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Anticipation.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

WITHOUT the town of old Judea's pride
There rose, wind-swept and dark, a barren hill,
And every wind that took its height might fill
With shrieks of those who, cursing, there had died.
This night the moon upon that mountain side
Let fall the wimple of her radiance chill,
And hushed for once were all those echoes shrill,
And veiled with light stood Calvary like a bride.

For now without the city's farther gate
A royal Babe asleep is breathing low,
Straw-pillowed 'neath a stable's broken roof:
While here, as shaking out a cloth of snow,
The moon has meetly spread with light's frail woof
The hill where He shall die in purple state.

Christmas in the Thirteenth Century.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.



ONE of the dominant notes of the mediæval epoch was the intense religious fervor which seemed a necessary and natural concomitant to the prevalent spirit of chivalry. The light of civilization furnished joyful relief from the Dark Ages which had been so overclouded by the mists of war, ignorance and devastation. This light had been disclosed to suffering humanity through the medium of Catholicity which had spread far and wide, and implanted its doctrines deep in the hearts of the once pagan nations.

As a consequence of this extraordinary fervor the religious feasts, particularly Christmas and Easter, were observed much more faithfully and minutely than at the present time. Many customs and traditions arose from the celebration of these feasts, a few

of which—for example, the Christmas tree—have endured to the present day, while the greater number were lost in the passing centuries. Not a few of these customs were introduced by the Church in order to furnish a substitute for the various feasts and observances of the old pagan religions. This fact leads some authorities to declare a correspondence between Christmas and the Roman Saturnalia. An instance of these customs which grew out of the Christmas celebrations, may be gleaned from the Roman-French Missal of the thirteenth century. Many details have been lost in the lapse of time, but in the following description some of the *lacunæ* may be easily filled in by our imagination.

The deserted streets of the city are lit up by the lights from the neighboring houses, and joyous peals of laughter betray the merriment going on within. Suddenly the chimes of the cathedral ring out upon the frosty air of the moonlit night, pealing forth the Christmas hymn, "Christus Redemptor Omnium." In an instant the streets are filled with a bustling, joyful crowd, all hastening to church.

The solemnity of the Gothic architecture is revealed in all its beauty by the bright light of the moon, and from every corner hideous gargoyles grin at the approaching people. Presently the vast congregation is gathered within the dimly-lighted cathedral where the priests and choristers are chanting the office of Matins in the impressive Gregorian style. After the *Te Deum* has been sung, a boy clothed in a white surplice and representing an angel slowly intones the following words: "*Nolite timere: Ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum, quod erit omni populo, quia natus est hodie Salvator mundi, in civitate David. Et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem pannis*

involutum et positum in praesepio." These words from St. Luke's Gospel are translated into English as follows: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour...in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." Then seven boys arrayed as angels chant the well-known "*Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*" A train of shepherds now enter carrying staves in their hands and slowly advance up the nave from the western porch, singing the following hymn:

Pax in terris nuntiatur
In excelsis gloria.
Terra caelo foederatur,
Mediante gratia.
Mediatur homo Deus
Descendit in propria,
Ut ascendat homo reus
Ad emissa gaudia.
Eia! Eia!

Transeamus, videamus
Verbum hoc quod factum est;
Transeamus, ut sciamus
Quod annuntiatum est.
In Iudaea puer vagit,
Puer salus populi,
Quo bellandum se praesagit
Vetus hostis saeculi.
Accedamus, accedamus
Ad praesepe Domini,
Et dicamus
Laus fecundae Virgini.

Which may be freely translated as follows:

Peace proclaimed to all mankind
Glorifies His power
Whose grace doth earth to heaven bind
At this most blessed hour.

To intercede for sons of Eve
God came down from on high;
Then let us cease to mourn or grieve
And heed the heavenly cry.

Come, make haste to see the chaste
Sweet Babe whose praises angels sing:
Come let us go that we may know
If it be really Heaven's King.

Of Juda's line is born a Boy
Whose advent seers of old,
Filled with God's light and holy joy,
Had oft to men foretold.

Let us draw near with holy fear
To the crib where He is laid:
May the heavens ring and angels sing
In praise of the fruitful Maid.

In the farthest end of the choir a crib is arranged surrounded by women in appropriate garb whose duty it is to watch over the Virgin Mother and her new-born Child. The shepherds march through the open portals of the choir beneath the intricately carved rood screen and stand near the crib.

Here two priests greet them with these words: "*Quem quaeritis in praesepio, pastores, dicite?*"—Whom seek ye in the manger, shepherds, tell us? To this the shepherds answer: "*Salvátorem Christum Dominum infantem pannis involutum secundum sermonem angelicum.*"—The infant Christ, our Saviour and Lord, wrapped in swaddling clothes, according to the instructions of the angel. The women attendants then draw back the curtains which surround the crib and disclose to the shepherds the object of their quest. As the curtains are drawn back, the women repeat these words: "*Adest hic parvulus cum matre sua de quo dudum vaticinando Isaias dixerat propheta: 'Ecce Virgo concipiet et pariet filium': euntes dicite quod natus est.*"—The Child is here with His Mother concerning whom the Prophet Isaias said of old in his prophecies: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and shall bear a Son": go and announce that He is born. The shepherds bend low in salutation to the Virgin and the holy Child and then sing the following carol:

Salve Virgo singularis;
Virgo manens, Deum paris,
Ante saecula generatum
Corde Patris;
Adoremus nunc creatum
Carne matris.

Nos Maria, tua prece
A peccati purga faece;
Nostri cursum incolatus
Sic dispone,
Ut det sua frui natus
Visione.

These lines may be freely versified as follows:

Hail, our favored Virgin Queen,
Mother of the Holy one,
Thou whom God didst worthy deem
To give flesh unto His Son.

Let us adore this sacred Child
Born of Mary, spotless maid.
Oh, Mother, cleanse our souls defiled,
Our feeble efforts ever aid;

Guide our faltering feet aright
O'er life's long and weary way,
That we may enjoy the sight
Of Him we praise this Christmas Day.

After kneeling for a short time in prayer, the bands of shepherds arise and turning toward the choir, exclaim in a loud tone: "*Alleluia! Alleluia! Iam vere scimus Christum natum in terris, de quo canite omnes cum prophetis dicentes.*"—Now we truly know that Christ is born on earth; let all sing of Him with the Prophets. In answer the choir responds by intoning the inspired words

taken from the Introit of the Midnight Mass: "The Lord has said to me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee." The celebrant of the Mass and his assistants then advance slowly to the foot of the altar and begin the celebration of the Solemn Mass. At the moment of Consecration the band of shepherds leave the crib and occupy the most exalted places in the choir. They join with the choir in the responses, and take the leading parts in the chants which accompany the ritual of the Mass. At the end of the Mass the celebrant, turning toward that part of the choir where the shepherds are gathered, intones the following anthem: "*Quem vidistis, pastores? Dicite, annuntiate nobis in terris quid apparuit.*"—Whom have ye seen, shepherds? Speak, tell us what has appeared on earth. To this the shepherds answer: "*Natum vidimus et choros angelorum collaudantes Dominum. Alleluia, Alleluia.*"—We have seen the Son and bands of angels praising the Lord. The reciting of Lauds, which terminates the night office, then begins. The shepherds in two divisions, from their places in the choir, sing the "poetic paraphrase" which on all solemn feasts in those times took the place of the usual *Ite missa est* and the response *Deo Gratias*; and so the service ends with the singing of the following antiphon in unison: "*Ecce completa sunt omnia quae dicta sunt per angelum de Virgine Maria.*"—Behold, all things are completed, which have been spoken by the angel concerning the Virgin Mary. The vast congregation slowly file out into the frosty night and wend their way homeward to dream of the joys of the coming day.

Those who have ever attended a Midnight Mass can easily understand from this description, meagre and dry as it is, how deeply the hearts of those intensely religious people must have been affected by the graphic representation of Christ's Nativity. No greater pleasure could be afforded the people of the early ages than to be present at these embryo dramas utilized by the Church to instruct and impress upon the faithful the truths and facts of Christianity. The few examples of these impressive dramas that remain to us stand as a memorial to the religious feeling and poetic beauty which characterized the Middle Ages.

"There Were Shepherds Watching."

WHAT time the King of Love
Forsook His home above
And changed Heaven's blazonry for human weed
Beside a wind-swept hill,
The lusty Shepherds still,
Their watch attend 'til morn their eyes should feed.
When all the midnight sky
Down riven suddenly
Like heated parchment curls to either side
And from the heaven's height
Upon the slumb'ring night
Burst weltering waves of silver spreading wide.

And down the shining way
With heavenly trappings gay,
Angelic legions with angelic song,
Fanning the flaming air
With wings of fragrance rare,
In glittering ranks about the Shepherds throng
A myriad silver chords
Wild harmony affords,
The witching music leaps from hill to hill,
"To God all glory be"
Rings out their melody
"And Peace on earth to all men of good-will."

EUGENE P. BURKE.

Between Friends.

THOMAS D. LYONS.



SOME one has advanced what is called a theory of opposites. It is often in demand as an explanation when a grave and highly intellectual man marries a social butterfly; and on the physical side it holds that a tall man is attracted by a woman of few inches, and so on indefinitely. Of course, it is but an extension of the principle that unlike poles attract; but its supporters, like those of any other theory, can find hosts of specific instances to attest its value. There are some who go so far as to apply it to friendship among men; and by way of proof they adduce the great contrast in physical and mental characteristics which is often exhibited by the intimacy of two friends. Those who were fond of explaining things by that line of reasoning found an excellent example in the law firm of Haney and Reddington. Haney was a calm, grave man, whose skill lay always in preparing

and mapping out cases. Reddington was a hot-head and an enthusiast; but with Haney's outline of a case for a ballast, he could usually swing the jury. He was brilliant and erratic; his partner was logical and cautious, and as a law firm they were very effective. Moreover, their relations went far beyond mere professional interests. They were so close to each other in all things that many other men who liked them both complained that it was next to impossible to get a word with either of them when the other was about. In fact, they came to be referred to jokingly as Damon and Pythias. They had become a byword for devoted friendship.

