Christmas approaches, Christians the world over are preparing to observe that day with fitting ceremony. A little while and the song of a thousand organs, blended with the voices of the faithful, will rise to the throne of God. Or perhaps we have in mind the little parish church resounding to the strains of some simpler instrument. These grandest and humblest manifestations of sacred music typify the words and harmony of that heavenly choir on the first Christmas morning: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Music and the First Christmas.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

MUSIC is very helpful to religion, for it adds solemnity to ceremony and stimulates devotion. The histories of all peoples bear out the truth of this statement.

Religion and music were so closely allied among the ancients that even Plato deemed it sacrilegious for the latter to be used merely for the sake of entertainment. But no matter in what light music was received in early times or how indispensable it seemed to religious ceremony, Christianity has been responsible for its present excellence.

We can indeed trace the birth of church music, as we know it to-day, to the singing

when the heavens resounded with the words:

Her Picture.

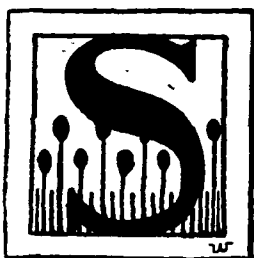
THE sweetest flower that ever grew.

In woodland dipped in glist'ning dew,
Or in the meadows fresh and bright
Where close the daisies with the night,
Do naught compare in beauty's eyes
With her whose picture near me lies.

And though I dare not tell her so,
I know another's words will flow,
Whose power will win from her consent
And keep me thus in banishment;
And yet her smile looks back at me,
For she's my little sister, see! G. STANFORD.

Brown's Experiment.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.



SEVERAL years ago Charles Brown was not only one of the youngest, but one of the most reckless speculators on the Board of Trade in Chicago. For a time his nerve brought him great success, but this success only caused him to go in deeper, until an attempt to corner the corn market failed and he, like many before him, went down as a bankrupt. All the property that he owned had to be sold to cover his shortage, and he was left without a home.

Sick and heart broken he left Chicago and the enticements of the Board, and thus it is we find him five years later sitting in an office in a secluded little town of Western Nebraska. On the front of the office hangs the small sign,

CHARLES BROWN

Insurance and Collections.

At first the change of environment and the necessity of earning a livelihood had made him forget the rattle of the wagons and the call of newsboys; but now that the shock of his disaster had worn away, there returned the desire to see the sights of the city and to hear the noise and confusion of the pit. Day after day, as he followed the markets in the papers, he saw, as he thought, excellent chances to turn produce at a good margin. But when the deal would seem most favorable, the old thought would arise in his mind—no money.

When Brown was on the Board he dealt almost exclusively in corn, so is it any wonder that now, spending so much of his time driving through the country making his collections, he should carefully watch its growth. He studied all the conditions for a favorable crop and likewise those that were likely to cause a short one.

During the fall of the year 189— the price of corn had fallen to thirty-five cents. Never before had the stand been as heavy. Everyone expected an abundant harvest, but Brown—he thought differently. During his frequent drives he noticed that the corn was ripening slowly, due, he concluded, to the heavy rains that had fallen the previous month. Of course

this improved the looks of the corn, but it set Brown thinking. If the frost should catch it, what would happen to the price?

If he could only induce some of his friends to loan him the money to buy with; but no, he wouldn't dare ask them. The former crisis had taught him a lesson which he would never forget. If he had the money he would take the chance, but he would not be the cause of another's ruin.

After another month Brown became more confident that the corn crop would be caught by the frost. The nights were getting colder and the corn was far from ripe. During the whole month Brown had been devising a scheme by which he might again buy on the market. Night after night he sat in the little office smoking and working out his plan, for he had formed one, and one with which he was almost confident he could work to his own advantage.

"If I win," he muttered, as he blew a big cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, "it will be clear gain. If I lose, well—I'll have to stand the consequences. I'll do it." He pulled a tablet from his desk and wrote:

CANNING, NEB., Nov. 8, 189—

SNYDER AND COLLINS,

89, Board of Trade, Chicago,

DEAR SIRs:—Buy 10,000 bushels December corn and hold for my orders.

Yours truly,

CHARLES BROWN.

"Guess they ought to have a little money," Brown said half aloud as he read and reread the letter. He took a check book from the drawer, wrote a check in favor of Snyder and Collins for \$2000 and put it in the letter. Brown came back from the post-office, and dropping into the old chair again lit his pipe.

"That's quite an idea. Those fellows will hold the check all right as a margin guarantee and will not cash it unless the price falls. If it rises I'll get the margin and no one will be the wiser. It won't fall, it can't, we are going to have a frost; I can feel it in the air. It will come soon too."

Brown was right. On the second night half of the corn in that district was frozen. Instead of the luxuriant green that could be seen the day before, all the fields were turned to a golden yellow—a yellow that spoke words of loss and disappointment to every farmer in the West.

Early in the morning Brown hastened to

the telegraph office, and anxiously waited for the first report. It seemed hours before it came, but when the operator posted up the bulletin on the board, Brown's face beamed as he read, "Big frost in Nebraska, corn opened $42\frac{3}{4}$." Later came a message stating that the frost was general throughout the Western states and quoted the price at 50 cents. After that every message showed an increase. It rose 55, 58, and from then on a cent at a time, till at two o'clock it was 69 cents. Brown could stand it no longer. He grabbed a blank.

SNYDER AND COLLINS,

89, Board of Trade, Chicago.

Sell 10,000 bushels December corn and cover my short. Return balance to me less your commission.

CHARLES BROWN.

Almost overcome by the sudden nervous strain Brown wandered back to the little office. At last he had succeeded. It was a chance game, but he had won. Why hadn't he tried it before. He figured up his profits and found that he could easily clear \$3300. A pretty good day's work for one with no capital. He would go back to Chicago, he thought, and work the market on a small scale. He felt sure he would succeed this time. He would quit his recklessness and figure on sure deals.

