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The Nativity.—A Miracle Play.


CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

Dramatis Personae.

MATTHIAS	THE HOLY FAMILY	REBECCA
SHEPHERDS	THEIR INFANT SON	ANGELS

SCENE I.

Bethlehem, the night of Our Lord's birth. Early evening. Enter Joseph leading an ass upon which the Blessed Virgin is seated.

OSEPH: The wind hath blown the heavens into flame
About us; earth is silver to our feet.

By night, by day, God's hand hath guided us,
Pillar and cloud His firmament hath been;
And brought us hither; this should be the town

Of David, city of our sire.

MARY. Even so.

JOSEPH. Here where the unknowing workman left an arch
In the broad wall we pass; thus Israel's God

Comes stooping to His own.

MARY. Whereto He leads
We can but follow now as ever, yet
Methinks I hear, over the din of song
That beat about our temples all the way,
The night-song of a mother for her babe.
Hark!

(Crooning-on the wind.)

Baby sleep, my child,
Deep the night hangs o'er thee,
High the wind and wild,
Dreaming is before thee.
Come, come, the happy slumber,
Bright dreams be thine in number,
Ah baby, on thy mother's breast
Is sleep for thee, for thee is rest.

JOSEPH. Let us approach; the inn mayhap
is far

And crowded by the mandates of our king.
(He knocks at door of a house.)

MATTHIAS *(within)*.

Who is it starts the peacefulness of night
With clamorous knocking?

JOSEPH: Two of David's house,
Come far and weary: may they lodge to-night

Beside thy hearth?

MATTHIAS. Mine house is all too strait
For mine own household *(opens the door.)*
Beggars and their beast,

Begone!

REBECCA.

Hush; houseless in the night, with child.
Surely some room can still be made—

MATTHIAS. We are too poor. *(To Joseph)*
The inn is farther down
The road; *(looks at Mary)* and yet—God
rest ye well.

(Mary and Joseph turn sorrowfully away.)

REBECCA. Houseless, with child—O husband,
call them back!

MATTHIAS. Peace, they will shelter find, and
food, and rest.

REBECCA.

Her eyes were like the pools of Hesebon
That mirrored her sad soul.

(Baby begins to weep.)

MATTHIAS. Lo, here thy child

Hath need of thee and of thine every
thought.

REBECCA. He sickens, yea, his eyes begin to
blur.

MATTHIAS.

His temples burn; it is some malady
Of unknown, sudden power.

REBECCA. Give me the child;

Fetch thee yon herbs medicinal and oil.

MATTHIAS.

His eyes are fixed; how his bosom lifts—

REBECCA.

O God of Jacob, leave us still our son.

(*The infant dies. There is much weeping
and lamenting.*)

SCENE II.

*The Stable. Midnight. Mary and Joseph, with
shepherds and angels, adoring at the crib.*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

From heaven He came,
The Eternal Flame,
To fire men's hearts
With love's own darts,
To conquer sin
And mercy win
Of God above.

Lo! in the straw,—
Near may ye draw,
For God is weak
That ye may speak,—
The God of peace;—
Let earth's war cease,
Toward men good will.

SHEPHERDS.

We believe that in the manger sleeping
God's own begotten Son we see,
And all their days let men spend keeping
His law that He may honored be.

REBECCA (*without*). God knows, God knows,
my heart is bleeding sore,

My son had hardly come to months that
knew
His mother's lips, his mother's face and
voice.

Warm with my kisses slept he, in an hour
Cold in mine arms. But she, that pilgrim
spouse,

With all the lights of mother in her eyes,
In dewy deeps the trembling wistfulness
Of hopes unfathomable; pleading eyes,
Ye draw me from the shrouding of my babe;
Woman, hast need of me (*Entering stable*).

What wondrous light,
What singing is there here! The Mother and
Her Babe. O God, stop all the clocks of time
And never ring the passing of this hour.

JOSEPH. Woman, thou look'st upon the face
of God.

REBECCA.

I saw Him in His Mother's waiting eyes,
And I have come from mine own babe's
stark form

With swaddling bands I ne'er may need
again.

MARY.

The heart of Abraham is in thy breast
(*Giving her the cloths that were
around Jesus.*)

Lay these upon thine infant's quiet side,
Sister, that hast this night befriended God.
(*Rebecca goes out.*)

SCENE III.

*The Flight. Night. Near the house of Matthias and
Rebecca. Enter Joseph leading an ass upon which
is seated Mary with the Child.*

JOSEPH. Ye stars that run before the winds
of heaven

Hide in the frowning cliffs of mountainous
clouds,

Thou, planet, wimpled, as a maid, with
light

Tell not our steps; God's finger points us
far,

The way is His who is the way. *Lullaby
heard.*)

MARY.

Soft, listen!

REBECCA (*singing*).

Baby, sleep, my babe,
God's own night is o'er us,
Jesse's rod hath flowered,
Heaven opes before us.
God sleeps as thou art sleeping,
Bright angels watch are keeping,
Sleep, sleep, until the songful dawn,
God's day is here, sin's night is gone.

MARY.

Yet, ere another westering sun his way
Hath crimsoned, earth shall lie in their
blood washed,

The babes that sleep this night on mother
breasts.

JOSEPH. This woman's child hath died that
he may live

And sport forever in the fields of heaven.

A Sign.

THE silver star that led the Kings by night,
That pointed out the lonely road to them,
Was but a faint reflection of the Light
That burned upon the straw in Bethlehem.

T. E. B.

Mirrored.

The Quest Peace.

Elevation.

E. P. B.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '06.

C. L. O'D.

© SHINY, snow-white lamb,
So frail and small,
Your tiny eyes reflect
The God of all.

MOTION plays a more prominent part in the affairs of life than is ever realized, especially by the persons most concerned. Impulse

© THRONED in His Mother's arms,
Christ rests in slumber sweet—
Except at God's right hand
For Him no higher seat.

so often overrides intellect that it has come to be a matter of course in the commerce of hearts. So it is that if all the actions of mankind were to be subjected to the rules of pure logic we would be forever making of this world a wilderness of fallacies.

"Bob" Felton, the real party in interest in this case, had long shouldered his burden of mistakes, for all his life he had never been known to make a weighty decision in the calmness of deliberate thought, but always in the white heat of an emotional mood. Of course it often occurred to him to change his tactics, but his thoughts of reform, never being coincident with his seriously penitent moments, failed for lack of a proper consideration. Nevertheless, that was purely a personal matter, for as regarded the fulfilment of his duties as chief constructive engineer for the great New York Central railroad, from the day of his employment, some three months previous, he had been a source of increasing delight to the management. He was as steady and accurate as clock-work without enthusiasm or illusions to mar his effectiveness. No one knew, least of all the general manager, what an effort it was costing Felton every moment of his time to so repress himself and what a task he had set himself in a mad endeavor to forsake vagabondia for the saner and quieter walks of life. Never does a tie seem to bind us more tightly than when we seek to tear ourselves free. Felton had experienced the truth of this daily and hourly since he had firmly resolved on sticking to his profession here in New York.

It was the golden selvedge of the afternoon before Christmas when he stood by his office window gazing out upon the dizzy procession of pedestrians. According to all natural laws he should have been happy, contented with his profession, his work, and his success. Instead he was lonely—desperately lonely—sick with the longing for something to take the place of the insubstantial mock festival to which he would wake on the morrow. And yet it was not so much the longing for anything, but rather the lack of something, the emptiness of space which could never be filled. What had

started him on his present train of thought he could not have told. It might have been Jim Curtis' telegram; but that only said: "Wife and I want you down for Christmas dinner. Some people I want you to meet. Take 6:30 train this evening." It wasn't acquaintances he wanted, he thought bitterly as he read again, it was friends. And yet it wasn't friends he needed so sadly as it was a home.

No surely it wasn't that had brought on the sudden heartache for home.

He picked up the other yellow sheet and read again the blunt words:

"Have swell job for you, Panama Canal. Be ready Tuesday morning.

MONTGOMERY."

It was "Buck" all over again, "Buck," the irrepressible, stubby in stature, slangy in speech, and as good-humored and generous as any man that ever trod in shoe-leather. No, surely that message had not made Felton homesick, but it did something worse, for it rent asunder the fabric of three months' careful weaving. In a single instant it quenched the flame of his enthusiasm and left only the dead ashes of disgust. In the midst of the teeming avenues of the turbulent city the revolt against the commonplace, the conventional, had set in. The old irresponsible spirit of the vagabond, the thirst for the wide highway of the world, possessed him. It was upstakes and move. Wanderlust had called to him again.

"God help me," he cried flinging up his

arms at last. "I'm coming, Buck, I'm coming," he groaned.

There was an entirely unnecessary viciousness in the way she poked the glowing log and made the sparks fly outward on the rug, which she had no right to destroy, even if she was a cousin of Jim Curtis' wife; but then when a man asks an embarrassing question even the steadiest of feminine nerves will oftentimes betray themselves.

"Are you glad I came, Eleanor?" he repeated, his eyes intent upon her face.

"Yes, truly, Bob, I am!" she exclaimed impulsively, but without looking up; and then added as an after-thought, "one should always be glad to meet old friends again."

"Can a rejected suitor ever again be considered a friend? Tell me that, Eleanor Douglas." There was a trace of anxiety in his eyes as he watched her, despite the quizzical tone of his voice.

"Tell me about your work, Bob;" she said ignoring his last question. "Jim said he just had to compel you by sheer force to leave your work and come with him."

"My work! Yes, Bobbie, Felton has really learned to work," he replied with a short laugh that had more of bitterness than mirth in it. And although I am as wealthy as I ever care to be it has cost me unremitting toil and unforgettable sufferings. You remember how proud I was of my soft white hands. Look at them now and read the history of the last twelve years,—years spent in laborious days and fearful nights, risking my life in a thousand ways a thousand times. Why, in those twelve long years I believe I've been almost everything from canal-boy to president"—he paused. She was still looking into the fire, the paper lying neglected by her side. There was an air of dejection in her attitude, a suggestion of weariness in the droop of her head. With a quick intake of his breath he went on hurriedly: "Eleanor! there was a time when I presumed to pity you for wasting your strong young life in the pursuit of that Will-o'-the-wisp, an art career. Now, Eleanor, I have money enough for both of us. I—

"Don't, Bob, don't!" she implored with sudden pain in her voice. "Don't talk that way, it hurts me—it hurts me awfully. I know you don't mean it all—you can't mean

to insinuate that you can purchase my art—buy me."

"No, I guess I forgot myself," he blurted out. "I am glad you reminded me of it. There was a time in my youthful selfishness when I attempted to thrust my desires forward and drag your plans awry. In those days you did not deem me worth your career. Since then I have my way in the world and achieved a fair measure of success, but I know, dear, that I am not a bit worthier of you."

She did not speak, but as Felton looked at her there settled back in the cushioned depths of the arm-chair, she seemed pale, and tired, and weak—a world unlike the buoyant, resilient Eleanor as he had known her in her youth—though she was still as sweet and desirable as ever. It flashed upon him that it was not so much a home he wanted as her of the wistful voice and the dear dark eyes. In that moment his blind impulse was to seize her in his arms, to claim her as his own, his very own forever. He started to rise to his feet. As he did so, from somewhere within his coat a yellow slip of paper fell to the floor. He stooped to pick it up: the spell was broken.

"I start for Panama to-morrow morning," he said aloud in a choked voice, still clutching the telegraph blank in his hand. She must not have heard him; she did not stir.

He came and stood by her chair a moment looking down upon her; then he tiptoed softly into the hall, quietly put on his overcoat, and picking up his hat started back into the room to bid her good-bye. She was in the same position as when he had left her. As he crossed the room again he distinctly heard the church-clock strike the hour.

"Eleanor," he said, touching her arm.

She turned her head, her lips were trembling and her eyes wide and wet with tears. With an effort she tried to control herself, but he had already read the truth in her face—the truth she would have hid—and she surrendered herself to his outstretched arms. Before he kissed her burning lips he unclasped his right hand and flung into the fire a crumpled bit of yellow paper. The flames licked it up hungrily, but not until the words "I'll come," had been for one brief moment outlined in inky blackness against the glowing mass.

A Word on the Chronology of Christmas.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.