It was often a matter of discussion as to what course they would take should either marry. Their most intimate acquaintances went so far as to hint jocularly in the presence of the members of the firm that one would be jealous of the other's wife. At this Haney always laughed gravely and Reddington usually guffawed loudly, and said in the manner he used when he impressed some platitude upon the jury: "Whom a law firm hath joined together, let no woman put asunder." They drifted along thus in serene contentment for a number of years, until one August day Reddington returned from Ocean City. There was nothing especially remarkable even then, though a keen observer would have noted that his customary debonair demeanor was slightly dashed at times, and that he received and sent bulky missives with increasing frequency. There was a story about his having saved some fellow from drowning too, but when a friend mentioned it in the office one day, Reddington looked so uncomfortable and red that all the beholders concluded there must be something unpleasant attached to it, and did not again allude to it.

At last, however, one morning in November he startled Haney completely—which was an omen. The senior partner had just volunteered a wish that the autumn would continue fine, when Reddington burst out with:

"You see, Jack, I met her at Ocean City, last summer,"—then he paused in embarrassment,—which was strangely incongruous in the best trial lawyer in two states. He felt very much as if he were about to report

the death of his friend's near relative, and his voice (as he was conscious to his own perturbation) sounded as if he were speaking in a large, empty hall. Haney viewed him with open-eyed alarm. A beholder might have thought that Reddington was confessing to murder or embezzlement. At last he went on nervously:

"Met her in Ocean City, and some way or other we became engaged—and are going to be married this winter," he concluded with an apologetic laugh. Haney rose to the occasion grandly. He walked over and shook Reddington's hand warmly and said:

"It is proper for every young man to get married when his means will permit; indeed, I congratulate you!" and he laughed loudly and merrily. But a wistful look was in his eyes as he turned to his desk, and the next day he told Reddington that the doctor had advised him to leave the city for two or three weeks, because the strain of constant application was beginning to tell on him. He returned a few days before Christmas, and it must be honestly stated that his rest didn't seem to have benefited him much. He did his best nevertheless to be "game" and cheer up in the presence of Reddington whose coming happiness had lent him a continual effervescence of joy. Christmas Eve they sat in the office as had been their custom, and talked until a late hour. Reddington was going to take an early train to the home of his fiancée; and after they had settled the affairs of the whole year and fought over again the victorious cases, and explained once more the causes of defeat in the few they had lost, they smoked in silence. At last Reddington could restrain himself no longer, and he began to talk on the subject of which his heart was full—the girl he was going to marry.

"It's like this, Jack," he said, "I never was fond of the society of women as such. The pleasure in my life has come from friendship with men. I've always pitied the fellows for whom Sunday afternoon meant calling on some girl. But when you become fond enough of one to ask her to enter into that contract which is not terminable at the will of the parties, why she some way or another loses her status as a member of class, and you regard her much as you do a man, only of course the

intimacy is much closer than can ever exist between men. You don't need to smile, Jack, you'll be compelled to admit it yourself one day."

But Haney had ceased to smile before he answered with a seriousness which had great effect upon Reddington:

"I know as well as you do, Jim—"

"Ah, then, there was some affair of the heart before I knew you," interrupted the younger man.

"Not was," said Haney, "nor will be. There is a girl, no matter about her name, for whom, if I could, I believe I would barter my immortal soul. It is a very strange case,—almost an instance of the fact that truth is stranger than fiction. The lady in the case is a childhood play-mate whom I have not seen for several years until a few weeks ago. We had cherished a sort of kindergarten affection in those days, over which I have often smiled since. But when I met her again last month, I found that our childhood fancies had been faithful augurs, and the day before my return I asked her to marry me."

"But she hadn't remained true. Always the way," said Reddington questioningly.

"No," replied his partner, "but she had given her word to another man, not because she loved him, but because he had done her some great service,—saved her brother's life or something—"

"Why, Jack," broke in Reddington hotly, "I tell you that's all wrong! If she has any regard for this other fellow she ought to tell him how the case stands, in simple justice to him. She'll spoil his life, and yours and her own. That sort of sacrifice is all very well for a poem; but in real life it is highly impractical even from the standpoint of the rejected suitor. I never could admire the character, even in a play, who enacted such a monstrous wrong. This other fellow is bound to find out the true state of affairs sooner or later, and then his fancied happiness will be Dead Sea fruit of the bitterest flavor. No, she ought to break it off."

"Jim," said Haney, "it is easy to understand why you are so good an advocate. But the reason is not complimentary to your broad-mindedness. To your vision there is always but one side, and when your client is also your friend, you can scarcely

set yourself up as judge of the whole merits of the case. Suppose you were the man in question—"

"Entirely too unpleasant an hypothesis," said Reddington looking at his watch. "Well, I must be going, my train leaves in ten minutes," and with a hearty hand-shake and a "Merry Christmas" he was gone. He knew that efforts to lighten his friend's burden would be worse than useless.

The next afternoon Reddington was radiant with joy. As he sat and talked to the woman of his choice, Miss Margaret Page, he remarked that happiness such as his was surely undeserved, because there was nothing he could do worthy of such reward. "If everyone could only be as happy as we are," he said, "the millennium would surely be a fact. But there is so much sorrow and suffering—much of it unnecessary, and more of it inexplicable. Now I have a friend—" and he recounted the evil case in which that friend stood. He might have observed that as he told his story, Miss Page grew very pale, but his gaze was riveted upon the glowing coals in the fireplace. As he concluded, he said with a sigh of pity: "Poor old Haney, it would have been kinder of her to have refused him outright."

"Haney!" cried Miss Page, and her face went livid.

Reddington was a man who had learned to comprehend swiftly; and the truth was revealed to him in that one cry. His words with Miss Page were few and not bitter—a spirit crushed to earth has no reproaches. His note to Haney ran thus:

"My dear Jack:—There is a parable, I believe, which concludes, 'and Nathan said to David: Thou art the man.' I am the man. I had saved her brother from drowning; but that fact in your narrative naturally didn't impress me. I sail for Calcutta to-day.

"Yours as always,

"James Reddington."

Haney read the note and stood looking at it in silence. Then he said aloud, though he was alone: "There is another verse, I think, which says something about 'Greater love than this . . .'"—but his voice broke and tears ran down his cheeks unchecked.

A Fragment of Bread.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.



It was noon across the sun-baked hills of Galilee; so intense was the heat that the atmosphere seemed charged with flame. Not a ripple stirred on the vacant expanse of the Sea of Tiberias; a few boats with idle sails were moored at the shore. In the town nobody was abroad, but without the city, on the shaded slope of a mountain, a multitude had gathered. They had come not only from the neighboring Tiberias but from many villages and towns throughout Galilee, for a festival day of the Jews was approaching, and they were all on their way to attend it. But here they are stopped in their onward march, held by one of their own number. Among them a citizen of one of their meanest hamlets has said things and done things so strange that, forgetful of the main purpose of their journey, they now tarry on the way, charmed, awed, indefinitely attracted by his marvelous personality. They have pressed about him day and night, so deep has been their interest in him that he has had time neither to eat nor sleep, and it is to escape their importunities that he has entered into a boat and crossed to this side of the lake in search of rest. But the crowd is beforehand with him and escorts him to this shaded hillside.

From a slight eminence on the slope he looks on them with mild, kind eyes. He sees the many heads receding down the mountain side and the many moving in the valley below. Men and women there are, thousands of them, of all ages, with their children. He sees them as sheep without a shepherd, a flock astray and no one to guide them back to the right road; and so his great heart goes out to them in tenderest pity and love. They—the remnant of the Jewish nation—raise their eyes to the grave young Galilean and see in him their leader and deliverer who shall break the chains of their Roman bondage and establish once more the glory of the old Hebraic power.

The day wears on; they are faint with hunger but know it not. He is speaking

and laying His hands upon the sick that are brought to Him and healing them all. They have stood gazing for hours, and now sit down in the deep grass, being weary with a very monotony of miracles. And now the sun goes down behind a bank of sapphire cloud, and the sudden evening of the Orient is upon them. Then those near the Master hear Him inquire of His disciples if they have bread sufficient to feed the multitude. On being told they have not, He asks to know how much there might be. Then one of His disciples saith to Him: "There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many?" The Master's answer is: "Bring them hither to Me."

Down in the fresh-dewed valley the children are at play. They have been near the Lord and have felt, more keenly than their elders, the thrill of His presence; for in all that assembly only the hearts of the children are like His. On every brown curl the sunshine of His benediction has fallen and lingered like a halo, and the fragrance of His smile makes sweeter still and brighter all their innocent, tireless play. Among the rest is a boy of about twelve years, sturdy, with sun-tanned cheeks and feet. In spite of the Master's presence, the glint of his eye is less bright to-day than it was yesterday, for he is troubled with the knowledge that the small store of food his parents have brought along to keep them on their journey to Jerusalem has dwindled down to five loaves, and they have not yet made half the march. He had dropped out of the merry game and was sitting apart looking sorrowfully upon the meagre contents of his small basket when he was suddenly roused by a deep voice near:

"The Master has said to bring thy loaves and fishes to Him." The Master desires our meat, thought the boy; and what of mother and the little sisters who are hungry? But ah, how sweetly the Master had touched his forehead that day! Without a word, but with a shining tear in each brown eye, he gives over the basket to the fisherman.

Now came the greatest miracle of the day. The boy was marshalled into a company with many of his fellows, but he kept a keen gaze always fixed on his little basket. He saw the Galilean lay it before the feet

of the Master; he followed the direction of the Master's glance as He looked heavenward, and the boy, too, saw the stars sparkling in the violet sky. Then the Master blessed the loaves and the fishes, and the boy saw ten or twelve men lift bread and fishes from his basket till it seemed as though they would never end; and he fancied once that the Master was looking at him and smiling, as the loaves and fishes were passed and passed through the multitude. Later he saw the disciples come about collecting the fragments, and he himself helped to gather up what was left among the children; but one fragment of bread he did not put into the basket but into the pocket of his tunic.

II.

Over the hot wastes of the desert sands the sky hangs blue, teeming with stars. In the bare open a little caravan is at rest; having travelled long they are weary and, though they know it not, they are lost in the desert. Morning dawns dry and brilliant, and immediately the heat begins to grow intolerable. The travellers are astir; and now for the first time the father realizes that he has forgotten the way he made when he came out of Palestine forty years before; he realizes that the family he is taking back to his native land will never reach its borders but die and be buried and unburied by the wind in the sand of the desert. There is no hope; none have been known to find a way out of the desert who have once lost the true one. Besides, their food and their water is all gone: they can never hope to pass the limits of the sandy waste.