"Yes, I'll try it again, \$3000 isn't much to start on, but I'll be careful this time. This Western life is all right, but the city is the place for me. I guess I'll—

The door opened and a messenger handed him a telegram. He read:

CANNING, NEB.

CHARLES BROWN,

Your credit no good in Butte County Bank. Won't prosecute. We admire your nerve too much.

SNYDER & COLLINS.

Brown tore up the telegram, took his hat and, starting for the door, said: "I guess I'll try to collect that note I received yesterday."

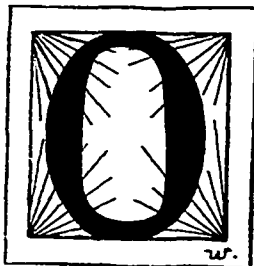
An Enigma.

HER hair was soft and dark as night
She did not want it so;
In vain she tried to make it light
To please her only beau.

A friend advised some simple thing,
She tried it all alone;
Now Bobby wonders why she rings
Him up by telephone. A. S. HOFF.

The Mistletoe.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.



OF the few pagan superstitions which have come down to us with Christianity, none awakens such tender memories, or plays so important a part in the festivities and rejoicings of Christmas as does that associated with the little evergreen shrub we call "the mistletoe."

Curious is the history of this plant which is found from Sweden to the Mediterranean, but particularly in the southern counties of England and the apple orchards of Normandy. We hear of it in Scandinavian mythology as having furnished the material for the arrow with which the blind god Höder slew Baldur (the sun god), son of Odin. Among the Romans the mistletoe was long ago known and was held in great repute as possessing valuable medicinal properties which modern science has failed to confirm.

The little shrub was notorious among the Norsemen and esteemed among the Romans, but nowhere did it enthrall the hearts of a people as it did the Britons at the time the Druids dwelt in their hallowed groves. This veneration, although at all times existent, was most pronounced whenever the mistletoe was found clinging to an oak, a circumstance which may best be accounted for by the fact that at the present time in England it is rarely found entwined around an oak; and there is no reason to think that nature has changed since the days of the Druids. In this most mystic religion the oak-tree, which was very numerous at that time, was regarded as a symbol of Taronowy, the god of thunder. The Druid priests sought to unite, to reconcile in some substantial, symbolical manner, in their obscure and superstitious rites, the pure and blessed heaven above, where lived their deities, and the gross, material earth on which they dwelt. This union was brought about at such a time as the oak (Taronowy) was found with the "ethereal tree" (Pren Aur), the "tree of the high summit" (Uchelvar) growing upon it; this "ethereal tree" they regarded as a heavenly visitant. The holy tree sent from on high could not take root and be polluted by contact with the base earth, therefore they

could find no proper representation except the mistletoe, since its roots were not in the earth, but in the bark of the tree itself; the seeds of the plant being propagated by the birds, who have eaten the berries, rubbing their bills against the trunk. Furthermore, this sacred tree could not be common; that is, although it might take the form of some plant or tree that was common it should be some rare species, or be accompanied by some infrequent circumstance, hence "the mistletoe upon the oak" was chosen.

It is characteristic of their religion that the Druids made use of every superstition, everything which occurred out of the natural order, around which they wove some weird or mysterious ceremony with which they threatened and controlled an ignorant and credulous people. In like manner whenever the presence of the heavenly sign was ascertained, the Druid priests by fasting and special exercises prepared themselves that it might be given a reception worthy of the giver. Its arrival was announced to the high priest of each of the three great colleges, and bards were sent out to summon the people to attend the ceremonies of the collection and distribution of the sacred plant.

The day appointed having arrived, and the tribes being assembled, the clergy in solemn procession marched to the foot of the oak on which grew the mistletoe. When all had gathered around the tree, the pontiff who had been chosen to gather the sacred plant now advanced to offer sacrifice. This dignitary was dressed in a white robe, was shod with wooden sandals, crowned with oak-leaves, and carried in his hand an ornament not unlike a cross, while from his girdle hung a crescent-shaped pruning-knife of gold. A triangular altar of wood was next built around the trunk of the tree, the circle representing unity and the triangle trinity, and above it hung a tablet on which was written some mystic inscription. The victims, two bulls, having been immolated and hymns sung to Teütates, the chief Druid ascended the tree, and, without touching it, cut off the mistletoe with his golden sickle. The sacred plant, as it fell, was caught in a white linen cloth which was held by four young Druidesses, great care being taken that it should not touch the ground. The branches of the plant were then cut up and distributed among the attendant tribes, after which the ceremonies closed with a general feast.

Like most other pagan customs which have survived, the real origin and significance of the mistletoe is lost. Thus it has come about that we use the mistletoe at Christmas time in imitation of the feudal lords who bedecked their great assembly halls with that plant. And from feudal days also comes the custom which still exists in England of hanging up the mistletoe in the farm-houses and kitchens at Christmas, and of allowing the young men the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush until all the berries have been plucked, when the privilege ceases, and which "remnant" of feudalism their American cousins have not been slow in adopting and perpetuating.

The Way of the World.

I WALKED the street one joyful Christmas morn,
And saw a merry maiden, tripping, go—
She laughed: "Sure happiness should all adorn,"—
Was it so?
For soon mine eyes beheld a shivering man,
From hunger faint, head bowed and steps so slow,
On whom society had placed its ban,—
Was it so?
I passed a house that rang with joy and glee,
Within a little tot whispered low:
"Dess all is glad to-day, dey ought to be,"—
Was it so?
For there a troubled mother sitting near
Thought of a son who wandered, and I know
Her face showed pitying grief; she dropped a tear—
Was it so?
Within the house of God, 'mid fashion's throng,
I heard the notes in solemn cadence flow
"Peace on earth" burst forth in joyful song,—
Was it so?
For I saw a man of finance sitting there,
The greed of wealth upon his face did show
His eyes shone cold, and ill the weak would fare—
Was it so?
The preacher talked of love for stranger, kin,
So that our hearts should never anger know,
That we should love, for hate was grievous sin,—
Was it so?
For sad and lone I saw a youthful face,
That had been struck by scandal's cruel blow,
And innocent, scorned e'en in that holy place,—
Was it so?
I closed my eyes and mused awhile, alone,
And wandered back in fancy to that place,
To Calvary, when He died to condone,
For all of us from highest born to base.
I saw Bethlehem, and Him that mankind sought,
Eternal, Just, His words forever glow,—
And men will strike their breasts that they have thought
"Was it so?"

