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Christmas Bells.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHEN even shadows gather near
From yonder stately wold,
And one by one God's lights appear,
Like bits of burnished gold,
'Tis then I dream the dreams of yore,
And feel youth's magic spells;
But dearer far, I hear once more
Those grand old Christmas bells.

Fair retrospection of the days
When life knew nought of care,
Tho' dim the vista, still the haze
But makes thy scenes more fair:
Yet when that same old sweet-toned voice
Upon the night wind swells,
It bids my heavy heart rejoice,
Those grand old Christmas bells!

From Nazareth to Bethlehem.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE hush of chill December was in the air. Over the distant plain and up the hill towards the village, a continuous procession had been winding its way during the long hours of the morning. It was the day of enrollment, and Bethlehem of Judea was claiming her own.

Singly and in groups weary travelers continued to come, and the dust clung to their garments. Loving mothers suited their footsteps to the toddling of infants, and families waited at times until some hoary-haired old patriarch rested a

moment before continuing the journey to the city of his fathers.

All day long the procession continued, until a watcher might have tired of the ceaseless throng and the steady echo of its foot beats. A man of gentle mien and a girl some seventeen years passed silently over the deserted road from the direction of Nazareth. Their faces were turned toward Bethlehem, but if they looked it was with unseeing eyes, for the expectation of another event was upon them. Slowly, with stately step they drew away from the level road of the plain, and the music of angels followed upon their footsteps long after they had disappeared into the deepening twilight.

The village was crowded. Everywhere the inns closed their doors upon the travelers, until the cold solitude of the street offered the only resting-place for a multitude of late-comers. The weary couple seeking in vain for the shelter that had not been given them, hastened along the silent outskirts of the village. Now and then they stopped at a house where lights still glittered from the casements, but the response was ever the same. So they wandered on, and the music of an angel choir was all around them.

And going forth they came upon a stable and entered therein. And the glory of that night was to gladden the people of every nation, for the man was Joseph, and the woman, Mary, the Mother of God. In the silence of the midnight hour the Word that was made flesh dwelt among us.

The Hand and the Heart.

THE gift that the hand gives on Christmas day
May clothe the naked, take hunger away.
The gift that the heart gives so softens the face
That the giver gives as receiving a grace. O. R.

Fitting.

'T WAS meet that shepherds first should see
The glory of the sky.

'Twas meet that shepherds first should hear
The music from on high

For He who came to find and save
And bring the wished-for calm

Was styled from all eternity
The Glory and the Lamb.

B. D.

A Triple Victory.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



HE great contest was over. The cheering of the college delegations that filled the opera house had died away, and groups gathered to congratulate the successful competitors. The centre of attraction was young James McGarrigan, the representative of Stony Hill University, the winner of the contest. Tall and athletic in bearing, his red hair gave him a suggestion of force and fire that his eloquent appeal had carried out. He held his audience from the start, and though his theme, which dealt with the greatness of the Catholic Church, had had to meet the opposition of a prejudiced audience, he managed his subject so skilfully that he forced his hearers into an outburst of admiration at the close of his oration.

But his fight had not been won easily. His rival for first honors had had years of experience in pulpit and on public platform, and though he complied with the constitutional provisions in that he was an undergraduate student of Paxton College, he plainly had the advantage of his younger opponents. His command of himself and absence of all self-consciousness counted, and though the sympathies of the audience were with the younger man, the decision was awaited with doubt.

The president of the executive committee had come forward at last and announced that the decisions of the judges had been received and tabulated by the three members of the committee, and that, according to the constitutional provision, first place went to the orator receiving the lowest total of points in summing

the ranks. Mr. James McGarrigan was awarded first place, with a total of eleven points, and second place went to Mr. Olaf Carlson, who had received twelve.

"Red" left the scene of the contest on the following day. He was going to Laketon, his home; for the Christmas holidays had begun and he would be free for the next three weeks. Joe Donnelly, his room-mate at college, and secretary of the state executive board, was with him on the train. The two talked over the contest and the ins-and-outs of college oratory until they neared the station. As "Red" was putting on his overcoat to alight, Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope.

"Here; this may interest you," he said. "These are the figures of the judges' decisions. I just jotted them down on the back of this letter as the president read them off in the meeting. You may want them for your scrap-book. It's the only copy of them that there is. Good-by."

"Red" thanked him, thrust the piece of paper into his pocket, and was gone.

He thought no more of the incident until that night when he was preparing to retire. His welcome home had been a touching one, for his mother's Irish pride found expression in the warmth of affection that only an Irish heart can experience. The tale of his victory was recounted to the happy villagers who flocked to offer their sincere congratulations, and at last, tired out, he went off to his little room.

Out of curiosity, he took out the soiled envelope and examined the figures that had brought him such happiness. Four first places, a third, and a fourth, summed up the total of eleven. Carlson had two firsts, three seconds and a fourth. The percentages were interesting. Old Judge Deemer must have been very exacting, for he gave him a percentage of seventy-five, and he still ranked third. How much did he give Carlson? Curiosity prompted investigation. Fourth place with eighty-two. Impossible! There must be a mistake somewhere. That would deprive him of that third and reverse the rankings, giving him second place and placing Carlson first.

"Red" examined the figures again. There could be no doubt about it. He was sailing under false colors and was enjoying ill-gotten wealth. His first impulse was a generous one; he must announce the result and restore the prize money. But an evil thought came to

him, and his fingers itched to tear up the mocking piece of paper. Joe had told him that it was the only tabulated copy of the returns, and he alone had knowledge of the real result. He let this train of thought get a fair start, and found it running away with him. He had won fairly. The papers had said that the audience was perfectly in accord with the judges' decisions, and that was what really counted, anyway. Besides, he needed the money and no one would ever know that he had not won it honestly. The prize of a hundred dollars would enable him to cover the expenses of graduation with ease and would leave enough to assure a happy Christmas in their little home. He knew that it was a great sacrifice for his mother to give him up long enough for him to work his way through college, and he was anxious to reward her in any way that he could. Further, his position made him eligible to compete in the contest of the National Oratorical League, where a further prize of two hundred dollars was held out as an inducement. Finally, his competitor was not really eligible, for the purpose of the league was to encourage college oratory, and according to the rules of eligibility in athletic contests, Carlson would never have been permitted to compete.

He had everything to lose and nothing to gain by publishing the result of his find. Everything? He walked over to the window and looked out. Through the falling snow the moon was shining, and down the little village street he could see the bright outlines of the cross on Father Haley's chapel. What did that represent? He had used that very figure with telling effect in his oration. Voluntary sacrifice and truth are symbolized by the emblem of our redemption. Honesty was necessary and should prevail.

He turned on his heel and walked rapidly down stairs and out into the night. The telegraph office down at the railroad station was open for the 10:20 train. Its light guided him as he walked on. He was afraid to stop for a moment, and was not at ease until he had sent a telegram to the *Morning Sun*, at the capital, announcing the result of the contest.

His mother wept when he told her what he had done, but her pride in her boy was greater than before. The papers were full of it next day, and though "Red" had not anticipated it, even editorial columns were given to generous praise of his manly conduct. The

Associated Press dispatches had carried the news far and wide, and "Red" found himself a hero.

The glory pleased him, of course, but could not entirely compensate for the financial loss. He needed the money, and was not only deprived of the hundred dollars, but was cut off from representation in the national contest. He bore the loss with a brave heart, however, and tried to make his mother happy in other ways. But it was hard to keep back the tears as they sat together before the fireplace on the night before Christmas and tried to picture the happy days that awaited them after graduation in June, when James would be able to get out and earn for the two of them. The human heart demands a certain material satisfaction at such a time, and their hearts were heavy in spite of their attempted cheerfulness.

A sound of footsteps crunching the snow and a knock at the door awoke them from their meditations. In the whirling snow stood a young man with a telegram.

"The rules don't call for deliverin' a night letter," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "but we 'lowed as how you might be interested in gettin' the returns. We couldn't quite make it all out down to the depot, but we reckoned it must be all right, 'cause it ends up with congratulations."

"Red" beckoned the messenger inside and opened the yellow envelope. He read:

Congratulations on your brilliant victory. You have won after all, for your four first places entitle you to the decision. Article VII, Section 6, should read: 'The orator ranked first by four or more judges shall be awarded first prize.' This clause was left out by typographical error in reprinting constitutions this year. Congratulations and Merry Christmas.

JOHN J. HOWARD, Former State Sec'y.

"And does it mean, acushla, that you won after all?" asked the old lady expectantly.

"It seems that it does, mother."

"Well then, the Lord knows His own. He's better to us than we deserve, mavourneen."

At the Crib.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WITH eyes grown large in wonderment, they kneel
And look the words they can not speak yet feel;
Oh lips, untaught the music of a prayer,
The Christ-Child reads the heart-throbs beating there.

The Holy One.

THE night of all glad nights, with stars far shining
From the vast field of heaven serenely blue!
Calm in the mother's heart, her arms entwining
The Child whose name will run the ages through!

L. C.

A Christmas Idyl.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



It is Christmas eve. How I always longed to spend it among my own! But time has wrought a change. I want to be alone with my thoughts. They are such agreeable companions on Christmas eve. Twilight begins to gather. Through its misty gloom, I can see great flakes of snow piling up leisurely; they grow larger and come more slowly. The twilight deepens; the moon rises and plays his shining darts over the glistening fields. Already unseen hands are writing crystal shapes upon my window. The lamp is lighted in the library and sheds a mild haze over every object in the room. The soft firelight from the hearth streams over the floor and over the big bear rug where I am sitting in the old leathern rocker. On the mantel the ancient clock ticks off the minutes and hours. It is getting late. The shadows made by the fire-flame grow dimmer and dimmer, the ticking of the clock fainter and fainter. The shadows fade; the ticking dies.

Memories crowd upon me. Let me read them all tonight,—read them as I have done so oft before by the flickering hearth-flame on Christmas eve. How varied is the panorama that passes in review before me! There is sunshine and shadow; much gladness, much sorrow; trouble, peace. I am again in the little cottage with the old familiar faces about me. Father is in his accustomed place by the blazing logs. Agnes and Tommy, in childish mirth, are dancing around the Christmas tree, ever discovering new delights. "Bunch,"—what an odd name for baby,—strapped securely in his high-chair, is cooing and clapping his chubby hands in glee. And, ah! the soul of it all,—mother's sweet face smiling upon us. All the love and warmth of this Christmas was too deep for my small heart to contain.

