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To the Giver.

HE owns the stars that glimmer from the deep,
And swing about vast spaces;
The seas are His that thunder o'er the steep
And rocky places.

A million years He measures as a day,
This Builder of the ages.
To highest truth He points the only way,
This Light of sages.

With Him the great are small, the small are great
On Mary's breast reclining.
Her lap His throne, the manger is His state,
His light there shining.

Child, give us, who have weary grown of sin,
Thyself with wisdom hoary.
We'll follow—when dark passions gather in—
Thy star of glory.

L. C.

The Spirit of Christmas.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.



HERE are indeed few things in life that are really worth while. The greatest of all, at least for the Christian believer, is the hope of happiness in the hereafter. Beside that, nothing else matters. Yet we have love, and its cousin, friendship, and more personal and less noble goods, such as wealth, learning and the enjoyment of what is agreeable to the senses. And that covers about all that the world has to offer.

Of these, which is most grateful to man, omitting for the moment consideration of what

is to come when life is done? Without doubt it is love. With all our hearts we can pity that man who owns much but has not the affection of one disinterested friend. But pity is wasted upon even the poorest old man in the world, if he have one woman, one son, one friend to love him. If a man be so self-contained, so intellectual, that he feels no need for friends, it is well. But if he does want them, and lacks them, his life seems not worth the living. Can a lonely man enjoy the finest banquet, the most beautiful music, the most wonderful painting? Sensual pleasure is meaningless, when the heart is sick, and the lonely heart is sick, if ever one was. Truly, the solitary, unloved man is the most miserable of us all.

Why is it that love means so much? It seems to be but an emotion, a temporary thing. It is not tangible. It comes, it goes, yet it makes the whole human race one. It joins the most widely different natures; it is the force that makes civilization possible.

The secret is this: God made us for love. Of necessity we are dependent upon Him, but in addition to that He made us dependent upon one another. His own infinite love could not fail to awaken in us an answering sentiment, yet He gave us the power to return it freely, even as He loved us. But besides that, He instilled in us a sympathetic feeling towards our fellow-beings, in order that we might be bound together as we are bound to Him. That is why we are—when all is said and done—one big family, united in our endeavor to fulfil the divine purpose for which we were created.

What has all this to do with our theme, "The Spirit of Christmas"? Very much indeed, for Christmas is the feast of love. It commemorates that colossal sacrifice, that supreme evidence of love, the coming of God on earth.

He came not as the Mighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth, but as the Son of man. He was born in no grand palace, but in a little cave near Bethlehem; He sought not the adulation of the princes of the earth, but became their humble subject. He, the Eternal God, subjected Himself to His creatures. Why all this? Had man merited the sacrifice? Truly, no; for man had disobeyed the positive command of God, and had long since forfeited any claim he might have presumed to make upon His infinite kindness. Yet He came to return what they had flung away. By His coming and His death he atoned for the wrong. It was His love for us, the unmeasured love of God for His creatures. And so we are redeemed.

That is the real spirit of Christmas,—the spirit of love. So it took its origin, and so it has lived. At no time in the year do we seem nearer to God. A beautiful sympathy seems to exist between earth and heaven. All men are brothers. The affection of husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, is strengthened and given new meaning. Truly it is the season of love, of peace and good will to men.

Christ is Born.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.

THE shepherds on the drear and silent hills
 Around Jerusalem, keep watch by night,
 When, lo! the world with sudden brightness fills.
 The mountains and the valleys, with a light
 Celestial, gleam in radiance bright;
 Angelic bands the gladsome tidings bring
 That Christ is born—the world's eternal King.

Happy the hour, and for mankind most blessed,
 Wherein God's Son—ah, blessed be His name!—
 Hid His great glory in a human breast.
 The chains of sin were broken when He came
 And man, God's image, rose above his shame,
 Promised release from bondage on this morn
 By Him of mother and of virgin born.

Peal forth the gladsome news, ye silvery bells!
 Raise to the starlit heavens a joyful song
 Ere dawn puts out the stars—night's sentinels,—
 Let wintery winds whispering bear along
 The happy tune to join the seraph throng,
 Who sing upon the throne and never cease
 "To God give glory and to men give peace!"

The Passing of Santa for Tommy Jacobs.

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12.



HENRY JACOBS, as was his usual Christmas Eve custom, went with his wife to the big department stores, dazzling in their display of toys and lights, and over-crowded with purchasers to buy gifts which Santa Claus was expected to give the children. For Jacobs there were three of them, Lena, Gertrude and Tommy, bright and joyful children with anticipation of the morrow. All but Tommy. He had reached the age when he suspected that the reindeer and their driver was a fable. He did not say much, but the stories his sisters related about the stocking and the chimney caused him to chuckle. Yet his father so cleverly carried out the Christmas program that its reality until now was never doubted.

Grandpa was left in charge of the three who had been told to retire early by their parents. A great pleasure they gave him as they sat on the carpeted floor singing snatches of the Christmas school songs and reciting little verses. What a promising boy his grandson was, and how like the father! The vision of an after day when this same lad might become great swept before his mind, and he sighed to think that he might not see that time.

The clock struck nine and the young girls promptly gathered up their books and toys, kissed grandpa good-night and passed upstairs to their room. Tommy moved uneasily and looked pleadingly at the old man who commanded him to obey his father's words. He desisted, however, and offered all manner of excuse to save himself. Ordinarily grandpa was deaf to the children's wishes, but in this case it was different. Tommy was a good boy, acted kindly toward his sisters and assumed none of the customary bravado in their presence. Moreover, there was no harm in allowing him to remain up a little longer. When the youngster perceived the old man waver, he increased his begging and finally secured permission.

"Tell me a Christmas story, grandpa," asked Tom. "Tell me the one about that man—you know—the wood-cutter."

The old man had often told this story and never seemed to find an uninterested audience.

In fact the scene of the story was still vivid in his mind. It left an impression of deep mystery there. The men, the camp, all were fresh. And removing his glasses carefully he coughed a little, paused and then began.

"It was about Christmas time and we were at a cutting in a stretch of forest owned by a lumber company. I guess you can't say them days were much different from now. Those of us as had friends near went to visit them and spent the day in joy-making. But this happened a few weeks before. One morning, just as the men turned out to fell trees, a stranger met them and asked if there was any work to be had. We sent him along to the camp with the hope that he might get something. At night when everybody lay around the fire relating adventures, our friend came along and took a seat near, but did not try to join us. Something in him appeared strange; we thought perhaps that the company was new to him."

"O grandpa, I bet you were afraid, weren't you?" interrupted Tommy.

"No, not just then," replied the old man. "Later I became so. During the day he worked steadily, never talking, and the boss, well—he calculated he had secured a good man. After supper he would go to one corner of the room, take out a paper from his shirt, unfold it and read, at the same time showing signs of emotion. When he finished reading he put the sheets back and got ready for bed."