B. V. KANALEY, '04.

St. Leo and Attila.

ROME, thy glorious race is nearly run;
 The Cæsars, who in former times have led
 Thy illustrious legions, have for years been dead.
 There's none to shield thee from the barbarous Hun;
 But look, departing 'neath the noonday sun
 Attila's countless host for miles is spread.
 The so-called "scourge of God" will never tread
 In God's own city. Cæsar is outdone

By the chief shepherd of Christ's chosen flock,
 Who with the cross has overcome this king
 Till now, unconquered, through the power of Him
 Who built His Church on th' everlasting rock.
 Let every Roman's voice in concord sing
 In praise of Him whose fame time ne'er will dim.

M. J. SHEA, '04.

The Old Creek.

TS a rivulet, a limpid, winding stream
 That turns no wheel nor holds the stranger's gaze,
 But sings unto the meadow, while a dream
 Methinks hangs o'er it, one of happier days.

Doth not the babe of yesterday in glee,
 Now gambol on thy banks? doth not the boy
 Still angle in thy waters from the tree
 Wherein I've sat and called existence joy?

Play on, O youth; bid not with glad farewell,
 The evenings of thy life's most happy day,
 For in these haunts will e'er thy memory dwell,
 When thou adown life's stream art far away.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

Breakfast or Not?

ENSCONCED between the blankets warm,
 Forgotten, all the daily themes,
 While I, a traveller of sleep,
 Am roaming in the land of dreams.

The warning bell sounds loud and clear,
 Its hollow tones my ear oppress,
 But though a hundred warnings come!—
 Ah breakfast! I shall miss you, yes.

L. M. FETHERSTON, '04.

A Mistake in Delivery.

GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.



It was an ideal Christmas morning. A foot of downy snow covered the ground and the silvery peals of Christmas chimes harmonized with the merry greetings of the people in the street and echoed the good tidings of the festival. In the rooms of the Bachelors' Club the holly and the mistletoe blended in pleasing and suggestive decorations of the holiday season. In a far corner of the writing-room sat Will Templeton, the blue smoke of a fresh Havana curling in spirals above his head as he nervously scanned a neatly-engraved invitation. He had been sitting there some time when, glancing through the window and seeing his cab at the curb with Joe, his faithful servant on the box, he recalled that he had come to the club with

a purpose. Just then his friend Murray entered
 "Hello! Temp. What are you doing here this time of day?"

"Trying to write a note at present."

"Well, suppose you don't find that hard, especially if it's to Adelaide. You'll have her at the dance to-night, I suppose. Just tell her I put in my claim for the second waltz."

"Well, it's not to Adelaide, though I wish it was. And as for the dance, I guess she is going with some one else."

"What! You haven't quarrelled, have you?"

"That's just what happened."

"What a fool you are!"

"I know, but it can not be helped now."

"Of course it can be helped now. Just write her a note and don't forget to mention my claim for the second waltz. I'll see you to-night. Am dining out to-day, so good-bye."

"Can I possibly go without her? It will be the first time in—yes—three years. Confound it! I can't. And to have stayed away two long weeks! But it's too late now and I must go."

There was nothing in the invitation so to disturb Templeton, for it simply requested

the presence of himself and lady at the annual Christmas Ball given by the members of the Bachelors' Club, but each time he read the simple sentence there came to him the same single thought.

"But if I thought for a moment she still expected me I'd write to her, late as it is. But I know she doesn't, and I can't blame her if she has already accepted the company of that man, Sinclair. No, it's too late now. But if I had only a chance to explain—confound these ifs! But I must go, and there is cousin Adelaide. . . . Why she can help me out of this. I'll write to her.

"DEAR ADELAIDE:—I know this is not the proper time to ask your company for the ball to-night; but, Adelaide, I can't explain matters now, but will tell you all if you go.

Sincerely,—WILL."

"Here, Joe, drive me to the office and then take this note to Adelaide. And, Joe, don't forget the dance to-night. Have the carriage at the club at half-past eight.

"All right, Marse Will. Ah'l be thar."

Joe drove Templeton to his office and then went on his errand. As he turned into Grand Boulevard he drew the note from his pocket and glanced at the address.

"Adelaide," it read.

"Now, ah wonder if dat means Marse Will's cousin or Miss Whitney. Dey names is de same, en dey bot lib on dis har street. But ah 'spect dis means Miss Whitney, foh Marse Will always sendin' somfin down thar. Yes, dis am de place. 'Spect Miss Whitney don know who dis comin' from."

Upstairs Adelaide Whitney sat in her room vainly endeavoring to write a few letters. Numerous Christmas presents were scattered around the room, and among them a delicate new ball dress. A dozen times she had held it up admiringly, and as many times had asked herself the question:

"I wonder how Will will like it? He always did want me to wear blue."

She blushed slightly at this thought, for not a word had come from Will for two long weeks. He had not even been to see her in that time. A gentle knock on the door interrupted her musings, and as she brushed away a tear that had rolled out on her cheek, a maid entered with a note. Adelaide scanned it eagerly, then wrote.

"DEAR WILL:—Why of course I will go. How could you have thought otherwise? I was awfully afraid you were not going to

ask me. How glad I feel now! We'll go early, won't we, Will?

As ever,—ADELAIDE."

Ten minutes later Templeton, seated in his office, read the answer to his note.

"Was awfully afraid you were not going to ask me."

"Well, this is strange I must say. I don't understand why cousin Adelaide expected me to take her to this ball. It can't be that—"

But just then the senior member of the law firm of Wagner, Howard and Templeton entered the room and Will placed the note in his pocket.