The memory of another Christmas comes before me. It is an eve of sorrow and pain,—the first Christmas on which I felt really alone in the world. And even as I think of it now, a shadow of that dreadful loneliness comes upon me. Mother,—the sweetest word in all the world,—was for me for the first time only a name. In my cozy chamber, where every look revealed new objects of a mother's tender solicitude, the great storm of boy-sorrow spent itself in a generous flood of tears. How strangely wonderful it is, this slipping away from life of which we "know so little and yet know alas, so much." A gust of wind rattled down the chimney, the log burst into new flame. Ghostly shadows lie darkly on walls and ceiling and occasional bursts of flame cause them to stagger like spectral beings from a dead past.

Presently, father came into the room. How warm was his greeting, how long he kept my hand in his. Before this I used to think of him as cold, impassive, indifferent. But now there was revealed to me a depth of feeling, of sympathy, of which I never dreamed. And after all these years, when my thoughts fly back to that broken home, I recall that much-loved figure, bent by grief, and feel that there is still by the old hearth-stone a soul of kindred love and kindred sorrow. I remember every word he said that night, though he spoke very little. I see him again calling me to his side by the big chair, and laying his hand upon my head, saying slowly:

"Boy, mother has gone home. We must love each other more now than ever."

Then another blast of wind animates the flame. The room is aglow with the mellow light. Yet the memory of that vacant chair, never to be filled, chills the home cheer that once was. But it is a holy grief that possesses me—not crushing but ennobling. A new light breaks over the memory of her who is gone. A sweet calm steals upon me,—a calm that must be kindred to the land and life whither the sainted mother has gone.

Adoration.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

HE would have entered all unknown on earth,
But that a planet in the fields afar
Leaped earthward at the wonder of that birth,
And left the world its legend of the star.

Christmas Bells.

P. P. FORRESTAL, '11.

LISTEN to the church bells pealing
 Forth their tunes of joy and mirth;
 Ringing out a peaceful message,
 Tidings of the Saviour's birth.
 Far beyond the snow-capped hilltops,
 Down the valley, through the dells,
 Sounds the sweet and gladsome anthem
 Of the merry Christmas bells.

Kimball Joins the Frat.

RALPH C. DIMICK, '11.



HE doors of Whitman stood ajar. Every train that steamed into Colton brought with it the promising native sons in whose hands the future destiny of the nation must surely be secure. The familiar rattle of the celluloid cuff could be heard on all sides as old friends met and shook each other by the hand. Never had prospects looked so bright for Whitman.

The old students, of course, were the first to arrive. Jim Lyman was busy organizing his annual bible class; Walter Felthouse was mixing around among the new students, looking for candidates for the Y. M. C. A.; George Holdbrook was trying to sell diamonds, collect radiator rent, or do anything to persuade some one to part with his filthy lucre.

But the real and only show, however, was already staged, and the first act was on. It was the Hi Ki Fraternity gang of fakirs getting a victim. The object of this society was the promotion of good fellowship among the old members, and the separation of easy marks from their *e pluribus unum*. A young fellow by the name of Kimball was their victim on this occasion.

"We will ask the secretary to read in Latin the minutes of the previous meeting," said Walter Brown, who was the Simon Lagree of this bold band of robbers.

"Tincanorum sardinicus Caesar venit ad hominum greenicus manicus," shouted "secretary" Davenport, the man with seventeen years of ancient language to his credit.

Kimball's lower lip began to drop as he realized the solemnity of the occasion. The

members of this august body then began to converse in a most strange manner. It was a new language to Kimball; and the expression of his face showed plainly that he had begun to appreciate the advantages of a college education.

"Now, fellows," said Kimball, as he broke into the conversation, "I just want to ask one question."

"Now see here," shouted the High Mogul in a commanding voice, "when we get through talking our language, we'll talk yours."

Kimball sank lower in his chair, his face grew redder, and again he realized the solemnity of the occasion. After about half an hour's discourse in this strange tongue, during which time the members paraded before the king, a stillness came over the room. In a low voice the "king" explained to Kimball that they were ready to talk his language.

"Now," said the dignified one, "what do you think of fraternal orders?"

"Well, gentlemen," said the new candidate, "it has always been my ambition to join a secret society. My father is a Woodman, and I want to join something too."

The "members" then decided to vote on the new candidate; they were to decide who was to cross the threshold of their order. Kimball was led from the room and the ballot box was passed. It is needless to mention that he was elected to membership by a majority vote.

"Now," said his Royal Highness, "before we welcome you as a tried and trusty brother we must, each and every one of us, be convinced that you possess those qualities which are so essential to all who cross the border line of this strange land. Fearlessness, hope and a charitable disposition must be found in him who seeks to enter."

"Will you be obedient? Will you give freely when called upon? Will you face danger with a courageous soul?" said the chief as he scrutinized his victim.

"Yes," said Kimball, in a trembling voice. "I am only too glad for the chance."

Before morning came the worthy hero had been chastened by the cooling waters of "Lakum Ducum," the near-by pond, and when the rays of the morning sun came through the window and aroused him from his peaceful slumber, he realized for the first time that the dream of his boyhood days on father's farm had at last come true. He was now a full-fledged fraternity man.

With the arrival of the first day of fraternal

bliss came his opportunity to prove his worth as a cheerful giver. One of his brothers had taken a contract to put in the winter's coal for a lady that lived near by, and was to receive three dollars for his labors.

"Now," said brother to Kimball confidently, "we have a chance to do something for a poor sick lady. She is surely going to die, but, while she remains upon this earth it is our duty to make her burden as light as possible. The good people of the town have donated the coal to keep her warm; and now I come to you as a brother. Will you prove to me that you possess that necessary requisite—a charitable disposition? Will you help me put in the coal? Kimball went to work with that spirit that makes the world go around. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow.

"I am glad they saw fit to let me in," said Kimball to himself. "Helping the sick already. What will father think when he learns of my success!"

A New Problem.

My ma, she says that Santy Claws has gone and joined the trust;

Well, all I've got to say is this, he's surely got his crust

For lettin' John D. Rocky Feller, More Gain, and the rest

Just put the bug on him, cuz they sit on the money chest.

But you jest watch, he'll lose his rep with me and all the boys,

If John D's got a corner on his fancy bunch of toys.

I've been suspectin' all along that Santy wasn't fair,

And now it looks as if my dope was strictly on the square,

For all I got this Chris'mus was a sack of candied dates,

A story book, a jew's-harp and a dinky pair of skates, While Johnny Jones, whose dad is rich and lives across the street,

Got toys galore, and candy,—gee! more'n fifty boys could eat.

The rich bugs better muzzle this, and do it mighty quick,

For all us kids are sore, you bet, and we intend to stick.

If Billy Taft don't put the kibosh on that bloomin' trust,

Just watch my gang some day and you will see how it will bust;

If Santy's gone and joined the trust, just bet your Sunday hats,

That when us kids are big enough, we'll all be Democrats.

T. A. L.

Applying the Moral.

PAUL RUSH, '12.



GEORGE CLARK sat at his desk, pencil in hand, frowning fiercely at the blank paper before him. "Oh, it's no use, I simply can't get my mind working! I can't think of a plot for a Christmas story to save my life!" he said as he threw himself on the bed and began to wonder why the teachers gave them such things, anyhow. "But, after all," he mused, "we have it pretty nice here in Walter's hall, I haven't so much to kick about." He glanced around his cozy little room. "Just think of those poor fellows in Burrow's hall, I imagine it would be awful not to have a room of your own, but have to be in study-hall all day and chase up to bed at nine."

At this point his musings were interrupted by a knock at the door: "Come in," he called.

"Hello, George, just thought I'd drop in a minute before I went down town to see if you wanted anything," said his visitor, who had on his hat and overcoat and was prepared for town.

"Come in, Bill, and sit down while I think; you've still ten minutes before the car leaves. I don't know of anything I want but a plot for a short story. Have you got permission?"

"Sure, I haven't been down for a good while, and as I just finished my story, thought I'd take a little rest by going down to see some of the picture shows."

"Oh, you lucky boy, wish I had my story finished. But say! how about getting a plot from one of these shows; that wouldn't be a bad idea! I haven't a ghost of a chance for getting permission, though, for I was down only last night. But, by George, I'll risk it and "skive," we will be back before ten, won't we?"

"I had intended to, but have permission until the last car if I care to stay that long."

"Well, you go out into the hall and see if the way is clear. If so, come past my door, knock three times and then I'll go down the fire-escape." As his friend left the room, Clark picked up his cap, put on his sweater-vest and coat and made ready to leave.

"But, gee!" he thought, "I must not be caught. There was a hundred demerits for

getting caught last Sunday afternoon on the 2 Y's, fifty for being caught once out of the many times I've smoked in my room, and if I should be caught tonight, one hundred and fifty more. There are three hundred, and me for Burrow's. But Father Sullivan will be busy in his office when I get back and I can slip in without his seeing me—but there are three knocks, so now for it."

George made his exit safely and he and his chum were soon on the car and down town. They made their way hurriedly to a Nickelodeon, saw the different films and departed. After they had seen three, Blanchard said: "It's about time we were starting back, almost nine-thirty and we must catch the next car if we'd get back before ten."

"Oh, let's go see one more," said George, "maybe it will have a rôle from which I can get a Christmas story. The others we have seen haven't had a thing concerning Christmas, and I just simply must get a good plot, for without it I have no chance at all to make eighty-five per cent, and if I don't, father says he will give me no allowance next month, and that would mean no class banquet."

Bill reluctantly agreed to his chum's wishes and the boys were soon in the fourth Nickelodeon, where they had no sooner seated themselves than George knew he had at last found his Christmas story. Before him on the screen was pictured a merry group of young boys and girls dancing around a pretty Christmas tree glowing brightly with lighted candles of various colors. It was loaded down with candy and popcorn, nuts and cake, horns and dolls, and many other bright and glittering trinkets, while about its base could be seen presents of a more substantial nature. The old folks were gathered around smiling and talking of the pranks of the children; making a picture of joy, contentment and comfort such as we delight to think of in connection with the day on which we celebrate the birth of the Redeemer of mankind.

But as they looked the scene changed to one of a far different sort; and they now saw before them all the evidences of poverty and suffering. It showed a small, ill-lighted room whose bare floors and dark plain walls gave little idea of comfort. In one corner of the room was a small stove and an empty coal box, in the centre, a square table, on which were the remnants of the last meal—half a loaf of bread.

In the other corner was a little cradle and beside it a small stand on which were several bottles of medicine. A frail little woman, clad in poor black garments which plainly indicated her widowhood, sat by the cradle gazing anxiously at a young child, whose drawn and plaintive looks plainly showed that it was suffering. Another child, a girl about seven years old, knelt on the floor with her head buried in her mother's lap, her body shaking with sobs.