THE festival of Christmas is regarded as one of the greatest celebrations in the ecclesiastical year. It is deemed so important and happy that nothing, not even a fast, can detract from the joy of holy Church, the joy with which she received on that glorious night, after an advent of four thousand years, the good tidings from the angels. That the birth of Jesus Christ should be regarded as one of the greatest events of history and worthy of being religiously and joyously commemorated is only natural, and although at one time denounced as superstitious and unwarranted by Scripture, there are few Christians indeed who do not in some special manner observe the anniversary. Christmas too, like the other portions of the liturgical year, has its own peculiar spirit, which is manifested in the curious customs and practices used in its celebration. These customs and practices, moreover, did not originate, as we shall see, with the institution of Christmas, but have been gradually acquired, and some are older even than the feast itself, having their origin in pagan superstition and idolatry.

As we go back to the earliest traces of Christmas we find a great diversity of opinion regarding the time when it should be kept. Some communities celebrated the festival on the 6th of January, combining it with the feast of the Epiphany; others at the time of the Jewish Passover, about the 29th of March. Nor were these the only dates, for we find it celebrated on the 29th of September, which was the feast of Tabernacles, and Rome observed December the 25th. The apparent uncertainty which is the anniversary of Christ's birth has given rise to that fruitless, unending discussion as to whether He was born in December at all or not.

Those who question the date now observed bring forward the strong objection that in Judea the rainy season reaches its height during December, and consequently neither flocks nor shepherds would be found at night upon the fields of Bethlehem. To this objection are advanced stronger arguments by ancient scholars like St. John Chrysostom, and modern men of learning like Father F. E. Gigot. The former in attempting to prove that the tradition of the Western Church was well founded, argues that the Church of Rome had every means of knowing the correct date of our Saviour's birth, since the acts of enrollment, taken in Judea by

Then and Now.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07

CHILL was the night when Christ was born,
From earth no praises rang;
Rejected by ungrateful men,
His glory angels sang.

But now in every land ascend
Hosannas to our King,
And gratitude swells every heart—
All men Christ's praises sing.

command of Augustus, were kept in the public archives of Rome. He also brings forward the following argument based upon St. Luke:

"We know from sacred Scripture, that it must have been in the fast of the seventh month that the priest Zachary had the vision in the temple, after which Elizabeth conceived John the Baptist. Hence it follows that the Blessed Virgin, as the Evangelist relates, received Gabriel's visit and conceived in the sixth month of Elizabeth's pregnancy, that is to say in March—the birth of Christ must have taken place in December." In a footnote the translator informs us that the seventh month corresponded to the end of September or the beginning of our October. Father Gigot says: "The month in which our Lord was born may be determined in the following manner. From St. Luke we gather that the conception of John the Baptist took place in either the month of April or of October, and counting onwards fifteen months—for six months intervened between the annunciation to Zachary and that of Mary and nine months between the latter event and the birth of Jesus—we reach June and December, in one or the other of which Christ's birth is to be placed. Now when we bear in mind that in the night our Lord was born the shepherds tended their flocks,

we feel that the month of June can not be thought of, because in this month the fields are absolutely parched around Bethlehem. In the month of December, on the contrary, the earth is clothed with verdure; so that this is most likely the month in which Jesus was born." As it is not our purpose to discover whether Christmas, as we celebrate it, is the anniversary of Christ's birth or only a memorial of that event, the reader may judge for himself which of the arguments is most worthy of belief.

The evidence we have regarding the origin of Christmas is not only traditional but it is likewise conflicting and confused. There is no doubt but that long before Constantine became emperor in the fourth century, the beginning of the new year was adopted by all Christians for the celebration, though there still existed a difference as to the day between the Eastern and Western Churches; the former observing January 6th in common with the Epiphany, the latter December the 25th. In searching for references made to Christmas before the time of Constantine we find a record that refers to its celebration at the close of the second century and again one hundred years later. During the reign of Diocletian, that monster caused a church in Nicomedia, filled with the faithful who were celebrating Christmas, to be burned. It is also certain that at the end of the fifth century the festival was celebrated throughout the entire Christian Church, "if we except the Donatists and the city of Jerusalem."

In a Christmas sermon delivered by St. John Chrysostom (388 A. D.) we find that famous Doctor defending the date December the 25th. In the course of his reasoning he says that the Roman custom of making Christmas and the Epiphany two festivals instead of one had been imported into Syria within the previous ten years. It was introduced into Constantinople by St. Gregory Nazianzen and the Emperor Theodosius (382 A. D.). St. Gregory of Nyssa introduced it into Pontus and Cappadocia. It is interesting and speaks much for the early authority of the popes to note how this distinctly Roman custom prevailed throughout almost the entire Christian world. It was an expressed wish of the Pope, supported by an edict of Valentinian

and Theodosius at the end of the fourth century, which made Christmas and the Epiphany two distinct festivals in the Eastern Church and conformed their celebration to the dates kept at Rome.

The fixing of the date is generally believed to have been the work of Pope Julius I. (337-352 A. D.). Some historians, however, doubt this fact, and upon very questionable authority credit it to Pope St. Telesphorus (128-139 A. D.). Here again the great Doctor of the Eastern Church, St. John Chrysostom, who was living during the latter part of Julius' reign, is the best available authority. He says in one of his epistles: "Julius on the solicitation of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, caused strict inquiries to be made upon the subject, and thereafter, following what seemed to be the best authenticated tradition, settled authoritatively the 25th of December as the anniversary of Christ's birth."

The close similarity of the customs prevalent during Christian festivals and those of pagan rites of corresponding dates has led many writers to the opinion that the Church instituted her festivals to offset paganism. Among others, Sir Isaac Newton, in his commentary on the prophecies of Daniel, asserts: "The feast of the Nativity, and most of the other ecclesiastical anniversaries, were originally fixed at cardinal points of the year without any reference to the dates of the incidents which they commemorated, dates, which, by the lapse of time, had become impossible to be ascertained." Although not applicable to some of the Church festivals, this statement may, on account of the uncertainty regarding its date, be applied to Christmas.

The two pagan practices generally accepted as causing the origin of Christmas are the licentious Saturnalia of Rome and the popular feast of the Invincible Sun. The fact that the Saturnalia was celebrated before December the 25th leaves it of little importance in this question. The worship of the Invincible Sun, however, was very extensive in the early centuries and may have had a great influence upon the Church. The difficulty experienced in getting converts to give up the popular amusements of their pagan countrymen and especially the revelry and licence, doubtless convinced the popes

that Christianity might be advanced by purifying and adopting some of the pagan practices. As Christianity progressed, the Church continued to ingraft into her festivals those pagan rites hardest for the different nations to surrender. To the customs legitimized at Rome were added those of the Druids and then the ancient practices dear to the German, Scandinavian and Celtic tribes. From this has grown that strange mixture of Christian and pagan ceremonial which helps to make up our modern Christmas.

All through the Middle Ages and especially during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries down to the Reformation, Christmas continued to be universally celebrated throughout Christendom with every mark of rejoicing. When most of the northern nations of Europe adopted the new system of faith in the sixteenth century, the Anglican and Lutheran Church retained the celebration of Christmas, but the Calvinists rejected it absolutely as superstitious and unwarranted by Scripture. Since then in some places in Europe and especially in the Lowlands of Scotland, Christmas is comparatively unknown.

At present, Christmas Day, although partially deprived of its ancient glories and lacking that superfluous joy and excess of animal spirits with which it was distinguished in former times is still of all others the most universally observed holiday. After the religious services with which it generally begins the reunited members of the family gather around the Christmas board. This is the time at which all the members of the family, separated though they may be during the rest of the year, endeavor to meet about the joyous Christmas fireside. There in the sacred atmosphere of domestic love and attachment are found the joyful recollections of the past and the pleasing anticipation of those to come. It is there we see most clearly that tendency to mirth and jollity apparently inherent in the human race and universally manifested at the close of the year. It is amid the acts of love and friendship which this spirit and these gatherings tend to produce that we approach nearest to a realization of the message delivered to the shepherds of Bethlehem by the angelic choir.

Messengers.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

THERE is joy in the winds as they speed abroad
From out the canopied hills afar,
Skimming the valley with sweeping strides,
Clearing a path for the guiding Star.

Mistily dawning in the Eastern sky
The glorious Star begins to rise,
Moving across the heaven's expanse,
Tracing a path for the princely wise.

Princely wise with treasures rare,
For whom have you designed them?
For the new-born King in the swaddling clothes
In the stable halls at Bethlehem.

The Advent of Christmas.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.



It was late December. The air was wet and chilly, but so far there had been no snow. The recent rains had overlaid the dusty thoroughfare with a thin coat of mud, and the women shoppers as they passed back and forth from the town raised their skirts above their shoe tops to avoid the mud.

A middle-aged man sat at the window of a poor, dilapidated shanty watching his more fortunate fellows as they came home from the city. Some of the men who were once his friends carried holly and mistletoe to decorate a bright, cosy home; others were laden with dolls, toy cars, small guns and various other playthings which would make the eyes of their bright, happy children sparkle with joy; and still others carried silk umbrellas and small boxes in which he pictured to himself glittering jewelry for the adornment of a loving wife. All these folks felt joyous and happy, but for him at the window there was no happiness, no joy, no love, when all his fellowmen rejoiced.

As the afternoon rolled by the shadows deepened, the air grew cold and a brisk wind came up from the north. He could see a deep crimson on the cheeks of the passers-by while many covered their ears with their hand to keep out the cold. A thin sheet

of ice was forming on the puddles in the street, a white stain crept over the window-pane, and on the highway opposite his house several ragged newsboys hurried along announcing at the top of a hoarse voice the five o'clock edition of the papers. So as the shadows grew long the weary watcher's eyes became heavy with sleep and he gazed out into space across the years. The muddy streets and the freezing puddles were gone; no more did his happy companions make him unhappy. He was now in his youthful days when he had been loved and respected by all. By his side was a little maiden clothed in sunshine and happiness, and once again he was leading her to the altar. It was a solemn moment. How his heart beat with joy as he answered and heard her soft voice answer the words of the priest.

Again he placed the ring on her finger and a happy couple went forth from the church. He sat again in her house with friends gathered around him wishing him every success in married life. How vividly he saw it all. He saw the black velvet tapestries that hung from the ceiling and fell in heavy folds upon a deep green carpet. He remembered the heavy candelabrum with its myriad lights whose rays fell upon the golden ornaments scattered about the table. The gigantic clock of ebony with its heavy pendulum swinging to and fro, the heavy brass work that adorned the fireplace, the glowing embers on the andiron were all before him. Then he sped on the wedding trip, through moonlit valleys where dark evergreens rose from the white ground and snowbirds cried from the barren branches of lofty trees. He had scarcely returned home when his once bright and happy wife faded away like a rose in the frosts of fall. How different seemed the church when he entered it now. All was draped in black. The deep tones of the organ sank in his heart already full of grief, and she that was his happiness was gone. How different was the voice of the priest, the glare of the lights, the sound of the church bell. The funeral was over, a slow year of sadness crept away, and he saw himself fail in business. He remembered vividly the day he was forced to give up his fine house to seek retirement in a miserable hut. His friends dropped from him with his money; he was looked down

upon by those he had employed, but he had done all things justly and honestly. This was his only relief.

He awoke from his dreams and gazed out through the frosty window. The ground was covered with snow, the street lamps were lighted, and snow was steadily falling in large flakes. Under his window he heard the laugh of the merry crowd as they walked toward the theatre for an evening's enjoyment. All were jovial and pleasant, but he felt weary and broken-hearted. The next day would be Christmas, but what joy did Christmas bring to him? What was life to him but a burden and a cross? He turned from the window and looked into the dying embers on the hearth. The thoughts of his mother came back to him,—ah! well did he remember the stories she had told him when he was a wee boy as the family gathered at the hearth on Christmas night. He saw his mother picturing the birth of the Christ Child in a cold, lonely cave, and for the first time he felt he was not so miserable. He had fire to warm him, while that Babe was warmed only by the breath of an ox and an ass. The last log burned into whiteness, the night grew colder, and the weary dreamer's head was on his breast. That Christmas never came.

The Awakening.—A Yawp.

