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The Vision of the Night.

CLOUDS, like angel wings, sail under the blue
Half revealing angel faces;
Stars, like angel eyes, are peering through
From the depths of cloudless spaces.

They gaze at God in a manger, glory-stripped,
A Babe in His Mother's keeping!
The crest of His rock-hewn cave is tipped
With their light, while the world is sleeping.

And Thou art God, infant-limbed, patiently still,
Come out of Thy measureless glory!
And Thou hast lifted us out of the depths, until
We seem like the gods of story!

Infinite God, made human by infinite love,
See the wings of Night outspreading!
See the myriad eyes of Night from their heaven above
A golden radiance shedding!

L. C.

Holiday Thoughts.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.



WHAT the advent of his crimson-breasted highness, the robin, is for the Springtime, that pithy admonition, "Do your shopping early!" is for the approach of Yule-tide. Flaunted in our faces by the dailies, descanted upon at length by the magazines, and politely requested of us by the shopkeeper himself, they remind us forcibly of the approach of the happy holiday season. And from the initial sounding of this slogan, sometime in the near proximity of Thanksgiving Day, until the day after New Year's has witnessed the ruthless sacrifice of certain of our good resolutions,

the atmosphere is charged with a most peculiar essence. You can scent it as you do the breath of Spring, and, whether you will or not, you must become aware of it. The pessimist is aroused by its presence,—witness his annual tirades against gift-giving; but the optimist welcomes it, imbibes it, and behold his increased heartiness and good-fellowship! It is the same sensation that thrilled us in our younger days, when we were more susceptible, perhaps, to certain sensations than we are at present. In those days, far back or recent, it made us count even the hours until the long-looked-for Christmas Day would dawn.

This better feeling is the Christmas spirit. It pervades this world of ours at this season, like a beneficent ether, penetrating to the uttermost recesses of our abode. And for making the world, and us poor mortals in it, happier and better, it is the elixir unexcelled. As though those most comforting words ever uttered—"Peace on earth to men of good will!"—were still resounding from Judea's sky, it strikes upon our hearts like sweetest music. For it is a peaceful spirit, a forgiving spirit, even as was His Who brought it to us. Only the hearts that are hopelessly petrified or paganized fail to grasp its import and partake of its bounty. All "men of good will"—and we charitably presume that includes the majority of us—receive this spirit of the Infant King with open hearts and beam it from our countenances to cheer our fellowman. It touches the pleasant chords of our memory and brings visions that warm us with happiness.

The days of childhood, recalled perennially by it, gladden our hearts and keep them young. We all remember those days, when that kind old gentleman from the North was never known to make full the empty stocking of the bad boy. And, inasmuch as an empty stocking on Christmas morning was the deepest

earthly misery conceivable by childish fancy, Dad enjoyed his pipe on the evenings preceding the feast, uninterrupted by the recital of indictments against your own good character. But whether it was the personal reward of virtue or the exuberant kindness of the mysterious man with the reindeers, you were never discovered in the bad boy's predicament on that gladsome morning. Remember how—after a seeming eternity of time—you stood by the fireside on the eve of Christmas, and, with a heart whose trust had never been betrayed, hung from the chimney mantel those nether coverings of yours? And, though you would have given all for one glimpse of the mysterious visitor who would come during the calm darkness of the midnight to fill those gaping socks, by some perverse trick of Nature, Slumber always held you tight in her arms while the Christmas miracle was wrought! But in the morning, you saw the pine Christmas tree, with its dazzling draperies of tinsel and gold, twined round its green girth; the cheerfully glimmering candles; the pop-corn balls and the candy strings; the toys grouped below, and, high on the top of the tree, the "Star of Bethlehem,"—sign of the Cause of Christmas! You can recall the scene, when you stood with eyes distended widely, and mouth not far behind in a like endeavor to comprehend it all. It was Christmas morning; you knew it; and though that old stocking of yours might not contain all you wished for, you were happy. And did you not make others happy out of the exuberance of your heart? Your father, mother, brother—were they not made more joyful by the very sight of your happiness? With the pleasant memories of those holidays still lingering in our hearts, why should we not do something now to make others share in the spirit of peace and good-will? Let us, today, spread the gladness of our souls to our fellow-creatures who may not have these memories to dwell on when Christmas eve comes round.

And sad though it is, there are many of this latter class. Their hard and sternly real plight at this most joyous season of the year needs no pen-picturing—we know it all too well. Though the snow on the ground and the crisp, bracing air of the holiday time are the tonic of the well-clad, vigorous individual, they are daggers for the poor. They are the ones who sometimes, mayhap, find it hard to

believe in peace and good-will; we can pity but not blame them. To them, especially, let our joyousness expand; let us try to re-awaken their faith in the goodness of mankind. Material assistance with the cheerful word is the message to win them to the army of "men of good will" who sing "Glory to God on high!"

The topic of gifts is a hackneyed one at best; but, like its brother, the servant problem, it is still with us, unsettled, and the cause of much dissension. It is a nightmare for those who come under the influence of a Christmas list; an annual horror for the heads of most families, and utter foolishness for those of us that claim hard-heartedness as our distinctive virtue. May it not be that many of us are misguided and make obeisance to falsities of our own construction? The giving of gifts, the exchange of tokens, and the translation of our sentiments thereby, is a most laudable practice. But, like all things mundane, it is subject to abuse. The "something for nothing" idea puts in its appearance; then enters, through the conventional person, the reciprocity phase of the custom; and very soon we have the holidays a period of monstrous bartering, exact appraisements, and a criterion of social standing! Indeed a most barbarous and far from proper state of affairs! A gift is not a gift if it costs more—outside of monetary consideration—than the thought of giving pleasure to its recipient; or if it does not stand for the feelings of mutual happiness and friendship which should be between those who partake of the joys of giving and receiving.

Giving with the spirit of that first Christmas time is giving free from all false ideas of duty or custom. To give in the fullness of your heart is to add to your own permanent joy, and to bring joy, strangely new, into the life of one whose sunshine has been scant and cold. To give in this manner is to make glad other souls, just as you did in those days of your innocence when even the light from your eye was a gift of joy to your mother. And when the holidays draw near to their climax, it is a sweet and consoling reflection that the spirit of the King of Peace, which entered your heart with the first sound of Christmas chimes, has grown there and expanded, taking entire possession, working constantly upon your soul to form and shape it to a more perfect copy of the benign Giver of all good gifts.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

STAND in your course, ye stars and planets,
 Stand and adore your God and King!
 Praise ye the Lord, O constellations,
 Praise Him, and list as the angels sing,
 "Glory to God in the highest!"

Bow to the earth, ye towering mountains,
 Bow and adore your new-born King!
 Smile, O ye heavens, full of gladness
 Smile and rejoice while the angels sing,
 "Glory to God in the highest!"