"And what was on the paper?" Tommy inquired.

"We never could find out. He began to get worse and the boys pitied the poor creature. Some were for taking the paper from him because they thought he was injuring himself. The boss looking from a different point of view said that as long as he did his work, there was no need of bothering him. Christmas was near and the men looked at the papers which came to the camp with as much glee as the young children. Our friend, however, continued his strange actions, and we inquired the cause, hoping to be able to help him, but he refused to tell. One day he took his wages and started for the nearest town. We felt glad to lose him. About a week later he was back again much to our surprise. His antics became worse, and the men thought of taking the paper from him and learning its contents.

"If he refused to give it, we might do some-

thing," one of them said. We approached him, but he guessed our purpose and told us to keep away. We did. Now here comes the strange part. One morning while it was yet dark, I awoke from a light sleep, aroused by the sounds of a person walking. There he was. I recognized him in the glow of the fire. He was approaching the bunk where the boss lay, stealthily as if he were a robber. I heard him speak to the boss who answered with a yawn. I jumped to my feet ready to stop any funny work. 'It's her,' he cried; it's her,' at the same time pointing excitedly to the paper in his hand. He quickly walked to the door and I followed him watching until he ran out of sight. I went to the bunk where the boss was, but he slept soundly and hence I returned to my blankets. In the morning I related what I had seen to the other men who by this time had missed their friend and were inquiring for him. What did it mean? No one could explain, and after some time, save for a slight reference now and then, the incident was forgotten."

"What did the paper contain," yawned Tommy.

"I never could learn," quietly answered the old man and he became silent as the vision of that morning flitted in his mind. The clock struck the hour lazily, but he sat thinking, "it's her; it's her."

.....

He awoke with a start. He had been sleeping and had allowed Tommy to doze away too. Crash! Bing! A smothered jargon of words. Both jumped and ran to the parlor from which the noise came.

"I told you, Henry Jacobs, not to bother with those stockings just now. If you would listen to me only once in a while, I might say you had some sense. You've broken Tommy's drum and he will be crazy, poor child." Mrs. Jacobs was angered and showed it in no small measure to her husband.

Tom looked at the broken drum for a few minutes before his father caught sight of him.

"Well, Tommy, I've broken your drum," he commenced.

"Never mind, papa," he answered stoically. "I don't mind the drum, but what will Santa Claus say?"

An explanation followed and Tommy promised to hold his tongue. "Santa Claus!" he grinningly remarked as he went upstairs to bed.

To Elizabeth.


FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

ELIZABETH is hardly nine,
 With golden hair so soft and fine,
 That waves and curls, when'er she's late,
 And needs must hurry where I wait.
 Then out of breath, her eyes ashine,
 She lifts her lips as red as wine;
 Her snowy arms around me twine.
 I kiss her: now, good-bye till eight,
 Elizabeth!

The hot day o'er at even time,
 For my sweet sister love I pine.
 She sees me as I near the gate,
 She bounds into my arms to take
 Her evening kiss,—sweet sister mine,
 Elizabeth!

When Advertising Paid.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.



HE *Free Press* printers were union men; promptly at four-fifteen they lined up before the clock, waiting to register their time on the stroke of the half-hour. Then, with a feeling of satisfaction, they marched out past the manager's desk and received their pay-envelopes. The manager handed out the last envelope, and laying aside the smile which he had been greeting his employees, lighted a heavy black cigar, and wreathed himself in clouds of smoke. In a sluggish city whose few thousands of inhabitants are largely retired farmers, making the accounts of a daily newspaper show a balance on the profit side of the ledger is a feat which only a genius might accomplish with equanimity,—and Mr. Boehmer was not a genius. Every year since the oil bubble had bursted and Tucson's prosperity had disappeared with the prospectors, new furrows had been ploughed in his forehead, and his hair was gray. He was thirty-eight years old; he felt forty-five, and looked fifty. The problem which was now troubling him was this: The merchants in the city had concluded that money spent for advertising was wasted. Appeals and arguments had been in vain,

and with Christmas nine days distant the Saturday issue of the *Free Press* contained but thirty-two inches of display advertising. Of course subscription collections could be depended upon to make out the pay-roll, but there was a balance of only seven dollars at the bank, and a tradition in the *Free Press* office made it imperative that the manager and owner should on Christmas eve present a turkey to each of his eleven employees. Union men are staunch upholders of such traditions. The *Free Press'* credit was good at the butcher shop, yes; but the alternative offered by this fact did not receive Mr. Boehmer's consideration. A newspaper which is forced to ask for credit in the holiday season with slender prospects of being soon able to liquidate the debt thereby files its petition in voluntary bankruptcy.

The German mind is peculiarly constituted. There is an old saying that when an Englishman wishes to evolve an idea he studies his subject first-handed, the American goes to the public library and makes a composite of other men's ideas, and the Frenchman goes to a café and stimulates his mind with gayety; but the German locks himself in his room with a pipe and smokes the idea out of his own mind. Mr. Boehmer was German, and he was familiar with the needs and limitations of his own intellect. When he came back to the office after supper he locked himself in his private smoking parlor and exemplified the proverb,—substituting cigars for the pipe, however, to show that he was Americanized.

Thirty miles from Tucson by trolley, was Kewanee, a busy and prosperous city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. Ten years earlier the Kewanee merchants had been a nightmare to their brothers in Tucson, but since the latter city had fallen into evil days a feeling of mutual dependency had bound its inhabitants together, and the slogan—"Patronize home merchants!" had come to be regarded as an addition to the decalogue. Mr. Boehmer's communion with himself lasted late, and the idea which he evolved hinged upon this bit of historical data.

Both proprietors of the Strauss and Barney clothing store were in their office when Mr. Boehmer called on Monday morning.

"I have called to get copy for the half-page ad you are going to run in the *Free Press* this week," he said abruptly. The clothing men

looked at one another accusingly, then shook their heads.

"You are mistaken. We have decided not to throw away any more money in advertising," said Mr. Strauss.

"But it is so near Christmas. We must have advertising." The clothier looked benevolent.

"After our New Year's invoice," he said, "we may be able to give you some locals. By the way, Mr. Melvin hasn't sent in any copy, has he?" Melvin's was the competing clothing store in Tucson.

"I am on my way to see Mr. Melvin now," and Mr. Boehmer did not even wait to answer the polite "Good-day" which followed him.

By ten o'clock he had visited all the important business houses in the city. Everywhere he met with refusal. So long as Harper, the grocer, was not doing any advertising, Kaley his competitor, could see no reason why he should give the *Free Press* any copy himself.

If Boehmer had been a Yankee he might have tried oral persuasion. To the Teutonic mind, however, this method looked disagreeable and ineffective, and as there seemed to be no opportunity to use force, he had evolved a plan of moral suasion. This he now purposed to try.