O gosh;
 They say it's all bosh
 About St. Nicholas.
 Say,
 To think
 That they've been giving me the wink
 All this time;
 Why, I'm
 Just after lickin' Bill Cripe
 'Cause he said St. Nicholas was a pipe
 Dream, and now how he'll laugh,
 And how sister Kit will chaff,
 And how uncle Frank will grin,—
 But I don't mind the laughing
 Nor the chaffing;
 But what makes me sad,
 What makes
 My heart sick,
 Is to think there's no St. Nick—
 That's what.

W. J. D.

Lullaby.

THE blue was thrilling with ecstatic song;
 Stars were as harps struck for the seraph throng:
 God heard them not, upon the straw, His ears
 Filled with mother-song that stilled the spheres.

C. L. O'D.

"En Passant."

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.



WELL you've disappointed me again, haven't you?" faltered Sara Newman as she led the way to the parlor and diplomatically waived Jack Ashley's stammering apology.

Excuses were of no avail, for this was Jack's third offense in as many months, so he calmly took the seat offered him and tried to look indifferent. After a spasmodic war of words, in which Sara came off the victor, a supreme silence set in.

Twenty minutes passed and not a word was spoken. Seated in a large rocker near the window Jack was unconsciously pulling to pieces the little tassels which fringed the heavy draperies. Every now and then the falling snow glistening as it passed the lighted window held Jack's attention and reminded him that he had promised to take Sara for a sleigh ride on the morrow. Near the open hearth sat Sara. The embers now slowly dying out emitted a shower of sparks every few moments as the biting December wind rattled down the chimney. In silence she rocked to and fro determined not to speak until Jack had spoken and set matters aright. Ten minutes more of silence, however, weakened her resolution, and Jack Ashley was shockingly brought to the issue by Sara's, "Well, I should think you would speak once in a while, even Tatters breaks the silence at times."

"I suppose he does," retorted Jack, as he made a vicious though hidden kick at the unsuspecting Tatters who lay lazily stretched out on a warm rug. Another siege of silence followed which was broken only by Jack's stammering that it was about time for him to be going. In silence they walked to the door, and as he descended

the stairs he said carelessly: "Suppose I'll see you to-morrow?"

"No," came the curt reply, "but I may be in Sunday."

"Sorry, but I've planned to go hunting Sunday, and won't be back till late," retorted John, persuaded that Sara was breaking her engagement for the morrow out of spite.

This reply wounded Sara's feelings. She was now convinced that Jack was trying to get even with her, but she was determined to see the game through to the end.

"Well, when your hunting trip is over and you have no place else to go you may find time to come up," she hesitatingly said as she closed the door.

Jack had not seen the tears that glistened in Sara's eyes as she made this reply or he would never have resolved as he walked home not to call on her again till she had written and asked him up.

Three weeks lagged by yet Sara had seen nothing of Jack. He had not sent up the usual Thursday evening bouquet and she missed the fudges he always brought with him on Sundays. "But it was all his fault," she defiantly told herself as she sat alone and made a brave pretense at reading a volume of Dickens. "I suppose he thinks I will write, but I won't," she cried as tears came unbidden to her eyes.

"Three weeks ago to-day and not a word from Sara," mused Jack Ashley, as he violently threw down his book and sulkily went upstairs. "Just my luck," and he banged open the door of his room and kicked everything that lay in his path. "Here is the diamond ring I had bought for her thinking we would have the Christmas of our life, and now it's all

undone. But it's her fault," he angrily said as he lighted a cigarette and sank into a chair. As fugitive thoughts of the past few months ran through his troubled mind he heard a loud knock on the door. Before he had time to shout the accustomed *entrez*, his twin brother unceremoniously entered. Arthur Ashley was the perfect image of Jack, and even his sister Louise found difficulty in telling them apart. She usually recognized Arthur, however, by his boisterous and jolly temperament, while Jack was more sedate and quiet.

"What's up, old boy," laughed Arthur as he reached for a cigarette.

"Everything's up, confound it! Did you ever see me but in trouble?" furiously shouted Jack as he pranced about the room.

"Out of the city on Christmas and can't see Sara, I'll wager," carelessly remarked Arthur.

"No, but I wish I were out of this d—d city now," replied Jack dropping into his chair again.

"Well, now, can't I help you out of your trouble?" suggested Arthur, always ready to lend a willing hand.

"No; it's just like this: Sara and I have had a quarrel and I am doomed to spend my Christmas here alone like an old dried-up bachelor, while you and Helen and the rest are having a good time.

"That's tough luck," mused Arthur, when Jack had finished. "Hope it's all over soon."

It was two days before Christmas. Sara had finished her shopping and was returning home. She was just leaving the crowded elevated station when a young man rushing by bumped against her and sent her pocketbook and muff flying out of her hands. Sara blushed to the roots of her hair when she discovered that the young man was Mr. Ashley himself. He had handed her the muff and was about to give her the pocketbook when she modestly said:

"Why, Jack Ashley, this is unexpected indeed." Arthur grasped the situation in an instant. She mistook him for Jack. Here was his chance to help poor Jack. Of course he would do it, didn't Jack help him out many a time? Besides she would not know the difference till it was too late.

"If she would only mention the quarrel," thought Arthur, as he walked along. But no, she had nothing to say. At last the

silence grew unbearable, and they were nearing her home; he just had to speak.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, is it not, Sara?" he anxiously remarked.

"Yes, it is almost four weeks since you promised to come up," replied Sara, a lump rising in her throat. Here was Arthur's chance.

"Now, Sara, don't you think we have overdone our little quarrel?" timidly suggested Arthur, afraid of his life that she would notice something about him that would lead to his discovery.

"Yes, but you see—"

"Never mind," interrupted Arthur, "I feel that I was entirely to blame; but can't you forgive me and forget all about it?"

"Sure, Jack, I was only waiting," here the gate was reached, and Sara invited Arthur in. "Do come in just for a moment," she pleaded, but Arthur knew he would be lost if he entered the house, for he had never been inside, nor did he know Sara's people.

"But you will surely come up Christmas Eve," she pleaded giving his hand a squeeze that sent a blush to Arthur's face. "We are going to have a little house party and you must come."

"Well-er-you see-er, I have promised to accompany Louise to the opera Christmas Eve, and you know what my last broken engagement cost me. But I'll tell you what to do. Just write Louise asking her to the house party and insisting on my coming too; I will attend to the rest of it all right."

"I'll do it," answered Sara as she pressed Arthur's hand and bade him good-bye.

Jack Ashley was not a little surprised the day before Christmas when his door was suddenly pushed open and Louise ran to him with an open letter in her hand. "Read, Jack—an invitation," she said, offering him the letter. Jack glanced at it.

"DEAR LOUISE.—We are going to have a little house party Christmas Eve and you and Jack must come. I will take no excuse so do not disappoint me. SARA."

There was a large gathering at the house Christmas Eve when Louise and Jack arrived. "I am so glad you came," cried Sara as she seized Louise's arm, "you know I thought you might insist on Jack's keeping his engagement and accompanying you to the opera."

"I insist," said Louise surprisedly, but

ust then another guest arrived and Louise was hustled off to the reception room.

Jack remained in the parlor wondering what on earth Sara meant by his engagement, the opera, etc. Two or three times he avoided her, for he was not yet prepared to give an account of his actions for the past month.

"Why, Jack, what in the world is the matter with you?" cried Sara as she finally grasped his arm and drew him to a seat. "Are you sorry you came up, or has Louise scolded you for breaking up her theatre trip?" eagerly asked Sara looking into Jack's face.

"My engagement," gasped Jack, "what do you mean?"

"Why, you told me you were to take Louise to the opera to-night, didn't you?" anxiously inquired Sara.

"My dear, something is wrong. I—the opera—told you—why, Sara?"

"Did you not tell me yesterday at the gate that you would come up if I wrote to Louise asking her to put off her opera engagement?"

"I—yesterday at the gate—are you joking? Why you know this is the first time I have

seen you in almost four weeks, ever since the night—but let us forget all about that night now—"

"That's what you said yesterday, and now to-night you—"

"My dear—" Just then Louise entered.

"Why, here you are! I've been hunting for you all night; but never mind, Sara; I just wanted to give you your pocketbook. Arthur said he forgot to give it to you yesterday when he—"

"Well, did you ever!" cried Sara now almost crimson. "And I thought it was you all the time," she said, burying her face in the soft cushions that lay on the sofa.

Jack saw it all in a second.

"You look so much alike," she sobbed; "besides he said he would forget all—that it was his fault—that he would never mention it again, and—"

"Well Arthur must have known what he was talking about, don't you think so?" humbly suggested Jack as he drew Sara to his side. "Can't we abide by his agreement?" Sara's 'yes' was almost drowned out by the hurrying of footsteps along the corridor and the shouts: "Merry Christmas to all!" as the guests began to depart.

Christmas in Merry England.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

*England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.*



HERE is a joy in looking back on the English Christmas of long ago—one of the sweetest joys that we can have—the joy that comes of seeing others happy. Geniality and joyousness mark the Christmases of every land, but especially were they the characteristics of Christmas in merry England. The celebration of Christmas, or rather the holidays of which Christmas was the centre, included a period of twelve days, from the 16th of December to the evening before the Purification of Mary. Among the many customs observed at this time, the singing of Christ-

mas carols was one of the most important and most beautiful. Every day was a day of song; but Christmas Eve and Christmas morning re-echoed with the caroling of waits and children. The waits, originally minstrels at the king's court, gladdened the streets of London with their songs; while in the country and less populous districts the children took their place, and made the hills and valleys ring with their songs, as

*When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem in that fair citee,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee
In excelsis Gloria.*

We can imagine the songsters sallying forth on those cold, clear winter nights. From the steeples the church bells pealed forth their glad notes, overhead the moon and stars beamed upon the singers as they hastened over the crisp snow bringing joy to all. And then beneath peasant's cot and baron's castle, at the doors of prince and pauper would swell forth their joyous

Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, Nowel,
Born is the King of Israel.

Only the echo of these songs has come down to us, yet so spontaneous and heartfelt are they, so full of sincerity and freshness, that we can not but feel the love and gratitude that thrilled the hearts of the singers.

Of a nature somewhat similar to the singing of Christmas carols was "mumming." The mummers or maskers played a principal part in the celebrations on Christmas Eve. We are told that as Christmas drew near the squire's wardrobe was ransacked, for dresses of every sort were needed, the faces of the maskers must be blackened with cork, and everyone, except the squire, must be transformed. The actors, once arrayed in the costumes proper to the allegorical characters which they represented, went forth in company to commence their round of visits. The grand performance of the mummers was the representation of a species of drama concerning the legend of St. George and the dragon. Headed by drums and other music they knocked at the door of the chosen houses, and claimed the "privilege of Christmas and the admission of St. George and his merry men." First enters old Father Christmas bearing as emblematic devices the holly bough and the wassail bowl; then bearing a branch of mistletoe comes a little girl followed by the grand Turk and the gallant Knight St. George.

They play at every house, and the play over, in which St. George slays the Turk, they sing:

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Our story is ended,
Our money box is recommended;
Five or six shillings will do us no harm,
Silver or copper or gold if you can.

Then there was the custom of burning

the Yule-log, a custom come down from the Scandinavians who at their feast Junl kindled big bonfires in honor of their god Thor. The bringing in and placing of the ponderous block on the hearth of the wide chimney in the baronial hall was the most joyous of the ceremonies observed in former Christmas Eves. "The venerable log destined to crackle welcome to all comers was drawn in triumph from its resting-place at the feet of its living brethren to its new place. Mid cries of joy and merriment it was dragged along and each wayfarer as it passed raised his hat, for well he knew that it was full of good promise, and that its flame would burn out old wrongs and heart burnings and cause the liquor to bubble in the wassail bowl that was quaffed to the drowning of ancient feuds and animosities." Of the Yule-log Herrick sang:

Come bring with noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

All night and day it glowed; then, its purpose served, the burnt trunk was preserved in a cellar till the next anniversary when a new log was lighted from its charred remains. The preservation of the old log was thought to guard the house against fire and other misfortunes; but woe to that house into which a barefooted person or a flat-footed woman entered while the Yule-log burned; and ruin, positive ruin, would result if a squinting person cast his baneful eyes upon the blazing trunk.