Joy and exult, ye hills and valleys,
 Welcome the birth of Christ, your King!
 Laugh, happy brooklets, creeks, and rivers
 Voice the refrain that the angels sing,
 "Glory to God in the highest!"

Bless ye the Lord, all men and women,
 Gladden the heart of your infant King!
 Hallow your voices, youths and maidens,
 Join with the angels as they sing,
 "Glory to God in the highest!"

A Pseudo Santa.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.



O Bobbie no longer believed in Santa Claus. He had reached that age at which mothers do not require their youngsters to seek their recreation in the narrow confines of the backyard. Bobbie had not mingled long with the lads of his age before he began to form suspicions as to the reality of Santa Claus. Accordingly, the week before Christmas, he boyishly informed his parents that they could no longer practice deception on him. Bobbie's father realized that the time had come when he must tell his son the truth; but in doing so he admonished him not to reveal his newly-acquired knowledge to his younger sister, Mary, nor ridicule her for her innocent belief. Bobby protested:

"But 'supposin'—"

"Suppose nothing!" replied his father, and he added sternly, "Mary is not to know!"

Bobbie murmured something beneath his breath, and contented himself for the time being with an "Aw, gee!" and went out to pull the cat's tail.

Christmas eve came, and Mr. Rice purchased a gold watch which he intended to give to his brother on the morrow. A pearl necklace for

his eldest daughter lay beside the watch and some other trinkets on the dresser. These were to greet the eyes of the household on Christmas morning. The Christmas tree had been set up for Mary, "the poor kid," as Bobbie now classed her, "what believed in a Santa Claus." All these arrangements were attended to by Mr. and Mrs. Rice after the younger members of the family had retired. And so Bobby went to bed that Christmas eve consoling himself that "Santa Claus was only meant for kids that didn't know no better." He fell asleep, regretting that his father had forbidden him to tell his sister there was no Santa Claus.

About two o'clock on the next morning, Lefty Louie, a blue-ribbon porch-climber, noiselessly pried open the dining-room window, and entered the Rice's home. Prowling around in the darkness, he found his way to Mrs. Rice's bedroom and the dresser that held the display of valuables. Returning to the dining-room unheard, he dexterously put away the stolen booty in his bag, not overlooking the silverware and a few other things of value. With the bag on his shoulder he was about to leave by the window, when the bedroom door slowly opened and revealed to the astonished burglar the white-clad form of a little child. Lefty's mind worked quickly—it had to if he was to escape. Mary, the three-year old darling of the family, timidly approached the

burglar. The bag over his shoulder, visible in the moonlight which came in the window, caught the eye of the child whose youthful imagination prompted the whispered question:

"Is oo Santa Claus?"

Lefty Louie breathed a sigh of relief. He saw his chance for escape. Quietly laying down his sack he cautiously took the child in his arms, and placing his finger to his mouth he said in as soft a tone as he could command:

"Sh—sh! I'm Santa Claus, yes. But don't wake papa or mamma or anybody up. Now go quietly back to your bed and don't say a word. Santa is going down to his sleigh for your dolly." And he turned the innocent child toward the bedroom, again picked up his bag, and adroitly made his way out of the window to the ground.

"Gee! That was a narrow one, sure. The kid almost put the blink on me. Gee, the gang'd never forgive me if the cops nabbed me with this swag. But picture Lefty Louie getting caught by a New York cop," he chuckled to himself. "Why, they're so clumsy at the trade they get caught themselves." And he made his "get-away" silently, swiftly, surely into the protecting darkness of the night.

On Christmas morning the Rice household was astir early. Mr. Rice was the first to discover the theft. His watch was missing, his pockets had been rifled, and every bit of his valuables taken except a cheap tie pin. The watch for his brother and the necklace for his daughter, along with all the presents he had left on the dresser were gone. Bobbie, yawning sleepily, came into the room inquiring:

"What's the matter Pa?"

"Matter!" shouted his father, "matter enough. We've been robbed. Two watches, a necklace, over two hundred dollars in jewelry gone, and the only thing left, a measly cheap tie pin!"

"Who'd you suppose took 'em, Pa?" asked Bobbie but little disturbed over the robbery.

"Bosh, boy! Get out of my way. Helen," he said, addressing his wife, "I'm going down to the police headquarters immediately. If anyone—"

Here Mary, his little daughter, came skipping into the room in her nightgown, clapping her hands.

"O I seen Santa Claus, I seen Santa Claus last night."

"What?" shouted her father, immediately scenting a clew. Bobbie's mind was not so

matured as his father's and he divined nothing from his sister's words.

"Aw, she's nutty. Why don't you tell the kid, Pa, an' be done with it?" Mr. Rice paid no attention to the earnest advice of his son.

"Come, Mary, tell me. When did you see Santa Claus?" asked Mr. Rice, seating his daughter on his knee.

"Last night right here in this room and he—"

"He what?" broke in her father impatiently.

"He had a bag on his back just like the Santa Claus Anny brought me to see, and he told me to go back to bed and not tell anybody what—"

"O Helen!" exclaimed Mr. Rice to his wife as he put the child down, "and to think we might have stopped him."

Mischievous Bobbie's wits were working now. He saw how his father had been foiled by the burglar.

"Yes, Pa," he said, "an' if you had let me tell Mary there wasn't any—"

Bobbie dexterously dodged a slipper thrown by his incensed father, and ran to his mother who had taken Mary in her arms.

"Gee, Pa's sore. But that's what he gets for telling people there's a Santa Claus."

"What did Santa Claus leave oo and Papa?" asked Mary, too young to understand what had happened.

"He left Pa his tie pin," chuckled Bobbie as he ran from the room.

Crees'mas for You an' Me.

CHRISTMAS, Señor? Ah, *Noche Buena*, yes,
Ay undrastand the word all right, Ay guess;—

We call heem "Good-Night" Day—
Ees comin', deed you say? Ah yes, Ay know;
But here ess com' een cold, an' ice, an' snow,
An' evratheeng that way.

An' do you know, Señor, these cold an' ice
What mek you theenk thees Crees'mas all so nice,
Ees mek me verry sad;
Baycause—Ay spik a truth—your hearts to me
Been jus' so cold laik thees, when Ay laik be
Good fren's weeth you, an' glad.

You theenk so not? Ah well, you see, Señor,
You don' can theenk,—but please don' now gat sore
Weeth me for spik thees way;—
Ees maybe so Ay don' can undrastand
Your heart;—but come, we shake our hand
For comin' Crees'mas day.

The Maid of Nazareth.

BRO. WALTER, C. S. C.

AN angel of the Lord was sent,
By God's command, unto a maid
Whose thoughtful, modest eyes were bent
Upon a book before her laid.