The printers in the *Free Press* office were busy that afternoon, so busy that they forgot to watch the clock, and worked overtime. Such a paper had never before been printed in that office. Even the "devil" had been called upon to set type. There were two-hundred and forty inches of display advertising, telling Tucsonites of the advantages they might reap for themselves by shopping in Kewanee. Stocks were larger and more up-to-date, clerks more obliging, prices lower, and the car-fare a mere trifle, and every woman owed it to her husband's pocket-book to do her Christmas purchasing in Kewanee.

Roper, the shoe man, got his *Free Press* first, and three minutes later he came storming into the editorial room. The editor sent him to Boehmer, who smiled affably at the merchant's arraignment of a "traitor newspaper, which sought to sell the prosperity of its city for a few pieces of silver." During the harangue the other merchants rushed in, and added to the indictments. Boehmer offered them cigars which were scornfully refused. When the uproar had quieted he stood up.

"Until I have signed contracts, gentlemen,"

he said calmly, "from the business houses of Tucson, for one hundred and fifty inches of display advertising daily, the *Free Press* will continue to sell Kewanee merchants just as much advertising space as they will take." It was half an hour before they realized that this was an ultimatum. Then they swore and left.

Tucson housewives were frugal, and the advertisements were alluring, and nothing is so dear to a woman's heart as a bargain. Therefore the trolley line to Kewanee was forced to put on extra cars Tuesday morning. The streets of Tucson were bare of shoppers. The prospects were not encouraging. Tuesday night the *Free Press* increased its Kewanee space to three-hundred-ten inches.

Of course you have guessed the outcome. With Christmas only six days off there was no opportunity for a fight. Wednesday morning the merchants began to call, and before the paper went to press, Boehmer, always with a companion, had made half-a-dozen trips to the office of a notary near by. He told me the story several years ago, after he had left the newspaper business to become a United States Senator. His mail was flooded, he said, with questions from the Kewanee merchants whose advertisements he had been inserting. Most of them thought he was trying to blackmail them, and all of them ordered their ads killed. As these were no longer needed, he complied with their requests. The *Free Press* Wednesday evening was again a home paper. An editorial said that Tucson was the best and cleanest city in the state, and one-hundred-seventy inches of home advertising bore witness to the fact that the city was prosperous.

The Dawn of Promise.

MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14.

THE eastern sky is all aglow:
 The cold night-winds have ceased to blow;
 Dawn's blush suffuses hill and dale,
 And bids the awakening world "All hail!"
 The full-orbed moon is sinking low.
 The earth is robed in whitest snow;
 With muffled tread men come and go;
 And through the air, so cold and chill,
 Come sound of bells whose peans fill
 The earth with joy, and banish woe.

The Christmas Morn.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

ON Christmas morn in manger low
 Amidst His humblest creatures, so
 The Life, the Light of man first shone.
 From out eternity He's come,
 Back to eternity He'll go.
 Come to redeem us from our woe
 He's changed our sinful earth; we know
 We're ransomed by the Holy One
 This Christmas morn.

No great acclaim, no earthly show
 Attends Him; the soft, tender flow
 Of Mary's mother love alone
 Illumes His crib; to men unknown
 The angels greet Him here below
 This Christmas morn.

Christmas Customs in England.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.



HERE are, perhaps, more customs and traditions connected with the celebration of Christmas than with that of any other feast in the year. Since Christmas has always been observed as a holy-day, it very early became customary to celebrate and make merry on the eve rather than on the day itself. These celebrations differed somewhat in character in different countries, but there were, nevertheless, a few customs which were common to all, and some, too, which are still observed.

England has ever exhibited a marked tendency to preserve and continue ancient and traditional customs and has made no exception to those in connection with Christmas celebration. The people take pride in the fact that they are doing what their ancestors did. This is true especially in the rural districts where even now Christmas would hardly be Christmas to many of the people without the Yule-log, the mistletoe, the dances and the like. The Christmas time, as it was known, was a period of twelve days, extending from December 25 to January 6.

Of all Christmas customs one of the oldest and most widespread is the burning of the Yule-

log. On Christmas eve the people were wont to light candles of an uncommon size and lay a log of wood upon the fire to illuminate the house, and this custom is, in some measure, still kept up in the north of England. In the farm houses of this section the servants lay aside a large knotty block for their Christmas fire, and during the time it lasts they are entitled, by custom, to ale at their meals. The brand remaining from the Yule-log is carefully put away to light the next year's Christmas fire.

The use of this Yule-log was most common among the poorer classes of people. Christmas was known as the "Feast of Lights," because on that day Christ, the Light of lights, came into the world. Hence the use of Christmas candles. But, as it was in the power of only a few to command candles or torches for the annual illumination, the Yule-log was substituted by the peasantry. It was of immense size, being in fact fashioned from great trees or roots. It was carried to the house with much solemnity, all the servants, bearing what lights they had, forming a procession before the bearers. When they had reached the hall and placed the log in the fireplace the brand of the preceding Yule-log was produced with which the new fire was kindled. While it lasted there was much drinking, singing, and telling of stories. The Yule-log was celebrated in many of the songs of the time, and many a superstitious belief grew up in connection with it. As the log was to burn all night, it was a sign of ill luck if it should go out. Again, if a squinting person came to the house while it was burning, or a barefooted person, it was considered an ill omen.

Games and dancing played a most important part in the celebration of Christmas. The peculiar thing about these games was that, in most cases at least, they were not used all year round but only during the holiday season. Mumming or masquerading always preceded the other games. About a week before Christmas the old wardrobes would be ransacked for dresses of all kinds, then clad in these, their faces blacked with burnt cork, large numbers of people went from house to house singing and partaking of the good cheer of hospitable country squires. A typical couplet from one of the old songs sung by the masqueraders runs:

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Your pockets full of money and your cellars
full of beer.

Hobby-horse was another popular amusement during the Christmas season. It was a kind of dance for a person who carried the image of a horse made of thin boards between his legs, and in his hand a bow and arrow. With this man danced six others, carrying on their shoulders as many reindeer heads.

Christmas being considered both as a day of holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, the people bent eagerly to the task of making themselves and those about them happy. It was, however, among the servants that the greatest excitement and merriment prevailed, their games often serving as amusement to the lord and his family. In the hall all the old sports were entered into with spirit,—blindman's buff, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, a game in which one covers one's eyes and guesses who strikes him, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon, a Christmas sport in which raisins and sweetmeats are snatched from a bowl of blazing brandy.