But we must not forget the Christmas dinner. This was the great and culminating event of the day. The dining-hall is aglow with light that streams from the open hearth and gleaming candles; it is decorated with holly, bay, rosemary and laurel, while from wall and ceiling dangles the mistletoe. The mistletoe of ancient druidism has been handed down through long, long years. There it hung, and if anyone of the fair members of the household through accident or, may we say, on purpose, passed beneath this sacred spray, then and there she might be kissed by whomsoever claimed the privilege. And there in the centre of

the room stood the Yule candle shedding its lustre on the festal board that groaned beneath its weight of good cheer. There steamed the geese and capons, the pheasants drenched with amber gravy, the glorious peacock stuffed with spices, basted with yolks of eggs and served with gravy, a dish which only the ladies might serve. Then there were the mince and mutton pies—the pies so tempting to thieves, as Herrick tells us—

Come and guard the Christmas pie
That the thief though ne'er so shy
With his flesh hooks does come nigh
To catch it—

and the plum-pudding. And for drink, O ye Shades of the Wassail Bowl, there were drinks of every kind and taste, drinks which only the compounders of the wassail bowl knew how to make. But we have forgotten one thing. Into the dining-room there files a procession of noble squires, of beautiful women and laughing children, singing:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino:
The boar's head in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary
I pray you all sing merrily
Qui estis in convivio,

and lo! enthroned on a dish of gold or silver is brought in the boar's head. O what a

glorious spread, and how it cheered both rich and poor! For Christmas then was not a Christmas of self-indulgence and selfishness but of good fellowship and hospitality, a Christmas when the open door welcomed the poor into the houses of the rich.

And throughout this feasting and merry-making, love and gratitude shone on the faces of all—love for one another, gratitude to Him who had done so much for men. For in all their merrymaking, the thoughts of this happy people would turn to Christ whose birth they celebrated; for merry England, the England of long ago, was distinctly Catholic England and a country full of deep religious feeling. So the day passed away until the Yule-log smouldered on the hearth, and the Yule candle flickered and died out, and the darkness and silence which settled over all told that another Christmas was gone. Those were happy days, those days of long ago; days of the Yule-log, of the mistletoe and the wassail bowl; days of feasting, of merry-making and thanksgiving; days when quarrels were forgotten or composed, and friendships renewed; days when the poor and lowly, as well as the rich and noble, felt their hearts thrill with joy and love, felt springing unconsciously to their lips the song that angels sang: "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus."

Christmas Reverie.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

I AM sitting near the fire with its embers all aglow
And my mind is slowly stealing to the days of long ago,
When the Christmas tree would glitter as it bore our every toy—
'Tis a Christmas that has faded—that was when I was a boy.
What a group of joyous faces used to gather round the hearth;
What a group have since departed one by one into the earth;
How the faces of my brothers and my sisters once had shone,
But they lost their light and color when the mother bird was gone.
Now I gaze into the fire, with its flame my lot is cast,
And I see it slowly dying, losing life at every blast;
While I ponder o'er the future midst a group of vacant chairs
And I hear the angel voices singing everlasting airs,
Brightly flares the fire upward 'till its pulse of life dies out,
And I leave my lingering lonesomeness to live with the devout.

A Song of the Crib.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

SLEEP, my Babe, my Son,
 My holy One!
 Upon my heaving breast
 Now take your rest.

How lovely is the night
 That You make bright;
 The deep flame of your eyes
 Lights up the skies.

That soft blush on your cheek,
 My Babe, all meek,
 Beneath this snowdrop glows
 Like dewy rose.

Let earth and sky rejoice
 With swelling voice;
 Great heaven's soul I view
 Sweet Babe in You.

Parting with the Old Year.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.

TIME is the stuff that life is made of, and they who prize life value time. The passing of the old year rouses feelings in the breasts of all; children curled up in their cozy beds dream of big oranges and great white cakes; youths, trustful of self and unafraid, gladly pass another milestone on the way to manhood; men pause and look back over the way they have come, measure the progress they have made, learn the lesson, and plan for the future. Old age is especially reminded of man's mortality; and even the wicked and the frivolous can not now but meditate in their hearts.

These are the days when merchants make an inventory of their stock on hand, reckon whence the loss and whence the gain from the year's trading, and adjust their accounts so that they may begin the New Year free from debt. The time suggests an intellectual and spiritual balancing of accounts. As the trader asks: "How much more have I than I had a year ago?" the collegian asks: "How much more am I than I was a year ago?" It is part of the definition of a true student to say that he is one whose supreme purpose is to develop a higher, nobler, and richer life; a stronger and kindlier personality. "Why stay we on the earth unless we grow?" said Browning, and so

say all whose joy is to strive for broader knowledge and deeper love, whose rest is ceaseless effort to attain to a lofty ideal of mental and worthy conduct, whose sufficient reward for work is their ever-increasing faith in the efficacy of work to accomplish all things most worth while.

No one, then, feels altogether indifferent to the Old Year. In a very real sense it has helped to make us what we are. We grow by observing, thinking, reading, expressing, admiring, hoping, striving, believing; but these processes make up life and require time. Our power to-day for thought or act is conditioned by the thinking and acting of our whole past. What we may do to-morrow is limited by what we have achieved to-day. It is this which places man above the animal and makes progress possible. Whence also arises the priceless value of time and the almost sacramental nature of the present moment.

In looking back over the year there comes to nearly everyone a feeling of almost unrelieved sadness which will not down. It is the consciousness of having wasted time. This loss alone is irreparable. Ignorance is banished from the mind by study; disease is driven out by observance of the laws of health; strained friendships are restored by the magic charm of constant kindness; and even sin may be expiated by penance; "all else may be made good, but time misspent is lost forever." Though reflection can not repair the loss, yet the reflection will be useful if it results in an earnest, definite,

practical resolve to make the most of the time which still is ours.

As by the common consent of all the good we are to say about the dead *nihil nisi bonum*, so by the dictates of wisdom and charity the experiences of the departing year assume a peculiarly sacred right to be considered with a tender indulgence. The hours that brought their meed of joy, from kindnesses received or done, from victories gained in the mastery of books or self, from the company of friends or the delight of silent meditation, shall take their place forever among the pleasures of memory. The loss of what was dear, the mistaking of false for true, the hours of pain, the seeming fact of honest effort ill repaid, the utter defeats and indecisive victories, each adverse experience is accompanied by its own peculiar compensation. Is not a larger and keener sympathy with those who suffer sufficient reward for a few hours of exquisite torture? Should not the discovery of meanness, deceit and wickedness in men, place a premium on generosity, truth and virtue? Do not personal failures reveal hidden defects and thus render improvement possible? To the strong and courageous, defeat calls forth redoubled effort. Effort that is the test of life, of growth, of sincerity itself; and who would care to live that did not believe himself sincere?

A review of the Old Year should engender a genuine but not discouraging dissatisfaction with self at the beginning of the New. This is the indispensable condition of healthy growth. No matter what his years he is still a child who has not learned to take himself just as he is, with all his limitations of advantage, of mental or physical endowment. Wisdom consists in striving to make the most of those talents that have been entrusted to our keeping, be they two or ten. Envy is the daughter of weakness and ignorance, helpfulness springs from knowledge and strength.

Old Year, it is with reluctance we bid you good-bye; we fain would have you linger with us. You have been the shortest, the happiest, and the best year of our lives; yet we feel we honor you most by expressing the strong hope that your successor comes freighted with a still greater wealth of peace and joy and golden opportunity.

A Mystery.

JOHN M. RYAN, '07.

OH, see the crib, within which lies
A new-born Babe whose laughing eyes
Look on the world in glad surprise—
'Tis a hidden God.

Now look on yonder altar bright,
Where lies a Host of spotless white,
And say again, through faith's pure light,
'Tis a hidden God.

Her View.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.



O you know, she said, you remind me of a man who would have a girl ready to be kissed, and then spoil it all by asking her if you could."

"And she'd say?" inquired her brother.

"She'd say 'no,' of course. The idea! A fine girl she'd be if she didn't. "Now if you want Edna, and I guess you do, go and ask her like a man. Do you think if some man would get you to come to me and find out how he stood; if some man would get you to do that to me, though I liked him before I would hate him ever after. A man who can not go and tell a girl that he loves her and several other things that he means, and of course—I expect it's true—some things that he doesn't mean, is a poor man, and, Ed, I am ashamed of you."

"Why am I? and why don't I want to do it? Well now, if it is so easy—I won't do it remember—but for instance, how would you go about doing it, if it is so easy?"

"Well," began her brother, "of course I would have to think about it a little, kind of prepare a speech, you know, or something. But if I was going to do it I would go to the girl and begin talking about the people I know. Of course I'd have to know her pretty well—like you know Edna. Well, I'd drift onto the subject of good fellows I knew, etc. I'd mention how some of them were all right and some of them were all wrong. I'd knock some pretty hard too."

That would be in the game you see. Now here's the idea.

"Now for the fellow I was trying to find out about. Why I'd never mention his name among the good fellows or the ones who weren't good. Still if I did mention his name I'd put him in the 'no-good class' and see what she'd say about that, for even if I am not up on love-making I know that nothing does a man more good, or raises him higher in the estimation of the girl, than to have some one knock him and say all kinds of bad things about him. But as I was saying, I'd not do that. In fact, I'd never mention his name. I'd talk about all the good fellows I could think of, and when I had finished, purposely forgetting his name, I'd say: 'Do you know any more?'"

"Well now, there is John Smith,' or whatever his name would happen to be, for she'd just have to mention it, 'now don't you like him?' And instead of saying anything, I'd just look at her and I could tell. Of course I'd then say I had forgotten him and that he was the best fellow I knew, etc., and she would not know the difference. Now don't you think something like that would work?"

"Work! No, it would not work." And his sister looked at him with one of those stares that causes one to say to himself: "I wonder what she means."

"Work! that's a nice way for a man to talk about a girl's feelings. Work her—I expect that is what you mean. Oh, I could almost cry to think you would do a thing like that. Suppose now some one would do that to me. What would you say?" and the tears began to come in the pretty blue eyes.

"Well now, Sis, see here. I didn't mean any harm you know. He only—"

"He!" exclaimed his sister. "Who—w-h-a-t—do you mean?"

"Well, you know I meant—I—you see I was thinking of—I just got twisted, that's all. He—of course I didn't mean he—I meant me. He and me they sound so much alike, you know. Yes, yes, that's it. Sound alike. Just alike; one can hardly tell the difference. Me of course, me meant nothing. Well I mean, I did not mean one thing."

"Ed Hoffman, are you telling me the truth?"

Look at me. Answer me. Did anyone get you—and you my brother—to come and find out anything from me like you wanted me to find out from Edna? Oh, Ed! D-i-d F-r-a-n-k do that?"

"Now, May, listen, can't you. You see it was like this. We were talking and—"

"Then he did. Oh, what shall I do? He did—he did! And you came to me for him? My own brother came to find out whether or not a man—whether I loved him or not; and oh! I hate him; I'll never speak to him again as long as I live. And only this morning I was telling mother how this was the happiest Christmas I ever had in my life. And now—oh! Ed?—I never will get over it, I know—"

"Well, I have done it, haven't I? I am a man to be proud of—one you can trust to do things, and do them right. I only intended to find out. Well, it doesn't make any difference now. I have done it. But, May, I am sorry, you know, and he didn't mean anything bad. He likes you all right. I know he does. Now, don't let that spoil it. I'll fix it up all right and he'll never know I said a word. I'll go and see him right now. Really I am sorry, and I—"

"Now, you won't go and tell him right now or any other time. I am done with Frank Beard. No one can fix it; it's all over, and I know I will never be happy again. To think it all has to end this way!"

"Frank Beard!" exclaimed her brother! Who said anything about Frank Beard? I am sure I did not mean Frank Beard. I was talking about Frank Herrick. Lord knows, I thought you knew who I meant—he's hanging around here often enough."

"Oh, Ed, Ed, I'll do it. I'll go and see Edna to-night. Of course I will, that's a good plan. I'll find out all right. I'll go and—"

"And so it's Frank Beard! Well you might tell me about it. But say, never mind. Some other time. And say, you don't need to go and see Edna, I guess I'll go myself. You see I don't believe that's quite the way to do things. Having some one else do it for you. Sure, I'll go and see her myself. I am—"

"Ed, Ed," she said almost in a whisper, and then coming closer she whispered in his ear. "Go and see her; she does. She—told me so." And he went.