The children gather to the father's side with the wife he loves; they read his thoughts and are silent, only the youngest cries for a drink. Then the father remembers—ah, that there should be memory to taunt him now—a scene so different from this: evening and dew in his own hills of Galilee, the splash of water in the valley and the abundance of bread that that strange young Man had taken from his basket. Who that Galilean was, what had come of Him the father never knew; he had not seen Him since that day; for soon his parents had moved into a distant land, and he had almost forgotten the gentle Wonder-worker;

but not quite, for he had always as a reminder of Him the fragment of bread he had kept from the basket of leavings. That fragment he had never parted with,—he had it now.

The children had been silently watching their father; his eyes were closed and he seemed for some minutes asleep. Now he looked at them, and a glimmer of hope was in his countenance. With reverent fingers he loosed the fastening of his doublet and took from an inner pocket there a small roll of silk; unfolding this he disclosed a tiny fragment of bread which he laid in the hand of the youngest child, saying: "Eat, my son." The boy tasted of the morsel: "Oh, how delicious, father; my thirst is all gone." So said they all, for each had now tasted of the crumb and found it satisfied both his hunger and his thirst; and the father's eyes grew round, as long ago had the boy's, when he again held the fragment of bread in his hand as whole as when he had given it out. Then in the father's heart awoke a new light of which he never knew the name, but which men have since called *Faith*. And rising up he made ready their beasts and started off straight over the blistering sands. For days they marched, each day taking the morsel of bread out of its silken covering, and each night returning it thither whole, though they had thrice banqueted upon it. After the ninth day's march they came to a valley through which flowed a stream whose music the father seemed to recognize as the voice of an old friend. Yes, they were nearing their "promised land,"—the Lord had brought them out of the desert. That night they encamped some leagues distant from a little village, and the father dreamt in his sleep; and he saw the Lake of Tiberias with its green-hilled shores wearing the purple of the evening, and on a well-remembered slope he saw the Galilean standing over a basket of bread and he heard Him say these words: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Christmas Dawn.

FLED are the hours of gloom:
Life and the day are rife:
Budding joy is abloom:
Good-will has conquered strife. S. F. R.

The Mistletoe.

THE mistletoe by ancient rite
 Hung brilliant in the golden light
 Of thousand Christmas flames, when we
 Predestinate by Love's decree
 First met upon a hallowed night.

How often musing on that sight
 I'm all athrill with keen delight
 To think the omen chanced to be
 The mistletoe.

Portending joy the bards recite,
 If 'neath its sway a mutual plight
 Is sealed in tender kiss! What sea
 Of boundless love is destined thee
 And me? for ne'er such hopes will blight
 The mistletoe.

HENRY M. KEMPER.

The New Coachman.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.



R. BREMNER stood a moment on the veranda of the Tillman residence to light a cigar, then hurried down the steps and walked up Michigan Avenue toward the town.

The night was cold, but he was so intent on his thoughts that he quite forgot the biting severity of the December wind. He went over again in his mind the whole scene of the evening. Miss Tillman had been at fault. He saw her again as she stood near the heavy olive-green curtains that hung between the drawing-room and the library. Her face was flushed, and she spoke with a harshness he had thought her scarcely capable of. He heard her bid him a sharp good-night and saw her walk into the library, drawing the curtains behind her. He recalled how his first impulse was to follow her and, if possible, to give an explanation, and then how his pride mastered him and he took his hat and walked carelessly to the door. He reviewed the circumstances of the charity ball and could not find any just cause for Miss Tillman's sudden outburst of anger. But perhaps he had done wrong in parrying her remarks and leaving the house so hastily. He might have humored her, even pleaded

guilty and asked forgiveness. He ought to have known her disposition better: she had always in the past been as ready to forgive as to blame. The more he thought about it the more he blamed himself for his rashness; so he determined to see her before Christmas, which would be the following Sunday. It would be too bad to let Christmas pass and have all the little plans and schemes, that they had so carefully laid out, come to nothing.

Lost in these considerations, Mr. Bremner did not notice the young man who approached him as he turned into Washington Street. He started, therefore, when he felt a hand touch his arm and saw a tall fellow drop into step with him. The stranger tipped his hat as he spoke.

"Pardon, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hard way to-night and if I could explain to you I think you'd help me." Bremner's first impulse was to hand the fellow a dime and hurry on; but something in the appearance of the man, or perhaps the tone of sincerity which he thought he detected in the voice, made him pause. Besides he felt so miserable himself that it might be a relief to hear and help one in greater distress. They were in front of Marshall Field's store.

"Come in here," said Bremner walking toward the entrance; "it's too cold outside." He pushed open the door and the stranger followed him into the vestibule. They could hear the busy hum of voices within and see the women behind the counters with lead pencils in their hair, and the shoppers hurrying from aisle to aisle, and uniformed boys with packages and bundles dodging in and out of the crowd. It flashed upon Bremner that he was doing something extremely odd. He had never before been stirred by such an impulse, though hundreds of beggars had approached him. But his mind was flurried now from the recent interview with Miss Tillman, and this encounter might at least be a distraction. They went close to the radiator, and Bremner unbuttoned his long overcoat.

"Well, what's your story?" he asked smiling. "It's early and I'm willing to listen."

"It seems odd," the stranger began, "that you should come in here and listen to me. I expected when I went up to you

that I'd get the usual short answer, and see you hurry on, and I'd wait for another and try again. A year ago I was a coachman for Mr. Wendell of St. Louis. I was saving my earnings to get married and settle down. I stayed at home in the evening and polished the harness and did little jobs about the house just so I could save my money, for I knew it wouldn't last long if I went to the city and mixed with the crowd. I hoped to marry Nellie Burns. She was poor but respectable, and I thought I might make her happy. But she took a liking to an old comrade of mine, Jim Ranson, and married him. This spoiled my plans, and I went reckless for a time and blew in all my savings. Then I settled down to work and tried to forget about it, but I couldn't. It was running in my mind all day, and I kept on making imaginary pictures and planning about the cottage I had counted on, and how I'd come home at evening and find it brighter though poorer than that of my employer. And then I'd realize that I was only dreaming and that the dream couldn't come true.

"Ranson, after a time, began to get careless and spent most of his money in the city. I waited for him in the evening when he was coming home from work and I tried to make him change and do better for her sake. But he didn't seem to mind me much and kept on the same way, and she bore it well I know, for she wasn't one to complain. I sometimes gave Jim part of my wages, and told him to use it for her but not to tell her about my giving it, for I knew she was too proud to take help that way and she'd rather suffer something for the want of it.

"I met Ranson one Wednesday in Christmas week and I says to him: 'Here now, Jim, you ought to straighten up and make this Christmas happy for Nellie. Buy her something that you know she likes and make your home cheerful for Christmas.' He told me he hadn't any money and was out of work. I had some money at home and I said I'd give it to him the next night.

"Well, that evening I drove Mr. Wendell to the city to a meeting of the Merchants' Club. It was three o'clock in the morning when he came out and told me to drive

home. When I opened the carriage door to let him out he was asleep and I saw a roll of bills on his lap. I thought of Nellie and my little savings, and I snatched one of the bills and thrust it in my pocket. It was worth twenty dollars. I hurried to meet Ranson in the morning and gave him the bill together with my savings, and I told him not to let her know it came from me.

"Mr. Wendell accused me of stealing the money, and I said I did, 'cause I hadn't done nothing like that before and I didn't feel like keeping it back. I told him to take it out of my wages; but he said there was more than twenty dollars missing, and though I knew I didn't take it, I had to go to prison for the whole thing, but she didn't know about it. Of course Ranson came to see me and wanted to make it square, but I told him it would be all right since she hadn't learned about it, and if she asked where I was he could tell her I'd left the city. I got out last Monday and I come here so I could forget the whole thing, for I know if I saw her again and got thinkin' on the past I'd have to stay. And now I'm going to settle down and live honest."

Bremner started when the stranger had finished. He wished the fellow had kept on talking. His thoughts were back in the Tillman home. He wondered if she could take a liking to a comrade and leave him for such a little fault. And could he be as kind to her as this poor fellow, who was only a coachman, had been to Nellie Burns? Would he pass the Tillman house and see it all lit up, and see her happy face smiling on a comrade, and fancy that she was talking to him about the paintings in the Louvre and about her visits to Venice, and reading beautiful passages from Ruskin as she had done for him? The silence interrupted these musings and Bremner came to himself.

"That story somehow strikes me," he said, "and I don't altogether blame you for what you did. Now, I'll do what I can for you."

He brought his new acquaintance into the interior of the store and they disappeared in the hurrying crowd. When they came out again Bremner's new friend was wrapped in a warm overcoat.

"Now you'll have some supper," said Bremner cheerfully. He felt good that he had done what he did and he would give the thing a good finish. He ordered a big supper at a restaurant down the street, and the stranger ate with hungry fervor. It seemed like a dream that he should meet such good fortune. Bremner sat at the table but didn't eat. He reviewed the whole thing, and couldn't help drawing comparisons between the story he had just heard and his own experience with Miss Tillman.

He gave the fellow some money and bade him good-night, and the stranger scratched on a piece of paper Bremner's name and address and went away promising to "pay it back when he'd save up enough."

When Bremner came home Christmas Eve he found a small envelope on his desk. He tore it open nervously and read:

"Mr. Bremner:—Come up to the house to-night, I want to straighten matters with you. T."

He read it over two or three times. What could "straighten matters mean?" Was she going to forgive, or did she mean to end their friendship? It had a business tone about it like the letters he received every morning at the office.

When she opened the door for him that evening her smiling face settled his doubt.

"I was too hasty," she said as they sat in the drawing-room, "and when the new coachman told me what you had done and showed me the paper with your name and the overcoat I felt ashamed."

When Bremner and Miss Tillman passed the Fremont club-house in her brougham on Christmas day, they smiled and bowed to the gentlemen in the window; and one of the members remarked that Miss Tillman's new coachman was a smart-looking fellow.