That evening, promptly at half-past eight, Joe was waiting with the carriage at the Bachelors' Club.

"Drive me to Adelaide's, Joe," said Templeton as he entered the cab.

"All right, Marse Will," replied Joe as he mounted the box and drove rapidly toward the Whitney home. In a few minutes the cab grated along the curb. Absent-mindedly, Templeton got out, walked up to the door and was ushered into the reception room before he was aware that he was in the Whitney home instead of his cousin's. He was just on the point of explaining to the butler that he had mistakenly entered the wrong house when Adelaide appeared.

"O Will! You here so soon!—Well I'll be ready in just a minute. Oh! I forgot to wish you a merry Christmas! But Will, how do you like my new ball dress, and this opera cloak? They are both presents from papa this morning; for you know I am twenty. Now say my dress is pretty—you always wanted me to wear blue."

"It's very pretty, Adelaide, and I like it very much. But, Adelaide—"

"Yes, Will; I'll be ready now in just one second. Just as soon as I find that other glove. I can't imagine what I did with it."

"But, Adelaide, you don't understand. There has been a mistake. Let me explain, won't you?"

"Why, I don't see that there's any mistake. They haven't postponed the ball, have they?"

"Now, it's not that—but—that is—"

"Well, I know you have been very busy the last two weeks, and—O Will, I've found that glove. Now let's go. You can explain to me on the way. I am so afraid we shall be late."

The explanation must have been satisfactory, for instead of a reprimand Joe received an increase of salary the next morning.

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—In this our last issue for the present calendar year, we may be pardoned if we grow a little retrospective. The session just completed has been a notable one. Very Rev. President Morrissey introduced many new changes last September, and the result of his experiment must be as gratifying to himself as to the students who in numerous ways during the past few months have shown their appreciation. They have been more studious, more alive than ever before to their best interests, and have drawn closer the bonds of friendship and mutual regard that bind them to Notre Dame. Altogether, the session has been a pleasing preparation for the sublime festival we are about to celebrate. And wherever we find ourselves during the vacation may we continue in the path we have been following here. It will not be hard if we keep in mind the scene within the stable of Bethlehem, that profound drama which wells the eyes with tears and the heart with love. With a mental picture of the kindly Joseph, the tender Immaculate Mary, and the adorable Infant Saviour we can not do anything disrespectful, mean, unkind, for we shall see some trait of the Holy Family in the men, women and children we meet and shall treat them accordingly. Thus would the sincere wish of a happy Christmas and a glad New Year with which we salute our Faculty and fellow-students be more fully realized.

—This year's lecture course was opened Dec. 7, by the Hon. William Bourke Cockran of New York, a Lætare Medalist and an orator and publicist of national reputation. His fame is widespread, and when his visit to Notre Dame was officially announced, the students looked forward with pleasurable expectancy to his coming. That he well merits the reputation he enjoys was fully demonstrated to those who had the privilege of listening to him in Washington Hall two weeks ago. He combines in an extraordinary degree the qualities that make the orator. Eloquence, learning, logic, moral courage—these are his, and cementing and pervading all is that indefinable something which thrills, captivates and charms his auditors.

Mr. Cockran reached Notre Dame Monday afternoon and in his honor an excellent and largely attended banquet was served in the Bronson refectory. The guests included prominent members of the clergy and laity from South Bend, Chicago and the neighboring cities, together with three who, like Mr. Cockran himself, were the recipients of the Lætare Medal. These were Hon. William J. Onahan of Chicago, Hon. Timothy Howard of South Bend and Hon. John A. Creighton of Omaha, Nebraska. The dining-room was transformed by the skilful hands of the decorators and florist, and the music furnished by the band was an enjoyable complement.

Washington Hall, amphitheatre and gallery, was crowded to overflowing when Very Rev. President Morrissey, accompanied by Mr. Cockran and the other guests of the evening, entered. Their arrival was greeted by enthusiastic applause, and after well-rendered numbers by Messrs. Louis F. Carey, Francis F. Dukette and the orchestra, Father Morrissey felicitously introduced the lecturer whose very suggestive subject was "Catholicism and Democracy."

Mr. Cockran, wearing the Lætare Medal he received two years ago, expressed the pleasure he felt on this his first visit to Notre Dame which he termed "a fortress of Catholicity and a bulwark of Democracy." We regret our inability to give more than an imperfect epitome of his address which was a masterpiece of eloquence. The substance of his remarks was that in recent times man had made great strides; the human horizon was broadened, morals had improved, the standard of living was raised and the supply of food kept pace with the increase in popu-