The Christmas box is another very old custom. Years ago its significance was entirely different from that which it has today. Then, although presents were exchanged between equals, the Christmas box proper stood for gifts from superiors to inferiors; it was the bounty of well-disposed people who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious and supplying them with necessaries. This custom became so common that it spread itself into a national grievance and the donations soon came to be demanded as a right by the apprentices and journeymen of all trades. This practice prevailed in both England and France with only this difference, that in France presents were exchanged on the first day of the year, while in England the custom was in connection with the celebration of Christmas.

Like so many other phases in the manner of celebrating different feasts, evergreen decking at Christmas time was, no doubt, copied from the pagans. Indeed, it is said the Christians were once forbidden to deck their houses with green boughs; but this extended only to their doing it at the same time as the pagans. Decorations of this kind have long been used at Christmas and prevail now, even in the decorating of churches.

Many opinions as to the origin of this last custom have been expressed. As the Druids were wont to cover their houses with evergreens in December, it is thought by some that the English may have derived the practice from this source. Holly was used to deck the inside of houses, and even chapel windows, at Christmas, although in the latter case laurel was more often used, being the emblem of victory, and symbolizing at this time the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the birth of Christ.

Mistletoe was excluded from church decoration owing to the important part it had played in the pagan rites of the Druids. Therefore, it had its place assigned in the kitchen, where it was hung up in great state. The young men had the privilege of saluting any maiden who chanced to stand under it, plucking a berry for each kiss. When the berries were all plucked the privilege ceased.

Though many of these practices are retained in England, and to some extent in this country, they are, nevertheless, losing much of their early significance, and becoming more and more matters of lifeless form.

Christmas.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.

HARK! The musical footsteps of its coming tinkle on the frosty air. It comes—that sweetest of seasons, giving priestly absolution to the dying year.

Its influence floods all countries of the earth, and like the shadow of the ancient holy man, wherever it touches, merriment and joy spring up with a magic growth.

Far in the frozen north, deep in the parching deserts, in recesses where no other feast is known, in all nations and all languages, men now lift their hearts toward the light of divine love!

It is the unbosomer of our finer qualities. Under its gracious power man becomes not a "compound of dust and divinity" but a partaker in the Godhead.

The laughter of happy children, the sweet smiles of tender mothers, the big generosity of loving men, rising like a cloud of incense and enveloping the earth; are a poem which the recording angel copies in tears of delight. Hark! Do you hear?

Christmas Bells.

MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14.

THE golden-tongued bells are all singing
Of the birth of our heaven-born King;
The hillsides and valleys are ringing
With the joy of a premature spring:—
"All glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace to men of good will."

Thus May All Romances Perish.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.



"*O* please go 'way," said Alice, as she shot a timorous glance toward the academy buildings.

"But I've come over here for apples—skived over, see? Wont you please give me an apple?"

Bill pleaded as he looked at the blushing girl who sat on the lowest branch of a dwarf apple-tree.

"No! go 'way," she again begged as she looked toward the spot where she expected to see Sister Isabel. But Bill was persistent.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"I came here," she said after a moment's thought, "to try to write some verse. Now *do* go away or I'll be caught and—and—may be sent home."

There was a pause of a few moments during which the boy was at a loss for something to say. Thinking it best to obey instructions, he prepared to go, but a souvenir thought seized him. He pulled a large red apple out of his pocket and said:

"Come, give me a souvenir of this most agreeable reception. I'll trade you this for one of yours." But he got no reply.

"Wont you please trade?" he entreated.

"No," said the girl with a tone of decision; "I don't trade with enemies. Now get out of here."

This was another shower of cold water, but,—and we hate to say this of Bill,—he was full of old Harry, and refused to go. Indeed, he stood there asking question after question. But he might as well have been addressing the apple-tree for all the replies he got. He was about at the end of his rope, and in desperation resolved to tax the girl's patriotism.

"Oh! I know you," he said; "you're from Canada, aren't you?"

"No," she said, involuntarily it seemed, and then was silent again. But Bill tried anew.

"I believe Indiana is the best state in the Union," he said with evident pride in his voice. "Yes, Indiana is head and shoulders over any other state—You're from the East. I can tell by your accent."

"I'm not!" she hastened to contradict. "I come from a state out of which you could take Indiana, and we'd never miss it."

"Oh, are you from Texas?" the boy asked in genuine surprise. "Shake hands. I'm from Texas, too. I really am. Fort Worth is my town."

But the girl ignored him and with sudden determination sprang lightly to the ground and walked toward the academy. Bill hung his head. She had defeated him at every turn. And so great was his disappointment that he forgot to help himself to the apples for which he had come.

"Say, Matt," said Bill to his friend the following morning, "you have a sister over at Villa Maria, haven't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"When are you going over again?" he asked without taking time to answer the question directed at him.

"Next Sunday. But what do you want to know for?"

"Well, you ask her to tell you the name of that Texas girl who climbs apple-trees in search of poetic inspiration."

An explanation followed, and Matt left with a full account of the happenings of the previous day and Bill's confession, that said young lady "had him going, you bet."

That noon they met again as they were going to dinner and Matt asked:

"Did you know that Father Campbell wants to see you?" And before Bill had time to reply Matt was buried in the stream of boys which poured into the dining-room.

All that afternoon Bill was worried. Why should Father Campbell want to see him? Father Campbell was a pretty good friend of his; but he had never had occasion to "want to see him" before. Besides there was a note of the "huh-huh-you're-going-to-get-it" in Matt's voice that noon, and to tell the

truth, Bill didn't sleep well that night.

The next day as he was walking back to the hall Tim Merrill caught hold of his arm and shouted:

"Did you hear about the guy that got that Villa Maria girl into trouble?"

"What?" Bill almost yelled, revealing a guilty conscience. "Got what girl into trouble? When?"

"Oh, I was just over to the Villa yesterday, and Sister Isabel told me about finding a girl talking to a student from here.

"Is that so?" and Bill quickly recovered self-possession. "Who was the fellow?"

"They don't know his name, of course, but from the description, he looks mighty like you," Tim said accusingly, laying special emphasis on the last three words.

"You don't think it was I, do you?" Bill demanded with a poor attempt at feigning offended feelings.

"Well, I'd hate to think it was you." Tim mused seriously, "for it was a mean trick. I don't know what they are going to do to the girl. Reverend Mother hasn't heard of it yet, but when she does there will be something doing. I suppose if they ever find out who the guy was he'll get the g. b. from this place. And he ought to, too." Tim waxed eloquent. "She,—the girl,—is perfectly innocent. She had a right to be where she was; but he had no business there. I hope he gets soaked,—the *smasher!*"

Bill was conscience-stricken and was glad when they arrived at their hall. He could not endure Tim's scorching censure any longer, so he bolted upstairs to his room. When he had locked himself in, a flood of fear and remorse rushed over him. What would they do to the girl? He hadn't meant—hadn't thought about getting her into trouble. Suppose they should send her home! Suppose they should find out who the boy was and send *him* home. What would his mother say?—Now he knew why Father Campbell wanted him. He was discovered. He would be sent home.