The Old Year.

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.

THY birth I saw, as through the opening gates of Time
 Thou dash'd with joy, all radiant in thy glorious prime;
 And now thine exit, like a cold, grey ocean wave,
 I see as thou art swept to an eternal grave;
 And when this evening shall fade and past me fly
 I'll cry, as through the gates thou'lt pass, a fond good-bye.

The Epiphany in the York Cycle.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.



OUR modern English drama is not of ancient classical origin; it takes its rise—as did the Attic drama centuries before—from religious ceremonies. In the early decades of the Christian era the Roman stage had become so corrupt that Christians were absolutely prohibited from attending the theatre. But the inherent love of the drama could not be plucked from the hearts of the people by threats and excommunications; the Church must use some subtler means to gradually wean her children from their hunger for these degraded performances. She found this means in the religious play.

In its origin the religious play consisted in the simple and crude enactment of the incidents related in the liturgy of the Church on the principal feasts of the year, notably Christmas and Easter. In these performances the clergy were the chief actors; but when the plays were enlarged and elaborated, they could no longer be represented in the sanctuary, but were enacted in the church yards, or in the open fields by the different trade guilds of England.

The York Cycle of religious plays—a series of dramas illustrating the principal incidents in the Bible from the creation of the world to the day of judgment—took its name from the city of York, where these performances were usually given. It has all the scriptural stories of Christmastide done into plays in the crude English of the times, one of which we will look at in detail.

“The coming of the Three Kings to Herod; the Adoration,” was performed by the Golde

Smythis' Guild. The opening scene shows us the three Wise Men from the East on the road to Jerusalem. They pray separately to God, thanking Him for having shown them the star and asking Him to give them a safe journey. But presently the third king sees the two other travellers and addresses them:

Sirs, with youre wille, I wolde yow praye
 To telle me some of youre entent,
 Whedir ye wende forthe in this way,
 And fro what contre ye are wente?

The two kings tell him of the star they have seen and how they have followed it seeking the Wonder that it represents. Then the three Wise Men, having the same end in view, resolve to set out together; but knowing that they were in the country which Herod ruled they thought it best to get his permission, that they might pass through the land unmolested. Here the scene changes, and we see Herod in his court surrounded by many attendants. A messenger announces that he has seen three kings speaking together of “One that is nowe borne,” and Herod, anxious to know the minds of the royal travellers bids his attendants dress him in “riche array” that he may appear friendly.

Haue done; dresse vs in riche array,
 And ilke man make tham mery chere,
 That no sembland be seene
 But frendshippe faire and stille,
 Tille we wete what thei meene
 Whedir it be gud or ill.

The three kings enter and tell Herod the object of their journey. They are seeking a new-born Child, and a mysterious star which has led them out of their own land is guiding them to Him. Herod chides them and bids them quit so useless a search.

All wyse men will wene ye madde
 And therefore moffis it neuere more.

The kings are determined, however, to

continue their search, and Herod inquiring further asks:

Say, what barne shulde that be?

They answer him,

Sir, He shall be kyng
Of Jewes and of Jude.

This makes Herod furious, and he abuses the three Wise Men with angry words, telling them he alone is king of the Jews and "judge of all jury," and when they ask "but leve be youre poure to pass," he bids them return home or he will put them in chains. But here one of his consuls whispers to him that he would act more prudently by sending the kings away and instructing them to return and give him news of the Child who would be king of the Jews. Herod acts on this suggestion, and bids the Wise Men

Wendis furth youre forward to fulfill
To Bedlem, it is but here at hande,
and then to return
And telle me trulye youre tythande
To worshippe hym that is my will
Thus shall ye stably undirstande.

The kings promise Herod to return and give him tidings of the new-born Child, and when they are gone Herod rejoices at the trap he has laid for the royal three, promising to kill them when they shall have delivered their information.

The third scene brings us to Bethlehem and shows us a little cottage with a star above it. The three Wise Men enter looking bewildered. The star that had led them out of their country has disappeared, and they begin again to pray to the Prince

That tile vs sent his syngne vnsoght.

Suddenly one of the kings discovers the star shining above the little house, and he calls out to his companions:

A! Sirs! I se it stande
A-boven where he is borne,
Lo! here is the house at hande,
We have noyt myste this morne.

A maiden opens the door of the little house and asks them whom they seek.

"Here there dwells," she says, "only a woman, her child and her husband."

When the Wise Men announce the object of their visit the maid leads them to the Child cradled in His Mother's arms. The Kings adore the new-born Christ, and opening their treasures they make their offerings. The first king gives gold; then the second, offering incense salutes the Christ-Child in these words:


Hayll! foode that thy folke fully may fede,
Hayll! floure fairest, that neuer shall fade
Hayll! sone that is sente of the same sede
That shall saue us of synne that our syris had.

The third king offers myrrh for His burial as he says. Then Mary, the Mother of the holy Child, tells of His birth and of her virginity, and the Kings, after asking a blessing, determine to return to Herod with an account of their visit. But they will rest first. During their sleep an angel enters announcing that he is sent from God and warns them not to return to Herod who meditates evil for them and for the holy Child. The Wise Men hear and obey the angel's word, and go back another way into their own country.

The Mythical Mistletoe.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

*Under the Mistletoe pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Under the Mistletoe hearts may be seen
Glowing as though they had never been cold:*

 O is the spirit of Christmas mirth and conviviality typified by the historic and long-venerated shrub. Down through the long ages it has come to us, loaded with mystical powers and adorned with legendary lore.

To begin with, no other plant, with the

possible exception of the bright and attractive holly, is so essentially typical of Christmas-tide as is the mistletoe; and certainly there is none that can compare with it for romantic charm. Like the holly it is a typical Christmas plant, for it comes at a time when nature is dormant and the sight of anything fresh and verdant most welcome.

The mistletoe was held in the highest veneration by the Druids of Britain and Gaul and was known by the name *pre-awyer* or the heavenly tree. The reverence they bestowed upon it was most extraordinary, and whenever it grew upon an oak it was regarded with special veneration as a mark set by the supreme One upon the tree as a sign that He had taken it to Himself as a shrine.

Mistletoe growing thus was regarded as a divine gift and its connection with the sturdy oak was thought to be symbolical of the dependence of mankind on the great deity. It could be gathered but once a year from the oak, and the preparations for the ceremony involved much fasting and special prayers on the part of the priests. It was also necessary that the cutting should take place at the end of their year and during the full moon. The ritual involved was most impressive and solemn. At the appointed time the high priest robed in immaculate white announced the approaching event to the tribes, and two white bulls that had never felt the yoke being led forward a solemn procession was formed which wended its way to the grove wherein grew the hallowed tree. The two bulls were led beneath the spreading branches of the tree, and after certain prayers and incantations a priest ascended the oak and with a golden knife severed from it the sacred mistletoe. The greatest precautions were taken that it should not be defiled by contact with the ground and it was caught in a white cloth spread beneath the tree for that purpose.

The white bulls were then brought up before a rude triangular altar and sacrificed to the deity of the oak with prayers for his protection and favor on those who had taken part in the ceremony. The mistletoe was carefully preserved by the priests and was later distributed among the people as a charm against evil and a harbinger of good fortune.

On account of its use in the rites of the pagan Druids, the mistletoe was forbidden as a decoration for Christian churches, and the custom to which we owe our romantic interest in the plant is due to the fact that it was held sacred in Scandinavian legendary to Treya, the goddess of love. The legend is interesting and briefly told as follows:

Baldur, son of Treya, the goddess of love had a dream in which he was warned of a terrible danger that o'ershadowed him. His mother hearing of the dream was terrified, and in order to secure the safety of her son, exacted on oath from the elements—fire, water, earth and air—that naught under their dominion should harm him. Secure in the immunity which these oaths gave him, Baldur made himself a target for the amusement of the other gods whose missiles were directed at him without any injurious effects. This curious sight aroused the jealousy of Loki, the evil spirit, and, disguised as a woman, he called on Treya and by means of subtle flattery led her to reveal the secret of her son's safety.

Having ascertained the secret, Loki at once procured a large branch of the mistletoe which was under the jurisdiction of none of the four elements and with wicked satisfaction made it into an arrow. Entering the hall where the gods were still absorbed in their mistifying game, he went to Hoder, the blind one, placed the arrow in his hand and guided it with such exactness that the unsuspecting Baldur was pierced to the heart. Eventually Baldur was restored to his grief-stricken mother and the mistletoe which had played such an unhappy part in the sad affair was placed under her influence, and as long as it did not touch the earth it was to be held a symbol of peace and love. From this likely arose the custom of giving a kiss of peace under the benign foliage of mistletoe which since then has been no longer capable of causing evil. Thus as the olive branch is the symbol of peace and the laurel of victory so has the mistletoe gained its right to be the symbol of the most popular of ecstatic pleasures.

A Farewell.

WILLIAM J. DONAHUE, '07.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, the time has come
For you and me to part;
And, though I welcome in the new,
'Tis you that has my heart.

Good-bye, Old Year, I love you still,
Nor change old friends for new;
As a friend that's gone ne'er to return,
Old Year, I'll cherish you.

Christmas.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

HARK! I hear the sweet chimes ringing,
 "Glory to our God on high!"
 Hark! the angel voices singing
 In the frosty sky;
 Bend your heads in adoration,
 Christ our God is nigh.

'Tis a day of exultation,
 'Tis a day of greatest joy,
 Christ the God of our salvation's
 Born a baby boy.
 Peace He brings to men of good-will—
 Peace without alloy.

An Old Man's Reverie.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.



LONG since have I passed man's
 allotted three score years and
 ten; and as I sit here before
 the open grate, watching the
 smouldering fire sputter and
 cast fantastic figures on the
 wall, the memories of those bygone years
 come drifting back, to bearing with them a
 fragrance that has become sweeter with age.

I have not forgotten that it is Christmas
 Eve, and that no one remains at home with
 me except good old toothless Tige, now lying
 on the hearth-rug, enjoying the comfort of
 the room. I want silence on Christmas Eve;
 want the servants away, and no one near me
 save my faithful dog; for it is Christmas Eve
 that I want to keep alone. It is on Christ-
 mas Eve that I want to lay before me the
 memoirs of departed years; to sit near the
 flickering firelight and read them all. What a
 great number there is now. I did not think
 that one each year could make so large a
 budget. Let me see, where are my favorites?
 Here they are, one, two—where is the third?
 Ah, here it is! I know them all by sight,
 tear-stained and discolored from handling.
 I will turn the lamplight low, move nearer
 to the fire and read each through again.

The first one—how sadly do I recall writing
 it—it is the death of you, my mother, and
 oh! how hard that was to bear. I believed
 then that my small heart would break;

for I was to be left alone in the chill world
 without a hand to guide me, without a
 smiling face to cheer me, or teach me the
 meaning of childhood. As I knelt beside
 your pallid form, as it lay chill and pulseless
 upon the bier, my heart sent forth a prayer
 too deep for my small soul to fully under-
 stand. How like this Christmas Eve was
 that one.

But I, a child like all the rest, was to
 have no Christmas morn. All through the
 night I moaned and tossed upon my tear-
 damped pillow. Father came to comfort
 me; but I thought then my broken heart
 could never be healed. The next day when
 I rode behind the stately black horses I
 would not sit in the carriage, but on the
 coach seat, so that I could keep your
 beautiful coffin before my eyes.

Mother, at the grave I made them unfasten
 it, and there in the bleak barrenness of the
 graveyard, I bent over your smiling face,
 and kissed it for the last time on earth. So
 when the old sexton began to turn the
 clods each thud brought forth a cry of
 anguish. When it was all over and we
 were to return to the cheerless rooms, they
 bore me all the way, for I was too weak
 from sobbing to stand alone.

My tears blind me, father, as I go to read
 this second one, for it is of your death. Yes,
 I was strong and active then. I remember
 well how you changed after mother's death.
 Many a time when I thought you dealt
 harshly with me it was only in my stub-
 bornness of spirit. Father, you left me a
 goodly inheritance, a good name and the
 best of educations.