To All Men Peace.

TIS Christmas and the glad bells call
 The populace to church—
 The rich man leaves his stately hall,
 The beggar stops his search:
 They both bend low before His shrine
 In adoration true,—
 Christ loveth all nor doth confine
 His blessings to a few.

B. S. F.

Omnipresence.

LOUND rang the bells in the tower,
 Loud rolled the organ on high,
 Up rose the mighty chorus,
 Up to the vaulted sky.

Lights from a thousand candles
 Blazed on the altar broad,
 Incense with voices rising
 Told of a mighty God.

Still are the bells in the tower,
 Still is the organ on high,
 Hushed is the mighty chorus,
 Noises in silence die.

Only the misty moonbeams
 Fall on the altar broad;
 Even this sacred dimness
 Tells of a mighty God.

WILLIAM. D. JAMESON.

The Wassail Bowl.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.



HE English Christmas in olden times was noted for the boundless hospitality and the jovial good fellowship with which the rich and poor alike mingled together to celebrate the day for which all other days are made.

The Christmas season at that time usually lasted for more than two weeks, and the period from Christmas Eve to New Year's was one continual round of revelry and rejoicing. In the truest sense of the word it was a festival of joy to all classes; care and sorrow were banished, and so democratic in its aspect did the feast become that even the servants of the household partook of the festivities, and for the time being met with the master on terms of friendly equality. It was this open hospitality that was so peculiar to this period, and it is to be regretted that the old customs embodying as they did so much of the true spirit of Christmas should have been allowed to die out.

An interesting and indeed one of the most essential features of the old Christmas season was the Wassail Bowl. This custom of drinking wassail was widespread over the island, both the English and the Scotch

observing it. In England the custom is an old one, and many traditions exist concerning its origin.

One of them is that Hengistus, an old English king, had invited King Vortiger to sup with him. His queen, Rowena, came into the presence of the visiting king, and, making a low reverence before him, presented a golden bowl of spiced wine. As she presented the bowl to the guest she pronounced the words "*Waes hael, hdlford cyning,*" which means according to our present speech, "To your health, lord king."

Though we can not be sure of its origin, we know that the Wassail bowl attained great popularity in England and graced every festival of importance. On Christmas or, more generally, New Year's Eve, for New Year's was included in the Christmas season, it was customary for the head of the house to call his family and friends around a bowl of spiced wine or ale. After first drinking to their health he passed it around the assembly, each member drinking to the health of the rest and repeating before he drank the old Saxon phrase, *Waes hael*. Hence this custom came to be known as the Wassail Bowl. It was also humorously called Lamb's Wool, and as such is referred to by Herrick in his "Twelfth Night."

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle Lamb's Wool
Add sugar, nutmeg and ginger;
With store of ale too,
And this you must doe
To make the Wassaille a swinger.

As the bowl went its merry round the company's spirits waxed high, and old Wassail songs were sung such as the following:

The brown bowle
The Merry brown bowle
As it goes round about'a
Fill,
Still,
Let the world say what it will
And drink your fill all out 'a

The advice given in the last line was always most assiduously carried out. The custom of drinking from the same bowl gave way later to each one having a cup. This permitted the installation of bowls with a greater capacity and provided freer access to the ambrosial contents. Thus the innovation deservedly gained great popularity. Not even Puritan severity could entirely quench this custom and, it still survives among us in the form of the punch bowl, without which no up-to-date

celebration or festivity is complete. The poorer classes carried a bowl adorned with ribbons through the neighborhood, begging for something wherewith to obtain the means of filling it, that they too might enjoy a Christmas Wassail. As they went the rounds, they sang numerous songs before the different houses at which they stopped. The following is a verse from one of the songs:

Wassail sire, over the town,
Our toast is white and our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of the maplin tree—
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee.

The custom of Wassail was kept up in the monasteries as well as in private houses. In front of the abbot on the refectory table was placed a large bowl which they called the "*Poculum Caritatis*." From this bowl the abbot drank to the house and then all drank to one another.

The corporation feasts of the city of London still preserve a custom somewhat similar to the Wassail Bowl. On the announcement of a toast to the health of all those present, the presiding officer rises from his seat and drinks from a double-handled flagon. The cup is then passed to the left, each guest rising and drinking to the toast; such is the well-known ceremony of the Loving-Cup.

Up to recent times the custom of keeping wassail at New Year's was very common throughout Scotland. On the last day of the year, as the clock's hands neared twelve, a "hot pint" was prepared—that is a kettle or flagon full of warm, spiced and sweetened ale with an infusion of spirits (much stress should be laid on an infusion of spirits).

When the clock struck the knell of the dying year each member of the family drank of the mixture, wishing "a good health and a happy New Year and many of them!" Then a general hand shaking took place, usually followed with a hilarious dance while singing a song such as the following:

Weel may we a' be
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king
And the guide companie.

After the dance was over and the songs sung, the elders were wont to sally forth with their steaming kettles and make New Year's calls on their friends. If on the way they met parties bent on a similar errand, both stopped and sipped from the other's kettle. A few such meetings and we fancy

the progress must have become slow and laborious. If they did succeed in reaching a friend's house, the kettle was again sent circulating amid vociferous good wishes. On such occasions, according to accounts, so many kettle-bearers infested the streets of Edinburgh that the crowds on the main thoroughfare in the early hours of morning was greater than at midday. At Leith in 1873 the New Year was ushered in by a riot such as the staid old town had never before experienced. This was caused by a few pick-pockets who began to dispoil the befuddled revelers of their cherished kettles. In the fracas that evening many heads were broken, and one unfortunate constable lost his life. All in all it was the merriest New Year that old place had seen for a long time.

The preparation of the beverage which provoked such universal good feeling was an intricate process requiring no small degree of skill on the part of the mixer. The amounts taken in the following recipe are sufficient to produce a small-sized riot.

Recipe for making wassail,—simmer in a cup of warm water a small quantity of the following spices: cardamum, cloves, nutmeg, mace, coriander, cinnamon and ginger. When done add the spice to two, four or six (preferably six) bottles of sherry or port with one-third of a pound of sugar to each bottle. Then break twelve eggs into the mixture. It is needless to add that the mixture should be tested frequently. Allow it to boil slowly and then stir briskly to obtain a froth. The moment a froth appears throw in twelve finely-roasted apples and serve hot.

Pride's Buckler.

WHEN we two meet, as meet we may,
Her heart will then seem just as gay
As when we first met long ago;
Her coldest smile she'll then bestow,
A passing glance she'll scarcely pay;
To me she never will betray
The tender thoughts now sealed away.
That once we loved we'll never show
When we two meet;

For in that hour to her I'll say,
My life is one long summer's day,
And smile, though heart should break to know,
She can not see I love her so.
Yes, still the hypocrite I'll play
When we two meet.

W. D. JAMESON.

Margaret Gray's Christmas.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.



CHRISTMAS Eve had come; two little children stood at the window of a small brown hut, watching the snow which fell thick and fast. The bare floor, the ceiling blackened with smoke, the almost naked walls, the puny little stove—all betrayed the poverty of the inmates. The children near the window, Frank and Margaret Gray, were chatting about Christmas and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them.

"I wrote him a letter to-day," said Margaret, "and asked him for lots of nice things for mamma and you and me. He will surely bring them, for he has always been good to us."

"You are right, Margaret, old Santa Claus has never forgotten us yet and I hope he will not forget us this time," replied Frank.

The mother, who sat by the fire sewing, listened to their talk and silently shed tears. The tone of Frank's voice told her that he had outgrown the Santa Claus myth which his little sister doubted not the least bit. Mrs. Gray dreaded the rude shock which Margaret's childlike credulity would receive on the morrow. For things were not as they had been. She was now a widow and poor.

Last Christmas a kind father had provided all things necessary to make home happy, and he felt a calm joy in beholding the frugal comfort which the labor of his own hands had produced. Since her husband's death Mrs. Gray found herself face to face with the problem of supporting her little ones. She did what she could. She washed and ironed and sewed for others day after day and month after month. So cheerful was she at her work and so prudent in the management of her earnings, that the children had never yet realized the great void left by the loss of their father. It was the mother's studied purpose to put off as long as possible the time when they should miss him as she did. To-morrow would bring her a severe trial.

A year ago that night loving hands had decked a Christmas tree in that very room.

Its green branches were studded with half a hundred tiny candles. Numerous pink sacks of candy, bags of nuts, story-books and other long-wished for presents had gladdened the hearts of Margaret and Frank as they crept from their beds in the early morning to peep into that enchanted room. To-morrow they were to be disappointed for the first time. Their mother had small hope of giving them their usual merry Christmas. For six long weeks she had been sick and unable to work, and her little savings were about spent. She was now barely able to walk about the house, and had but money enough to get them a modest dinner much less a Christmas tree and presents. Having a religious horror of debt, she was reluctant to ask for credit at the store, even if she knew it would be given ungrudgingly. With a pardonable pride she shrank from making her wants known to others. Yet there was a possible resource. A Mrs. Brown for whom she had sewed still owed her a sum of money; small indeed, but sufficient for her immediate needs. This had been sent for and was daily expected. Surely, she thought, this woman should divine her need and send it on Christmas Eve.

The children still standing by the window watching the passers-by were attracted by a little boy and girl about their own age coming toward the house. As they drew near Frank and Margaret recognized them as their schoolmates, Agnes and George Flynn. Mrs. Gray's heart beat more lightly, for as these children lived next door to the Browns, she felt assured that they had come with the money.

"Hello, Margaret and Frank," said the little visitors as they came in, "what do you expect Santa Claus to bring you to-night?"

"I wrote him a big long letter to-day," replied Margaret, "and asked for a nice big doll, a story-book and a pair of new shoes."

"He always brings us something," replied Frank somewhat proudly.

Agnes then handed Mrs. Gray a note from her mother relative to some sewing to be done after the holidays.

"Frank, you must come out skating on the pond to-morrow; all the boys are coming and we will have a fine time," said George.

"My skates are broken, so I can not go, but you may be sure I would like

to," answered Frank. Then George and Agnes left after giving their little friends the heartiest wishes for a merry Christmas.