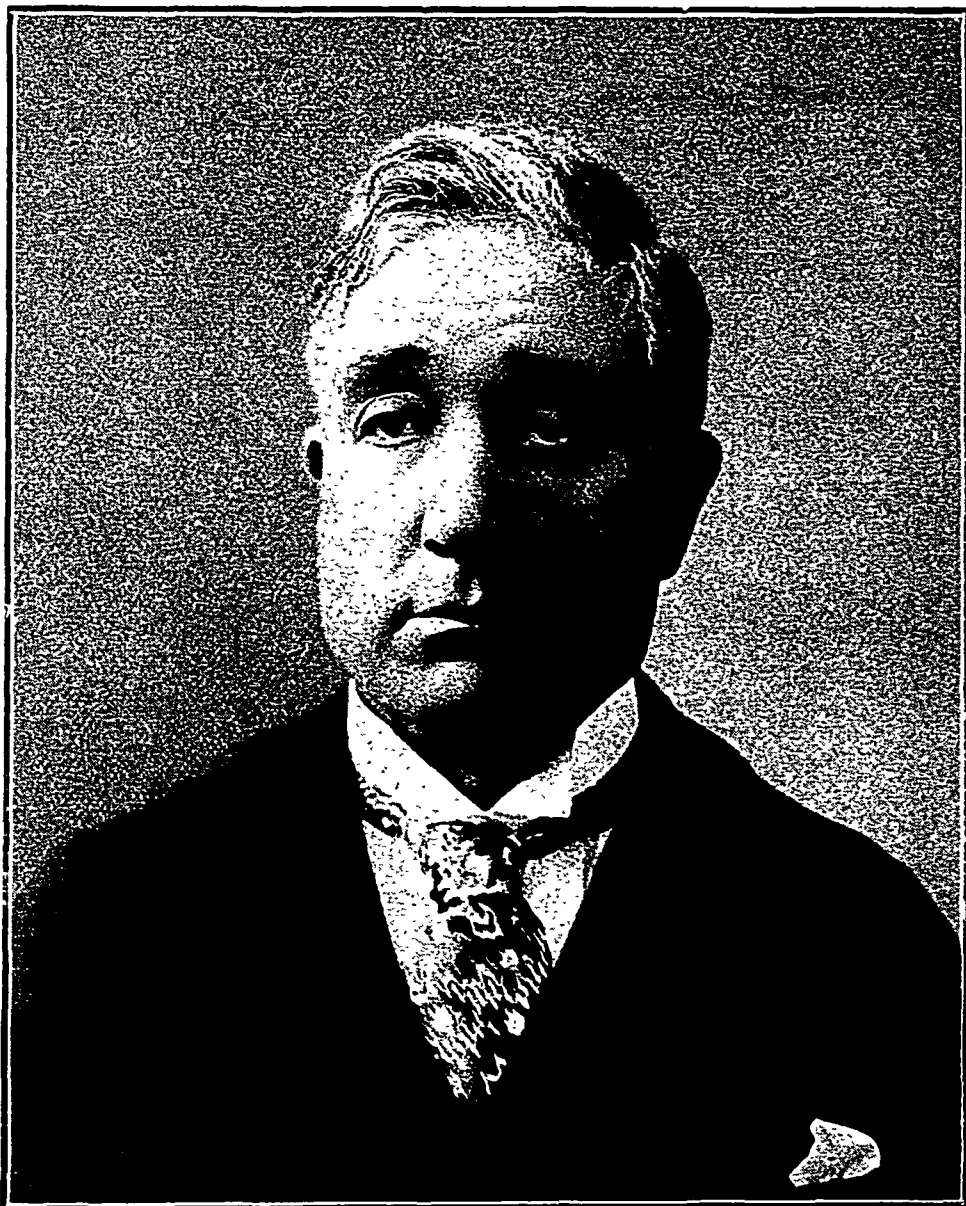
lation: This remarkable progress was not the result of education alone. The highly cultured nations of antiquity excelled us in the fine arts, but their splendor reflected the most abject slavery and squalor. Those marvelous monuments, the pyramids of Egypt, were reared by the sweat and blood of slaves, and within the exquisite architecture of the Roman galley was the awful spectacle of human beings chained to their seats and compelled to labor under the lash of a merciless task-master. Modern civilization then is not due to education; it is not founded upon force; it is the outgrowth of the application of Catholic principles to civil government.

The lecturer next told of the birth of those Christian principles and their influence on society. The audience was visibly affected by his impressive portrayal of the life and death of Christ whose blood regenerated the world. The Catholic Church continued the work of her great Founder, preached love instead of hate, taught charity in word and deed, and asserted the equality of all men before God. She upheld justice, stood between the tyrant and the oppressed, and sent zealous missionaries to the ends of the earth to spread her gospel of peace and love. She was the first to assert the dignity of labor; she fostered industry and education, and by her example and influence forced governments to administer justice.

The Catholic Church possesses the power of authority and interpretation, just as in a temporal and less perfect way the Supreme Court of the United States is vested with the right and faculty of interpreting the United States Constitution. This very provision, Mr. Cockran said, was the keystone of the American Republic. He then showed how closely the organization of the civil government of the United States followed that of the Church—townships, counties and states corresponding to parishes, dioceses and provinces; over the college of cardinals, the Pope; over the senate, the President. We are rightly proud

of our American Constitution and we boast that all men are equal before the law; but we overlook the fact that for nineteen centuries the Catholic Church has proclaimed the equality of all men before God, that the king and the beggar must approach on the same footing the communion rail through the tribunal of penance, and through it alone.

Referring to the progress man has made under the democratic government of the United States, the speaker discussed the two grave problems associated with our material



HON. WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN.

prosperity, labor and divorce. The relations of laborer and employer are not those of master and servant but of partners in the same enterprise. Marriage is indissoluble except by the death of husband or wife. Only by the application of the moral law could these two grave questions be properly settled. The Catholic Church makes man honest and woman virtuous; she has ever advocated domestic purity and upheld the integrity of the family; she is the great power for law and order, and is the best friend and guardian of Democracy.

Mr Cockran's brilliant effort lasted almost two hours, and throughout that period the audience hung with rapture on his words. His address was a forceful, most convincing and impressive vindication of the Catholic Church. As became a devoted member of that Church he attended the students' Mass in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart Tuesday morning, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and a few hours later started for New York, bringing with him, we hope, impressions as pleasant as those which his visit has produced at Notre Dame.



MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

One of the most coveted prizes within the reach of the students at Notre Dame is the gold medal for oratory, donated by the Hon. William P. Breen, LL. D., of Fort Wayne, Ind. This inducement, combined with the ambition, industry and ability of the contestants, accounts for the remarkable display of eloquence, known as the oratorical competition, which was held in Washington Hall last Monday. The contest this year aroused very unusual interest, for not a few of the candidates are veterans of the victorious inter-collegiate debating teams, men of tried worth and possessing many of the natural and acquired accomplishments of the orator.