I recall how I believed then my future
 was destined to be free from sorrows; but
 as I take up this third one I see how I erred.
 I can see it now; and though it all were
 to be done over again I would have it none
 other than it was. I see you, Beloved, as
 you were the first night your black eyes
 captivated me. I see you as you sat before
 the fireplace telling me of the wonders that
 were to be in this world for us two. Those
 were happy days.

What were all my sorrows then? There
 were none, your sweet-souled self dispelled
 them all. Oh, dear heart, to live again, to
 hear our wedding bells chiming with the
 soft-toned, melodious Christmas bells.

I remember in the evening how we all sat around the blazing log. Betty and Tom in childish delight placing apples among the red-hot coals, watching them burst and sputter, the juice running off them deadening the coals. How you and I sat together on an old-fashioned window seat, enjoying the happiness of the scene; the old folks seated one on each side of the centre table—your father reading, your mother knitting. Do you remember the sly nudge you gave me as you reminded me not to go to sleep in the sitting-room? I can almost feel it now.

Do you remember when the golden horn of presents had been emptied and we were all about to retire, how we voted it to be the happiest Christmas each one of us had ever spent or ever would spend? and Bay, I believe we were right.

Billy and I slept together that night. We didn't do much sleeping, did we, Billy?—mostly talking all the night.

I remember the next morning how we watched the beautiful sunrise. I remember my hurried preparations for our wedding. And oh, my beautiful bride, I can see your handsome figure in the dying coals, gowned as beautifully as any queen was ever robed.

My light is fading, my eyes are drooping. I can go no further. Good-bye, Bay; good night, fare thee well.

Preface or Appendix?

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

I was sitting in the rear end of the store toasting my toes by the fire when an old, weird-looking fellow entered and gazed curiously around. His face was drawn, his once black hair was turning grey, and in the deep cavities under his forehead were two bloodshot eyes. I would have preferred to see him elsewhere than in my store; so without hesitation I walked up to him and demanded his business.

"Well, sir," he said, "I don't like to ask for money, but the doctor says I got appendicitis, and if I don't get operated on it's liable to break and kill me. Course he can't operate on me for less than twenty-five dollars, and my only hope is to beg it."

"Poor fellow," I thought, "the only thing you need is a bath."

"Well," I said, "I can help you greatly," and the old man brightened up until he looked ten years younger. "Take him," I said to the clerk who had just entered, "and put him to bed, the operation will be over in an hour."

The fellow started for the door, but the clerk seized him by the collar and held him fast.

"Lemme go," cried the tramp, "youse fellers is too fresh."

"No, you don't," I said. "You've got appendicitis and you're liable to die on the street."

"What's that to you?" he grumbled. "If you don't want to give me no money, you can't keep me here—I ain't done nothin'."

"Put him to bed," I said as I slipped out through the door. In about five minutes I returned with the doctor whom I had instructed. When he saw the doctor he began to curse and swear begging us to let him go.

"I ain't got no appendicitis," he said. "I was just joshing." I told him to let the doctor examine him. After growling and cursing he saw there was no alternative but to consent, and the doctor got to work at once. "A bad case of appendicitis," he said after five minutes' examination. "He should be operated on at once."

"Youse fellows is trying to murder me," said the tramp in a rage. "Lemme go."

"Operate at once," I said to the doctor who moved quickly to his bag and produced two knives.

"Murder!" yelled the tramp, "murder!" I had all the fun I wanted out of him, and as the old man was nearly scared to death, I thought there was no use killing him.

"Look here," I said, "you've either got to get operated on or shaved." He hated to lose his beard, for it was that which made him look most like a beggar, but as he must choose between two evils, he chose the less, and we shaved him. We let him go and saw him stand for some minutes across the street, fearing to enter the store with a clean face. Then he looked back at our place with a longing eye. If he had the chance again he would have given his appendix for his preface.

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In the present issue of the SCHOLASTIC the editorial staff have sought to close the semester with a number more pretentious than the ordinary. That a higher standard of excellence has not been attained in its columns is due to a variety of circumstances. Nevertheless, without further apology we are hopeful enough to trust that this production may find favor in the eyes of our readers. It is to them that we look for our reward. If in some small measure this number will help in the proper appreciation of the Christmas spirit it will have fulfilled its purpose—it will have been worth the while. Lastly, it affords an opportunity for the SCHOLASTIC to wish the Faculty and students a Merry Christmas and an auspiciously Happy New Year.

—A few weeks ago it was announced in these pages that the Seniors had decided to issue a Year Book. During the interval the Annual has taken definite shape and the plans then formed are now yielding results. In a general way the Notre Dame Year Book will be like those commonly issued by the universities; there is, however, to be this notable new feature to our Annual, that it will contain a directory of all the Notre

Dame graduates. The following is a copy of the circular sent out to the alumni:

DEAR SIR:—The Class of 1906, with the approval of the University Administration, is about to issue a handsome Year Book, similar in form and composition to those issued by other universities. We hope to include a directory of the alumni in the book, and would be indebted to you for information regarding your present address, occupation and any items of interest you may have concerning other "grads." We should also like to receive your subscription for a copy of the book, the price of which will be \$1.50. The volume will be ready for distribution in May. We feel that such a book should interest every old student who still cherishes the memory of his *Alma Mater* and the pleasures of student life at Notre Dame. Trusting you will favor us with a reply, we are,

Yours very truly,

Pub. Committee Class of 1906,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

University of Notre Dame.

The object of reprinting this here is to bring it to the notice of any alumni whom our circular may not have reached. We have a further purpose, too, in this account of the Year Book, and that is to bring it to the attention of the student body in general and the local artists in particular. To get out a good year book is no easy matter; no one can realize this more keenly than the men who have undertaken to do the work. A brief notice like this should be all that is needed to cause those who are taking any work in art to get busy and do something for the Annual. That is how other colleges manage to get out the creditable books they do, every man does what he can and the result is often distinctly good. Drawings of any sort will be gladly received and carefully considered, especially clever cartoons and sketches of humorous happenings on the grounds. Camera enthusiasts, too, can do us a good turn by submitting their collection of views to the art editor, Mr. John Worden, room 78, Sorin Hall, so that cuts can be made for purposes of illustration. One of our objects is to give the atmosphere of the various halls; the more "local color" there is the better. While apparently there is considerable time left before the Year Book is to be issued, prudence that comes from experience demands that all the work be in as soon as possible. Let all the men, then, that can turn pencil, pen or brush to artistic account set to work at once to do as much and as well as they can for the Year Book.

President's Day.

PRESIDENT'S day was never observed with more splendor and enthusiasm than was evinced Tuesday, Dec. 12, when we celebrated for the first time the Feast of our Reverend President Father Cavanaugh. This of all days in the scholastic year is eagerly desired by

Rev. William Marr officiated respectively as deacon and subdeacon. A loving and heartfelt *Te Deum* was sung by the student body at the close of the Holy Sacrifice.

At ten o'clock the University band assembled in the rotunda of the Main Building, and under the able direction of Prof. Frank serenaded our President. This was the first public appearance of the band, and when we consider that it has been



old and new students alike who seize this fitting time to express in a public manner their loyalty and reverence for *Alma Mater* and their love and devotion for their guide and director.

The day was auspiciously begun in the college Church where Solemn High Mass was celebrated by our Reverend President, while the Rev. William Moloney and the

recruited this year from almost entirely raw material, we have just cause to be proud of it.

Dinner was served in the Brownson refectory at twelve o'clock. The large hall was tastefully decorated with national and college colors. Pretty bouquets of American beauties, carnations, roses and lilies were deftly arranged on the President's table at

which many of the visiting clergy and laity sat. These flowers together with those that adorned the various tables were the gifts of the Senior class, the Philopatrian Society and the numerous halls. During the entire dinner, music was furnished by the University Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen.

The chief attraction of the day was the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" by the members of the elocution classes. With the possible exception of commencement week, there has never been a larger gathering of visitors in Washington Hall. Long before the play began, the hall was taxed to its utmost seating capacity; even the aisles were utilized when it became apparent that the ordinary seating area was insufficient.

After the "Criterion Overture" had been rendered by the University Orchestra, Mr. John F. Shea, President of the class of '06, came forward and said:

REV. FATHER CAVANAUGH:—The students of Notre Dame have long been looking forward to this celebration of your festal day with joyous anticipation. We have been anxious for the time to come when we could unite in showing our respect for you and in giving public testimony to the debt of gratitude which we owe you.

Our University has always had the benefit of capable and devoted men at her head, and these successors of the saintly Father Sorin have been most zealous in fostering and carrying out his high ideals. The result of their noble and consecrated efforts is the Notre Dame of to-day. Where fifty-three years ago stood a rude log hut amid a wilderness, is to-day the site of numerous and costly buildings, surrounded by beautiful and extensive grounds. All this has not been the result of chance or smiling fortune, for on the contrary the early years of Notre Dame were years of hard struggles and discouraging rebuffs. The founders of our University were tried by fire and pestilence and assailed by direst poverty; but undaunted by all this they persisted in their work until the dark clouds of adversity began to break and the sunshine of merited success brightened the walls of Notre Dame.

We are proud of our University and proud of the results she has been able to achieve in so short a space of time. Though less than sixty years have elapsed since her foundation, Notre Dame has taken a high place among the educational institutions of our land and is to-day the foremost Catholic school in the United States. Passing years have seen an increase in her scope; and her influence, which at first was little more than local, is to-day national. Indeed, her students are drawn not only from all sections of our own country but from South and Central America; even from Europe young men have come to profit by her excellent instruction and to be trained in an atmosphere of Christian morality.

To be the head of such an institution as Notre Dame involves much responsibility and requires the highest mental gifts on the part of the incumbent. Reverend Father, we feel it is not too much to say that even in these few brief months you have shown yourself most capable and efficient. You have held the office of President for only a short time, but you have won a place in our affections which the lapse of years will not efface.

We know that you are ambitious to widen the scope of our University and increase her influence as a power for good. Already you are taking steps which we are convinced will lead to great things. We want to assure you that we are behind you as a unit in supporting your plans and projects, and that when the time comes for us to leave our beloved *Alma Mater* and go out into the world, we will always cherish a fond remembrance of our *Alma Mater* and an earnest regard for her needs and welfare. We appreciate the many privileges which you have conferred on us, and assure you that your confidence in us shall not be shaken. For the kind solicitude you have evinced for our welfare we are most grateful; for the many ways in which you have added to our entertainment and pleasure we thank you. Happy indeed are we to be able to participate in the festivities of this your first President's Day, and most sincerely do we all unite in wishing you long life, health and success in your chosen work.

Greetings from St. Edward's Hall were then admirably tendered by Master Francis Shick.

After these expressions of filial gratitude the play was begun. A high standard has been established at Notre Dame by the dramatic element of past years, and it was hoped that this year would see that standard raised still higher. On the whole, however, that degree of excellence was not attained, though the individual acting of some of the performers was as good as has been seen in amateur circles at Notre Dame.

Especial praise is due Joseph A. Dwan for his successful and animated rendition of the lines of Shylock. The character of Shylock, though one of the most difficult to interpret, was aptly set off by "Ally" who seemed to have read into his part and for the time being made it distinctly his own. He was at his best during the trial scene when the unquenchable hatred of the Jew is suddenly turned into abject fear and dismay. Mr. Dwan's acting was of the best, and the expectations of his warmest friends were fully realized.

Lawrence A. Williams as Bassanio had a difficult rôle, but read his lines with good feeling. His pleasing stage appearance, com-

bined with the true qualities of a young and earnest lover, won him a warm place in the affections of all present. Much is expected of Mr. Williams who is as yet young in dramatic activity at Notre Dame.

Addis E. Lally, who took the rôle of Antonio, did well, though at times he lacked the true spirit of his character. Soberness not sombreness is the continued characteristic of Antonio, and much of this was lost in Mr. Lally's interpretation of the character.

Ambrose O'Connell as Launcelot Gobbo surprised even his most sanguine admirers. This type of character is always difficult to assume, yet Mr. O'Connell's acting at all times showed that he had completely mastered his part. His impersonation was the best yet seen in this line at Notre Dame.