This sad spectacle had scarcely impressed itself upon the boys when a boy thirteen or fourteen years old entered the room, closed the door carefully behind him, laid down a bundle of papers which he carried and with looks and actions showing his despair, gave the little woman the few coins he had. Eagerly she took the money, looked at it, then sorrowfully shaking her head returned them to the boy, buried her face in her hands and began to cry. The boy seemed touched to the quick at his mother's anguish and picking up his papers he hurriedly left the room.

The scene changed and the boy was seen running down the street, but George seemed suddenly to lose all interest in what was before him as a gentleman bearing a strange resemblance to a certain St. Edward's professor rose from his seat and came back toward the boys.

"Good evening, Mr. Blanchard. Good evening, Mr. Clark," said Professor Fraser as he passed them.

"Well, I guess you're in for it, George," said Blanchard.

"Oh, I don't think so; I don't think he will report me, and besides he isn't my English Prof., so my story will pass. But let's watch the poor kid, there he goes into a doctor's office,—he hasn't enough money to tempt old sour spectacles, the monster."

The pictures showed the lad again in the street, hurrying along offering his papers to passers-by. Before him walked an elderly man carrying one of those small black cases, the size and shape of which proclaimed its owner a physician. As he hurried along, he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and in doing so a large wallet fell from his pocket unnoticed. The boy saw it, however, ran forward and picked it up, then started after the man; but no, he faltered, stopped, turned.—Ah! what it meant to him: a doctor's aid for the sick baby, food and clothes for his mother and sister. His temptation was but momentary, he had been rightly

trained, and hastening after the gentleman he followed him and gave him his pocket-book. The doctor thanked him, opened his purse to reward him for his honesty, but the boy refused and extending his arms, pleaded with the doctor to visit his home.

As the man turned to follow the boy, George said to his chum: "Come on, Bill, it is getting late. Everything is going to be happy ever afterwards. I can fix that up. I'll say,— 'Always act honestly, for it is right and will be rewarded, even as dishonesty is wrong and will be punished.'"

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Several days later the following conversation took place between the two boys:

"Well, Bill, I guess I'm in for it proper. As you know, Father Sullivan caught me coming up the fire-escape. Well, I've just been to see the president and it's Burrow's for me."

"George, that's tough and I'm sorry for you. How long will you have to stay there?"

"All year, I suppose, but that's not all. Father White, my English professor, has taken sick and Professor Fraser is going to take the class, so I see where my story will be caught."

The boy's suspicions were correct, the professor noted the boy's dishonest work and he was again sent "on the carpet."

"George, I'm indeed surprised," said the President, "that you should resort to such deliberate plagiarism. Do you not realize how dishonest it is, that it is the same as stealing? You certainly would not have done such a thing if you had been fully aware of its seriousness. I have read your story, and it is a surprise to me that its moral did not strike home to you when you wrote it. As it did not, and in hopes that it may, you shall, as a punishment, write this line of your story one thousand times: 'Always act honestly, for it is right and will be rewarded, even as dishonesty is wrong and will be punished.' Now, good-by, my boy, and don't do such a thing again."

The next day, Clark met Blanchard on the campus, and pulling him aside from the rest of the boys for a moment said: "Bill, I didn't get a bit more than I deserved. That was an awfully little and mean trick to do, and you can bet I'll never do it again. But say, will you loan me the price of the banquet next month, for I see where I get only a seventy in English and consequently no allowance for me."

The Triple Mass.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.



HE liturgy of the Church is an ever-changing panorama whereon is reflected her mind and spirit. Its variant beauty so captivates the attention, arouses the emotions and inspires the devotion of her children as not only to satisfy every desire of their religious propensities, but also to draw them into a closer communion and to make them of one mind with herself. The mind of the Church is all-embracing, but no phase of it is unreflected by her liturgy. It is a language whose words are symbols addressed to the imagination and understood in every tongue. This language is never more beautiful, never more expressive of spiritual mysticism, never more powerful over the hearts of men than when it speaks to them of the triple generation of the Saviour of the world at the feast of Christmas.

The word Christmas signifies mass of Christ. In old English it was *Christes maesse* and came into use about the year 1038. The feast of Christmas, however, commemorates the birth of Christ. Hence the Latins called it *dies natalis*, and the French *Noël* which signify a day of birth. The German *weinachtsfest* signifies the preceding sacred fast or vigil. Christmas was not, as we might suppose from its present importance, one of the earliest festivals of the Church. The early Christians looked upon the pagan custom of commemorating birthdays as proper only for sinners (pagans), hence they observed instead the anniversaries of deaths or births into heaven. Neither is there a consensus of opinion that the proper date for its celebration should be December 25th.

Indeed, the first historical evidence of its observance is from Egypt whose theologians, relates Clement of Alexandria (C. 200), "'over-zealously' assign, not the year alone but the day of Christ's birth, placing it on 25 Pachon (20 May) in the twentieth year of Augustus." The data on this point are so scant and seemingly so contradictory that "there is no month in the year to which respectable authorities have not assigned Christ's birth." It is certain, nevertheless, that from the early part of the fifth century the December date became well-

nigh universal and has since remained permanent.

There is a curious analogy between the *dies natalis* of the Church and the *invicti natale* of the Roman government of the fourth and subsequent centuries. The former commemorates the advent of the "Light of the World" in the Person of Christ, the Mighty One, the latter celebrated the return to splendor and power in the heavens of the Unconquered One, the Sun. Whether the pagan custom exercised any real influence in the fixing of the current date of Christmas is uncertain, though such authorities as St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Ambrose, St. Leo and St. Bernard do not hesitate to call it a "providential coincidence," seeming to infer thereby that the December date was chosen on account of the winter solstice. As with many other points in Church history, tradition, which some one has called the "popular instinct," has placed the date of Christ's birth on December 25th whence it is likely not to be dislodged by any amount of scholarly argument.

The feast itself has a threefold significance, hence the triple mass. Some liturgists hold that these commemorate the "aboriginal, Judaic and Christian dispensations," while others, notably St. Thomas, maintain the far more generally accepted theory that they commemorate the "triple birth of Christ: in eternity, in time and in the soul" and such is their mystical connection. The midnight mass typifies His birth in the stable in Bethlehem "when spiritual darkness enveloped all and men slept in the sleep of sin." In the early middle ages attendance at this mass was compulsory under pain of a three years' excommunication,

this penalty being imposed as a means of bringing the negligent to the performance of what is now known as the Easter duty. The second, the mass of the aurora, symbolizes His birth in the minds and hearts of men, while the third, the mass *in die*, celebrated with all the pomp and splendor of vestment and music and song strives to commemorate in as fitting a manner as may be His eternal birth in the bosom of His Father.

The triple mass on Christmas day is not the result of two being added to the regular number, but to the prohibition of a like or greater number being celebrated on all other days. Among the primitive Christians it was the practice to say several masses each day. Later, when this practice was forbidden, Christmas alone was excepted. The oldest Mass books—the Gelasian and Gregorian—contain three masses for this day.

The origin of the triple mass as said at midnight, aurora and *in die* is found in Rome. The first was said in the church of St. Mary Major at the *oratorium præsepis*, or crib; the second, celebrated by the Pope in the church of St. Anastasia, or what was then known as the "chapel royal" of the Byzantine court officials, and was intended as a "papal compliment to the imperial Church on its patronal feast"—St. Anastasia; the third took place at St. Peter's.

To us there seems to be something distinctly attractive about each of these masses and it is difficult to make a choice. But in all there thrills the joy and exultation of the Church, bidding us be glad and rejoice, for this day is born our Saviour, Christ; the God of Israel.

New-Born King.

J. P. K.

NO chiming bells announced the royal birth,
When came the Lord to us that Christmas day;
No courier spread the tidings 'round the earth,
No empires hailed with joy His coming sway.

Though born the highest prince of any land
His earthly bed was but a manger bare;
His guard was but a lowly shepherd band,
Which kept the long night's watch with loving care.

But choirs of angels came on earth to pay
Unto the new-born King the homage due:
With gladsome songs they cheer the lowly way
Of Him who was the King of kings most true.

Christmas in Ireland.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

So take the wish, the kindly words,
 The thoughts that they convey—
 'Neath whatsoever skies you fare,
 A Happy Christmas day.



CHRISTMAS in Erin! What a subject to awaken the tenderest emotions! How much it means to one who has had the pleasure of spending his Christmastide in that land of smiles and tears! It revives in him memories of the innocent joys of the long ago within some happy household of holy Ireland. It speaks to him of the cheerful companions with whom he was accustomed to laugh and play in his boyhood days, and, maybe, with whom he was wont to hunt the wren among the furze and hedges and gather the holly from the surrounding woodlands. It tells him of the time when a fond mother—who, perhaps, has passed from this world to a better and a happier one—had taught him to regard this hallowed festival as a time of honor and reverence to Him of whom it is commemorative, rather than an occasion of worldly gratifications and amusements. And when he is mindful of all this, what wonder is it if a few drops of sorrow should find their way into the exile's cup of pleasure at Christmastide? Some of us who are not so intimately acquainted with the Irish disposition may not have noticed this; we may not have observed that beneath the mirthful smile, so peculiar to the Celt, on this day there lingers a sadness. Yet, it is there. And, indeed, it lends a charm to our own Yuletide festivities even as the gentle shower lends a charm to the glory of the golden-haired day-god, or, as the tears of the laughing rivulet impart refreshment to the lilies along its banks.

While the Christmas customs of the Irish are many and various, space will permit us to recount only the more important and such as are rather prevalent throughout the entire country. The practice which existed among the ancient Celts of decorating the houses with green branches and of placing the mystic mistletoe over the doors of each dwelling is especially worthy of mention. The arch-druid, clothed in white, climbed into some spreading

oak, around which the venerated mistletoe had entwined itself, and with a golden knife severed the curative plant, which was then dropped into the robes of another priest awaiting it beneath the tree. Subsequently it was cut into small pieces and distributed among the people; and these in turn took the sacred sprays and placed them over the doors of their dwellings in order to shelter the sylvan spirits during the frosty season, and thus obtain their goodwill.

Besides the revered mistletoe, which became rare at one time, the pagan Irish were accustomed to decorate their houses and the gigantic portals that led into the sacred groves of Baal with branches of the holly. This old custom, however, has lost its significance in Christian times; for the early Church, realizing how deeply these pagan observances were embedded in the hearts of her children, saw fit to counteract them by giving them a Christian coloring. Thus it happens that the holly of our own time, instead of serving as a propitiation to the woodland deities, represents the bush which burned in the presence of the lawgiver on Mount Sinai when it was first revealed to him that he was to liberate the people of Israel from Egyptian bondage; and its ruddy berries are significant of the sacred fire which burned without destroying.