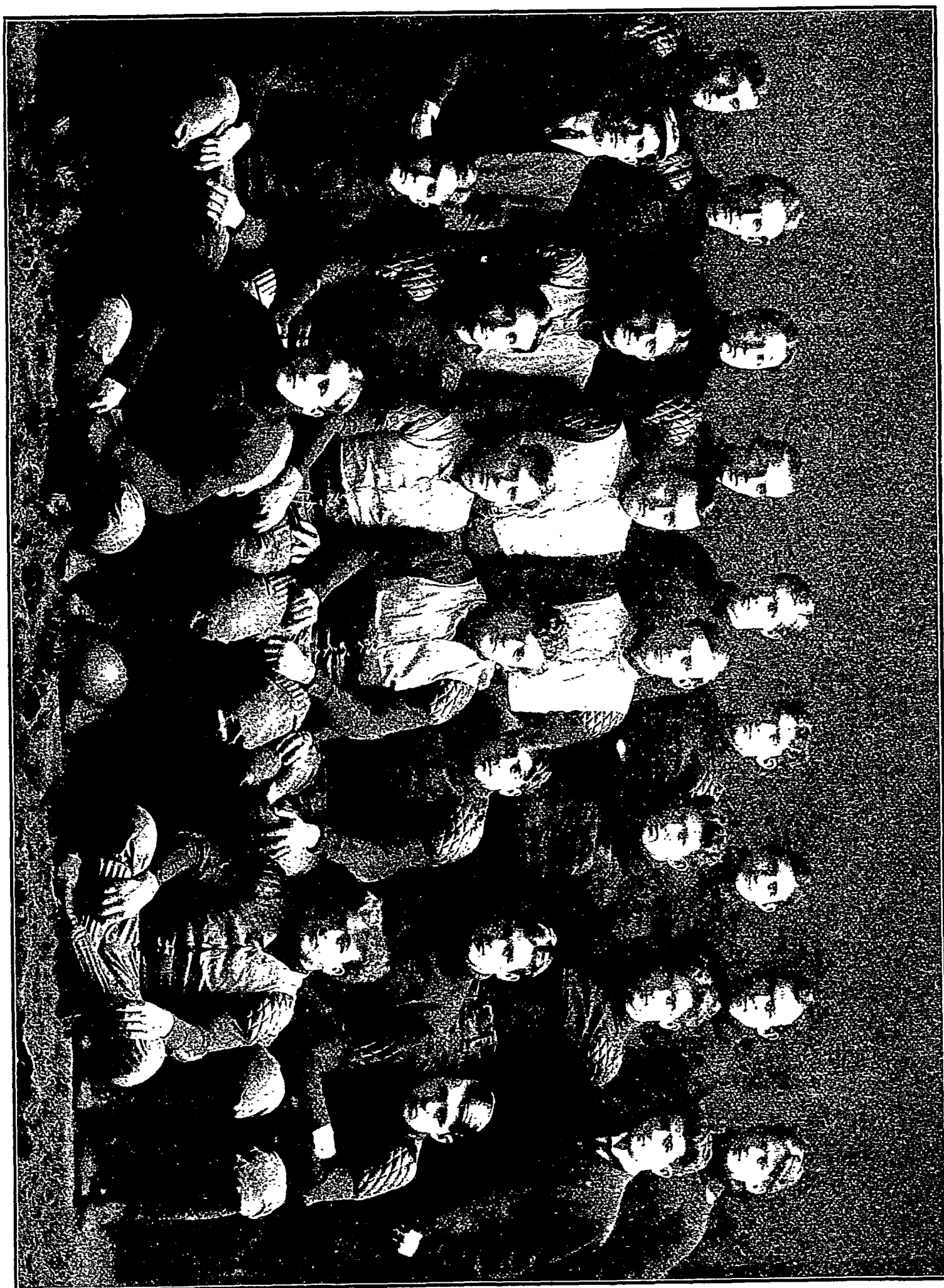
It was therefore a battle royal; honors were not won lightly.

The efforts of the competitors were of a high order both in matter and delivery, and had we space we might justly comment on the individual merit. So evenly matched were some of the candidates that in the total ranking Maurice F. Griffin and Byron V. Kanaley received equal awards. The clause in the Indiana State Oratorical Constitution which provides "that in case of a tie in the ranking, the orator having the highest average grades in *delivery* shall be awarded first prize," determined in favor of Mr. Griffin who was accordingly declared victor. This gave Mr. Kanaley second place. Mr. MacNamara was third, Mr. Farabaugh fourth, Mr. Gornley fifth, Mr. Wimberg sixth and Mr. Proctor seventh. Mr. Griffin is therefore Notre Dame's representative in the Indiana Inter-Collegiate oratorical contest to be held next February. In that competition we hope he will heighten Notre Dame's reputation and win further glory for himself. P. J. MACDONOUGH, '03.

The Varsity of 1903.

Enough has been written by admiring critics, and others as well, in praise of the sturdy men who performed so creditably this fall on the gridiron for the Gold and Blue to fill one large volume, but still we feel obliged to give a few columns to a brief summary of their achievements which brought so much credit to themselves and their *Alma Mater*. Led by a captain whose name is familiar wherever the pigskin finds favor, these gallant lads made a record that will be remembered at Notre Dame for years to come. What student, whether he was fortunate enough to have been a witness to the contest, or had anxiously listened in Washington Hall to the stirring reports sent in by Mr. McKeever, shall ever forget that thrilling game with Northwestern on the memorable fourteenth of November?

After repulsing nine savage attacks on their goal line, the Varsity men not only forced Northwestern back, but during the greater part of the second half they compelled the Purple men to act on the defensive, and threatened to score on more than one occasion. Their playing that day was a revelation to football enthusiasts everywhere,



and lavish praise was given them by even the most prejudiced. It is not on this game alone, however, that the men of the Varsity made such an enviable record. The goal line remained uncrossed during the entire season, the only team in the West that can make this proud boast. But some say, the teams Notre Dame played, with the exception of Northwestern, were of the second class. True, they were of the so-called second class, nevertheless many of them proved stumbling-blocks to some of the leaders of the "Big Nine," while Notre Dame defeated all her opponents in decisive fashion. This is the third consecutive year that Notre Dame has held the title to the Indiana Championship.