Mrs. Gray's last hope was gone. The little sum of money had not come nor could she longer reasonably expect it. When hope left her mind resignation entered. After all her condition was not so bad as it might be; she did not as yet suffer actual want, while hundreds of mothers in that great city were without sufficient food or clothing or fuel. Then she thought of the Immaculate Maiden Mother, who on the first Christmas night brought forth her Infant-God in a drear cave. Why had she not thought of these things before? Her very privations made her more like that model of all mothers. She was resigned and happy.

As Agnes and George Flynn walked homeward, they could not help comparing their own comfortable happy home with the dingy little room which they had left. They had a kind father and a loving mother who supplied their every want; Frank and Margaret would spend their Christmas alone with a sick mother. What beautiful presents they would receive to-morrow! Would Frank and Margaret get even a good dinner?

"Let us be their Santa Claus and give them some of our nice things," proposed Agnes.

"A happy thought, we will tell papa and mamma about it," said George.

They got home just in time for supper and told with childlike simplicity and animation, their desire to share their Christmas gifts with Frank and Margaret Gray. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn were delighted with their generous resolve and promised whatever they might ask for their poor little friends. After supper Agnes and George with their father and mother went to the store of Flynn and Co. to procure provisions and gifts for Frank and Margaret Gray and their mother. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, always charitable, were on this occasion more generous than usual.

By eight o'clock a delivery wagon was hastening to the little brown hut. On its arrival Frank and Margaret were asleep and Mrs. Gray was sitting alone by the fire. When the sharp rap came to the door and Mrs. Gray opening it saw a man with a large basketful of provisions, she thought of course he had mistaken the house. How

full was her mother heart when she was assured that they were all for her, and that the little visitors of the afternoon were the cause of her joy. After all her dear children would have a merry Christmas.

The big turkey, the cranberries and other things of that sort were taken to the kitchen. She filled with candy and choice nuts the little stockings that had been hung up with such entire confidence, then she placed out on the table the other gifts for Frank and Margaret and went to bed more happy than she had been for months.

Early Christmas morning as the waking eye of little Margaret caught sight of the well-filled stockings hanging near, her shrill, triumphant voice resounded through the still, cold house:

"Good old Santa Claus came, mamma, he came, Frank!"

Frank jumped out of bed and began to investigate. There were the oranges, the nuts, the popcorn and candy, the new mittens, the skates and some things he had wished to buy for his mother. He was completely surprised, for he knew his mother could not have bought these things. She told him aside who the Santa Claus had been.

"He surely got my letter," exclaimed Margaret, "for here are the doll, the shoes and the very story-book I asked him for."

No children in the whole city had a happier Christmas than Frank and Margaret Gray, excepting Agnes and George Flynn, who that day realized for the first time the great truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Yuletide in Pagan Rome.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.



WITH the approach of Christmas we not only look forward to the pleasant future but occasionally cast a glance on the past, wondering how our forefathers spent this holy season. Sometimes we even ask ourselves whether there was not a festive yuletide for the people living before the birth of Christ. To say that they enjoyed Christmas, as we understand the word, would be incorrect. But what do we mean by Christmas? Perhaps the angels gave the best definition on that most holy night when they sang: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis!" Herein we find two predominant notes, that of religious veneration and that of terrestrial contentment. Accepting this analysis we can truly say that the pagan Romans observed a week of sacred festivities marked by peace and freedom; a season which corresponded in many respects to the Christmas of to-day. These festivals immediately preceding the feast of the Nativity were known by the name of the "Saturnalia." They are worthy of some consideration because many of our customs appear to have originated at that time and to have been preserved for us by the conservatism of the Church and of mankind,

notwithstanding the destructive havoc of two thousand years.

Precisely what the origin of this festival was is undetermined. It may not have been of strict Latin origin, though Romans generally regarded it as a reminiscence of the Golden or Saturnian Age. It is not unlikely that it served for the celebration of the winter solstice. If so, Romulus may have introduced it under the name of *Brumalia* (*bruma*, winter solstice). It will be noted later that much attention is paid to wax candles, in signification of the returning power of the sun's light. From this notion grew that of making a new fire. This explains the burning of the Yule-log and a similar German custom observed at the summer solstice.

Prior to the Julian calendar the Saturnalia was celebrated on the 19th of December, thereafter on the 17th, which day was finally fixed by Augustus. Popular usage, however, embraced under the Saturnalia a festivity of seven days, closing with the *Larentalia* on the 23d.

Already on the eve of the 17th the holiday season began. Men and women rush joyfully out of the houses shouting: "Io Saturnalia!" and greeting one another with the salutation, "Bona Saturnalia!"—in modern

parlance "Merry Christmas!" For many the night is one of revelry and boisterous merry-making. On the following morning is the Saturnalia. All customs, religious, social and legal, aim at transplanting Rome to the Saturnian Age when freedom and equality reigned supreme. No labor is performed; shops must be closed; schools are suspended; the Senate is adjourned; no war can be proclaimed; no punishment inflicted; no criminal executed; no check to freedom of speech; no *ædiles* or school-masters to prohibit gambling (in which privilege all partake; the rich playing for money, the poor and the boys for nuts).

In the morning a public sacrifice is offered at the temple of Saturn, followed (according to Fowler) by a public feast. During the offering knights and senators wear the toga, but lay it aside during the "Convivium." In sacrificing to Saturn the head is uncovered; but for other gods the toga is drawn up so as to serve for a veil, and thus exclude the sight of any ill-omened object. Saturn was the first god at Rome to have tapers burnt at his altar. To-day his temple is brilliantly illuminated and richly adorned with flowers, somewhat like our churches during the Christmas Midnight Mass.

The bath, usually taken in the afternoon before the principal meal, or "cena," is now taken in the early morning, so as to give an undivided day to feasting. The Roman sacrifices a suckling pig to his guardian spirit or "Genius," and forthwith begins to make his Saturnalia visits. If he is a patrician and calls anywhere unexpected he has a herald announce his coming by the tinkling of a little bell. The host receives him most cordially. The dice-box is brought forth, and all play for the highest throw, or "iactus veneris." The successful thrower is appointed "arbiter bibendi," and has full say regarding the strength of wine, the amount to be drunk, etc., and be it remembered the tumblers are rounded at the bottom so that they can not be set on the table before they are empty. The guests smear their hair with costly ointment and crown their head with a myrtle wreath and roses; then three apiece recline on their "triclinium," or table-couch. The centre dish, without which the Saturnian

dinner would be as incomplete as our Christmas meal would be without its goose and filling, is the so-called "Trojan sow," a suckling stuffed with sausage and provided with wings. Wealthy patrons extend open hospitality to their clients on this day, and on their departure give them food, napkins and trinkets to take along. The Fannian law in B. C. 161 limited the expense of the banquets given during the Saturnalia to one hundred *ases*. The whole family, including slaves, are seated at a common festive board; so writes the poet Accius (B. C. 150): "Cum dominis famuli epulantur ibidem." Often the master personally waits upon his slaves, or else the latter wear a badge of freedom and during the day a hat and toga. Female slaves are served by their mistress, as on the feast of the Matronalia.

After the day has been pleasantly spent in visiting, playing games or attending the circus, a night of revelry is at hand. No citizen (slaves excepted) wears his toga during the Saturnalia; instead he wears an undress garment. Even magistrates, knights and senators dress in an ordinary house garb and commingle with the populace. In the evening patricians and plebeians parade the streets with blackened face or masquerade, and head unprotected by their hood or cowl. These revelers set up a deafening noise in the streets and in the taverns, permitting themselves unwonted licenses.

We have already alluded to the liberality shown on this festive day; but without the "dona amicis" (Christmas gifts) the Saturnalia would be almost a misnomer. Every citizen, regardless of rank or station, from the highest to the lowest, has his gift to make to friends and relatives. The emperor sets an example by bestowing costly gifts on his adherents. The poorest citizen follows it by presenting his patron with at least a colored candle or a wreath. The wealthier classes often pay the debts of their clients and other needy individuals. If, however, a poor person goes beyond his means in order to give a present, the receiver is obliged to sell the gift and offer the proceeds to the temple of Saturn, and the giver is publicly whipped.

Thus were the Saturnalia spent to the great enjoyment of young and old, in an atmosphere of pious tradition and religious worship. Many of its customs, as we have seen, live in sacred observance to this day; and though there is a radical difference between these pagan festivals and our Christmas, it can not be gainsaid that the Romans had a happy and merry Yuletide.

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THE Christmas vacation marks the close of a very successful semester at Notre Dame. Most of the students, we believe, have spent their time so profitably that they may justly anticipate a pleasant holiday season,—for it is only that relaxation which follows upon a period of exertion that is truly enjoyable. A few, no doubt, could not in truth say that the session has been fruitful for them, but to those few we would suggest that there will soon be a day appropriate for good resolutions, and another term in which to live up to them.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC have attempted to make the present issue a little out of the ordinary, and trust that in the general mellowness of spirit which prevails at Yule-tide, its shortcomings may be overlooked. Naturally, we would like to have it better; but in view of the size of the present board and the fact that nearly all the members have many other occupations, we ask your sufferance.

In conclusion, the SCHOLASTIC wishes the students and members of the Faculty a vacation filled with joy,—a truly Merry Christmas and an auspicious and Happy New Year!

Monsignor Agius at Notre Dame.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Agius, Papal Delegate to the Philippine Islands, arrived at the University Wednesday, December 7, in the company of the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., who escorted the Archbishop from Chicago. A reception was tendered the distinguished guest Wednesday evening in Washington Hall where the members of the Faculty and the student body gathered to do him honor. Among the audience was Count Vannutelli, a nephew of the two distinguished Cardinals of that name. After a number by the orchestra, Mr. José Gallart entertained all present by a piano solo, which he executed with such effect that he received a much-deserved encore. Mr. Thomas Lyons then read the following address:

MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP AGIUS:—It is my especial privilege this evening, on behalf of the students and Faculty of Notre Dame, to bid you welcome to our University halls. Nor do we feel that you are entirely a stranger among us. We have so many kindred ties, so many things of heartfelt interest in common, that our affections go out to you already as to a friend of long standing. In the first place the visit of any representative of our Holy Father the Pope is an occasion of joy to his loyal children here at Notre Dame. Again it is but a few weeks since we were honored by the presence of the Right Reverend Dom Gasquet, a distinguished member of your Order; and during his brief sojourn among us he established, so to speak, an intimacy between us and all the sons of St. Benedict. And last of all as representative of the Pope in the Philippine Islands, you go on a mission in which the sympathy and good wishes of all loyal Catholics and patriotic Americans accompany you. We know in some degree what difficulties and perils beset your path; we know what peculiar and intricate problems arising from the unusual relations of the Catholic Church and the American government, confront you, and as Catholics and Americans we take this occasion to assure you of our hearty confidence in you, and of our hope for the complete success of your great undertaking. And indeed, Most Reverend Archbishop, you will pardon us when we make bold to say, that judging from what we know of your record in the past, the American people and the Catholic Church both in the United States and in the Philippine Islands are to be felicitated upon the choice the Holy Father has made. We are well aware of the zeal and tact you bring to this most delicate and important problem, and we look to the future to bring forth nothing but the happiest results.