The book was God's most holy law,
And Mary wondered as she heard
How in the future, prophets saw
The Incarnation of the Word.

And then she felt a presence nigh,
And heard a voice give this decree:
"Thou hast been favored from on high,
The Holy shall be born of thee."

Father Dan's Dream.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '13.



SLTLED back in his large office chair sat Father Dan reading his breviary. It was Christmas eve. All afternoon and evening he had been hearing confessions, and now he was thoroughly tired.

The house was very quiet; the silence outside was broken only by the musical striking of the clock in the old church tower. Presently Father Dan began to doze; then he dreamed.

Out from the darkness of a small side street and into the glare of a brightly illuminated thoroughfare, there emerged a little old man with a pinched, hungry look in his face. He was clothed in tattered, ill-fitting garments and he wore a dirty slouch hat. The wind blew cuttingly, and as the little old man paused for a moment under the corner street lamp, his body shivered with the cold. He turned around aimlessly, and shuffling over in front of the holly-trimmed window of a lunch room he leaned up close against the building for protection from the wind. He began to cough violently, and the bright light from the windows of the lunch room showed two big scarlet patches in the sallow, wasted face. His eyes were feverishly bright.

A stalwart policeman came up the street and accosted the old man familiarly:

"Out of work again, Mike?"

"Yep! Ain't been working for two weeks.

I no more than got that job driving a team when they made us go out on a strike."

"You certainly have had your share of knocks and bumps this fall, that's what! And you are not looking well at all, Mike. Better go in some place and warm up. Besides, they've made a law to keep people from standing in front of stores this week. They've put on an extra force of us for the holidays to keep the streets from being blocked. So you'd better go in some place."

"That so? Why don't they stop them rich fellows from keeping their automobiles in front of stores and blocking the streets?" questioned Mike.

"Don't know, I'm sure." The big policeman looked at the little old man, and a puzzled look came into his face. Then the puzzled look changed suddenly and reaching his big hand into his pocket, he said:

"Here's a dime, Mike. Go in and get yourself a sandwich and a cup of coffee. It will warm you up. I'm sorry I can't spare you more."

The little old man took the dime in his cold blue hands with a grateful word of thanks and started to go in. The policeman, however, detained him a moment and asked:

"Say, Mike, did you make your Christmas confession yet? I haven't seen you about the church since last spring. What's the matter?"

"Huh! I ain't got no clothes to go. These is all I have, and do you think I'd go to church like this?" He leaned up against a post to ease the hacking jar of a spell of coughing.

A college lad with a girl on his arm hurried by. The girl looked at the policeman and the little old man, and turning to her companion said:

"I guess the cops have their hands full keeping the drunks off the street tonight. Isn't that a pitiful sight? Why, I wouldn't own such a man as that for my father for all the world."

The wind whisked around the corner and brought a scent of delicate perfume to Mike's nose. Both he and the policeman heard the girl's flippant remark, and the sallow old man winced and shivered.

"See"? he said, "do you think I could go to confession, and kneel at the side of people like her,—me with my old rags on? Nope, not me!"

"If you had a respectable looking suit of clothes, would you go?"

But two feverish eyes glistening with tears gave an answer more eloquent than words could have expressed. When Mike came out from the lunch room fifteen minutes later, the policeman was there with a suit of clothes tied in a newspaper.

"Here, Mike," he said, "these are not new, but they will about fit you. An old lady friend of mine gave them to me. And now I want to see you at the church tomorrow morning."

Without waiting for thanks the policeman moved on down the street, but the wind seemed to whistle after him the gratitude that the old man was trying to speak.

Overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, the little old man clasped the bundle of clothes tightly under his arm, and started to cross the street. "God bless his generous heart," he kept mumbling to himself, "God bless his generous heart! Now I can make my Christmas Communion." And so intent was he on his thoughts that the shrill warning of the automobile horn was as the softened whistle of the wind, and a muffled crash—

Father Dan awoke with a start to find that his breviary had fallen to the floor.

"Mother of God, but it scared me!" he said as he moved his hand across his forehead. "How cold the house is, too!" He stirred up the fire, turned on the draft, and went to lock the front door for the night. But as he reached the door opening on the hallway, the loud ring of the electric bell startled him.

"Sure, I'm rare nervous tonight to be scared so easily," he murmured a bit testily. He went to the door, opened it, and from the outside came a small voice all out of breath:

"Father Dan, Mike Malloy just got run down by an automobile. They want you to come quick. He's still alive, but he can't live long."

Father Dan hurriedly put on his overcoat, took his stole and the Blessed Sacrament, and within an hour Mike Malloy had made his Christmas confession, and had come into the presence of the Christ-child.

December.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

"☉ Nature, tell me, where's the beauty now
That o'er thy vernal fields the springtime spread
The beauty of the grassy robe of earth"—
The whistling winds of winter answer, "Dead!"

Unwelcome.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '13.

IN the inn was found no room
So they laid Him in a manger,—
God, the fruit of Mary's womb,—
Nothing but a common stranger
'Mongst the ones He loved so well!

A Yuletide Incident.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.



HE intense, still cold which caused the hoar-rimed pines to crackle and stir eerily, had also rendered the snow as hard and dry as sand. It rasped and screeched protestingly under the steel shod runners of the big sleigh, as the powerful bays raced along over the almost obliterated track. Fleet-footed rabbits sped silently back and forth between the black vistas of pine, and far away a wolf howled a dreary dirge of the ages.

Muffled under bearskin coats, with massive fur caps and gauntlets of the same material, four men sat warmly ensconced in the red plush seats, listening to the droning and creaking of the sleigh, and the metallic clinking of the horses' hoofs upon the icy road. Almost two miles ahead, a fifth man paused long enough to have borne to his ears, hardly softened by the intervening distance, the selfsame sounds. He was not riding, however, nor was he attired in the fur garb of the other four. He wore an old threadbare Mackinaw, coarse cheap woolen trousers, a scarlet toque, and heavy spiked riverman's boots. Small protection they afforded against the stinging, paralyzing cold, but the fifth man did not seem to mind. His face had hardened into a white, contorted mask, his beard and eyebrows were iced with frosty rime, and one foot had long since lost all sensation of cold.

That he had actually travelled sixteen miles on foot through that awful night, and was still travelling, even the sheriff and his deputies could scarcely realize.

Yet he stood there, smiling grotesquely as he heard the far-off sing-song of the approaching sleigh. Then turning again toward the bitter, steely north, he set off at a long, shambling trot. To a man thus attired ten miles

should have meant suicide, yet Olaf Larsen had come sixteen, and had been laden with a gunny sack. The turkey, the potatoes, the bread, and other articles that reposed therein, were not legitimately Olaf's, but that was not the reason why a sheriff's posse trailed the fleeing man through the void of steel-edged cold.