It was in this state of near-nervous breakdown that he attended the next class. Returning to his hall, whom should he run square into but Father Campbell.

"Hello, Will," said the priest. And then asked rather solemnly: "What is all this I hear about you and this girl at Villa Maria?"

"Nothing about me," Bill lied nervously.

"Come on, Will," said Father Campbell, "tell the truth and shame the devil."

"I didn't mean to get her into trouble," Bill said earnestly. "I just went over to get some apples, and—well, she was up in the tree."

"And you talked—"

"No," Bill broke in, "she wouldn't talk at all, and—that got my pride up,—and I wanted to make her talk. I know it was a low trick, but I didn't think. I suppose now I'll be expelled," he said in a hopeless way.

"Oh, it isn't as bad as all that," the priest assured him; "although it is bad enough. The young lady explained matters to Sister Isabel who has taken no action yet."

"Couldn't you fix it up so that I could do something to straighten out matters?"

"I'm not sure. Let me see. Well, perhaps you could send Alice a pound box of chocolates."

"All right," the boy exclaimed eagerly. "I'll make it five pounds."

"So much the better," said Father Campbell. "And—I don't think you need worry about being sent home. You can have that candy sent to my room, and I'll have it delivered."

.....
"Say Bill," said Matt O'Brien after Vespers, "here is a note Father Campbell told me to give you."

Bill took it and read:

"Am going to surprise you. If you want to help deliver those chocolates, come to my room immediately after Vespers."

"Hooray! Are you going to Villa Maria this afternoon?" he asked Matt.

"Don't know. Thought maybe I would."

"Well, come up to Father Campbell's room and we'll all go together,"

They knocked, and opened the door when invited to enter. But just at this stage, Bill fell back a step and was speechless; for there on the table in the middle of the room was his own beautiful, five-pound box of chocolates, half empty. Two or three of his chums were also in the room. The blood mounted to his face as he realized with anger how they had made a "boob" of him. Amid the shouts of laughter he turned to go. But his better nature mastered his anger as he turned back and said sheepishly:

"I guess the joke's on me."

"I guess you've been punished enough," said Father Campbell good-naturedly. "Come on in, Bill, the chocolates are fine."

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—There is no happier time in the whole year for the boy at boarding school than the season of Christmas, for then he returns to the arms of those whom he loves best of all. It has its own peculiar meaning for him, a meaning that he can not forget, no matter how thoroughly he may be engrossed in the affairs of his college life. It is not the easiest thing in the world to be separated from one's mother and father, from one's sister and brother and friends, but there is nothing more enchanting, we think, than the anticipation of returning to them all again. The mere thought of it sets one's heart leaping with joy. Nor is the return less delightful for those at home. We have our studies, companionship, and the busy interests of school life to distract us from our natural longings to be with them. But they have none of these, and perhaps the separation is harder for them than for us. Yet they are willing to make the sacrifice, and it is all unselfish. The reunion is just as eagerly awaited by them as it is by us.

A few of us will be unable to go home. But Notre Dame will be as kind to them at Christmas as she is always, and they will find that the spirit of the feast is as beautifully observed here as it is anywhere. In such surroundings they can not fail to be happy and content.

The SCHOLASTIC extends to all, the Faculty,

the students, our parents and our friends, its most sincere wishes for a very joyous Christmas. And may the New Year bring with it countless blessings for all.

—The examinations begin next Wednesday and will continue on till Thursday noon. It may not be superfluous to suggest to the undergraduate that in his wild rush

to catch a train he should not forget to turn in his examination papers. Or—which is much the same—he should not turn in papers that spell failure. It is quite probable all will be finished by midnight Christmas eve, so let us not rush unduly. Indeed it is conceivable, a few of us will be finished before that time, so let us cultivate repose.

Also there will be the usual number calling for special examinations, merely because a special examination will enable them to have supper at the Oliver or say good-bye to their young partner of the sophomore dance before catching the train. There will be the usual number of sudden appendicitis cases at home, and no doubt, three or four double weddings. These young men will go morning, noon and night to beg and beg; not the hardest working, nor the most earnest students, but the individuals who feel teachers have a craze to be honored with making out examinations. One hopes the "lid" is on tight, so far as special examinations are concerned.

—Mr. Huff of Illinois University, toward the end of a somewhat lengthy statement on the advisability of colleges favoring summer baseball, declares: "The

conference has shown its powers in the past. Why shouldn't it take advanced ground now?" One fails to see just how favoring summer baseball is advanced ground. If, as Mr. Huff assures us, there is not in the conference one team free from professionalism, it does not seem very "advanced" to tear down the fences after the entire herd has broken in. Surely it is not "advanced" to say that those who play summer baseball may play conference college baseball, when, as a matter of fact, they have been playing conference college baseball for years!

In view of what the Illinois director says, Mr. Stagg's positive statement to the effect

that he would be shocked if he found out that any of his players were professionals during their college career is singularly surprising. Here is a representative of one member of an association of colleges held together as tight as wax, professing to work honestly and seriously for the cleansing of athletics, who declares that every college in that organization is professional pure and simple in one very important branch of sport. Here is a representative of another member of this same association professing that he would be shocked if he were to find one single player guilty of professionalism in the long period of his directorship. Yes, these two statements are in very truth amazing—or amusing. Probably they are more amusing than amazing. For it is inconceivable that two men so closely drawn together as Messrs. Huff and Stagg, whose business is in athletics, who have been scouting for players far and wide for many years, who have the ends and outs, the ups and downs of college sport in all its moods and tenses at their fingers' ends,—yes, it is inconceivable that these two distinguished savants in the high art of ethical athletics should arrive at conclusions so astonishingly diverse. Mr. Huff's ethical "advanced ground" is good; Mr. Stagg's "shock" is even better. On consideration, the discrepancy between Mr. Huff and Mr. Stagg is not nearly so amazing as it is amusing. Indeed, the amazement is quite overshadowed by the amusement.

—The entire history of American crime offers nothing more reprehensible than the dynamite conspiracy in which the McNamara brothers figured as the principal actors. It is not alone the enormity of the offense that distinguishes their crime from all others, but the fact that it has placed in a false position a great organization of honest, God-fearing American citizens. It is useless to deny that the purpose of the plot was to force the demands of union labor upon unwilling employers. Confessedly it was that. Yet the McNamaras and their immediate associates may have acted upon their own initiative, and they may have in no way received the sanction or support of the workingmen themselves. It is a peculiar situation. Thousands of men find that they have been unwittingly the beneficiaries, whether potential or actual, of a deliberate subversion of the most fundamental

government and society possible. They have profited by the criminal destruction of private property and the inexcusable murder of innocent men and women.