Gratiano as interpreted by George N. Sprenger was just the least bit overdone. M. Sprenger's acting generally, however, was good. William J. Heyl took the part of Salanio naturally and very creditably. Chas. A. Sorg as Salarino, Joseph D. Sinnott as Lorenzo, Francis J. Roan as Salerio, James Brady as old Gobbo and Patrick Malloy in the rôle of the Duke of Venice, did well.

In the choice of Tubal and the female characters there seems to have been an unhappy selection. Much credit, however, must be given those who assumed these difficult parts. Mr. Joyce who undertook the rôle of "Portia" was at his best during the trial scene where both his appearance and acting were very good.

Despite the few crudities mentioned the play was pleasing and gave evidence of conscientious work on the part of the players. Much credit is due Professor Karr who spent a good deal of time and energy preparing the young actors.

Music was rendered between the acts by the University Orchestra under the direction of Professor Petersen. His selections were roundly applauded. At the close of the play our Very Rev. President made the following remarks:—

The magnificent demonstrations of loyalty to *Alma Mater* which this day has brought forth must be a source of pride and inspiration to her friends and well-wishers wheresoever they be, but most of all to the officers and Faculty of the University who are

doing their utmost to upbuild on this holy and historic spot what is destined to become, under the Providence of God, one of the great universities of the world. Discouragements and obstacles there are in plenty; some of them common to all universities, others seemingly peculiar to us. While certain other schools, for example, seem embarrassed to find needs for their money, we have always been seriously embarrassed to find money for our needs. We need two residence halls handsomer and better equipped than either Sorin or Corby. We need a great fire-proof library, we need a great school of technology and new laboratories, professorships and scholarships. The needs of the University are, as you see, many, and it is to her own children she must chiefly look to have those needs supplied. You, my dear young men, can not endow her with wealth, but you can bestow upon her what she most desires, the most priceless gift in all the world—the love of your strong young hearts. Cherish a deep love for this college; guard her honor jealously as you would guard the honor of sister or sweetheart; resent a word of criticism uttered against her. There are detached souls who will say that honest criticism is not to be resented; that fulsome praise only blinds one to his defects and by blinding him confirms him in them. Not so does loyalty speak. The country that we love and cherish may have her faults, but we leave it to her enemies to bandy them about in conversation and to advertise them to the world. The mother who bore us may not be perfect in every detail of character or accomplishment, but no good son feels that candor compels him to dissect her shortcomings before the stranger. And so should it be with you in your relations with your college mother.

All schools are imperfect in detail. No matter how well-endowed the institution, how erudite, experienced, tactful or inspiring the professors; no matter how modern the methods, no matter how well-equipped the laboratories and how rich the libraries, all schools must forever be unsatisfactory in some detail; because no school has such marvellous elasticity as to be able to adjust itself to all the needs of each individual pupil. But you will permit me to say, and I feel I am only interpreting your own thoughts when I say it, that this glorious old college with its sixty years of sincere and laborious effort for the best in education and the best in human life, is as worthy of the love and loyalty of her children as any in the land. Where else do so many hundreds of young men live in such close and peaceful communion? Where else is the standard of manly morality so high? Where else are obedience, purity, kindness, labor—the noblest lessons of life—so persistently inculcated and so willingly received? Where else are learned professors so unassuming, so companionable, so sympathetic with students? Where else is notoriety seeking so rare and honest teaching so common? And are not these things a rational basis for loyalty? I know that you are loyal, that, as you say, withered be the hand that is lifted to strike a blow at country, as you say, accursed be the tongue that would gossip away a mother's honor, so you say everlasting shame upon the student that peddles away the reputation of his *Alma Mater*.

There is another way in which you men of to-day

may show loyalty to your college. Why should not this University count 1500 students on its roll instead of half that number? Why should not the city of which organically if not geographically we are a part, why should not South Bend and her sister cities send us 200 earnest day scholars next year? Why can not every man here to-day make it a point of honor and of loyalty to bring at least one worthy student back with him after the holidays? Show us of the Faculty how we can help towards this result without sacrificing anything essential to the character or efficiency of this college, and I pledge you my honor that no effort will be spared to accomplish it. But, gentlemen, you are to remember that it is what you are, and what you say, and what you do, here and away from here, that will have most to do with the growth of your *Alma Mater* and the spotlessness of her fair name. Her duty is the production of scholarly, Christian gentlemen; it rests with you to prove to the world that she is doing her duty.

In so far as there is anything personal to me in these exercises I give you the best gratitude of my heart. No one could feel more unworthy of honor; but this I can say in perfect sincerity, that since the day when obedience laid upon my reluctant shoulders the burden of this exalted office I have had no thought but of you, no desire but to make you happy. It would make me happy if I could think that in some small measure I had succeeded. No man ever had more loyal, unselfish and efficient helpers than I; and, gentlemen, let me say as honestly as human speech can say it, that after four months of constant and intimate association with you, I am convinced that no college President ever ruled over more manly, loyal and earnest students.

I thank all, professors, musicians and actors, who have striven so earnestly and so successfully to honor this day. I thank our guests, dear friends from near and far. And most of all I thank you, gentlemen of the University, the hope, the joy and the pride of your *Alma Mater*.

Shortly after the play, Father Cavanaugh was unceremoniously surprised in the college parlor by Mr. Frank E. Hering, an old Notre Dame graduate and the Exalted Ruler of the South Bend Lodge, No. 235, B. P. O. E. Mr. Hering in behalf of the officers of his lodge and the members of the Elks Memorial reception committee, presented the Rev. President with a magnificent Turkish leather rocker. In a few words Mr. Hering assured Father Cavanaugh that his many friends in South Bend had him constantly in mind. In honoring the President of Notre Dame his friends wished to show him that they appreciated his noble work; that they were with him in all his undertakings, his trials and his successes; and that they wished him to look upon them as his loyal and devoted allies.

In thanking Mr. Hering and the donors of the handsome chair, Father Cavanaugh said he was proud of the friendship of these men, some of whom he had met late in life. He reiterated his previous statements about the relations which existed between Notre Dame and South Bend. The interests of one were the interests of the other, he said, and he hoped to see these two communities, which have grown up side by side, unite still closer.

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.

Doctor Cavanaugh.

Too late for more adequate report in this issue came the event of Monday last which made Father Cavanaugh, our President, Doctor of Divinity. The degree was conferred by the University of Ottawa through its former rector, the Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O. M. I., D. D. The dignity came as a surprise to everybody, yet the fitness of it was at once recognized by all except the honored recipient himself. In a few happy words the Very Rev. Doctor Zahm, Provincial, C. S. C., stated the purpose of the afternoon's assemblage, dwelling particularly on the honor attached to a degree coming from a university at once so renowned and so conservative as the great Canadian institution. The Very Rev. Dr. Emery was then introduced. He spoke of the sympathy that existed between the sister universities, Ottawa and Notre Dame, and declared that the honor his *Alma Mater* was about to confer upon Father Cavanaugh was not the payment of a debt of gratitude but merely the acknowledgment of one. At the conclusion of his speech he read the diploma that, with pontifical sanction, constituted Father Cavanaugh Doctor of Divinity, and the President forthwith assumed the Doctor's biretta. Dr. Cavanaugh then, in his own felicitous way, thanked Dr. Emery and through him his associates for the honor they had bestowed upon Notre Dame and upon himself. That a man's friends are those of his own household was then manifested as the Faculty and Dr. Cavanaugh's brethren in the Community gathered around him with warm congratulations while the loyal student body cordially applauded.

The Oratorical Contest.

THURSDAY evening, December the 7th, Mr. Edward O'Flynn, History and Economics '07, won the Breen Gold Medal for oratory. The subject of Mr. O'Flynn's oration was "Savonarola."

The orchestra, under the inspiring direction of Professor Petersen, opened the evening's programme with the March, "Bally Boo." This was the first public appearance of the orchestra this year, and the spontaneous and continued applause that followed their first number showed beyond all doubt that they had thoroughly "made good."

It was the fortune of Mr. O'Flynn to be the first of the contestants to speak. Backed by a good subject, with an ease of manner and grace of delivery, he described in a graphic way the Florence and the Florentines of Savonarola's time, and told of the work accomplished single-handed by the man of God in that scarlet city. Mr. O'Flynn was particularly strong in his peroration where he emphasized the nobility of living and working for a high cause. The speaker is possessed of a resonant voice of considerable power, his appearance is good and his gestures always 'suited to the word.'

Lamother's "Breezes of the Night" was exquisitely sung by the University Quartette, composed of Messrs. H. B. MacCauley, J. C. McGinn, E. P. Burke, F. X. Zerhusen, of the class of 1906. Responding to an imperative encore they rendered, even in better form, the lighter song, "The Story of a Tack."

"An Ideal Type of American Patriot" was the title of Mr. Cornelius Hagerty's oration. Mr. Hagerty was strong on matter and not so strong on form. Despite the few crudities of his delivery, however, and some commonplaces of thought Mr. Hagerty spoke with telling power. His composition was full of originality, and through it, in many places, shone out the gold vein of true oratory.

Mr. Joseph Gallart, '07, played with his usual faultless touch and abundant expression Schumann's Allegro Affetuoso, Piano Concerto Opus 54. He was heartily encored.

Mr. Patrick Malloy, Law '07, followed with his oration on "The Martyr of Rouen."

As a speaker Mr. Malloy presents many excellent qualities with some rather evident faults. Defective articulation and an air that savors of the pseudo-dramatic together with a certain artificiality of language exist side by side with the most intelligent interpretative qualities and the white fire of eloquence.

The quartette won new favor in the "Sailors' Chorus," and a clever humorous after-piece, "The Vacant Stare."

The title of Mr. Boyle's oration was "The Leader and the Lost Cause." He told in striking language the stern, sad story of Ireland's wrongs and how her foremost patriot, Robert Emmet, fought in her cause. Mr. Boyle made an excellent showing and, being a member of the class of '08, has ample time to correct some minor faults and work up on his strong points with a result that will be good to see.

Anderson's "Queen of the Surf" was finely rendered by the orchestra; for encore they played, to the great delight of the student body, the persuasive strains of some familiar music.

The judges of the contest were: the Rev. James B. Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. John's Church, Goshen, Indiana; Prof. Isaac E. Neff, Principal High School, South Bend, Ind., and Mr. J. Sylvester Hummer, Master in Chancery, Superior Court, Chicago. According to the markings of the judges Mr. Hagerty and Mr. Malloy received an even number of points, but as in case of a tie the decision goes to the one marked higher in delivery, Mr. Malloy was accorded second place; this left Mr. Hagerty third with Mr. Boyle a close fourth. C. L. O'D.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Names of Judges	Fitzpatrick	Neff	Hummer	Fitzpatrick	Neff	Hummer	Names of Contestants		
							Place	Total Rank	
							Composition Rank	Delivery Rank	Total Rank
E. O'Flynn	1	1	2	2	1	3	3	12	
C. Hagerty	3	3	1	4	3	2	2	15	
P. Malloy	2	4	4	3	2	1	1	15	
J. Boyle	4	2	3	1	4	4	4	18	

"The grades (or per cent) of each Judge shall be ranked one, two, three, four, etc. The orator ranked first by four or more Judges shall be awarded first prize. If no orator is so ranked, the orator the sum of whose grades is least shall be awarded first prize. In case of a tie in the ranking, the orator having the highest average grades in delivery shall be awarded first prize."—The Constitution of the Indiana State Oratorical Association.

The Cincinnati Ladies' Concert.

The Cincinnati Ladies' Cremona Orchestra played here Dec. 2. There was much to enjoy in the way of good music in their numbers; the ladies played well together, with good technique and considerable expression, but the character of the performance on the whole was not up to expectations. They were led by Mrs. Baldwin Broekhoven whose solos were appreciated as were those of the violoncellist.

Mrs. Beecher's Recital.

To-day when elocution so often means affectation and insincerity, lovers of true art can not but admire the work of Elizabeth Garghill Beecher, whose excellent recital on Saturday, December the 9th, delighted her audience in Washington Hall. The richness of voice, the charm and sincerity of manner, above all that naturalness which is hers, stamp Mrs. Beecher as an interpretive reader of the highest rank. The selections given were four in number, "A Man Without a Country," a reading from "Quo Vadis" and the humorous pieces "That Boat Race" and "How a Woman Buys a Christmas Gift." It is difficult to say in which Mrs. Beecher excelled. She rendered both the humorous and the pathetic with equal skill and in such a way as to move her audience to alternate joy and sorrow. Mrs. Beecher's first appearance at Notre Dame will long be remembered, and it is hoped by all that she will visit us again.