For Olaf, be it known, was a "bad man;" "a crazy Swede who manufactured his own laws," so said the county officials, and the press and public sentiment had concurred. For Olaf had deliberately shot a game warden in the discharge of his duty. The big mild-mannered Swede had not denied the charge, but with Scandinavian imperturbability had vouchsafed a candid explanation. He wanted to tell the stern faced man at the station, that when apprehended with venison in his possession there had been very little food in the poverty-stricken homestead cabin. He had tried to tell that obdurate official that his wife was ill and could not care for the two little ones if left alone eight miles from the nearest neighbor. To Olaf himself, it was perfectly patent that no man under the circumstances was justified in leaving alone and unprotected a frail wife and two little golden-haired girls. Even the earnest solicitations of the minion of the law had not served to swerve him from his purpose, and when the former attempted force, the giant Swede had shot him through the chest. To Olaf it had seemed a mere matter of bounden duty. For that matter, so had the killing of the deer out of season, for the frail wife and golden-haired girls clamored for fresh meat.

Then had followed three long months in the county jail awaiting trial for attempted murder. Just the day before a visitor to his narrow cell, another homesteader like himself, had whispered momentous tidings. And in conjunction with this gladsome news had come the thought that the next day would be Christmas. Olaf, whose only concern during his long incarceration had been for the little wife and the golden-haired girls, had formed the great resolve. That was why he was freezing by inches out there in the midnight wilderness. That was why the sheriff and three deputies were speeding northward, with fire-arms and a determination to "get their man."

But Olaf had attained his goal. A little cabin of roughly hewn logs, squat and low-

roofed, nestled among great pines, under the cold glow of the December moon, and Olaf forgot all else in a single surge of triumphant joy. The fugitive did not realize his utter exhaustion, and his stinging face and numb body were forgotten as he swung open the unpainted door and tottered into the single room.

What he said as he knelt beside a bed wherein reposed the frail blue-eyed wife, and a frailer blue-eyed baby, is their secret. For he talked gently, lovingly in the only tongue he really knew, the language of centuries of Norsemen. He did not even turn as the four fur-clad figures, revolvers in hand, burst into the room. And the sheriff and his deputies, expecting a far different scene, awkwardly removed their great fur caps.

In the corner, in a second crudely improvised "bunk," two little yellow-haired girls slumbered as peacefully as if they had not gone supperless to bed, and as contentedly as if the morrow's awakening would see realized all the childish dreams of a mystic Santa Claus.

The sheriff, moved by a sudden impulse, began to unbutton his bearskin coat.

"I guess I can make a shift with the blankets, boys," he said quietly, "if one of you will drive." Then, in the same spirit, the others dropped things that shone and jungled upon the pine table, and silently and reverently withdrew. Olaf and the little wife crooned meaningless nothings to the newest baby. The little girls smiled as if in happy anticipation. Then from out the slate-gray east, broad and splendid, bathing the frozen landscape in an effulgent golden glow, rose the winter sun, and it was Christmas morning.

The Dreamer.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

I DREAM, and far from dust and grime
Of noisy, sweltering city streets,
I see green fields, where summertime
Has loosed from anchor countless fleets
Of bees and butterflies, that sail
The ocean of the air, and stop
At every port, where they regale
Themselves, change cargoes that they bear
From distant isles—and then sail on
To seek new cargoes everywhere.

At Bethlehem.

GEORGE DELANA, '14.

HOW pure the Shepherds must have been,
 How free from stain of deadly sin,
 That God should send his angels from above
 To lead them to the Christ-Child, God of love;
 There first to greet the Infant King
 And to His crib their homage bring.

So must our hearts, like those of old,
 Be white as snow and pure as gold
 If we would greet on early Christmas morn
 The Christ-Child who within our heart is born.
 Our heart with faith now brightly burns,
 Our soul for His swift coming yearns.

Reconciliation.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.



H! Billy!"

The strident strains of very
 delirious ragtime filled the room.

"Hi! Billy!"

In a twinkling of an eye the
 furious music stopped, and a
 plump red face appeared through the green
 baize curtains which separated the music room
 from the main studio.

"Hello, boss. Whatcha want?" inquired he
 of the red face.

"Come here, will you? and don't call me boss!
 Great Scott, how many times is it necessary
 to inform you that my name is Notham? Eh?
 Say, *will* you come here?"

Billy came. He was a short, roly-polly
 young fellow with a habitual grin and very
 confident manner.

"All right, all right," he said, a little ex-
 asperated, conscious that the entire office
 force of the Notham Music Publishing Company
 was staring at him with undisguised amusement.
 For various reasons, this little runt of humanity,
 Notham, with his shrewd eyes and bald head,
 had always irritated Billy.

"Now, young man, seeing that you have
 been doing absolutely nothing for the last
 week, I want to give you an assignment: A
 fourth-rate star over at the Gaity wants a
 song, and wants it tomorrow morning at
 nine. Get it out, or get out! Understand?"

Mr. Notham was a man of few words. Billy
 glanced at the office clock which registered
 four-thirty,—and whistled.

"Will you take it?" demanded Notham
 sharply, one foot tapping impatiently on the
 floor.

"Aw! what else can I do?"

"Then get it out before nine tomorrow, or
 you're fired!"

"All right. Say, boss—Mr. Notham, I mean,—
 who the blazes is she?"

"Dolly Fluff is the lady's name."

"What does she want,—something senti-
 mental, spoony, catchy, dippy, raggy, marchy,
 or novel?" inquired Billy blandly.

"The character of the song must be senti-
 mental; two lovers meeting again after a
 quarrel.

"How long, and in what key?"

"Usual length and any key you choose. I
 don't remember her voice—if she has any."

"All right. I'll try an' get it out for her,"
 said Billy, moving towards his piano room.

"You'd better!" snapped Mr. Notham going
 out through the office door.

At her desk in the corner, little blue-eyed
 Agnes Wilkes had ceased hammering her type-
 writer. She was the only one in the entire
 office that had not secretly exulted when
 "the old man" publicly reprimanded Billy,
 and when that red-faced and disconsolate
 young man disappeared behind the green baize
 curtains, she sat very still, gazing intently
 into space, a pretty frown of vexation puckering
 her forehead. Two weeks before, in that self-
 reliant, aggressive manner characteristic of him,
 this Billy had openly proposed to her, and she,
 of course, had coldly rejected him. Before
 that, Billy had been the best rag-time composer
 in the office; since, he had slumped, lost his
 knack of construction, and failed completely.
 Busy music firms, like the Notham Music
 Publishing Company, could not afford to pay
 wages to drones. Then, with a sigh, she turned
 to her machine and began pounding the
 keys furiously to drown out the sounds of
 Billy's futile attempts to compose sentimental
 harmony.