To find an Irish dwelling bereft of the holly and laurel on a Christmas day would be a novel sight indeed. Doubly cheerless would be that home in which these tokens of peace and love are not to be found. On the eve of the great festival when twilight hushes the song of the warbler many a young lad, freed during the holidays from the terrible baton of the "master," wends his way to some forest glade or verdant hedge, where he is sure to find the most decorative branches. And more proudly does he bear home his treasure than did the ceremonious druids in the days of pagan Ireland. Rapidly each of the sprays is trimmed, and the task of hanging them upon the walls and about the pictures is a pleasant one to the youngsters, especially since their foretaste of a luncheon is fully justified by the simmering of a kettle upon the hearth. And—although the custom is by no means general—should the household be an extremely jovial one a sprig of the licensed mistletoe is suspended from the ceiling, thereby keeping the female members in constant peril. This ends the preparations; for, as Santa Claus

is unfamiliar to the Irish boy and girl, there is no Christmas tree in the Celtic home.

The time-honored custom of ushering in the feast by burning the large Christmas candle is still observed throughout the four quarters; and during this night candles are the only means of illumination used in many of the households of Westmeath. Along the banks of the Erne in the southernmost part of Ulster the devout Catholics keep vigil until morning in reverence for the sufferings which Mary and Joseph were compelled to endure in the lowly stable at Bethlehem. Indeed, should anyone give way to drowsiness and steal a march to the land of nod he is pursued thither immediately by the rather unpleasant notes of a bucket or pot, such as are not infrequently experienced in our American shivarees.

But, that the primary object of the Celtic Christmas is not mere diversion may be seen from the large throngs that frequent the chapels at early morn while the Protestants pass on to "church," as the Catholic peasantry are wont to style the edifice of the dissenters. From lowly cabin and stylish mansion old and young respond to the bells that call to them from many a quaint old steeple. Down along the pleasant glades, across the moors, and over the verdant meadows where innumerable diamond-like drops glisten in the rising sun, pass the merry bouchals and colleens in all their national charm and attractiveness. With devotion they assist at the mass and listen attentively to the soggarth as he narrates the story of the little Child whose love drew Him down from His heavenly home to bear the sins of man. Nor will they fail to drop an extra coin into the box so that his reverence may have a merry Christmas; since to no people is the priest as dear as to the Celts. And rightly so; for in the dismal past when the penal laws hung like a cloud over Ireland, the young aspirant to the priesthood was compelled to abandon his native shores and to seek a refuge far away beside the waters of the Tiber or the Arno. Moreover, when, as a young priest, he returned to his anxious flock it was with a full realization that a price would be set upon his head and that he would be hunted from place to place like a wild beast. But the undaunted and unflinching soggarth, beholding the sufferings of his crownless island Queen, sailed back to partake of the sorrows and afflictions of her people and to shield their souls from the wiles and artifices which surrounded them. And

today the people show that they are not unmindful of the bond of love and affection which has ever existed between the pastor and the flock; that they still remember how in the long ago, when midnight mass was being celebrated in the mountain fastnesses, the wolf appeared among the fold and put to death both the flock and the shepherd.

After mass the people return to their respective homes, and while the goose or turkey is cooking over the fireplace they read the glad tidings from across the "pond." And sad, indeed, is that home which receives neither a letter nor a card from the absent ones in distant America or Australia! Although the savory goose, or gobbler, is considered as almost essential to the table, it gives precedence to the indispensable Christmas cake which, black with currants and raisins, adorns the festive board in every house. Indeed, the cake is so necessary to the table that if the more fashionable plum pudding be substituted the average lad will pass it by in contempt and clamor for his customary delicacy. The plum pudding does not appeal to the Irish boy or girl. They know it is English; and it has become a second nature to them to believe that nothing good can come from England.

In the evening none but the servants—should there be any in the household—join the members of the family in the dance, for it is considered a question of dignity that each hearth be kept sacred on this day. And although the Irish are an unusually hospitable people, the intrusion of a visitor, with his customary "God save all here," is regarded as a breach of good manners. After the couples have become weary of the reel and the jig, all assemble about the Christmas fire, which is lighted only upon this occasion. And, no doubt, one of the old folks will take advantage of the opportunity and remind the rising generation of the sacrificial fire of the druids around which the vestal virgins of Baal were wont to dance. With story and witticism the evening is spent, and thus closes a beautiful and happy Christmas in the homes of holy Ireland.

As of Old.

THRO' the star-lit dome of heaven

Angels swiftly pass

Hast'ning to adore the Saviour

At the Midnight Mass.

C.

Christmas.

'T WAS many years ago to-day
A Child within the manger lay,
While angels loudly sang on high
The Saviour of the world is nigh.

The peaceful shepherds fell to earth
And prayed to Him who gave them birth.
And lo, a star hung over them,
Proclaimed the King of Bethlehem.

O Child, who helplessly doth lie:
Pray be my solace when I die.
Though like a helpless child You be,
All nature's forces answer Thee.

H. M.

The Girl in the Picture.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.



LOUISE WHITBY entered the drawing room humming a cheerful little song softly to herself. She walked noiselessly to the mantelpiece and seemed to arrange the holly and ferns which were hung about in artistic groups. It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. A brisk fire was burning in the grate. The flames flickered up now and then, dispelling the deep shadows in the far side of the large room; and as they did so Tom Whitby was discovered stretched wearily on a large leather couch. He was in a troubled sleep; but at first his sister was not aware of his presence. Her hands flitted about from wreath to garland as only a girl's hands can when the accomplishment of the beautiful is her task. A string of fern here, a little ribbon there; a rearrangement of pictures and things, a large leather chair pulled up to the left, the luxurious pillows patted and replaced on the seat to the right and the picture was completed. She moved back majestically to view the effect, and the innocent girl broke forth in a happy cry. She brought her dainty hands together with a resounding smack. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed and her cheery musical voice broke forth upon the intense stillness of the room.

"Oh! it's Christmas!"

Tom gave a slight start which caught the attention of his happy sister and as he turned

she flitted to him like a fairy goddess. Kneeling at his side she took his head in her arms and leaning over kissed his forehead. She smoothed back his hair tenderly, admiring him the while, for Tom had been the kind of brother to Louise that would merit him the sincerest of sisterly affection.

"Oh, Tom, you look so haggard and worn. You'll keep on with this thing until you are ill. Why don't you try to forget. Remember dear, it is Christmas and you don't want to go through this time feeling as you have been. Won't you try to cheer up for tomorrow? Do it for me, Tom."

Tom raised himself slowly and sat on the side of the couch holding his head in his hands.

"Sis, you're happy tonight. I know how it is. A year ago tonight I was happy too just like you, but now—oh, what's the use of talking about it! I'm simply mad, that's all. For these days I've thought of nothing else. It's been running through my mind like a fire on the prairie, consuming every vestige of those happy memories that once were mine. I see her with me, walking by my side, and it is as though she were clothed in the cold dark raiment of one lost in the wilderness."

"Tom, you're the most foolish, sentimental person I ever saw. You take everything far too seriously. Now you've got to forget this thing before it makes you ill. You can do it if you only think so."

"Yes it seems as though a person could and I was beginning to make myself believe I could until three days ago. You know, sis, I hunted up Trevons, the artist, last August after we returned from our cruise along the coast and I gave him that photograph that was taken of Harriet on Denby's crag. I wanted him to make a study of it and finish it up that I might give it to her for Christmas. Well he began work on it at once and several times I made it possible for him to get glimpses of her that he might be able to give the painting as much natural expression and all that sort of thing that artists are given to talk about. As the work progressed I would go up and sit with him by the hour watching his creation. Each night I would look forward to the morrow when I could again sit there enjoying myself as Trevons brought out the exquisite beauty of what was to me then the grandest girl in the whole world. Then came our disagreement and the rest. For a whole month I remained away

from Trevons and then one day he met me and told me the picture was completed. Before that I had decided never to see it again, but on this afternoon something seemed to take hold of me and I went with him to the studio. I can't tell you what I went through there—maybe it's because it's too sacred, maybe it's because I don't know—but a determination came to me to accept it, for I thought if I could no longer claim the girl I could at least have this wonderful work which Trevons pronounced his masterpiece. It would be my only solace in the days when things looked dark and dreary. I could go to it as I had to Harriet with the hopes that I might receive a shadow of the inspiration that was wont to be mine in the olden times. Three days ago Trevons came to me with the information that the picture had been cut from its frame and stolen."

"Stolen!"

Louise broke forth into a hysterical cry which for the time made Tom forget his trouble in the attempt to soothe his sister. He took her arm tenderly and walked with her into the hall.

Realizing that Tom was taking his coat and hat, the terrible fear that he might destroy himself flashed upon her and she grasped him to prevent his departure.

"No, Tom, you're not going away. Oh! please, I beg of you don't go out tonight. It's Christmas eve, you know, and we must be together. Think of father and mother. We may not have them long. You'll stay—"

"Don't worry, sis, I am not as bad as you think I am yet. I am not going to do anything terrible. I am going to get Trevons and take him to Harriet. I am going to tell her all about the picture and that it was stolen. Oh! it breaks my heart to think of her picture being exhibited in some public place subject to the remarks of the mob. I am going to tell her all and let her judge me as she will. When I have done that I'll be back to you, sis. Wait up for me."

With that he called his carriage and directed the driver to bring him to Trevons'. It was a grand evening. Everywhere lights seemed to vie with each other in an attempt to destroy the shadows of the night. Taxicabs were whizzing along the streets as numerous as the sparkling stars in the skies above. The streets were filled with the shouting, struggling throng which

is always present on such a night. It was a quarter to eight when the carriage stopped in front of the studio on Forty-second street. A half an hour later it drew up in front of the palatial Fanchion residence.

Harriet appeared handsomely gowned in a delicate pink creation of foulard and lace. Her large brown eyes, dark hair and pink cheeks worked a wonderful contrast. For a moment Tom forgot that there was a change in their friendship, but it was only for a moment. It was then that the whole past came crashing in upon his fevered mind. What beautiful memories did the appearance of this girl bring back to him; memories that to him seemed buried now forever. He struggled within himself to betray no outward emotions of his sorrow when she spoke to him.

"Why, Mr. Whitby—"

"Ah, Miss Fanchion—yes, Miss Fanchion. Seems so strange to hear us calling each other such grandly formal names as those, don't you think?"