Leland Power's Recital.

On Thursday afternoon, December 14, the students had the pleasure of being present at a splendid recital given by Mr. Leland Powers in Washington Hall. In his skilful impersonations of the many characters from the romantic comedy, "David Garrick," Mr. Powers scored a great success. His Richard Chivy and Simon Ingot were most masterly interpretations. Mr. Powers would be gladly welcomed at Notre Dame again.

Personals.

—John M. Gearin (B. S. '71, M. S. '74) has been appointed United States Senator from Oregon to fill the vacancy created by the death of Senator Mitchell. For years Mr. Gearin has enjoyed a national reputation as a lawyer and an orator, and the Senate will afford him ample opportunities to display his versatile gifts. The University congratulates Senator Gearin and rejoices in the well-deserved honors that have come to him.

—It was a source of gratification to the members of the University to note that among the group of laymen who met conjointly with distinguished clergymen in Chicago recently to organize the Church Extension Society were three graduates of Notre Dame. These were the Hon. W. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, whom the University looks upon as her ideal alumnus; Mr. Warren Cartier, donor of Cartier Field, another alumnus of whom Notre Dame is especially proud, and Mr. J. J. Fleming of Iowa who is eminently worthy of a place in this honorable company. Mr. Breen was elected treasurer of the Society.

—Members of the University were delighted to note the presence of Mr. J. S. Hummer among the judges of the Oratorical Contest. Mr. Hummer won the Breen Medal in his year, and his success since his graduation is a source of pride to *Alma Mater*. He is now Master in Chancery, and the prophets say he will soon ornament the bench.

Varsity of 1905.

Another year of football has come and gone; with its coming came our hopes and in its going went our hopes. On Nov. 24 Notre Dame turned down another page of her football history. Far below expectations went the leaf, but it is gone and another season is coming.

In the beginning of this scholastic year Notre Dame boasted of football material the like of which she had never had before. Good men and plenty of them responded

to the early call of Coach McGlew, and for the first month of the season the "vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine," but—it rained.

First came the trouble with the three men from North Division High School. Dissatisfaction caused by outside parties in time effected such disagreements and misunderstandings as to cause these men to leave school. Not that the team was materially weakened as a result, but the trouble had started. Men were left to fill the places made vacant, if it may be said that places were made vacant, yet it was not that. To be frank, it was a lack of the true spirit. It would be idle at this late day to fix the blame, if indeed the blame could be fixed, so let us repeat simply that it was the lack of the "altogether spirit," and the result was inevitable.

It is an utter impossibility for a coach to develop and make a football team unless he has the entire support and confidence of the men under him.

The team this year was composed of men who had, with one exception, the benefit of two or more years on the gridiron. Of last year's team right end and tackle were missing, but the rest remained nearly the same. The backfield consisted of men who had played in the same positions the year previous. The new material was the best we ever had, and it is with regret we can not say a winning team was turned out.

And yet the fact that we did not have a winning team can not be accepted as proof that our coach was incompetent, for no man laboring under the same conditions could have succeeded. But it is over, the season is gone, and let bygones be bygones. Another year is coming and we still have plenty of time to repair our reputation in the football world.

We lose many good men in June, but many good men have been lost before and men have always been found to take their places. Of this year's team M. Downs, B. Downs, McAvoy, Sheehan, McNerny, Funk, Callicrate, Donovan, Healy, Waldorf and Bracken, have one year or more left to their credit. Silver and Draper are the only ones who have used up their four years. Captain Beacom has decided not to return, as have several of the other men; but it is

safe to say Notre Dame will have a team next year and one that will do all in its power to atone for the season just closed.

And now let be said in all fairness that no man ever worked harder; ever put more time and energy into a thing; ever used the means available in a more beneficial manner than did our coach of the past season, Henry J. McGlew. The season was not what we would like to have had it nor was it as he desired. As a hard and earnest worker he proved himself to be without an equal at Notre Dame. Days came late in the season when there were not enough men to make up a second team, but McGlew would don a suit and go in and play as hard as any man on the squad. Instead of seeing that the men took all the bumps and bruises at his direction, he took his share, and oftentimes more than his share. His every thought was to develop and make a team Notre Dame could be proud of and one that would demand respect from everyone. But conditions were against him. No man could, under the same conditions, do more than did he. As a hard and earnest worker, whose very heart was wrapped in the making of a team, let him be remembered.

PATRICK A. BEACOM (Guard).

Captain Beacom ended his football career at Notre Dame after three years of brilliant work. He was a tower of strength on offense and defense; he was never injured, never took out time, played in every game since he has been here, and was always the same old Pat in the same old way. He has been the mainstay of the team for three years, and the hole that will be made by his absence will be the hardest one on the team to fill. To say that Captain Beacom is the best line man Notre Dame ever had is saying much, but with impunity it may be said that Beacom is the best man in his position that has ever been turned out here and is one of the best line men in the country. "Pat" is 23 years old, weighs 230 and is 6 feet 2 inches in height.

NATHANIEL SILVER (Quarter-Back).

This is Silver's last year of football. For four years 'Nate' has played at Notre Dame and his record is one to be proud of. As a defensive quarter he is equal to any in the West. And not alone does he shine at

quarter, for in the Purdue game, the last one of the year, Silver played end and his defensive work merited much praise and favorable comment. His judgment in directing plays is good, and he has the faculty of inspiring "ginger" into the men and keeps them going all the time. Silver has been the lightest man on the team during his four years here, but this year was a little heavier than any year previous, weighing 156 pounds. He is 22 years old and stands 5 feet 7 inches in height.

CLARENCE J. SHEEHAN (Centre).

Sheehan played the same steady game that has marked him as one of the most consistent men at Notre Dame. Playing alongside Captain Beacom they were like a stone wall and very few gains were ever made through the left side of centre. "Bud" is a fast man and a hard worker. His passing is accurate, he is seldom injured, has played in every game and ranks among the best centres in the West. Sheehan has one more year of football, but has decided not to return as he intends to go into business. Had he so desired, he would have been a likely candidate for captain. Sheehan is 22 years old, weighs 190 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches in height.

WILLIAM A. DRAPER (Half-Back).

Draper was shifted from full-back to half this year, and in the early games was played at end. The change from full to half-back proved to be a wise move. Draper's end runs were most noticeable throughout the season. As a defensive half-back Draper shone best. In the Indiana game he played a wonderful game on defensive and displayed endurance equalled only by that of Captain Beacom. As a punter he had no equal in the state and no superior in the West. This is Draper's last year; he has only played two years of football but his time has expired due to track work. "Bill" is 21 years old is 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 172 pounds.

"BARLOW" McAVOY (End).

McAvoy was without doubt the most brilliant player on the team. His work throughout the entire season was sensational. His hurdling feats have never been equalled at Notre Dame. In nearly every

game he tore off a long run either on the kick-off or in actual play. The last two games found him at half-back, and there, as at end, his playing was brilliant. On defense he was as daring as on offense. His long drives and "shoe-strings" aroused admiration from the bleachers at home and abroad. In the Wisconsin game McAvoy's daring tackles saved many touchdowns. On offense and defense he was the same, always in the game and always the same brilliant player. McAvoy is 5 feet 11 inches in height. He is 22 years old and weighs 164 pounds.

ARTHUR FUNK (Tackle).

This is Funk's second year and he continued his good work of last year. Funk was by far the lightest man in the line but what he lost in weight he made up for in nerve and endurance. On defense especially Funk's work was most noticeable. For a man of his weight his defensive work was marvellous. It is safe to say that during the entire season not more than twenty yards were made through or around Funk. In the Wisconsin game he was a wonder, as they gained not a foot through him. Funk will be graduated in June and does not expect to return. He weighs 165 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches in height and is 21 years old.

WILLIAM E. DOWNS (Full-Back).

This was Bill's first year on the team. His work while not of a brilliant order was the kind that wins games; a steady man behind the line, a man holding the half-backs with him, and always using good headwork. His defensive playing, as a line bucker was good, he was in every play, seldom hurt and always in the game for all there was in him. "Bill" could hit a line "some" in which capacity he reminded one of the famous Salmon. It is hoped "Bill" will return next year as he has a great future before him and the "makings" of one of the best full-backs in the country. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 195 pounds and is 22 years old.

DOMINIC CALLICRATE (End).

Callicrate was the "find" of the season. Last year he played a few games with St. Joseph's Hall, and then was compelled to leave school on account of sickness. He



returned this year and made the Varsity with ease. As a defensive end Callicrate was a wonder. His tackling was brilliant; his nerve and endurance were admirable; in every game seldom injured, and always ready for more. He has three years more of football, and if he improves as he has in the past he will be without an equal in the West. Callicrate is 21 years old, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 10½ in height.

RICHARD W. DONOVAN (Guard).

"The Man who was Never Hurt" kept up his reputation. This was his third year in the line. "Smush" is not a brilliant player but plays a good steady game, and this year showed marked improvement on offensive work in carrying the ball. Donovan has another year to play. He is 22 years old, weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet in height.

MAURICE M. DOWNS (Tackle).

Maurice is a brother of the famous "Bill." He played right tackle this year and proved to be a good steady man. This was his first year and gives great promise for the future. He is absolutely fearless, and if the word "gameness" applies to anyone on the team it surely does to him. Maurice is 5 feet 10 inches in height, is 23 years old and weighs 190 pounds.

RUFUS WALDORF (Full-Back).

This is "Bumper's" second year; and on account of his class work he did not intend to come out this year, but was finally persuaded in the latter part of the season. Weighing only one hundred and sixty he tore holes in the opposing lines like a man twice his size and weight. Waldorf will return next year and "things" can be expected of him. He is light, but fast and heady, a good defensive half-back and no mean punter. "Rufe" is 20 years old, weighs 160 pounds and is 6 feet in height.

LAWRENCE MCNERNY (Quarter-Back).

"Mac" was injured in the first game of the season. For the past two years he has played left end and started there this year. In the game with North Division his knee was injured and he decided to give up the game, as the same knee was badly injured last year. Later in the season Coach McGlew got him out again, and in the last three games he played at quarter. As a general "Mac" ranks high. His defensive playing is good. And he has always played at Notre Dame, but quarter seems to be his proper position. "Mac" has one more year and may return. He is 6 feet 2 inches in height, weighs 172 pounds and is 23 years old.

FRANK T. HEALY.

"Pertoot" was a regular last year, but this year he could not get in any kind of condition until very late in the year and by that time the other men all had the jump on him. Healy has two years more to his credit but is not likely to return. He is a big man and has a great amount of speed for his size. He is a hard and earnest worker, and had he been in condition earlier he would have made them all go some in the line position. Healy is 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 210 pounds and is 22 years old.

FRANK MUNSON.

Munson proved that he has the right kind of stuff in him to make a good football player. He is an earnest worker and a good, hard trainer. This is his first year, but the experience he gained will make him a most valuable man for another year. Tackle is his position, and great things may be expected of him in the future. Munson is 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 185 pounds and is 19 years old.

THOMAS JOYCE.

Joyce was late in coming out and was necessarily slow in rounding into form. He is a guard and puts up a good, steady game as was shown by his playing in the few games he was in. Like Munson, great things can be expected of Joyce, and if he returns next year, which is to be hoped, he will without a doubt be one of our best linemen. Joyce is 6 feet in height, weighs 175 pounds and is 22 years old.

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A captain was not elected and the election will not take place until after the holidays. Lack of men for a second team in the latter part of the season was a thing that Coach McGlew had to contend with and which forced an undue amount of work on the part of the regulars. Such men as Healy, Munson and Joyce, who remained out the entire season, are the men who deserve as much credit as the regulars. The, so-called "scrubs" are the men on every team that make the team; they are the men who must be looked to for the coming year and the men who never receive the credit due them. Harry Hague kept the men in good condition all year and the few injuries which did befall the men were all attended to promptly, and the shape in which they finished a long hard season shows that Mr. Hague knows his business.

In conclusion the SCHOLASTIC desires to congratulate Coach and players for their loyalty in the face of overwhelming odds and wish them all a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

R. L. BRACKEN.