The Notham Publishing House was a monster
 bee hive from which an incessant hum of in-
 dustry went up all day long. The pounding
 of pianos from the little, green-curtained
 alcoves, the jangle of many voices lifted in
 experimental melody, the jubilation that pro-

claimed the birth of a new song, and the stoical roaring of the presses between as they multiplied the Last Big Hit by the thousands, all mingled together and swelled to a wild, irregular babel,—an overture of distraction.

Within the little alcoves, which were everywhere about,—the house was literally honey-combed with them,—toiled the Notham staff of musicians, each bending over his much abused piano, his score book on the rack above the keys, and his inspiration dangling from the corner of his mouth.

In the far end of the room, also curtained off, were the "poets," who "ran off" verse for the songs, with the aid of a dictionary of rhymes, as fast as the composer brought in the music. Each poet and composer had a stenographer who "finished" their work and sent it to the floor below where it was printed.

Poor Billy, in his alcove, was working with all his might; trying his best to "get out" a song amid the clatter of typewriters and the roar of the presses below. The floor was scattered with music sheets—mute signs of failure and disgust.

Six o'clock came, and Billy, mopping his face, emerged from his music room, hopeless dejection written all over his red, perspiring countenance.

"I'm fired," he hissed to the head clerk on his way to the cloak room. "I've lost my punch. It's all over now but drawin' my last week's money tomorrow mornin'!"

"Billy, that song is good,—very good," said Mr. Notham as soon as the former entered the office the following morning.

"That what?" inquired Billy, a look of surprise flashing across his features.

"The song you wrote yesterday for Dolly Fluff. The words are excellent, very excellent; and the music is, to say the least, more than I expected of you.

"What the—! Why, Mr. Notham, I—I never wrote any—!" but a quick thought occurred to him. "Let's see it, will you?" and he grabbed the folio with eager hands.

There, printed on the cardboard cover, was the following legend:

RECONCILIATION.

for *Dolly Fluff*; *Gaiety*.

by *Billy Tuttle*.

"Well, I'll be royally jiggered!" he exclaimed to himself. "Who in thunder did

this? By crinus, he saved my life whoever he was; or mebbby it was a 'she.' If—!! Thunderation!"

Before the astonished Mr. Notham could move or speak, Billy had rushed out of the private office and into the main room. Over in the corner, a little, blue-eyed typist was rattling her machine viciously. He was at her side in three steps.

"Aggid? Aggie? Did—did you do—do—this?" he gasped.

Miss Agnes Wilkes looked up slowly; there were tears in her eyes and her full underlip quivered pitifully.

"By Joe, you did!" he exclaimed, grinning all over.

"And for me, too! Aggie, old girl, you're a duck!"

Miss Wilkes hung her head to hide her tears.

"Just to think of it," Billy went on joyously; "you did it for me—me! When, dear? Last night?"

She nodded slowly, her head still lowered.

"Say, Aggie, me for you tonight at eight. Eh, kid? An' listen! I'm gonna bring a dozen carnations, a box of chocolates, and two tickets to the show. Are you on?"

"Billy Tuttle, will you *please* go away and mind your business?"

Billy grinned and moved away, but he read in her white, tear-stained face something that told him she did not mean it.

"All right, Aggie," he flung back jauntily; "but I'll be there with bells on tonight at eight."

Christmas Eve.

RAYMOND J. SIEBER, '13.

It was a dim, enchanted night;
The earth, close wrapt in virgin white,
Lay languid in the misty light:
The circling planets all in tune
Wheeled in their course; the Empress Moon,
Was brightening to her highest noon.
It was the night when Bethlehem's star
Guided the Magi from afar;
It was the night when shepherds heard
The vibrant air by music stirred;
It was the night of old renown
When wondering angel eyes looked down
To see Christ's head, bare of its crown,
Within the Manger laid.

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—For six thousand years the Jewish people expectantly awaited the promised Redeemer. Firm was their faith, fervent their longing, and devout their preparation for His coming. Their expectation was fulfilled, yet they did not rejoice. They hardened their hearts because He came to them not as a king, but as a lowly babe; and they led Him to Calvary.

The few remaining days before Christmas should be for us days of devout preparation to receive the lowly Child of Bethlehem,—to receive Him, not as the chosen people received Him, but joyfully, with pure and humble hearts. "Drop dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour!"

—Long ago, when the Magi knelt in adoration at the manger which held the Babe of Bethlehem, there was begun a custom, that,

in spirit and in act, has come down to the present day. These three men of the East offered to the Infant God their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Today, reflecting the spirit of that first Christmas, men give liberally to God in the person of His Church, and, extending the wholesome feeling of good will, bestow upon friends and those in need presents which betoken esteem or friendship.

Into this custom, hallowed by nineteen

hundred years of observance, there has crept an abuse; and because of the abuse some unthinking ones would destroy the custom. They see, in the ever-increasing number of their friends, an empty pocket-book on Christmas morning; and for a mercenary end they would abolish a practice which by its symbolism teaches the message of Christmas.

It is not necessary that the giving of Christmas presents be carried to the extremes it sometimes reaches. Reason should limit the number of friends to whom presents are to be given. If those persons, now loudest in objection, instead of giving indiscriminately, would modify their gift list so as to include only a few near and dear ones, they would, perhaps, gain enough mental leisure to appreciate the true spirit of giving, which is: Out of charity to help the poor; out of love to give to friends; and from a spirit of love and duty to give to God.

Breen Medal Preliminaries.

On Wednesday afternoon was held the preliminary contest for the Breen Medal. Following is a list of the speakers and the rank won by each: Simon Twining, "The Vindication of Democracy," (first); William Milroy, "The Economic Redemption," (second); Peter Meersman, "The Lawyer," (third); Allan Heiser, "The Russian Jew," (fourth); John Denny, "Joan of Arc," (fifth); Vincent Ryan, "Heroes of Obscurity," (sixth); Francis Hogan, "Alexander Hamilton," (seventh). The men who won the first four places will compete for the medal next Monday evening. The winner in the finals will represent Notre Dame at the state contest in Indianapolis next spring.

The Hussars.

To the "Hussars," a singing band that appeared in recital last Saturday evening, must be accorded the distinction of having rendered the most generally popular concert of the course. The great versatility of the nine young men comprising the party was more than remarkable. As instrumentalists, vocalists, and interpreters of both classical and popular selections, they acquitted themselves very creditably, and evidenced a wide range of talent and adaptability. The instrumental solos were particularly enjoyed.

President's Day.