"Maybe, I don't know. Anyway, you know, I've never been accused of such a terribly uninteresting diversion as thinking."

Tom realized at once that she was only playing with him in her deft manner. He thought she should treat him better than that, and he resolved to have his visit over with.

"Well, maybe I can get used to it again, this thing of calling you Miss Fanchion. I hope so, but you haven't asked me what brought me here this evening. I am sure it is an embarrassment to you to have me call, the way things are. I can't begin unless you do."

"What brought you? Why, your carriage is down the walk. Maybe that will help you to begin. You see I know."

Tom was becoming terribly disconcerted.

"That's cruel of you, I think. Won't you be serious with me? I'll be awfully grateful to you if you do."

"That's another thing I've never been accused of being—serious. Can you picture me being serious?"

"You picture—that's what I came this evening to see you about, a picture. You remember last summer when we were at Denby's crag we all had our pictures taken? You stood out there on those rocks alone and the wind was blowing your tresses around; everyone said you looked like the Goddess of the Sea

or something like that. Well, when we returned I brought that picture to Trevons with the intention of having him make a painting from it. This he did, and then I began longing for Christmas time to come so I could give it to you and tell you all about it. It is unnecessary to mention what happened since, but I am sorry that I have something to tell you about the picture which will prove as painful to you as it has been to me. Afterwards when I realized that I could never give it to you I decided to keep it myself as a remembrance of the days gone by, but three days ago someone entered the studio of Trevons and cut the painting out of the frame. For three days I have used every means possible which might lead to its recovery without avail, and tonight I decided to come and tell you of the liberty I have taken with the picture you gave me at Denby's crag. Denounce me harshly. I deserve it. I am at your mercy."

Harriet's face filled with expressions of kindness and happiness.

"So I am to judge you, Mr. Whitby?"

"If you please." She was in a happy mood.

"Being a judge I must hear the evidence, being a woman I must be curious. On your word of honor tell me, how did I look?" Tom's troubles seemed to be fading away in the presence of such favorable treatment and even he began to feel himself becoming happy.

"As a giver of that sort of evidence I would be incompetent. I would be a prejudiced witness."

"Well, there is one thing I must know. Why did you want to keep the picture after what happened? Was it just because you had it painted and then didn't want to—well, to burn it up?"

"How can I tell you that if you insist on my calling you Miss Fanchion. Evidence of that sort would be out of place under the circumstances."

"Then, I'll let you call me—well, Harriet, if it will help you."

"Harriet! Gee, but it's fun to say that again. Well Harriet, it was this way. I had been denied the *girl*, so I was forced to hold to the next best thing. I chose to keep the girl in the picture as I had once hoped to keep the girl—forever."

She took his arm gaily and led him to the library. On entering she drew aside a curtain which covered an easel, and there before him

Tom recognized the stolen picture in a new frame. His emotions got the better of him.

"Harriet, it's mine! It's—"

"I am still a judge, Mr. Whitby, you swear it?"

"But I am no longer a witness. Now I am sheriff. Will you explain?"

"Will you let me call you Tom?"

"I do—I mean I will, surely."

"Then it was this way. Trevons called on me while he was painting the picture to see me better in order that he might get some local color, or something like that, and he made it as a pretext for his calling the desire to do some work on china for me. Well, I was led into the scheme meekly and I gave him some work to do. Some time later I called for the things and not finding him in I received permission from his assistants to roam about the studio. I ran across this picture and then bribed him to tell me all about it when he returned. In addition to this I bribed him to cut it from its frame and sell it to me. That's how I got it. I am now at your mercy."

"Well, there is one thing I must know. Why did you want to buy the picture? Was it just because I had it painted and that being the case you wished—well, to burn it up?"

"It was because I feared you didn't want the *girl* any more, and if you didn't I was determined that you should not have 'the girl in the picture.'"

"But I do want—I always wanted—the *girl*. May I have—"

"Yes, you may have—tonight you may have the girl in the picture."

"And Harriet, what will it be tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, Tom, it will be Christmas."

Tom found Trevons still awaiting him in the reception room. He had not needed him that evening. An hour later everybody was happy in the Whitby home.

The Star.

GO follow that star without aught of derision:
Its silvery beams cast a heavenly light;
It will guard thee aright to a country elysian,
Over life's troubled main thro' the darkness of night.
Oh, blest be that noble, that sweet condescension
Which drew it to earth by divine intervention,
And caused it to shine with a wondrous intention
'Long the path to the hut where the Saviour was born.

P. F.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, Old Year, the time is near
When we will have to part
We've loved you well; 'twere hard to tell
The grief that fills our heart.

M.

Christmas and Christmas Customs.

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12.



O Christmas the Church ascribes but one meaning and this is to be found in the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace to men of good will." In these words can be found the foundation of the Church's spirit of love and forgiveness which is so evident on this holy day.

Historians are at sea as to the correct date of Christ's birth, many claiming it impossible for it to fall in December; that being the rainy season, it would be impossible for the shepherds to be tending their flocks in the field, as the scripture represents them. However, there is authority substantiating the fact that Pope Telesphorus, in the year 138, celebrated Christmas on December 25th. There is no record of its being celebrated on any other day, and the Church has recognized this day since that time. In this celebration the church allows her priests to say three masses: one at midnight to celebrate the temporal birth of our Redeemer; one at daybreak to celebrate the spiritual birth; and the third in the morning to commemorate the eternal birth of the new-born King.

With the passing of paganism and the ascendancy of Christianity many of the pagan customs were transformed into Christian customs. These, however, had most to do with the social side of the Christmas day celebration. The old Roman Saturnia had been observed on this date as had also the German "Twelve Nights," the latter lasting from the 25th of December to January the 6th. Both of these pagan feasts are responsible, to a great extent, for the mirth and festivity that have so marked the social side of Christmas. "Merry Christmas" is readily derived from the old Roman *bona saturnia* and the custom of distributing presents from the Roman *bona amicus*.

The Christmas tree seems to be of German origin. Its meaning in former times was quite

different from that which is now connected with it. The old German pagan belief was that the world was but a huge tree whose roots were hidden but whose branches reached to heaven. This was called "yggdnafil" and was represented by our Christmas tree. The fire on the tree reminded them of their sun worship, and the nuts, fruit, etc., hanging on the branches represented the products of the earth. With the introduction of Christianity the tree was made the symbol of the birth of Christ. The green represented eternal spring, the burning candles recalled Him who is the "Light of the world." The gifts distributed are to remind us that God, in giving His only Son, for the redemption of the world, conferred upon humanity the greatest and most priceless of all gifts.

The Christmas box is derived from the custom of the Church in placing a box in the church for offerings which later on were distributed to the poor at this holy season. The mistletoe was regarded by the druids of old with religious veneration. They used its berries of pearl, signifying purity, in the marriage ceremony. From this custom the transition is slight to the use and privilege of the mistletoe of today.

Yule, in the pagan times, was the name of the annual festival held by the northern nations, in honor of the winter solstice. The burning of the Yule-log represented their worship of fire. By the advent of Christianity Yule was applied to Christmas. The Christmas card, now a universal vehicle for the conveyance of good wishes, dates from 1846. Christmas carols signify songs of joy. The oldest written of English carols has the date of 1521. These fix the holy day in song.

The crib, as it is seen today in our churches, was originated by Saint Francis of Assisi in the thirteenth century. Its purpose is to bring more vividly before our minds the scene of the birth of Christ. The actual crib in which Christ was born is said to have been brought from Bethlehem in the seventh century and to be now preserved in the Liberian basilica at Rome. Santa Claus, also called St. Nicholas, is derived from the old Dutch folk-lore of the coming of this saint with rewards for the good children and punishment for the bad at Christmas time. All of these customs, in a small way, have that about them which tends to bring back to the human mind the real object of Christmas, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and the practice of the virtues of love and forgiveness.

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—Usage may have worn much of the meaning from the phrase, but it is the best we can command to convey our greetings. We wish it to bear the fullest

A Merry Christmas. measure of good-will to Faculty, students, readers

and exchanges. There are just a few toward whom we can not feel the warmest friendship. Often they have flung at us phrase charged with poison during last year and this. Often we felt like flinging back the hot retort, but we have been silent and suffered lest speaking we might say too much. Many may criticise us, and perhaps justly. At least we have this aftermath of comfort: it is better to be conscious of having said too little than to be stung with the regret of having said too much. This is the season of peace and good-will, and we do not wish to coax a ripple on the calm of the waters. "Peace and good will, good will and peace," is the burden of our message.

—Many a one will feel a pang of disappointment at Mr. Edison's declaration of faith. It is not new, nor profound. It is not even startling. It will simply

One More Wreck. cause regret, not for Christianity, for that will endure, but for Mr. Edison, whose immortality is not so certain. It shows him not more or less than

hundreds of others who have furnished columns of like stuff for the newspapers before him, or will continue to do so after he is gone. It shows him as a pure machine maker—rather intricate and delicate but still machines; a keen expert in taming electricity to do certain things. But when he takes up a world-old problem, one on which sages have thought their brightest and tenderest, how like a pebble beside a pyramid does Mr. Edison appear! Mr. Edison has done a useful service, and his well-wishers had hoped he would escape the agnostic's rock. But he has gone the way of many another man who has found the limelight too strong for him, and in going has left behind him a wake of emptiness. We regret his passing.

—Two weeks ago we saw one of those periodical moral spasms that occasionally shake Chicago. Mary Garden's production of *Salome* was peremptorily "Art for Art's Sake." stopped by the management, because pressure was brought to bear by patrons of the theatre. Criticism and commendation have been profuse, yet no new arguments seem to have been brought forth on either side, and the question still seems to stand on the ground of the conflict between morality and art, the controversy over fundamental principles of art. For the continuance of Mary Garden's production the old plea of "art for art's sake" was urged. Those who consider *Salome* artistic do not seem to know—probably do not know—that truth is at the root of all art. Christ testifies of St. John as a strong, fearless man; a prophet and more than a prophet. John speaks of himself as a "voice in the wilderness" commanding the narrow ways to be made straight and the hills to be pulled down and the valleys to be filled up. Are we going to associate St. John with *Salome* and accept Strauss' testimony rather than that of Christ? Mary Garden and others of her ilk may talk bosh about art for art's sake. The chances are she knows very little of the historical *Salome* or the tyrant Herod or of the noble figure, the last of the prophets, who was so wantonly sacrificed. We suspect Mary wouldn't spend an afternoon in the city library to secure accuracy by consulting dusty tomes. It looks too much like work. "Art for art's sake" is so much easier; also more ethereal.