The shock of this disclosure, however, may work a great good. The members of the different labor organizations will begin to realize that they must exercise greater care in their choice of the men who are to represent them. Their cause is one that needs sane exposition. If it does not receive that in the future, it will have a hard time gaining recognition anywhere. The day for the radical, anarchistic labor leader,—the thug,—is past.

Football Monograms Awarded.

The following members of the football team were awarded the University monogram during the week by the Athletic Board of Control: Luke Kelly, George Philbrook, Albert Feeny, Paul Harvat, Torgus Oaas, Charles Crowley, Knute Rochne, Charles Dorias, William Kelleher, Ray Eichenlaub, Joseph Pliska, Alvin Berger, Alfred Bergman, Walter Yund, and Keith Jones.

In addition, Daniel McGinnis, Chester McGrath, William Dolan and Jay Lee received honorable mention.

Dr. Banks on Northern Africa.

At the request of Father Cavanaugh, Prof. Banks changed the subject of last Saturday's lecture from India to the northern states of Africa—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli. This proved to be a most happy change as all present were interested in seeing the setting of the war between Turkey and Italy. While these countries are backward in many respects, and their cities typically Eastern, they are, nevertheless, abreast of the times in some things. Throughout the mountains of Tunis, wind some of the very best roads in the world. These have been built by the French soldiers who are garrisoned in that part of the country. No doubt the progress of these nations has been materially checked by the frequent change of people who have controlled them. Far back in ancient times they were the scenes of constant struggles for power. The Moors, who in the more recent past took possession, are still in power, and it is due to their influence that so many eastern customs prevail.

The Preliminaries for the Breen Medal.

The preliminaries for the Breen medal were held in Washington hall last Monday night. The seven competitors for places in the finals, with the subjects of their orations were as follows: William Milroy, "The Apostles of the Lepers;" John Murphy, "The Money Power;" Charles Hagerty, "Why Not International Conciliation?" L. Gunster, "Webster;" Francis Brooke, "Socialism and the Home;" Allen Heiser, "The Mission of the Republic;" Raymond Sieber, "Social Progress and the Single Tax." The judges, Fathers Walsh Lavin and Moloney were to choose the four contestants who will compete in the finals. They decided on Messrs. Milroy, Murphy, Hagerty and Heiser.

Sophomores Shine.

It was early Thursday when the last loiterer left Place hall where the sophomores began their annual cotillion Wednesday night. The greatest second-year performance in the history of Notre Dame sophomores' social events is the statement of a conservative eye-witness. Be that as it may, anyhow the event of Wednesday stands large among the social functions of the near and remote past.

The decoration scheme consisted of Southern smilax streamers radiating from the center of the ceiling. A cozy corner fashioned artistically from smilax was a thing of beauty. Festoons of evergreens were artfully worked into the general design. Palms, pennants without number, rare electric light effects made a worthy setting for the red-letter day in the social calendar of the second-year men. Refreshments, consisting of chicken salad, coffee, ice-cream and cake, were served towards midnight.

The patrons and patronesses were: Judge and Mrs. T. E. Howard, Judge and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Mr. and Mrs. John Worden, Capt. and Mrs. R. R. Stogsdall, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. James Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Petersen.

The committee, to whom is due the lion's share for the the success of the function, consisted of: Messrs. Arthur Carmody, Louis Eick, Samuel Newning, William Corcoran, Albert King, William Galvin, John Carroll, Daniel Shoumlin and William Sponsler.

Carroll Hall in Double Celebration.

On the evening of December eighth the members of the Carroll hall Daily Communion League tendered a feast to the three students,—Frank Gillies, Ontario, Robert Bible, New Mexico, and Frank Whitman, St. Louis,—who had the happiness to receive their First Holy Communion that morning. It was a gala affair at which every Carrollite was present clad in his Sunday best and bearing a great void. The President's day cake, which Father Cavanaugh donated, ornamented the main table. But be assured, gentle reader, it didn't ornament for long, as it was pressed into service, and helped to fill up the void of every Carrollite heretofore mentioned. After the feast, every boy who had room left for a voice made a speech, but the speeches were short for the spaces were small, believe us. Father George McNamara of Walsh Chick notoriety was present and handed out roses to the assembled manhood of the west wing of the Main Building. He had some pointers to give those Chicks when he reached home, take it from us. The President dropped in for a minute, and said a few things about Carroll which—well, we always knew Father Cavanaugh was the best president in this country.

On Wednesday, Dec. 13, the crack society of our hall, the Philopatrians, gave a Christmas entertainment to all the boys of the department. Jimmy Smith in "The One-Legged Goose" brought prolonged rounds of applause. And the other members who took part in the program were not much behind him. The Philopatrian Glee Club made its appearance for the first time and performed creditably. There was a lottery at the end of the program in which everybody present drew something from a doll baby to a college pennant. Then the director of the society gave every boy a good-sized box of candy. It was a most enjoyable evening and will be long remembered.

THE PROGRAM.

Vocal Selection—G. Steitz, J. Dodge, G. Martel L. Lange, A. Ricker	
Jes' Fore Christmas.....	G. Hamilton
Piano Selection.....	T. Seery
The One-legged Goose.....	J. Smith
Piano Selection.....	N. Barry
Mrs. Brindle's Music Lesson.....	A. McNichols
Instrumental Music.....	M. Gonzalez
Smack in School.....	K. Hartman
Vocal Selection.....	Philopatrian Glee Club
A White Lily.....	F. Hahne

Due to Cigarette Rule.

Purdue on Saturday handily defeated Indiana University at football, but earlier in the season Wabash had nosed out a victory on Purdue and a little later Notre Dame nosed out one on Wabash. It looks as though Notre Dame was in a position to claim the state championship. Apparently, that faculty rule abolishing the cigarette at the Catholic college has conduced to huskiness and brawn.—Fort Wayne *Daily News*.

Student Show Monday.

Monday evening at 7:30 the most catching performance of the year from the student's point of view will be staged in Washington hall. Clever sketches will be presented by Messrs. Hicks, Lynch, McGarry, Cecil Birder and several other student actors. These young men need no superlative introduction, as their work on former occasions introduces them. In addition there will be a number of very excellent vocal and instrumental numbers, specialties of all kinds, local hits, bits of local color, everything in fact that goes to make up a genuine before-vacation entertainment. Reserved seats, fifty; general admission, twenty-five cents.

Apostolate Has 430 Volumes.