The recurrence and celebration, on last Tuesday, of the best loved of our scholastic feasts filled Faculty and students with a spirit of glad rejoicing. Even the smallest minim knew weeks beforehand just when President's day was due to arrive, and was bubbling over with enthusiasm and expectation when the great day finally came. A solemn high mass at eight o'clock, offered in thanksgiving for the blessings of Heaven upon our University, its officers, and its noble work, opened the celebration of the feast. At the mass the Faculty attended in academic robes, the graduating class in cap and gown and the undergraduates in their military uniforms. After mass an informal reception was held at which the members of the Faculty and the graduates presented their congratulations and well wishes to the President. Mr. Frank Stanford of the senior class spoke feelingly of the warm admiration, the high respect, and the filial love that all the men of the University held for Father Cavanaugh. Father Cavanaugh, said Mr. Stanford, had been their inspiration, had raised their ideals, and had taught them much that was good by his high example.

At nine-thirty the military companies fell into ranks in the gymnasium, forming a hollow square with the band and the company buglers in the centre. At ten o'clock the troops were inspected by Father Cavanaugh and Capt. Stogsdall, while students and visitors looked on interested from the gallery. The sight was a pleasing one and well worth the long effort and the ceaseless striving that its realization cost. All concerned with this successful issue of a new venture—particularly Capt. Stogsdall—are worthy of great praise.

After inspection, the rotunda, where a band concert was in progress from ten-thirty till eleven o'clock, and the dining-room, where a banquet of the Thanksgiving Day or Christmas type was served, were, in turn, points of great interest about the University. In the afternoon came the play and the players.

Between the first orchestra selection and the prologue of the play, Mr. John T. Burns, the president of the Senior class, came forth from the wings, in classic cap and gown, to represent the students of the University and especially his own class, in an official message of appreciation,

respect, and deep affection for our Reverend President. Mr. Burns' address was as follows:

This day a year ago, and for many years past, the students have met in this hall to extend felicitations to the President of our University. Most of us know not the origin of this custom; we are satisfied that it is so. Yet, when we come to speak to you, we realize the limitation of words; for where sentiment and love predominate, words must cease, since sentiment and love are felt, not expressed—or if expressed then only meagerly and unsatisfactorily.

There are but two types of leaders,—the self-seeking and the self-sacrificing. And yet these two types so dissimilar are the prototypes, the ideals of the community in which they live. Where that community is a sordid, covetous assemblage, eager only for the goods of this world; a community in which materialistic and atheistic tendencies hold sway; where thought is directed toward business successes and the elimination of the spiritual life;—invariably the man that represents that community is at best but base and mercenary. He may rise to great heights; he may have wealth, position, and fame; he may elicit our admiration, and the gods may continue to smile upon him; but never can such a man call forth our love, for he is selfish and adds glory unto himself merely to satisfy a personal ambition.

But here at Notre Dame we are met with a band of men, who, stripping themselves of worldly possession, devote their days to the education of the youth. They ask no pay—in the ordinary sense; they desire none, save in the priceless heritage of love. They are content to labor unto the end, even seeking to draw mankind into a brotherhood of love—and this their purpose is embodied in their every prayer.

The one who by his position, is to be the oracle of such a group must be an exceptional man. Not only must he be virtuous and high minded, not only must he be the moving spirit in the cause of righteousness; but he must have all the qualities which that community possesses. Unconsciously he is the expression and the reflection of its individual components. Even as the calm waters of the evening unconsciously reflect the beauties of a golden moon, so, too, unconsciously, but nevertheless truly, does the leader of a community reflect the qualities of the men he represents.

Thus the President of a Catholic University, more than anyone else, exercises a great power for good. Through his office he is able to direct the minds of his student subjects; he becomes a master of their minds and a shaper of their destinies. To their defects he is enabled to apply the remedies which years of experience bring to the eager and ripened scholar. And although he never neglects the so-called practical side of life, knowing full well that the majority of us are not destined for a life so glorious and elevating as that of the priesthood, he always looks first to our spiritual education. Thus his influence is more extensive, more widely felt than that of the so-called man of action, for the man of action but directs us how to do; the teacher instructs us in the ways of justice. Nor is his influence confined to the immediate vicinity of the University, for with him as a center, the students go forth, acting as new wave

fronts that, in turn, propagate and re-propagate new ones even to the utmost confines of the earth.

Father Cavanaugh, during our years of residence at this University we have come to know the men who preceded you in the all-absorbing and elevating work of education. First came Sorin the Founder, blasting the way for the advent of a new era in the wilderness of Indiana; then came the heroic Corby, immortalized by his deeds upon the field of Gettysburg; then followed the peaceful, far-sighted Walsh, and the brilliant, inspiring Morrissey. These men have left their impress upon our University and have influenced those that followed them. Each was a marvel in his own way. All were great men and noble presidents.

Rev. President, with these men as your predecessors, you were called upon to take command, to enter upon duties for which but few are fitted. Had you been content merely to follow the policies of the school as you found it, yours, too, would have been a great work. But ever mindful of the accomplishments of those that had gone before you, you labored on and on, ever looking to the past, always building for the future, until, under your guidance, Notre Dame has become the consummation of Sorin's ideal.

That Father Cavanaugh was impressed with the sincerity of the tribute, that he was touched by the loyal affection and true devotion manifested was easily apparent from the manner and words of his reply, which we quote:

Dull and insensible, indeed, must that heart be which would not beat quicker at the generous words spoken and the courteous deeds done this day. The magnanimity of friends who have travelled far to be here, the exquisite kindness of neighbors who have given up their work to be with us, the touching acts of devotion on the part of priest and brother and professor, and the loyalty and affection of students, manifested in a hundred pretty ways at every turn of the day, is an unmerited favor for which I thank God, as I thank you, out of the depths of a grateful heart.

It is usual on such occasions to say that the praise is not accepted as for oneself but is passed on to its rightful goal, the Faculty of the University. It is usual, but it is inevitable as well. Nobody knows better than I how little of the success of the University is due to any effort of mine. Make no mistake about that. There are exemplary and devoted laymen among us who have touched the lives of students here with an influence so high and holy and refined that they will never be forgotten, neither in the flush of victory in after life, nor in the shadow of defeat, nor in the crush of work, nor in the turmoil and excitement of life's fitful fever. These men, serving the University for a whole lifetime with only meagre rewards, have written their names in letters of imperishable glory, not perhaps on tablets of bronze or of marble, but on the unforgetting intelligences of the angels, and on the grateful memories of generations of students scattered throughout this western continent. There are talented and earnest and pious and devoted brothers, whose good example and wise

counsel and gentle influence will be treasured as bright traditions in the lives of many a student when the memory of the President will have become dimmed or forgotten. There are noble priests whom it would be an honor to serve in the lowliest office—profoundly religious priests, rich in learning, mellow in wisdom, unpretentious as children, with the modesty of the true scholar, the courage of heroes, and the virtues of the sanctuary and of the true religious life. To priest, brother, and professor this day is consecrated. With you I join in acclaiming them and paying them honor. If your University grows from year to year in numbers, in reputation, in influence, in all good and gentle things, it is because it commands the devotion of hearts that gold can not buy, of souls that honor can not seduce, of high intelligence, refined and purified by prayer and meditation, and shining beautiful and transparent to the sky through innocence of life and devotion to duty. To them is due the exaltation of Alma Mater, and the happiness and advancement of her sons.