President's Day.

TUESDAY everybody set aside the cares of office and made the President of the University stand the set-ups. It was his day, not by his choice, but the traditions of the ancients which we petition our city council never to set aside. We concede it's no special pleasure to be President on President's day and to receive the flowers of the hot-house and, more trying still, the deathless flowers of rhetoric. But after all, that's why we have a president, and one of his chief duties should be to bear up under the felicitations and fever-heat enthusiasm of President's day.

The festivities began early and continued pretty much all day. The Faculty and senior class appeared in cap and gown and presented a dignified appearance. They marched from the parlor of the Main Building to the Church of the Sacred Heart where they occupied the centre aisle. Solemn high mass was sung by the Reverend President, assisted by the Rev. Vice-President, T. A. Crumley, and the Director of Studies, M. A. Schumacher. The singing by the Seminarians' double choir was dignified and devotional. After mass a group picture was taken of the Faculty and senior class. The University band rendered select airs from the rotunda of the Administration Building and brought together an interested audience to hear the well-rendered program. At noon the time-honored President's dinner was served in the Brownson dining-room. The orchestra gave a very select musical program; this of course was missing from the other refectories, but the amount of chicken, pie, cake, ice-cream, etc., actually consumed was not conspicuously less because of this oversight.

At 2 p. m. a large audience assembled in Washington hall to witness the annual play by the dramatic talent of the University. Tradition has conceded the president of the senior class the right to be the voice of the students in conveying to the head of the University their words of greeting. Mr. John Tully proved that he did not hold the honor by virtue of tradition merely, but by virtue of fitness as well. He used very little of the trumpet flourish, but said some very good things. We give his address in full.

In the city of New York, looking out from a public park, stands a statue of Captain Nathan Hale the patriot spy of the American Revolution. In every line of the figure is depicted the sad story of the martyred hero. The cord-bound ankles, the pinioned arms, the fearless countenance and the defiant head tell far better than pen or voice the story of the patriot's sacrifice. Living in an age when love of country was most intense, he was called upon to prove his loyalty and he proved it with his life—a life typical of the age in which he lived, and significant to us because of the inspiration of its noble example. The heroism and the sacrifice of that century have become a statue and a name in this, but the remembrance of that name lends courage to the heart and leads to higher aspirations, and who that has looked upon that statue and has heard that story can ever forget those words of regret: "I am sorry that I have but one life to give for my country." Because that boy of twenty-one said those dying words, and because he died, thousands of other young men, fired with the spirit of patriotism, have given their lives for their country, serving her as she bade them serve and dying as she bade them die. The obituaries of men who have made such sacrifices in the name of liberty, and in greater ways those who have given all things for religion, is the history of the world. Their acts have been held up for the emulation of their countrymen, and their memories perpetuated in the festal days of their countries.

It has been said with truth that the character of any nation may be known by the nature of its festivals. Their origin, their objects, and the spirit of their commemoration stamp indelibly upon them the qualities of the people by whom they are celebrated. Sentiments of gratitude or of reverence, of patriotism or of thanksgiving, are unquestionably indicative of high ideals. Irreligious and irrational outbursts are as truly expressive of baser qualities. The homage paid to those whose characters embody lofty ideals is an unerring index to the lives of any people. And so, too, in the spirit which prompts the establishment and observance of certain days at Notre Dame we find a reflection of the sentiments of the students of this University, and an indication of the character exemplified in its officers and faculty. The celebration of President's day is more than a mere formality. In the honor shown to those who bear authority, it is a recognition of the sublime dignity of that essential element of life. In the proclamation of gratitude to officers and faculty, past and present, it is a signal proof that their labors are bearing wholesome fruit. As a day of retrospection, it is an opportunity to measure progress and to reflect on the sacrifices of the past and the glorious lessons they have taught, for we love to believe that every noble effort has its reward, and that no heroic sacrifice was ever made in vain.

It is less than seventy years since that first band of young men led by the illustrious Father Sorin made its way into the wilderness of Indiana. Imbued with the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice, they counted no personal cost too great in laying the foundation for this institution. Little could they judge at that time of the results their efforts might bring; small indeed, must have been the hope held out to them by the

remorseless wilderness, but they, too, had heard a call, and they were answering it with their lives. For every young man who came here to unite his efforts with others in the cause of religion and education renounced the world and its rewards as truly as did the patriot who gave all in his country's cause. Here they came with all the vibrant energy of youth surging in their breasts to forswear the world and make their offering that that cause might prosper. In other fields of effort their magnificent qualities would have brought the things men most desire—fame, riches, power—but not for them was the reward of the soldier or of men of worldly life who perform unusual work. Theirs were days of toil, and the very fruits of their own labors they might not claim for themselves. The wealth they acquired was not theirs to enjoy, but an inheritance for their successors. But they were moved by aspirations higher than the achievement of worldly power or the adulation and loud acclaim of men. Their ambition has become the ideal of Notre Dame—to send forth sons fitted to take their places in life and do their work like educated Christian men.

To us has come a share of the inheritance they left; to us it has been given to glory in their achievements and reap material profit from their sacrifices. Ungrateful would we be, indeed, did we not proclaim our gratitude and seek a means of repaying the debt we owe. We realize how insignificant is the remuneration afforded by even the greatest honor we can show, and we know there is no material reward we can offer those who have given their lives that we might grow up under the sacred inspirations of this University. There remains a lone alternative—we must pay back in service to our Alma Mater what we have been given by inheritance. If we can not endow her with wealth, let us then bestow what she most desires, the lasting affection of true and loyal sons. Let us cherish a love for her, guarding her honor, resenting any criticism against her, and apologizing to none for our loyalty. For we have been the recipients of benefits priceless as those which moved the heart of Nathan Hale to his heroic act. Let us measure ourselves by his lofty standard and see how much we are willing to sacrifice in the cause which has meant so much for human progress. Loyalty it was that impelled the heroic fortitude of the patriot's death, loyalty it must be that shall guide us in our devotion to Notre Dame.

And this day, too, gives us an opportunity of paying the tribute we owe to officers and faculty. We have enjoyed the companionship of unassuming and sympathetic professors, and have been extended the helping hand of our President, for what student of Notre Dame has ever heard of a President unwilling to encourage and help him. Ever considerate and approachable, we have come to look on Father Cavanaugh as our friend in every cause. Mountains of routine work, we know, crowd his days with obligations; matters of discipline, of business, and of legislation daily occupy his time. He has as many personal duties as there are students in this University. Yet if he asks much of us he demands more of himself. His smile is ever as cheerful and his greeting as joyous as though his only care were to infuse into others a share of the optimism that makes his own life so attractive. An ornament to Church and to education, he submerges

his identity that his example may be an inspiration to those under his care. For him no need to voice the vain regret that he has but one life for the noble cause to which his work is dedicated. We know full well that had he a thousand lives they would be as freely given for the same unselfish end.

And so, Father, the University is assembled today to congratulate you on the success which crowns the fifth year of your presidency; to express its best gratitude and sincerest devotion, and to pledge to you the loyalty that has root in loving and grateful hearts. We know that to one who dedicates his life to the good of others, praise is not soothing, but we can not help saying that we believe it is due largely to your inspiration that Notre Dame has made such progress in the last few years. Under your continued guidance we pray that she may soar on to greater heights. For some of us, this will be the last opportunity of expressing our loyalty to you; it will be our last President's day at Notre Dame. But here or away from here, we know that one of the bright pages of memory will be the remembrance of this day on which we met to pledge our never-failing devotion. With all our hearts we pray that your unselfish efforts in our behalf may have their full reward, and that long years of health and strength and happiness may be God's blessing on your noble work.

The President's response followed immediately. Father Cavanaugh dwelt largely on the spirit of Notre Dame as created by the founders; he touched on the growth of the University and returned to the spirit emphasizing the truth that no matter how great the development, the spirit of the founders must endure if the University is to continue as an abiding force. The President concluded by extending his sincere thanks to Faculty, students and friends near and far for their loyalty and high devotion to the University.

The play presented by the Dramatic Club was a three-act comedy entitled "The Treasure." The play lends itself admirably to presentation for a student cast, and the thunderous and long-continued applause which followed each act, testified to the fact that the players thoroughly "made good."

The production was staged by what may rightly be called an all-star cast, for each man, from the leading man to the innkeeper, played his part in a manner that left little to be desired. Not often have we seen players so well suited for their respective parts as those who presented the play on Tuesday last. Fun there was in abundance; and "Billy" Ryan was the chief offender in this line. Playing the part of Cope Schuyler, the American adventurer, he entered into the spirit of the character to a degree that he seemed to live rather than act the part.

In the rôle of Billy Ashe, Mr. George Lynch made a decided hit. His naturalness, entire unaffectedness and easy manner made his portrayal of the modern newspaper man typical.

Cecil Birder as Grace Whitney established his reputation as a "leading lady." This is the first time he assumed a feminine rôle, but there was in his acting a winning grace and peculiar charm that, together with a splendid voice, insure success for him in the portrayal of coquette and demure maiden alike. Paul Rush who played the part of Blanche Baily, the stranded actress, was hardly less successful. Paul's was a difficult part, but he was equal to the emergency. Harry Zimmer kept the audience in constant good humor by his excellent rendition of the part of Mrs. Sybil Schwartz.

Claud Sorg played the part of Capt. O'Malley in his characteristically able manner. John O'Hara's handling of Kirke Warren was very acceptable. Arthur Hughes as Col. Ostah, Thos. Havican as Mr. Griggs, James Hope, pressed into service owing to the illness of Frank Crowley, as Mr. Hewitt, deserve individual mention also. The other players all showed to advantage, and of each gracious things might be said.

A special word of appreciation is due those who were instrumental in staging the play. To Father Maloney must go the praise for the most faultless presentation we have seen in recent years. Under his direction, the players attained a standard which has seldom been equalled, and certainly much less frequently surpassed. The scenery, costumes and light effects were appropriate. The music of the University orchestra was excellent,—a fact to which the Reverend President gave public utterance in his closing remarks. We append

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Copeland Schuyler.....	William. R. Ryan
Kirke Warren.....	John F. O'Hara
Mr. Hewitt.....	James Hope
Capt. Austruther.....	Joseph Collins
Mr. Griggs.....	Thomas L. Havican
Billy Ashe.....	George A. Lynch
Capt. O'Malley.....	Claude A. Sorg
Col. Ostah.....	Arthur J. Hughes
Capt. Mauzaffer.....	Wm. E. McGarry
Sergeant.....	Wm. E. Cotter
Crown Prince of Greece.....	Carl B. White
Officer of Transport to Volo.....	J. Earl Wheeler
Officer of Steamer to Constantinople....	J. H. Kuhle
Max, waiter at "Angleterre".....	Jos. C. Goddyene
Innkeeper.....	John T. Burns
Grace Whitney.....	Cecil E. Birder
Blanche Bailey.....	Paul Rush
Mrs. Sybil Schwartz.....	Harry J. Zimmer

Breen Medal Contest.