Permit me to say, finally, that we heartily appreciate

the honor and kindness which you have conferred upon all of us here at Notre Dame by your visit, and for this occasion to bid you heartily welcome.

Messrs. McCauley, Burke, Sypinewski and Gavin then rendered the "Soldiers' Chorus" in a manner which gained them well-earned approbation. Mr. Paul McGannon, accompanied by Mr. Adrian H. McNamara, then delighted the audience with a violin solo. The exercises by the students having been thus completed, Monsignor Agius arose to reply, and for the next hour entertained those present with a pleasing informal address which will long be remembered with keen pleasure at Notre Dame. The most reverend gentleman brought into play the fine arts of a finished orator and the polished powers of a master of after-dinner anecdote. He interspersed his serious remarks with flashes of wit which held his auditors enchanted, and when finally, to the regret of all present, he brought his remarks to a close, so pleasantly had the time passed that all were astonished to find that he had spoken more than an hour. The Archbishop said in part:

As you say, I am going to the Philippines to undertake a great work. I am going to work under the American flag, in the name of the Church; and it is not sufficient to have your confidence: I want likewise your support. No doubt I see amongst you young men growing up who may later come to the Philippines; and I want their support. Some may come out as lawyers—and they will be necessary there; some may come as engineers; many I hope will come as teachers; some perhaps in the army. But let me say to those that come in the army not to bring arms and ammunition with them: we want no more guns and gunpowder in the Philippines. The doors of the Delegation will be always open to them; but they must come as friends, not as fighters. The programme that I bring with me from Rome is peace—the motto of our Order—written in large letters in our monasteries—*Pax*—peace to all; and this is my programme.

Again he laid stress on the peaceful nature of his mission in describing his parting-interview with the Holy Father:

When I came from the Holy Father, when I asked him—what am I to do? He said: "Go on, continue what you have been doing in Rome for the last ten years; devote yourself to the good of souls, try and help them to become better subjects—loyal subjects of the present Government." These were his encouraging words: "Go not as a politician but as an Apostle."

Mgr. Agius related in a very amusing way his experiences immediately on arriving in this country:

As soon as I landed at New York I was sur-

rounded by three reporters, one of them a very little fellow. I felt sick and ill after my ten days' voyage, which for me were very unhappy days. (Still, in them I learned something: I learned that I have got the power of fasting: I can fast ten days at a time!)

Well, this little reporter wanted to know what was my impression of America. I was taken by surprise: I had just landed, and had seen nothing but Sandy Hook, and naturally I could not tell him anything of my impressions of America. "Have you no special message?" he said, and, I think he even looked down my sleeve to see if he could find it. I said, if you would only just leave me alone for a short time. He said: "I have come here, sir, you will understand, especially for my paper, and I must take something back. What is your message: are you going to see the President?" I said, I hope so. "Well, what are you going to say?" I have got to make up my mind; said I. He said: "Is the Holy Father sending anything special to him?" I said, Yes; he is sending *me*. And he ran off and put that in the paper.

In the address on behalf of the students, mention had been made of the recent visit of Dom Gasquet to the University. In reply the Delegate quoted some words of a private letter he had received from his confrère in which the great historian expressed his admiration for the Catholic colleges, seminaries and academies he had seen in America. Then speaking of Dom Gasquet's historical work he said:

As to the Abbot Gasquet I will say that what he has done here in a little way, he has done in England: that is to say, he has made the Catholic Church known; his books have been of great service to us all, and he has run down prejudice. People have learned from his books to look on Catholics as they ought to be looked on. There was a time when to name a Roman Catholic was to name a bogey: they knew nothing about the Roman Catholic; or they knew only as much about them as they knew about fish in the midland counties of England. Before the time when fish was sent by express and by railroads throughout the country, it was almost unknown in the midland counties. On one occasion there was a fisherman going through a midland county-village with a basket of fish on his back. A crab fell out. The villagers came out and saw this awful thing creeping backwards and forwards. They turned and looked and wondered, and no one could make out what the monster was. Whereupon the schoolmaster was called out to give his opinion. He looked and studied. "Yes," he said, "I can tell you what that thing is—that is a Roman Catholic!" And the villagers were quite satisfied: they had heard what a Roman Catholic was, and now they had seen one!

Well, the Abbot Gasquet with his work has taught the people—the intelligent public—that Roman Catholics are not crabs: they are something better, and they can hold their own.

Regarding the optimistic spirit in which he has taken up his mission to the Philippines, Mgr. Agius told a diverting story which set his audience in a roar.

Before I came away from England I had a complimentary dinner given to me, and several Benedictines came to give me a warm send-off: Bishop Hedley, the Archbishop of Westminster, and several other Bishops, and the Abbot of Downside—where the Abbot Gasquet hails from. And in his speech Abbot Ford was giving me some words of encouragement. He knows me pretty well, and he knows likewise that I look at the bright side of things. In the course of his speech he brought out a similitude: he told us a little story, which I shall repeat. He talked about the history of two frogs: he called them clerical frogs. He said those two frogs saw a pail of milk, and they at once proceeded to have a drink out of this pail. They both tumbled in. One of them was an optimistic frog; the other was a pessimist. The pessimist said: "Well, it's no good, I'm in for it;" and he just let himself drop and went to the bottom. The optimist said: "There is still a chance;" and he began to strike out, and he went round and round, and the faster he went round the more courage he got, until finally striking out even a little more vigorously he hit upon something hard, and to his surprise he found he was sitting on a pat of butter!

I hope I shall have the fortune of sitting—well, not on a pat of butter, but on something more solid by the time I shall leave the Philippines. And what helps me most is the encouragement which I received from the Holy Father—the warm way in which he received me. And now when I mention his name, I do so with feelings of the greatest love and the greatest respect for that holy man, whom the Holy Ghost has given us for our Father and our Universal Pastor. My friends, the Holy Father has succeeded in having the whole Catholic world in the palm of his hands. Nay more, he has the whole Catholic world in his heart: it is large enough for the world, and many worlds: he is the human Pope who comes to us with his love.

From this the Delegate passed naturally to reminiscences of Pope Leo XIII., and the present Holy Father.

It is wonderful how the Holy Spirit directs his Church. With the death of Pope Pius—those times of turbulence—we needed a Pope to come before us, to raise and to establish in the intellect of men the supremacy of the Pontificate: and no one better than Pope Leo has succeeded in doing this. His marvelous Encyclicals, which will be standard works to the end of all time—they are beautiful to read—and the effect of those Encyclicals was that when he died there was not a single paper in any corner of the world that had not words of praise and admiration for so great and glorious a Pontiff. This was Pope Leo: he had done his work nobly, gloriously and forever.

Then the Holy Ghost in a most marvelous way gave us another Father—another Father to take up the threads left by Pius IX.,—the threads of the heart, the threads of love; and we have all that in our present Pope. People have tried to explain the meaning of the *ignis ardens* in the so called prophecies of Malachi: and the only way of explaining it is the burning flame of his heart—always full of love for his people.

You would like to know something about the intimate life of Pope Pius X. You know he was a poor boy, and had to walk many miles to go to school in his own village. He took a piece of bread with him for his frugal

meal, and this was his daily fare. And then when he had gone through his studies there, he entered the seminary. Who could have told then that some day he would be Pope? There was the little seminarist going about his lessons blotting his book and making mistakes; and if anyone had tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Take care Joseph, one day you will be Pope," how vain it would have seemed. Then he was assistant to a parish priest; and in the evening he would sit down and have just a little innocent game of cards. If anyone had tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Giuseppe, some day you will be Pope," it would have seemed nonsense. Then again when he was parish priest, this thought was far from his mind. But he was a good and worthy parish priest. Later he was consecrated Bishop of Mantua. Then he went to Venice as Patriarch; and before he left Venice, his beloved Venice, he was asked by his people to come back to them "Oh, yes," he said, "I will come back—dead or alive." "No," they said—"alive." "Very well," he said, "alive,"—little knowing what was awaiting him. He entered the Vatican without the slightest idea that he would remain there. And the old saying in Italian applied to him—Whoso enters Pope, goes out Cardinal: but he entered as Cardinal, and he remained as Pope.

You know that in the Conclave all the Cardinals are equal. They have thrones erected, and they sit around the room while the elections are going on. On Sunday at midday Cardinal Sarto began to notice that the number of his votes was rising. So when he thought there was a likelihood of his being elected he rose and made a most beautiful speech, begging and praying his colleagues that they would not elect him, he considered himself so thoroughly unfitted for the post. This consequently shook the votes a bit, and the Cardinals began to reconsider the matter. Your good Cardinal Gibbons called into his room Cardinal Satolli whom he saw passing in front of his door, and said to him: "Let us talk this matter over: don't you think you can prevail on the Cardinal to withdraw what he said?" Cardinal Satolli answered, "I will try;" and he went to Sarto and represented to him that it was the will of the Holy Ghost that he should accept, and he begged and prayed him to retract what he had said. And so finally, after much pleading, Sarto said: "Well, if it is really the will of God, I have given my life and all to Him, and if it is to be so, I will withdraw my refusal." So Cardinal Satolli, before the next voting, for fear that the votes should go astray, announced that Cardinal Sarto had withdrawn what he had said at the former meeting. Whereupon the Patriarch was elected at once.