But not to them alone. As it is the faith of the people and not the learning and eloquence of the priesthood that makes the Church great; as it is the patriotism of the citizen and not the wisdom of the statesman that makes the country great; so it is the loyalty and worthiness of the student that must forever make the University great. A prophet crying in the wilderness is indeed a prophet; a master expounding philosophy or law or letters in showers of silvery speech may indeed be a scholar; but a University can not exist without people worthy to receive the vision of the prophet and the message of the scholar. Hence the test of a great school is the quality of its students. I am willing that Notre Dame should be judged by that test. You do not expect extravagant words from me. I tell you that, whether we consider work or conduct, the students of Notre Dame are the best body of college men in America. Men think of college students as immersed in athletics and indifferent to study. I tell you that the members of our football team not only carry a full day's work of classes, but nearly all of them carry extra studies, and nearly all have a general average of between eighty-five and ninety per cent. People think of college men as carousing or roistering. I say that our students are clean and wholesome and decent and religious men, incomparably above the average within or without college. Men think of students as addicted to lawlessness and laziness; there is no school in America where there is so much innocent freedom coupled with so little lawlessness and idleness. To you, therefore, is due praise and congratulation on this day.

Finally, the spirit of union between Faculty and students is a joy in the present and a happy augury for the future. Let us of the Faculty consecrate ourselves anew to the exaltation of Alma Mater, the education and happiness of Christian youth, and the glory of Almighty God. Let every student pledge himself to receive gladly the high and holy lesson of science and sanctity for which this venerable University stands. We are assembled here not as men assemble in a theatre, separate and apart, but as

children of a great family to whom each of us owes a duty of service and affection and devotion. Let us be loyal to duty, to each other and to Alma Mater, that, spending our days in innocence and in honest labor, we may find happiness and merit and receive the blessing of Almighty God.

Presentation of David Garrick

The full flowering of President's day is seen in the annual dramatic performance in Washington hall. Tuesday at 2 p. m. there was the usual gala-day overflow audience assembled in our local theatre to witness the sayings and doings of Mr. David Garrick, friend of Edmund Burke, "Goldie," the gossipy Mr. James Boswell, and our dear old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson. It was this same Mr. Garrick, by the way, that mimicked Dr. Samuel's clumsy attempts at lovemaking with that estimable lady, Mrs. Johnson, much to the mirth of the coffee house coterie. But that's neither here nor there,— "the play's the thing."

"David Garrick," as presented Tuesday last by Mr. Koehler's dramatic class, proved a delightfully successful performance. The play itself is not a triumph of plot-construction; withal the story runs sufficiently under surface to keep one guessing at the whereabouts. Moreover, there is a healthy moral, properly emphasized, not poorly preached.

David Garrick, as done by Mr. Leon Gendron was no Ralph Roister Doister person, you may be sure. The word *reserve* best sums up his reading. Even when he played the drunken scene he seemed to realize that in playing drunk one must still be a gentleman. Quite so, for such was David Garrick from all accounts.

Mr. George McCoy took good care of Mr. Ingot. He was one of the characters that *grew* with the reading. After all, Ingot is more than a mere tea-merchant, ignorant of the finer things of life. He is a rare old gentleman, who appreciates a man once he has read him aright.

Mr. Joseph Stack as Squire Chivy showed a carefully studied conception of his lines. A like criticism is due to Messrs. Cuning, Ryan, and Murphy for clever presentation of those highly developed personalities with highly impersonal names, to wit, "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Brown," "Mr. Jones." Mr. Lenihan and Mr. Langan had to do such weighty soliloquies as "Me Lud, a visitor!" But "Some must follow and some command." Anyhow it

is a compensation for these future stars to know that little as they had to do "they did that little largely." We had almost forgotten that winged Mercury, Mr. McConnell, who gave the prologue. He was quite ethereal and created a hush even up in the Carroll hall section.

Some say the delightful Ada was rather too serene, as presented by Mr. Birder. Yet four-fifths of the charm of the character resulted from this very serenity. Vivacity can readily become volubility. We are inclined to adhere to Mr. Birder's reading.

Mr. Rockne gave a sufficiently large presentation of Mrs. Smith; moreover, he did what many in a like position must surely have failed to do—held himself in wholesome restraint. It is better for the actor to let the audience see the possibilities of a character rather than attempt to present the improbabilities. Restraint summarizes Mr. Rockne's rendition. Mr. Scott in his Araminta Brown showed want of polish, which comes only after numerous drills. When it is remembered that after all, Araminta, as presented by Mr. Scott, received a sum total of three rehearsals, one cheerfully makes all manner of concessions.

It seems like taking coals to Newcastle to extend words of praise to the dramatic director, Mr. Charlemagne Koehler. He is a clever craftsman in his profession and penetrates beyond surface seeing. He has a high conception of his art and naturally aims to give his students appreciation, insight and breadth of view. In a school like Notre Dame, the aim should be for the legitimate in dramatic presentation. Burnt-cork comedians and air-dome joke-makers may consider the age of the useful and the instructive drama as past. It is scarcely past however, for there are still people enough left to note that a buck-and-wing dancer does not have to exercise a vast surface of gray matter in the performance of his tricks.

Brother Cyprian and his able corps of assistants deserve a large mete of credit for the successful staging of the play. The entire setting of "David Garrick" is due to these silent workers who receive no "prolonged applause" from the audience. All told, "David Garrick" stands high among Notre Dame stage productions, and considering what has been done here, surely this is not faint praise.

P. J. C.

Society Notes.

The PHILOPATRIANS.

The program presented at the last meeting was exceptionally good. Vincent Scully gave "Mrs. Brindell's Music Lesson" in fine style. Leroy Lang's imitation of a girl fishing was very amusing. "Iseldorf and the Water-pipe," the selection of Sylvester Vyzral, was well done. "Deacon Adam's Son," written in Yankee dialect, brought out the fact that John Welsh has some dramatic ability. Nor must we forget William Loftus. His description of a pathetic incident of the life of Parepa Rosa would have done credit to a much older boy.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

A very interesting meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held last Saturday evening. Mr. Kirk read a paper on Force and Energy. He stated that force and energy were perfectly distinct. He showed that when work is done on a body, so as to increase its available energy, the quantity of work done is equal to the gain in energy. By giving examples such as the pile driver and water stored behind a dam, Mr. Kirk proved his statement, and concluded by defining energy as the power of doing work, and force as the space rate for transferring energy.