Thursday evening four young orators battled for honors in Washington hall before an attentive audience. The work of the two senior men, Messrs. Wenninger and Miltner, was especially effective. Messrs. Heiser and Hagerty gave a very favorable impression in their presentation, though of course they did not have the ease and self-possession of the elder men. Mr. Wenninger's phrasing was carefully worked out, though here and there his thought lacked freshness. He has the art of elocution at command. Mr. Miltner was original and forceful, but at times the thought was overburdened with words. The two younger men, Messrs. Hagerty and Heiser, in their work Thursday evening gave ample evidence that they are men to be reckoned with in future contests. It was noticed that neither Sorin, Brownson, Corby, Walsh nor St. Joseph hall had a single man entered in the contest. Surely this is not the kind of spirit that will keep alive our traditions for oratory and debate. Where are the Spartans all? Program and decision of the Judges:

Selection.....	University Orchestra
"The Press: The Problem of Today"	
Charles C. Miltner, Philosophy, '11	
"Poverty and Crime"	
Francis J. Wenninger, Letters, '11	
Selection.....	University Orchestra
"The Mission of America"	
Allan J. Heiser, Letters, '13	
"Why not International Conciliation"	
Charles J. Hagerty, Law, '12	
Selection.....	University Orchestra

JUDGES

CONTESTANTS	Manuscript				Delivery				Final Rank
	Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C.	Rev. C. L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.	Prof. W. E. Farrell	Rank	T. E. Howard	G. A. Farabaugh	W. L. O'Neill	Rank	
Miltner, C. C.	2	4	1	2	3	2	3	3	2
Wenninger, F. J.	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Heiser, A. J.	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4
Hagerty, C. J.	4	2	4	4	2	3	2	2	3

Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

On Thursday, December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception was duly observed at the University. Solemn high mass was sung at 8 o'clock by Rev. P. J. Carroll, assisted by Rev. T. Irving and Rev. C. O'Donnell as deacon and subdeacon. The Rev. M. A. Quinlan preached the sermon of the day discussing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception historically. He emphasized the truth that the doctrine of the Blessed Virgin's sinlessness was always believed in the Church, and that proclaiming the same as a dogma of faith was purely a matter of expediency.

St. Edward's Hall Celebration.

On Monday morning St. Edward's hall celebrated President's day. The Rev. Father Cavanaugh sang solemn high mass at eight o'clock in the hall chapel assisted by Rev. Father Crumley and Rev. Father Schumacher as deacon and subdeacon. The singing by the boys' choir was very creditable, so creditable indeed, it occasioned favorable comment from the ministers of the mass. Master Allerton Dee voiced the feelings of all the youngsters toward the President in a well-worded address. Father Cavanaugh responded in a brief direct talk in which he expressed his thanks for the manly speech delivered and for the many good thoughts it contained. The lads joined heartily in the college yell for the President, and the exercises were brought to a close.

Around the World with Franklin Matthews.

On Wednesday evening at 7:30 we began a world voyage with Mr. Franklin Matthews of the *New York Sun* which proved most instructive and enjoyable. Mr. Matthews was one of the journalists that accompanied our fleet in the famous journey around the globe. Slides were thrown on the canyas exhibiting the luxuriance of tropical lands and barren regions where no flower ever blooms. Australia, Japan, South America, Europe were presented in a panorama of well-finished views. Mr. Matthews spoke feelingly of our blue Jackies, and his sentiments were greeted with applause. The pictures used are among the finest we have seen.

Society Notes.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

At a meeting of the Knights of Columbus in Walsh Hall last night the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Grand Knight, Prof. W. L. Benitz; Deputy Grand Knight James Nolan; Chancellor, John H. Mullin; Recording Secretary, Henry C. Myers; Financial Secretary, Peter J. Meersman; Treasurer, Patrick A. Barry; Advocate, Chester McGrath; Warden, Henry Kuhle; Inside Guard, John Daly; Outside Guard, Joseph Goddeyne; Trustee, Prof. F. X. Ackerman.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

Last Monday evening, the eve of President's day, the Brownson society presented a program of music, recitation and literary composition in the large parlor of the Main Building. The exercises were complimentary to the President of the University and the Faculty. The glee club, which Father Maguire assembled into unity and harmonized, presented a very creditable front in three numbers. The club should not disband, for music of the vocal kind is sadly needed in our entertainments. Mr. Mahoney in "The Leper," Mr. Williams in "When de Co'n Pone's Hot" and Mr. McCarthy—our own Jerry, you will note—in the "Priest at Gettysburg," give promise of notable work in recitation. Mr. Earl Taylor and Mr. R. Halligan read interesting papers on Charles Carroll and Orestes A. Brownson. Mr. Thomas Clark in "Hits at Others and Ourselves" passed around tit-bits to seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen. Walsh, Sorin, Corby and Brownson received rather witty if not exactly complimentary mention. The "conservative, slumbering weekly" SCHOLASTIC was handed the steel mit also. Brother Alphonsus' sketch, "How Mother Sealed his Fate," was edifying and impressive. Mr. Cotter in his address to the President presented a beautiful bouquet of roses, Brownson's gift. His speech was flowery also. Father Cavanaugh responded in an informal but most interesting talk. There was some wit, some practical hints, some information for the benefit of the "scouts,"—well, you should have been present, that's all.

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

On Sunday evening, December 11, the St. Joseph Literary Society met to render a program in honor of Brother Florian, prefect of

the hall. It was the best and most interesting program of the year, consisting of speeches, recitations and music both vocal and instrumental. The evening's entertainment opened with a song by a double quartette which was followed by a speech on "The Spirit of Our Hall" by Patrick Barry. Then followed a piano solo by William Sponsler, a speech on "Our Athletics" by Elmo Funk, and some original humorous poems by Edward Howard. Mr. Howard bids fair to become distinguished in this particular field. Charles Robinson, a great favorite with the lovers of good music, rendered a violin solo and was forced to respond to two encores. "Personal Experiences" was the subject of Maurice Conway's speech. It dealt with his experiences on his trip from Portland, Oregon, to Notre Dame. After recitations by William Redden and John F. O'Connell, Mr. Milroy spoke on "Debating Prospects." The regular program ended with a selection by the orchestra. Brother Florian, in responding, expressed his appreciation of the honor bestowed upon him, and complimented the society for its delightful program. Father Maguire, under whose guidance the society has worked, had words of praise for the work of the evening. Much credit is due Father Maguire for his efforts in making the performance successful. With William Zink at the helm the society has passed a very successful term and gives promise of even better work in the future. Through the kindness of Brother Florian, who is ever thoughtful of the boys' happiness, the members of the society and guests enjoyed a friendly smoke.

CORBY LITERARY.

Corby Hall, which has already cut a niche in the hall of fame, as far as athletic supremacy is concerned, launched out on December fourth to seek preferment in the line of literary endeavor by organizing what is to be known as the Corby Hall Literary and Debating Society. The following officers were chosen: President, Frank S. Madden; vice-president, Henry C. Morritz; secretary, F. C. Dana; treasurer, Peter J. Meersman; sergeant-at-arms, Albert G. Feeney; reporter, G. J. Regan; critic, Father O'Donnell. The second meeting was held Sunday evening, December eleventh. After the reading and adoption of the minutes, a discussion followed as to the framing of a constitution. A committee for this purpose was appointed by the president. A review of programs for future meetings was

read and approved. After a general discussion of the rules governing debate in the society until such time as a constitution should be made, Father O'Donnell closed the meeting with a few remarks.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its meeting last Wednesday evening and the program postponed from Nov. 30 was given. On account of sickness Mr. Madden was not able to deliver his prepared paper upon "The Gauge of Railroads," but Mr. Derrick delivered it in a very creditable manner. The standard gauge in the United States is equal to four feet eight and one-half inches, while the gauges in foreign countries vary from one meter to six feet. The use of a standard gauge facilitates the transfer of goods from one road to another and relieves the inconvenience of unloading and reloading freight and passengers at junction points. Mr. O'Brien read a paper upon "Ballasting." Since the advancement of railroads depends upon their tracks and the condition in which they are kept, ballasting is very important and railroads are constantly experimenting with ballast to obtain one clean, inexpensive and easy. The functions of ballast are many; the principal ones, however, are to drain the water from the track, to provide firm and even bearing for the track and to distribute the pressure from the ties over the road bed. Mr. Gonzalez related "Some of the advantages of the Interurban electric railroads." Interurban lines afford excellent communications between towns and cities not far distant from one another. The roads are superior to steam roads because of their safety, cleanliness, simplicity and directness, but are inferior as far as speed is concerned. Mr. Washburn defended the question, "Which plays the greater part in the heating of a room, Connection or Radiation?" in a somewhat interesting and fairly concise manner.

WALSH LITERARY AND DEBATING.

Walsh hall society reorganized last month with an outpouring of oratory, at the conclusion of which offices were dealt out as follows: James Sherlock, president; Jefferson Wheeler, vice-president; Paul Murphy, treasurer; Hugh Daly, secretary; James O'Rourke, sergeant-at-arms. Father Quinlan consented to act as critic. Arrangements are under way for a social in the near future.

Personals.

—Stephen H. Herr (C. E. '10) is working in the Citizens Bank of Chatsworth, Illinois.

—Marcellus L. Joslyn (B. S. '93) is now the president of the Joslyn Manufacturing and Supply Co., of Chicago, Ill.

—Harry Curtis (LL. B., '08) is now practising law in Chicago. He is associated with O'Shaughnessy ('00) and Dunne. Success to Harry.

—Edward M. Shaack (B. B. S. '93), who is with the First National Bank of Chicago, Ill., promises to pay the University a visit in the near future.

—John Duggan Quinn (C. E., '04) is now located in New York City where he is working for the New York Central Railroad in the drafting department.

—Arthur W. Stace (Litt. B. '96), nephew of Professor Stace who taught here, is dramatic editor and editorial writer on the Grand Rapids *Evening Press*.

—Charles Dechant (B. S. '93) is practising law in Lebanon, Ohio. Mr. Dechant is the father of a son nine years old whom he some day hopes to enter at Notre Dame.