The following books have been added to the library: "Tom Playfair," "Harry Dee," "Claud Lightfoot," "Percy Wynn" by Finn; "Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist" by Dwight (presented by Earl Dickens); "Hercules of the Faith" by Camm; "Handbook of Christian Religion" by Wilmers; "John and Jean," "Might and Right" by Maude; "Donald Kenny" by Guinan; "Memoirs of Chaplain Life" by Corby (presented by Brother Hubert); "The Test of Courage" by Ross; "The Light of His Countenance" by Harte; "The Unbidden Guest" and "The Secret of the Green Vase" by Cooke; "The Devil's Parables" by Hannon; "Brother and Sister" by Charruau; "The Mystery of the Priest's Parlor" by Irons; "In the Days of King Hal" and "Unraveling of a Tangle" by Taggart; "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Way That Led Beyond" by Harrison; "The Fatal Beacon" by Brackel; "Sally Cavanaugh" by Kickham; "The Rosary" by Barclay; "The Shepherd of the Hills" by Wright; "Under the Sanctuary Lamp"

by O'Rourke (presented by Brother Justinian); "The Tempest of the Heart" by Gray; ten copies of "Catholic Religion" (presented by the author, Rev. Charles A. Martin).

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The tenth regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening. C. Williamson, E. Linehan and W. Coakley were admitted into the society.

Owing to the numerous details pertaining to the coming debate with Holy Cross hall that had to be decided upon, the scheduled debate was postponed until a later date. It was proposed and accepted that the contest be held in the south lecture room of Sorin hall. The date was determined to be the fifteenth of March. The question to be debated was next voted upon. Out of fourteen questions suggested the one that received the majority of votes was, "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution ought to be repealed."

It was also announced that two teams are to be chosen by an elimination process to represent the society against St. Joseph and Holy Cross halls. With the former, Brownson has the negative side of the question and with the latter, the affirmative.

Mr. Viso read an interesting paper on Porto Rico which showed careful preparation. After the usual instructive talk by the Rev. Critic the meeting adjourned.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday night, December 13. "The Mathematics of Engineering" was the subject of a paper read by Mr. Sanchez in which he showed the utility in engineering practice of a thorough knowledge of mathematics. Algebra, geometry, trigonometry and calculus are the most important branches. Trigonometry is of great practical value in surveying and astronomy, while calculus is used in mechanics and other higher branches of engineering.

Mr. Kirk compared the civil engineer with the lawyer, doctor and clergyman, in speaking of "The Civil Engineer as a Public Man." Needless to say, the civil engineer did not suffer by comparison. It was shown by Mr. Kirk

that the civil engineer plays an important rôle in the advancement of the world's civilization. Railways, bridges, canals, docks and other engineering structures are essential to progress.

"Geodetic surveying" was treated by Mr. Saravia. Geodetic surveys are made for the purpose of finding the correct location of points on the earth's surface. Mr. Lahey explained the various phenomena attendant upon the formation of dew, particularly the change of state which takes place on the part of the water vapor in the air and the effect dew has upon the temperature of the air.

Personals.

—The President of the University spoke before the Indiana club in Chicago last Saturday evening on the subject, the "Indiana Home." Sunday morning's press, commenting on the Indiana celebration, called special attention to Father Cavanaugh's address.

—The Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C., spoke in St. Peter's church, Laporte, last Sunday evening to the Holy Name society on the aims and objects of the organization. The Laporte *Daily Herald* gave the discourse in full and a half-tone picture of the speaker.

—Mr. Edward P. Escher (C. E. '09) pleasantly surprised his friends by appearing at the University December 8th, and explained that he was on his wedding journey. The SCHOLASTIC extends heartfelt congratulations.

—The marriage of Mr. Thomas M. Hoban (LL. B. '99, LL. M. '00), to Miss Elizabeth Sheekey, was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Thanksgiving morning. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Patrick Sheekey, known to generations of older students as proprietor of the college 'bus line. The groom is a prominent lawyer and business man of South Bend. We offer congratulations and best wishes.

Calendar.

Sunday, Dec. 17—Walsh hall reception to football team.

Monday, Dec. 18—Christian Doctrine Examinations, 5 p. m.

Students' show, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday, Dec. 19—Finals in Oratory, 5 p. m.

Wednesday, Dec. 20—Examinations

Thursday, Dec. 21—Examinations

Friday, Dec. 22—Christmas Vacation begins

Examinations.

All the Christian Doctrine classes will be examined at 5:00 p. m., Monday, December 18.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20.

Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m., will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m., 2:00 p. m. and 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. respectively.

THURSDAY, DEC. 21.

Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. respectively.

No special examinations.

Classes in all Departments resume at 8:15 a. m. Friday, January 5, 1912.

Local News.

—The snow got here when the minims' toboggan was finished.

—This is the last appearance of the SCHOLASTIC till after Christmas.

—Thursday night some of us will be home, and others of us will be on our way there.

—Lost—\$10 bill on Hill St. car, December 5. Finder please leave at Students' Office and receive reward.

—The ex-Carrollites defeated the Carrollites in an exciting basketball game played last Tuesday night. The score, 14-11.

—Father Irving hears confessions every evening beginning at 7 o'clock in the basement chapel. His confessional is on the gospel side near the small organ.

—Father Irving and Brother Alphonsus are striving to see who will record the latest robin this year. So far Father Irving has been more successful, having seen two on December 11.

—Father O'Donnell has compiled an excellent list of books by Catholic authors for the members of his English classes. The students who use this list as a guide in their reading will be surprised what a storehouse of good things awaits them.

—The *Dome* editors are losing no opportunity to secure pictures for their book. It showed some enterprise to secure a picture of the audience on President's day. As the years go on it will be found that these annuals are useful and interesting.

—Members of the Faculty, and of the

Varsity and interhalf football teams will attend a smoker and vaudeville entertainment to be given by the students of Walsh hall tomorrow evening. Previous entertainments have shown that there is plenty of vaudeville talent in Walsh, and a pleasant evening is anticipated.

Thursday afternoon, Dec. 14, an informal banquet was tendered by Father Maloney and Prof. Petersen to their workers on the stage and in the orchestra. About fifty in all,—actors past, actors future, stage hands and orchestra,—enjoyed the duck, ice-cream, cigars, and other good things.

—Last Saturday afternoon Brother Alphonsus gave a brief talk to the members of Professor Worden's Zoology class on the habits of our birds. A number of years of field observation enabled the speaker to make his talk very interesting and instructive. Among other strange facts in bird-life, he related how some flickers bored holes in the wall of the old ice-house that was burned and built their nests in a cool place.

Athletic Notes.

C. A. C. NO MATCH FOR VARSITY.

The Commercial Athletic club basketball team of South Bend proved an easy victim for Varsity in the opening game of the season Wednesday, December 6, as the score of 24 to 9 testifies. Although reinforced by several ex-college stars, notably Barnhart, former captain of the Indiana University quintet, and Carey of Concordia college, the city boys proved no match for Captain Granfield's clan. Accuracy in passing the ball and speed featured the playing of the Varsity, though the score indicates that our heroes are not backward in locating the baskets. Coach Maris took advantage of the opportunity to try out nearly all of the candidates, and the result was especially pleasing. Granfield, McNichol, Feeney, Cahill, Kenny and Kelleher were among the most prominent of the gold and blue performers, while Barnhart, Carey and Harris of the visitors played the game in experienced fashion.