Prospects at the beginning of the season, as far as material was concerned, were the brightest in years; but without the assistance of a coach it was thought that this splendid material would go to waste and whatever honors Notre Dame should win on the gridiron would be gained by a few individual stars. Captain Salmon was entrusted with the task of coaching his men as well as playing, but though unbounded faith existed in his ability to do either, it was thought the double duty would prove too much, and that it would be impossible for him to round the team into form. It was an undertaking sufficient to test the mettle of any man, but Salmon, with that sturdy resoluteness that has characterized his playing in many a hard-fought gridiron battle, bravely set himself to the work before him, and aided by the good spirit of his teammates, succeeded not only in rounding the team into form, but also in turning out the most successful eleven that has ever represented Notre Dame. Chief of police McWeeney of South Bend, at one time a coach here, gave valuable aid to the golden topped captain just prior to the Northwestern game, and was largely instrumental in infusing that fighting spirit into the men that brought them so much glory, but outside of this, Salmon worked alone. The record he made, handicapped as he was, is phenomenal and certainly worthy of the highest praise.

The majority of the men of this year's team were veterans, but early in the season the great difficulty encountered was to fill in the gaps left by O'Malley, Doar and Gillen. This puzzle, however, was soon solved. Sheehan, a prominent member of last year's Inter-Hall, was tried at centre and proved a find; Patrick Beacom, "the greatest guard the West ever

knew," although "green," soon learned the game and was a tower of strength, while the shifting of "Happy" Lonergan to half filled the half-back gap to perfection. Nyere was also shifted to half, Shaughnessy and McGlew filling the ends, making up altogether the fastest back field and the fleetest and most reliable ends yet seen at the University.

Contrary to the system generally in vogue at the University, the Varsity of '03 was developed by degrees, the team being rounded into form to meet the occasion. A glance at the record given below is sufficient to prove the worth of this system, and to Trainer Holland is praise due for this innovation. A remarkable feature of the year's work too, was the wonderful ease with which our old-time rivals, DePauw, P. and S. and O. M. U., were defeated. Two hundred and ninety-two points were scored in 310 minutes of actual play, nearly a point a minute. The following is the season's record:

CAPT. LOUIS J. SALMON (Full-back).

Four years ago, when Salmon came out for the team he was tried at end and immediately made good. He filled this position until the Michigan game when he was shifted to full-back. His playing in that game is still fresh in the minds of the students; and his feat of carrying the ball against the Wolverines' boasted defense for a distance of eighty yards, immediately stamped him as one of the best line-buckers in the business. Two years later he again went up against Yost's famous machine, but the defense which had proved impregnable against the stars of the country weakened before the terrific line smashes of the mighty Salmon. On defensive work too he has but few equals, and in the Northwestern game of this year it was his magnificent work in this department that prevented Northwestern from scoring. His fame as a line-bucker, punter and all-round football player extends from coast to coast, and the past two years he was selected as All-Western full-back. Walter Camp, the greatest football critic in the country, gives him this position on the All-American 3d team, and would have given him higher honors if he had played in more games against the "Big Nine." This year completed his fourth and last on the Varsity. He is 23 years of age, weighs 175 lbs and is 5 feet 9½ inches in height.

HENRY J. MCGLEW (Left End).

This is also McGlew's last year on the Varsity, which means the loss of one of the most reliable as well as the nerviest players that ever wore a Notre Dame uniform. Fast on running down punts, a sure tackler, and the headiest interference player on the team, McGlew could always be depended upon, and whenever "Fuzzy" was in the game, the rooters felt confident that whatever position

he occupied would be well taken care of. For two years he played quarter-back, and no speedier or surer man ever handled the pigskin. During this time he never had a fumble, and this too despite the fact that in some of the hardest games he received injuries that would have made many a stronger man quail. His tackling in the open field was also wonderful, and not once has he failed to bring down his man. This season he played end. How well he played is attested by the fact that no gains were registered in his territory. Early in the season he was pretty well battered up, but pluckily refused to quit the game. His strong point was in boxing the tackle on the offensive, and many a run made off tackle was due to his clever "boxing." His best game was the Northwestern when his tackling and end runs was a feature. "Fuzzy" is 22 years of age, is 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds.

FRANCIS J. SHAUGHNESSY (Right End).

This year Notre Dame was fortunate in possessing two such ends as "Shag" and McGlew, and we feel safe in saying that no better pair of ends could be found in any of the colleges. "Shag," tall and powerful, is a whirlwind in action, and a very hard man to stop when carrying the ball. He was one of the best ground gainers of the year, and many long, sensational runs are chalked up to his credit. On defensive work he proved a tower of strength, not only in guarding his own position, but also in blocking plays off tackle. He has been chosen by his teammates to captain the Varsity of '04, a very popular choice with the students, because of his steadiness and the earnestness with which he enters into the game. This is his second year. The new captain is 21 years old, stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height and weighs 178 pounds.

JOS. J. CULLINAN (Left Tackle).

"Jepers" Cullinan was one of the strong men of the line. His dash and aggressiveness and his great ability to smash up plays hurled against tackle made him a very valuable man, and but few gains were made through him. His ground-gaining abilities were also a strong factor in Notre Dame's success, and seldom did he fail when called upon for a gain. "Jepers" is one of the hardest and most conscientious players on the team. If he continues to improve during the season of '04, as well as he did the past, he will have few equals on the western gridiron. Joe is twenty-three years old, weighs 177 pounds, and stands five feet ten inches. He has been elected alternate captain for next season.

FRANCIS J. LONERGAN (Right Half).

Not since the days of the famous "Tiger

Lilly," John Farley, has such a dashing half-back been seen on our gridiron as the rooters' "idol," "Happy" Lonergan. This year he was changed from end to half-back, which proved to be a wise move, as he was the best and most consistent ground gainer of the year. Quick to take advantage of any opening, and a clever dodger, he made many long runs which thrilled the bystanders and caused the rooters to rejoice. His playing in the Northwestern game was sensational, and those who witnessed it will never forget his long end runs and brilliant defensive playing which were the chief features of that famous game. "Happy" is twenty-two years old, weighs 168 pounds, and is five feet ten inches high. This is his third year.