The audience then knelt and Mgr. Agius imparted the Papal Benediction. This was followed by loud and prolonged cheering on the part of the student body, testifying that the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines had won an enduring place in their hearts.

His Excellency pontificated at the solemn celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception Thursday morning, and later in the day departed for Washington, followed by the prayers and best wishes of all at Notre Dame.

Contest in Oratory.

THE Annual Oratorical Contest for the Breen Gold Medal and the right to represent the University in the Intercollegiate Contest at Indianapolis was held last Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 14. After a selection by the orchestra, Mr. Patrick Malloy opened the contest with his oration on "Henry Clay." Mr. Malloy's stage presence and delivery, both in point of voice and gesture, were most commendable, and he entirely merited the favorable opinion the audience formed of him. Many thought that Mr. Malloy would carry off the honors, and the fact that he tied for second place showed that such a judgment was well founded. He will make a strong speaker when fully developed.

Mr. Stephen A. Gavin spoke on Father Damien, the "Martyr of Molokai." He made a profound impression by the excellence of his manuscript, and the reserve force which he showed in delivery. Mr. Gavin is open to the objection, perhaps, that he does not display sufficient fire, but his sustained force and excellent modulation are extremely effective. Mr. Gavin was awarded first place on the general average of markings on thought and delivery, entitling him to the Breen Medal and the right to represent Notre Dame in oratory.

Mr. W. D. Jamieson in his oration on "Becket" sustained the reputation he has made in previous appearances on the stage of Washington Hall. Mr. Jamieson's climax was probably the finest individual bit of work done during the afternoon and completely won the audience. Mr. Jamieson tied with Malloy for second place.

Mr. Bernard Fahey, the last speaker, chose for his subject "Mary Queen of Scots." Mr. Fahey was handicapped by the lack of good manuscript. His gestures were exceedingly appropriate, and his voice well modulated. All in all he sustained the high reputation he has heretofore enjoyed as a public speaker.

As a whole the contest was of a high order, and speaks very well for the industry and spirit of the men who participated. Each of the contestants has a right to feel that he is entitled to credit for the showing made. Furthermore the men who entered

the preliminary contests should by no means think that their efforts were in vain. It is only by constant and sharp competition that we can develop a winning orator, and the men who furnish that competition are worthy of all praise.

The contest at Indianapolis takes place February 3 in Tomlinson Hall. In that contest Mr. Gavin may count on the hearty support of all at Notre Dame.

Judges of Thought and Composition:—The Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., the Rev. Dr. James Trahey, C. S. C., the Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C.

Judges of Delivery:—The Rev. John F. De Groot, C. S. C., the Hon. Benjamin F. Shively, Mr. Wm. A. McInerney, LL. B. '01.

 Father Morrissey's Return.

An example of the excellent feeling which exists between the Faculty and students at Notre Dame might have been observed last Tuesday. The occasion was the return of Very Rev. President Morrissey from a trip abroad. In behalf of the students Mr. Wm. Jamieson delivered the following address:

VERY REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY:—It is with genuine and hearty pleasure that we, the students, welcome you back to Notre Dame. We have had you in mind very much since you left, particularly on the Feast of St. Andrew. In fact, I may say that of late there has been but one question mark on every lip: "I wonder when Father Morrissey is coming back?" Hence the real joy which you can plainly see in every face here of having you with us to-day safe and sound after your long voyage. It is our earnest hope that you have thoroughly recuperated both in mind and body, and will be again ready to assume the grave responsibility as head of this great Catholic college. We are glad that we have seen you before the close of the term; your home-coming we shall keep in mind as a pleasant memory during the holidays; and we shall return buoyed up with the knowledge that you are here ahead of us.

Father Morrissey, it is with great pleasure that I, in the name of the students, welcome you back home again to Notre Dame.

The Very Reverend President responded in his usual gracious manner, thanking the students for their expression of appreciation. He expressed himself further as being pleased with the loyalty which he found everywhere to exist among alumni and students, and concluded happily with a wish for a pleasant holiday season for all the students and their parents.

The Varsity of 1904.

IT was without regret that another page of Notre Dame's football history was turned down on Thanksgiving Day, for the record made by the Varsity of 1904 fell far below the standard set by the elevens of the past three years. But the poor showing made this year does not reflect in any way upon the ability of Coach Salmon, nor upon the pluck or ability of the men who made up the eleven. The whole cause of the disastrous season can be set down to two causes—the lack of material and the frequent injury of the players—neither of which was to have been foreseen by those in charge in time to have been avoided. Of the championship eleven of 1903 we lost our entire back-field, both tackles, an end and one guard. This in itself was a serious obstacle to overcome, and it was seen after the first week of practice, that there was a woeful lack of material from which to pick men to fill the vacant positions. Out of the squad of twenty-five there were but sixteen who were qualified by their classes to represent Notre Dame on the gridiron. Of the new men the majority were without previous experience and were very light, but Coach Salmon set to work to whip his men into shape for the season. It was at this stage that the injuries commenced and kept up during the rest of the season. In quick succession, McNerney, Guthrie, Healy, Silver, Shaughnessy and Church were injured so as to be forced to retire from the game. The lack of men forced Trainer Holland to put his cripples back in the game before they had recovered, and so our team always had one or more cripples in its line-up. And so with one or more of the best players in the college on the sidelines in every game it is no wonder that the Varsity was unable to put forth its best game. The loss of the Kansas contest at least can be laid to the number of cripples in our line-up, for it was not until after our subs had been put in the game that Kansas made their winning scores.

Coach Louis J. Salmon had a hard task before him and the complications which arose as the season advanced did not tend

to lighten his burden. To his credit it must be said that he kept at work with the same spirit of perseverance that marked his playing during his four years on Notre Dame's teams and made his name famous in the annals of football from one coast to the other. The fact that the Varsity's team work and offensive play was developed to the speed and accuracy that was shown in the last few games speaks more for Salmon's ability than the record of an ordinary team with good luck on its side would have done. It is the hope of the entire student body that Salmon will return to Notre Dame next year, take charge of the team and bring Notre Dame back to the place she occupied when he was the pride of Notre Dame and the West.

FRANCIS J. SHAUGHNESSY (Right End).

Captain Shaughnessy was unable to give his team the full benefit of his ability, as his broken collar-bone forced him to remain on the side lines during the greater part of the season. But when in the game his long, sensational end runs and his hard and sure tackling stamped him as one of the best men that has defended Notre Dame's ends. His plucky work at Purdue, when, despite the doctor's orders and after being out of training for over two weeks, he tore through the line for long gains and played an all-around star game, won him a well-merited place on the "All-Star" Indiana eleven. Captain Shaughnessy leaves school in June, and if his successor at right end has the same amount of true Notre Dame spirit that our plucky Captain has, then our opponents will have to look to their laurels. "Shag" is 22 years old, weighs 175 pounds and is 6 feet and 3 inches in height.

PATRICK A. BEACOM (Left Guard).

"Pat Beacom, bigger and better than ever," is the story of what our opponents ran up against when they attempted to gain through our left guard. "Pat" was the mainstay of the line last season and more than duplicated his fine work this year. Besides playing his usual strong game on the defense he surprised everyone by his work with the ball. He was first used at Columbus when our backs were tired out and unable to gain. Running low and hard he tore into the line and placed yard after



yard to our credit until finally he had scored. Then to show that his feat had been no accident he did it all over again and made our victory complete. Beacom handles his 230 pounds easily and is much faster on his feet than the ordinary lineman. He has been selected to lead the Varsity next season and should prove a capable captain. The rooters are already laying plans for the celebrations that will occur when the men under Captain "Pat" bring the coveted title of State Champions back to Notre Dame. Beacom is 22 years old, weighs 230 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches in height.

NATE H. SILVER (Quarter-Back).

During Captain Shaughnessy's absence from the game the responsibility of running the team was given to Nate Silver, and our speedy little quarter-back kept up his record for fast and consistent work made the year before. Silver uses good judgment in directing his plays and has the faculty of keeping his backs working together at all times. His defensive work at Lafayette and at Milwaukee won a lot of praise for him. Nate has been chosen alternate captain for next season and will return and play next year. He was lighter than usual this fall, weighing but 150 pounds, is 21 years old and stands 5 feet 7 inches in height.

CLARENCE J. SHEEHAN (Centre).

"Bud" Sheehan kept up his clever work at centre and proved himself the most consistent man Notre Dame has had at that position. He was handicapped by injuries, but he always managed to secure an even break with his opponent. He is a fast man and a willing worker, and to his accurate passing is due the fact that Notre Dame had but few fumbles during the year. He will return next season, and will give some of the aspiring candidates for centre honors in the West a merry race. Sheehan is 21 years old, weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet in height.

LAWRENCE McNERNY (Left-End).

McNerny was one whom the hoodoo picked out as its own personal property. Just before the trip to Milwaukee he was badly hurt in practice, but entered the Wisconsin game as there was no competent man to replace him. In that game he was so battered and bruised that he was compelled to remain on the side lines until the De Pauw

and Purdue contests. In these two games he showed his ability by scoring a 75-yard run against De Pauw and putting up an excellent game at Lafayette. McNerny has had but two years of college football, yet he is a valuable man for any team. He is a brilliant offensive player and a man who can take advantage of any slip of his opponents. He is a member of the 1906 Law class and will return. "Mac" weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches in height and is 20 years old.

MICHAEL L. FANSLER (End and Full-Back).

"Big Mike" is the most versatile man on the Notre Dame team. During his three years of football he has been called upon to play nearly every position on the eleven; and in every case he has given satisfaction. Early in the season the injuries to "Shag" and McNerny forced Salmon to look for an end. Mike was tried and made good. Later he was shifted to full-back when Draper was laid up, and at Purdue Fansler tore into the Boilermaker's line as though he were a second Salmon. Despite his good work this year at end and full-back, Mike is really a lineman. If he returns to Notre Dame for his last year, which is to be hoped, he will be a great help to the team in the line. Mike is 23 years old, weighs 170 pounds and is 6 feet 3 inches in height.

ARTHUR FUNK (Right Tackle).