Notre Dame (24)	C. A. Club (9)
McNichol, Kelly, Cahill	R. F. Carey, Harris
Kenny, Schafer, Byrne	L. F. Fauber
Granfield (Cap.), McIntosh	C. Barnhart (Cap.)
Feeney, Dougherty, Murphy	L. G. Pulfer, Lower
Kelleher, Finnegan, Smith	R. G. Knox, Livingston

Summary: Field goals—Granfield (5), McNichol (3) Cahill (2) Kenny, Barnhart, Carey. Free throws—Barnhart (5), Schafer (2).

LEWIS INSTITUTE WORSE YET.

Secret fears nourished by some of the rooters as to the ability of Coach Maris to fill the places vacated by Fish, Maloney, Ulatowski and Burke of last year's team were forcibly dispelled last Saturday evening when the Varsity administered a decisive trouncing to Lewis Institute of Chicago to the tune of 25 to 7. At no time was the result in doubt; the invaders were simply and plainly outclassed at all stages, even when the withdrawal of the stars of the Varsity left the field in charge of the second team.

The contest indicates that the coach has a wealth of good material from which to draw a quintet capable of upholding the honor of the gold and blue. In one position only is the team weak, and while this was not apparent in either of the games played, the discovery of an experienced center would take a load of worry from the shoulders of the director. Granfield was drafted for the central post in the opening game and repeated his classy performance last Saturday, but the ability of the captain at guard is too well recognized to warrant his use in any other position. The team work of the squad was the shining feature.

Feeney demonstrated his right to the guard position in striking fashion, his ability to withstand the punishment incident to the post as well as to return in kind, stamping him as a worthy successor to Ulatowski. McNichol and Cahill also drew tribute from the gallery by various clever maneuvers. Stein and McKee won the palm for Lewis, but their individual work could not offset the organized attack of the Varsity. The lineup:

Notre Dame (25)	Lewis Institute (7)
Cahill, Kenny	R. F. Stein, Hill
McNichol, Zgodzinski,	
Byrne, Schafer	L. F. Phelps
Granfield (capt.),	
Nowers, McIntosh	C. McKee (capt.)
Feeney, Smith	L. G. Trokye
Kelleher, Finnegan,	
Dougherty	R. G. Loeding

Summary: Field Goals—Granfield (4), Zgodzinski, Cahill, Kenny, Nowers, McNichol, Dougherty; Steil, McKee, Hill. Free throws—Cahill (3), Kenny, McNichol, Loeding. Officials—Barnhart (Indiana), referee; Murphy (Notre Dame); timekeeper.

Safety Valve.

This is the last escape till after Xmas.

Speaking of Xmas, don't crowd us with cigars.

BAKERY PLAGIARISM, MY DEAR.

If a certain baker should discover that by combining certain ingredients he could produce a superior kind of buns, we would be plagiarizing if we offered such buns for sale as our own production and discovery.—Simon E. Twining, *Literary Plagiarism*.

Which last reminds us that in Some Serious Sophomore Sayings one sapient sophomore pillaged *Puck* via the *Literary Digest* for the last in the line-up. That sage soph should get a big boot for his plain plagiarism.

Dear Valve:—Doc Hanon who is a Ph. G. (graduate in pharmacy), wants P. G. (postgraduate) privileges. What is the actual difference between a P. G. and a Ph. G.—D. E. F.

An *h* of a difference.

Dear Santa:—Please do send me a few loads of gravel to fix up my avenue. I'm ashamed of it.

Yours truly, NOTRE DAME.

A CURIOUS FACT IS.

A curious fact is that the champions have not registered a touchdown this year.—*Interhall j. b. scribe*.

An equally curious fact is that no other team has registered a touchdown on the champions this year.

Of course it is just possible those 26 chickens flew the coop.

We notice in the Architectural Club report that "after the usual criticism and discussion of the paper the members indulged in social conversation." To what lengths will they go next!

The wild rush to "Free Turkey" which a number of our boys made the day before Thanksgiving shows where their sympathies lie in the Tripoli trouble.

THE WEAKLY SCHOLASTIC.

JAMES PATRICK SMITH, '18.

The *Scholastic* is published weakly. A person can not say he knows much about it until he has written ten or fifteen thousand lines out of it. The Safety Valve was exhausted last week, but I hope the puncture is soon repaired for it lets a person know where he stands. There was one in particular where it told the boys to notice "Shoot the butter." I know of several boys who have changed a little since, and now say "Please pass." Many boys have asked me if Kansas City was on the map, so I wish it would happen to appear in the *Scholastic* that it is; for we should all share our knowledge with those who are not acquainted with it.

No, sir, the official title is Sophomore Cotillion with a charge of two-fifty for gent and miss.

The "Midway Mentor" says he would be deeply shocked if he found any of his C men guilty of professionalism. We notice from his method of investigation, however, he's not taking any chances on the shock.

ALL-SOCCER SELECTION.

FRANCISCO SANTIAGO GONZALES, '14 $\frac{1}{3}$.
Coach Latin Varsity.

Tommy—Goal

Milligin—Right back

Gaupel—Left back

Vogel—Right half back

Hahne—Center half back

McManus—Left half back

Soto Major—Outside right forward

Lodeski—Inside right forward

Fox—Center

Fant—Inside left forward

Bible—Outside left forward

After alguna hesitacion we make all-soccer selection. It has been muy difcil pero not so much for me who have the situation studied. I take Tommy for goal because he Irishman and Gaels they say in my country are good for goals. I take Milligin because he talk very much todo el tiempo. Gaupel for he keep hands in pockets an' cap sobre las orejas. Vogel for that he kick very high. Hahne for that he German y los alemanes quieren ser iguales con los irlandeses. McManus he have red head that which is so necessary Soto Major, for that he play very well and is of my compatriotas. Lodeski one good Polish man and we also have must—no, must have,—them Polish men. Fox for that he is a fox and not a chick. Fan because that he muy buen muchacho y my amigo. Bible for that he is a holy hombre. That is all por this time, and this is my selection of the all-soccer

Stagg is Huffed. My trick!

THANKS.

ROME, ITALY.

Dear Friend:—Thought I'd send you a few lines for the Safety Valve:

Will send a few more later.

Good-bye.—DICK.

THE TRUCE.

The VALVE has knocked you quite a bit,
You see it's in the game.
You knocked the VALVE for measly wit—
We like you just the same.
And now the days of peace are near us,
Grouchy Grouch just wait and hear us.
Though we knocked we want the Pax,
Come, now, put away the ax.
Peace till Xmas days are o'er—
Then we'll knock a little more.