GEORGE T. NYERE (Left-Half).

Nyere, like his team-mate, Lonergan, is a dodger and squirmer of the first class. Many of the touchdowns scored by the Gold and Blue can be credited to his long runs. He is very quick on his feet, a hard man to down; but his strongest points are in running back punts and in tackling in the open field, in which departments he ranks among the first. This is also his third year of Varsity football. He is twenty-two years of age, stands five feet nine and a half inches in height and tips the scales at one-hundred and sixty-five pounds.

ARTHUR STEINER (Right Tackle).

The line-men seldom if ever get their due amount of credit, although in most cases they are responsible for the star plays of others. Steiner was not a "grand stand" player, but one of those earnest, steady pluggers who play good ball from beginning to end, without any flourishing, and a very difficult proposition for anyone to handle. He is also one of the coolest and headiest players on the team. Steiner also deserves unbounded praise for the spirit he manifested early in the season, when we were in need of veterans, he donned a suit and came to the rescue, although he had previously announced his intention of quitting the game because of the number of heavy classes he was obliged to carry, this being his senior year. This was his third year on the team. He is twenty-two years old, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs one-hundred and seventy-five pounds.

NATE SILVER (Quarter-back).

The "baby" of the team makes up for his lack of stature and weight by his quickness and aggressiveness. He filled the place of the crack quarter, McGlew, in a very creditable manner, and rarely made a misplay. In calling signals also he displayed good judgment, while his running back punts and tackling were of the highest order. This is but his second year. He weighs 150 pounds, and his height is five feet seven inches.

NICHOLAS FURLONG (Right Guard).

Nick is one of the lightest linemen in the business, but despite his lack of weight he was one of the strongest men in the line. His determination and pluck helped him against many a man of twice his weight, and especially on defense when he put up his best game. Nick is twenty-two years old, five feet nine inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. This was his second year.

PATRICK BEACOM (Left Guard).

"The greatest guard the West ever knew," was the song the rooters sang about Beacom, and he certainly lived up to the reputation they gave him. Of herculean strength and unusually active for such a big man, Patrick was the mainstay of the team, doing brilliant work all season. This was his first year, and judging from his work, he is the most valuable man we have had in years. He weighs 215 pounds, is six feet two and a half inches in height and twenty-two years old.

CLARENCE J. SHEEHAN (Centre).

Sheehan was the "find" of the squad. He put up a steady, aggressive article of football all season, and handled the pigskin in clever style for a new man. He is twenty years old, is six feet tall, and weighs 180 pounds.

EDWARD McDERMOTT (Half-Back).

Ed. showed his mettle last season, but this year he did not arrive until rather late, and was given but few opportunities to display his abilities. He is a half of the slashing, driving order, and a star at smashing interference.

LAURENCE McINERNY (End).

McInerny came from Elgin High School where he had some experience as an end. He is a strong player on defense, and gives promise of developing into a first-class, all-round man. He earned his monogram in the DePauw game.

MICHAEL L. FANSLER (Tackle).

"Mike," who played a good game at tackle last season, was compelled to lay off because of injuries. In the Northwestern game he was forced to retire before the close of the first half because of a bad knee.

RICHARD W. DONOVAN (Half).

Donovan earned his monogram in the DePauw game. He is a strong, willing player and with a little more experience should become a good back. Last year he was full back on St. Vincent's college team of Chicago.

JOHN P. O'PHELAN (Guard).

O'Phelan, the Inter-Hall star of last year, won an N. D. in the DePauw game through his aggressiveness and speed. He is one of the "grittiest" men of the squad.

Now a few words about the spirited men of the Reserves, often erroneously called the "Scrubs." Draper, Funk, and Dillon played

in a few of the minor games, and convinced us that they had in them the proper stuff. The others, Neizer, Kasper, and Bracken were not so fortunate, but this did not deter them from remaining loyal to the end, for which they merit all the more praise. Conway and Kane were also out in this squad for a while.

One thing that impresses a person in looking over the line-ups of the different games played, is the small number of changes necessitated by injuries, which goes to prove that the men were in the best of physical condition. This was a large factor in the success of our eleven, and to Trainer Holland is due the credit for the splendid physical condition enjoyed by the men all season.

Manager Daly must also come in for his share of praise. He bore the brunt of the work, arranging dates, purchasing supplies, attending to little details here and there, and he came out of the ordeal with flying colors.

In closing, the SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of the Faculty and the entire student body, congratulates the gentlemen of this year's squad, both the regulars and reserves, upon their splendid record, and wishes them a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year!

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Personals.

—Father Evers '79, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City, stopped off to visit Notre Dame on his return from Chicago. His many friends among the faculty and students were glad to see him.

—In the educational number of the St. Louis *Western Watchman* appears the picture and graduating address of Mr. Robert E. Hanley; a genial and versatile member of last year's class. On reading Mr. Hanley's address in the SCHOLASTIC, the editor of the St. Louis paper wrote to Notre Dame for permission to reprint it, which he obtained. We take pleasure in quoting the following introductory comment:

Robert E. Hanley's graduating address at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., last June, will be read with interest by all who reside in that vast stretch of territory ceded to this country by Napoleon just a hundred years ago. His subject was: "Economic Developments of the Louisiana Purchase." Mr. Hanley resides with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Hanley, at Wardner, Idaho. He entered Notre Dame University in 1899, having made his preparatory studies with the Jesuits in Spokane; in June, 1903, he was graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. During his stay at Notre Dame he was prominent in athletics, in debate and in class affairs, and was one of the most popular members of his class. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, South Bend, Ind., council. It is Mr. Hanley's intention to study law.

NOTE.—Other personals, reports of concerts, society meetings and card of sympathy are excluded for want of space and will appear in our next issue.—ED.