Funk was late in reporting for practice, and had no real chance until he was tried at tackle at Columbus. He at once proved that he was the "find" of the year. From that time on he was kept on the regulars, and as he became accustomed to his place he showed the stuff that was in him. He is short and rather light for a lineman, but is a hard fighter. His work with the ball gained many yards for Notre Dame, and next year when he has learned more of the fine points of the game he will prove a worthy successor of that other 'Art'—Steiner. Funk weighs 165 pounds, is 5 feet 8½ inches in height and is 20 years old.

DAVID J. GUTHRIE (Half-Back).

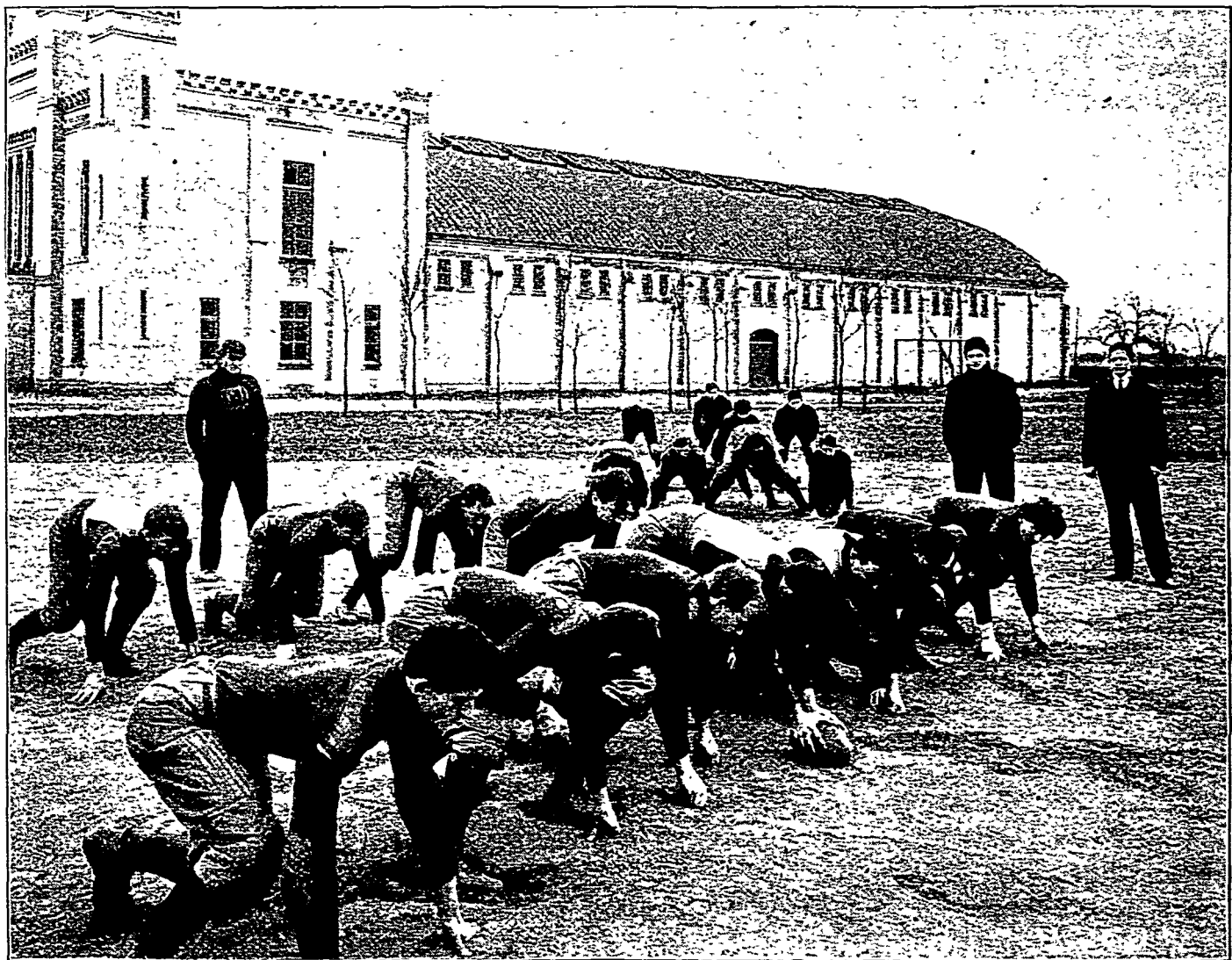
Guthrie was another 'find,' but like other members of the team, he was severely hurt early in the year and was unable to play his best game at all times. Dave is a hard man to down when he has the ball; he hits

the line low and seems to be able to keep his feet until he has made his gain. His defensive playing was consistently good all year, and before he was injured it was brilliant. Dave has three years ahead of him and should prove one of the strongest men in the back-field. He is 21 years old, weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet in height.

RICHARD W. DONOVAN (Right Guard).

Coach Salmon decided that Donovan with his 195 pounds of brawn and bone would do better in the line than at half-back where

busy doctoring his bruises and sprains until the De Pauw game when he was laid up for good with a fractured collar-bone. "Bill" is one of the best punters Notre Dame has ever had, several of his kicks going over seventy yards. His offensive work was not consistent, although when in a pinch he could tear through for gains, as he showed against De Pauw. This and his defensive work will have improved greatly next year when he can be expected to do great things. This is his first year on the football team.



THE LINE-UP.

he won his monogram last year. Although new to the place "Dick" soon got onto the run of things and put up a creditable showing all year. His work is not of the brilliant or sensational order, but he played hard, and kept improving all the time. Donovan has two more years to play. He is 21 years old and 5 feet 11 inches in height.

WILLIAM A. DRAPER (Full-Back).

"Bill" Draper fitted in nicely at Salmon's old place, and his early work gave great promise. But the hard luck "bugaboo" got busy with him also, and Draper was kept

He is 21 years old, is 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighs 172 pounds.

DURANT CHURCH (Half-Back).

Church is another new man to the squad; he is playing his first year at half-back. Church is a fast man, understands football thoroughly, and in his early games won the rooters by his heady work with the ball and his plucky defensive playing. Later in the season his defensive game suffered, and he failed to maintain the standard set for himself earlier in the year. His injury at Milwaukee, which put him out of condition,

may in some manner account for this; and if he returns to Notre Dame next fall he should put up a creditable game. Church weighs 160 pounds and is 23 years old.

THOMAS F. HEALY (Left-Tackle).

Tom played in hard luck all year. He did not report for practice until late in the season, and when rounding into condition he sprained his ankle and had to start all over. When in condition Healy puts up an excellent exhibition of football. His best game of the year was at Lafayette where he went after Allen, Purdue's captain, and more than held his own until he was forced to give way to Murphy. If Tom comes back to Notre Dame next year in condition he will surprise some of the supporters of the team. Healy weighs 200 pounds, is 21 years old and is 6 feet in height.

ROBERT BRACKEN (Half-Back).

"Peggy" Bracken was the lightest man in the back-field, but won his monogram by his dash and earnest work. During the year he played half-back and end, and his showing gives great promise for the future. He is not as experienced as some others in the back-field, but if he returns next fall the candidates for end or half-back will have a hard time beating him out. Bracken is 20 years old, weighs 160 pounds, and is 5 feet 9 inches in height.

RUFUS W. WALDORF (Half-Back).

Waldorf is another man who lacks the experience that every Varsity player should have. But his work during the season was hard and showed steady improvement every time he was put in the game. His weight, too, was against him, but if he can put on a few pounds during the vacation he ought to be able to put up a creditable game next season. Rufus is 20 years old, weighs 155 pounds and won his monogram for the first time this year.

DANIEL L. MURPHY (Tackle).

Murphy was one of the new men of the squad, and when given a chance did all that could have been asked of him. He has had practically no experience before the present year, and consequently was at a great disadvantage when playing against older and more seasonable men. Still, he is a game and hard player, and always gave the best he had in stock. Another year would go a long way towards developing "Murph," but as he graduates in June he may not return. He weighs 172 pounds, is 5 feet 10½ inches in height and is 20 years old.

RICHARD COAD (Sub Quarter-Back).

"Dick" Coad took Silver's place as the baby of the team, and, like Nate, won all from the start by his brilliant work. His defensive playing is as clean-cut and as sure

as that of any player Notre Dame has had in years and was a feature of every game he took part in. His generalship and offensive playing lacks Silver's dash and sureness, but Coad gave entire satisfaction while on the squad. Parental objections forced him to leave the squad before the Purdue game. Dick is 19 years of age, weighs 140 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches.

Besides the above-named gentlemen, all of whom won their monograms, the squad consisted of Keefe, O'Neill, Langtry, Sudheimer and Murray. Keefe, O'Neill and Sudheimer were in the Varsity line-up at some time or other, but did not play the length of time required for a monogram. This lack of men for a second team was one of the greatest obstacles Coach Salmon had to contend with, and it is to be hoped that a school that has forty-five candidates report for a hall eleven while fourteen or fifteen men, some badly crippled, are serving as first and second teams for the Varsity, will see that next year's squad will be large enough to warrant the formation of at least two full teams. The few men who did stand the bruises and knocks on Cartier Field deserve the credit for showing a great deal more loyalty than many of the fellows who moan so about the lack of true college spirit at Notre Dame.

Trainer Holland had his troubles from the first day of practice, when Sheehan hurt his foot, until he gave his men their last attentions at Lafayette. Tom was without a sufficient number of competent assistants all year, but he did as well as could be expected under the existing circumstances. Besides looking after the physical welfare of the men, he relieved Manager Daly during the latter's absence from Notre Dame in October. No one can criticise Holland for the lack of condition of the men. His work in the past shows that if conditions are the least way favorable to him, his boys will go into the games fit as the proverbial fiddle.

Manager Byrne M. Daly had more than the usual number of complications, both great and small, to overcome, and it was but to be expected, after his record of the past three years, that he would come through with flying colors. By his tact and personality he has placed Notre Dame on friendly terms with all the colleges of the West, and what Mr. Daly has done for athletics at Notre Dame would make his place especially hard to fill.

In conclusion, the SCHOLASTIC desires to congratulate Coach Salmon and every member of the squad for their loyalty to Notre Dame in the face of overwhelming odds, and to wish them all a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

ROBERT R. CLARKE.



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP AGIUS, O. S. B.,
Apostolic Delegate in the Philippine Islands.