—Professor M. M. Sweeney, former professor of Physics and Chemistry at Notre Dame, graduated last June in the Columbia University school of medicine. He is now at the Bellevue hospital in New York city.

—W. R. Miller, formerly of Belton, Texas, (student '96-'98) now occupies an important position in the Commerce Trust Company, Kansas City, Mo. Will has been very prosperous and has lost none of his loyalty to the old school.

—Mr. Francis X. Cull (Ph. B. '08) is one of the most popular writers on the Cleveland Press. Mr. Cull began his newspaper career with the *Leader*. He has now under consideration an appointment which would bring him permanently to Washington, D. C.

—Joseph T. Lantry (C. E. 1907) is the Assistant County Surveyor of Seneca County, Ohio. He has his headquarters at Tiffin, Ohio, and there being no city engineer at this place, he has a great deal of the municipal work to do and is gaining a fine experience.

—James E. Deery, who was obliged to discontinue his studies at the University within a few months of graduation last year on account

of business, has been appointed Deputy Prosecutor in charge of the Grand Jury of Marion County, Indiana. Considering the time he has been at work, this record is remarkable, to say the least. With characteristic loyalty, Jim attributes all his success to his old school.

—The Reverend Fathers Lamb, Powers, Scullen, Fahey and Reilly of the Diocese of Cleveland visited the University for a short time last week. They saw the soldiers do their tactics in the big gym, and took in the palace of Napoleon—Walsh hall no less. Father Lamb had a pleasant chat with his nephew Joe Lamb of Corby.

—The University was honored last Saturday and Sunday by a visit from Mr. Frank H. Spearman, author of "Whispering Smith," "Dr. Bryson," "Daughter of a Magnate," and a number of other novels and stories. Saturday evening, a smoker was given in his honor at which members of the faculty and upper classmen were present. Mr. Lonergan Spearman accompanied his father in his visit to the University.

—We noted the following guests at President's day celebration: Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, Kalamazoo; Rev. J. G. Wall, Dowagiac; Rev. J. P. Welsh, Three Oakes; Rev. J. DeGroote, C. S. C., Rev. P. Lauth, C. S. C., Rev. John Thillman, C. S. C., Rev. M. Szalewski, C. S. C., Rev. A. Zubowicz, C. S. C., Rev. John Kubacki, South Bend; Rev. F. Monahan, Mishawaka; Rev. Dr. John F. Driscoll, New York; Rev. Henry Kemper, Chicago; Rev. Victor Ducat, Niles; Mayor Goetz, Judges Howard, Farabaugh, Anderson, Col. Brady, Messrs. Wm. Moore, Patrick O'Brien, F. Murphy, Wm. McInerny, J. B. Stoll, Editor of the *Times*, C. Fassett, Editor of the *News*, J. Ellsworth, Jos. Werwinski, Otto Bastian, Wm. O'Neill, C. G. Powell, Drs. Sensenich, Olney and Stoeckley, of South Bend; Dr. Dinnen, Fort Wayne.

Local Items.

—Sleighing and skating are now in order.

—Feast-days that fall on Thursday suffer in popularity.

—To Bernard Lange we are indebted for the cover of our Christmas issue.

—A pedestrian club has now opened its lately acquired headquarters at Brownson hall.

—Found—A watch, a razor and some cuff links. Owner may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—St. Joseph hall opened her doors in welcome to Edward Savord of Sandusky who has returned to complete his law course here.

—With the arrival of their class pins the seniors have completed their wardrobe for public occasions. Reports commend the taste of the selection.

—The local St. Louis tribe downed the Pittsburg followers at basketball 16-14 Wednesday night. "Roundy" Wilson officiated. No fouls were called.

—Socially the sophomore dance was most successful. Financially, it is said not to have been so brilliant. Moral—Business principles can be used even at a sophomore dance.

—John Devine states that the Sorin musical club, of which he is an enthusiastic member, has added several of the latest hits from Broadway to its already extensive collection of songs.

—The move of the junior class in organizing a basketball team to play inter-class games should be encouraged. The substitution of inter-class activities for interhall activities would prove a stimulus to class spirit which in turn reflects honor and credit where they are rightly due. The stronger the class spirit, the stronger the alumni.

—The uniforms of Company C, representing Walsh hall, and Company D, representing Brownson and St. Joseph halls, have arrived. Drilling three times a week in the gym is having its desired effect on the recruits. Examinations for the position of officers was held Thursday morning by Captain Stogsdale. As far as it is possible, with due regard for proficiency, preference will be given the higher classmen.

Athletic Notes.

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS.

The basketball season was inaugurated at Notre Dame last Saturday afternoon when the Varsity met Lewis Institute in the gymnasium. As the local men have been practising but for a few days it was feared that the visitors might spring a surprise and go back to their alma mater with a victory tucked under their belts. The game was interesting all the way, and the three

months' practice which the Lewis Institute men have had resulted in their keeping the result a matter of concern throughout the contest. Maloney showed up in his old form just as classy as ever. "Laz" Fish, after having the honors of the captaincy placed upon his shoulders by his team-mates just before the game, went in the second half and demonstrated in a decisive manner that he was fully worthy of his newly acquired title. Granfield made his debut here in a very impressive manner. The contest was a fairly even affair during the first half, that period closing with the score standing 11-6 in favor of the Varsity. During the next half the playing became faster and the score stood 25-17 at the finish. Line up:

Notre Dame (25)	Lewis (17).
O'Neil, Stephenson Center	Dempsey.
Burke, Fish Right forward	Pardee.
Molony, McNicol Left forward	Wathier.
Ulatowski, Feeney Right guard	Bartick, Coumity.
Walsh, Granfield Left guard	McKee.
Field goals—Dempsey (2), Pardee, Wathier (2), Fish (4), Molony (3), O'Neil (2), Granfield (2). Free throws—Molony (3), Pardee (6), Dempsey. Referee—Williams.	

FOOTBALL BANQUET.

The members of the 1910 football team and also the balance of the squad were tendered a banquet by the Athletic Association at the Oliver Hotel last Saturday evening. Music was furnished during the evening by Mattes' orchestra. At the close of the festivities the matter of electing a captain for next year's team was taken up and Luke Kelley, for two years a guard on the Varsity, was intrusted with the honor. Walter Clinnin was elected assistant captain. It has been the custom to award the monograms at the annual banquet. While this was not done this year the names of those who would be presented with the coveted emblems were made known. Captain Dimick, Kelly, Collins, Matthews, Philbrook, Dorias, Crowley, Martin, Clinnin, Foley, Clippinger, Oaas, McGrath, Stansfield were named as eligible to wear the N. D.

BASKETBALL MEN NAME CAPTAIN.

Saturday afternoon before the opening basketball game of the season with Lewis Institute the men got together and elected Leo Fish of Dorchester, Mass., captain of the 1910-1911 team. "Laz" has been a member of the team as a regular player for three years, and during that time has been one of the most consistent point winners in the line-up.

Safety Valve.

Having been kicked out of the fashionable section,
we have leased a flat from landlord Hughes.

The item of \$4.45 to which you refer was expended
by the Walsh Hall Bouquet Committee to maintain the
inner man. There were three inners. It only remains
to dismiss the committee with a vote of thanks.
What is four forty-five to Walsh! Shucks!

Says the *Buchteleie*: "Everyone of our men played
their best." All the editors, we fear, are not playing
its bestest.

A nobleman named Earl Luder
Met a maid at the soph dance and wooed her.
When she made him a call
Later on at his hall
Earl Luder he tried to elude'er,
That is, he pretended he never knewed her,
But she said he was trying to delude'er.
(And so on, *ad libitum*.)

The greyhound—Harry Hebner.
La belle dame sans merci—Frederick Napoleon
Countiss.

O'HARA'S PRAYER.

Goal posts and frequent punts,
And many a football star,
And may no dropkick hit me in the slats
When I shall be cross bar.

But such a team as playing seems too slow
To greatly damage me;
But may there be no jostling of the posts,
By which I hang, you see.

Goal posts are good support,
But if some heavy plunge
Should jar the feeble clutch I have
I'd sure give up the sponge.

And when this work of football being past,
At track again I star,
I want to meet that *Stub* man face to face,—
When I have been cross bar.

MIKE MORRISSEY'S MUSE.

In lazy hours—'bout all the time—
I sit and dream and sigh
Of days when I was still a kid—
And a crazy kid was I.

The *Holcad* of M. A. C. says it would like some
good live jokes. We were going to suggest sending on
the Rules of Old College, but Tom Havican might
consider us knocking.

Please let us have, for filing purposes, the original
Christian names of "Suds" Soisson, "Curley" Nowers,
"Dutch" Bergman, "Mule" Madden, "Cupid" Glynn.

ECHOES FROM PICCADILLY.

"He snitched on me."
"I'd make your ears tingle."
"You clown!"

ARTFUL ALLITERATION.

Muggsy McGrath.
Bottles Barsaloux.
Heavy Honan.

For Elmo Funk's "brilliant and concise" depart-
ment: A mule steps on a soap bubble, and it busts—
why? He don't, and it busts anyway—why?

This is how the affair happened by rounds: Doc
hailed off and landed on Creamo's organ of vision.
Creamo returned with a paste on Doc's olfactory.
Doc aimed a stinger at the dimples of Creamo, but
said Creamo returned a boulder on Doc's anterior
dilation of the alimentary canal. Presently the latter
heard curtain music and saw visions.

Wonder nobody has come across with his little joke
on Joe Murphy's desire to live in Sorin because it's
nearer the church.

Did you ever notice that Billy Ryan's face always
carries a question?

We notice that By Hek hasn't joined in the Michigan
purity hymn. Probably he doesn't like the tune.

Admit this knock at "Tubby,"
This slam at Brother Hugh;
There's lots of other tubbies—
And worser tubbies too.

CHILI CON CARNE.

Chili he say, "You Mex, you go
Down first for fix de feet;
De fire-escape ees sleep below
De ice is on to eet:
Beside, Pajam' his leg, you know,
They shake a leetle beet."

So Mex he climb de window out,
Pajam' so bad he feel;
And Chili grab hees neck about,
Pajam' he jus' hang steel;
Then Chili drop heem in de mout'
Of Mex, and almost keel.

Chili, I bet you when he breaks
Somebody neck he queet;
But Chili say, "De crazy Mex
When he ees try to beat
De prefect, what I care for necks—
He ought to fix de feet."

Just for information: What is the purpose of those
long introductory oratorical pauses? And could they
be run off behind the scenes?

High Xams and Merry Xmas.