At a subsequent meeting on Wednesday evening four instructive papers were read: one by Mr. Kane on "The History of Civil Engineering;" one by Mr. Saravia on "The Development of the Natural Resources of a Country;" one by Mr. P. Sterns on "Creasoted Wood Paving Blocks," and the last by Mr. Marcille on the "Phenomena of Sunken Bodies."

THE REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On last Tuesday evening, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Holy Cross Missionary Society assembled in the Seminary recreation room to give honor to the patron of Foreign Missions and to demonstrate their sympathy and admiration for foreign missionaries and their zeal for this excellent cause. Among the invited guests were Rev. Father Morrissey, Rev. Fathers French, Boyle, Donahue, and Corcoran of the Holy Cross Missionary Band, and Fathers Carroll, Foik, Walsh, Irving, Lennartz and Hagerty. An interesting and unique program was presented. Mr. Allan Heizer presided and opened the program with a cordial

welcome to the invited guests. Mr. J. P. Miner read a short story full of thought and interest, entitled "When Santy Came." A solo by F. B. Remmes, masterfully rendered, charmed the audience into a hush of appreciation. Two serious essays, written in conjunction, by Messrs. F. X. Strassner and F. Kehoe, discussed the preparation of an aspirant to missionary work and the characteristic self-sacrifice of a missionary priest. Mr. W. J. Burke recited "The Traitor's Death," exhibiting good elocutionary powers. As is customary, the best intellectual treat was reserved for the last. Father Donahue, a member of our mission band, spoke eloquently on the subject, "The Missionary Spirit." Very Rev. Father Morrissey paid an encouraging tribute to the work accomplished by the society, and to Father Irving, the superior of the Seminary, and promised his support and sympathy to the cause of missionary endeavor. Rev. Father French spoke briefly but forcibly in approval of the society's ambition. The orchestra contributed considerably to the success of the evening. Refreshments were served, and the meeting, pronounced by all a great success, was adjourned.

Important Notice.

The Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, Attorney-General of Ohio, will address the University this Saturday evening at 7:30 on the subject of "Good Government." Attorney-General Hogan has won international repute through the prosecution of graft in Ohio. His lecture will be a great treat.

Personals.

—Some of those whose presence made last Tuesday's celebration a success:

Rt. Rev. Bishop Allerding of Ft. Wayne, Dr. Morrissey, Very Rev. John Guendling, Peru, Ind., Rev. Fr. J. Walsh, Three Oaks, Mich., Rev. F. Clarson, Paw Paw Mich., Mr. J. M. Studebaker, Mr. J. D. Oliver, Hon. M. W. Mix, Mishawaka, Hon. William P. O'Neil, Lieutenant Governor-elect, Mishawaka, Judge Timothy Howard, Judge G. A. Farabaugh, Mr. C. H. Fassett, editor of the South Bend News, Mr. J. B. Stoll, Rev. Dr. Rivard, C. S. V., Rev. John Thillman, C. S. C., Rev. Dr. Marion, O. P., Mr. W. A. McInerney, Capt. R. Stogsdall, U. S. A., Mr. Marvin Campbell, Mayor Charles Goetz of South Bend, Rev. John De Groote, C. S. C., Messrs. P. O'Brien, F. S. Fish, D. Guilfoyle, and D. Shively.

—Jovial "Bill" Hayden (M. E. '12) called

on friends at Notre Dame last week. The engineering department of the Western Electric Company, at Chicago, claims most of Will's time.

—Charles H. Johnson (M. E. '08) is Second Engineer on the United States Revenue Cutter, *Unolga*, which is now touring the world. Charlie writes us from Port Said, Egypt. He is on his way to Alaska and will stop at various Mediterranean ports.

—Thomas A. Barry, our very successful and popular football coach of '06-'07, has recently become a partner in the law firm of Crane, Monroe, and Barry. The new firm have their offices at 87 Weybosset Street, Providence, Rhode Island. If Tom handles the law as successfully as he handled the team—and we feel sure that he will—there will be a harvest of great results for him.

Calendar

Sunday, Dec. 15—Walsh Hall Reception to the Faculty and the Football Teams.

Monday—Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.

Finals in the Breen Medal Orations, Washington hall, 7:30 p. m.

Carroll Eucharistic League, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Meeting of the Indianapolis Club, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday—Horatio Connell bass-baritone recital, Washington hall, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Christmas Vacation begins at noon.

Local News.

—The Minims are ready and waiting for winter. Their toboggan slide is up and they are watching for signs of snow.

—Another pioneer has fallen. Dominic did it with his little axe. It was one of those grand old pines in front of Science hall.

—Father Carroll has established a Soccer team in St. Edward's hall and the boys are already practising and expect to develop an excellent team.

—Found!—a sum of money. Brother Alphonsus has the ducats and he will turn them over to the man that remembers what they looked like, where he lost them, and why he didn't go back after them.

—The Walsh preps held their annual football banquet at the Oliver Hotel last Saturday night. Father McNamara and Coach Baujan were the speakers of the evening. The banquet was a fitting close to a very successful season.

—Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, we are happy to announce, is once more with us at Notre Dame. Father O'Neill's misfortunes—which came not singly—deprived us for a long time of his cheery presence. He is with us now, we hope, to stay.

—St. Edward's hall, adhering stoutly to its old traditions, celebrated President's Day on Monday last. Solemn high mass was sung by Father Cavanaugh at 8:00 a. m. In accordance with a delightful custom, the little fellows gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Faculty, the feature of the day being an address delivered by Master Walter Herbert.

—Another art collection has reached us from the Chicago Art Institute, and is now on exhibition in the University Library. The collection that until recently was on view in the Library was donated to the art department of the University by Mr. French of the Art Institute. The Makielski pictures, in which so much interest was manifested, are now at St. Mary's.

—“Is that nice looking chap in moleskins enthroned on the top of the world our old friend Capt. Dorais?” Yes, and it is an excellent example of college art.” “Who is the artist?” “Bernard Lange, sometime artist-in-chief for the SCHOLASTIC and the *Dome*. ‘Dutch’s’ work with the pen and crayon has been the main stand-by for local editions for the last three years. He has gone but has not, and is not, forgotten.

—Recent news items from the Chicago Live Stock Fair inform us that Brother Leo, assistant steward of Notre Dame, has been declared first winner of two different entries—first the finest pen of cattle, and second, the finest three year old Herfords. Two blue ribbons, three hundred dollars in prize money, and a great deal of approving comment on his pet farming theories made that shipment of cattle to Chicago a good business deal for Brother Leo.

—The Walsh Preps are busy at basketball. Under the skilful guidance of Manager Langan, who brought them through the football season so successfully, they have developed as fast a little team as you will find within the limits of the U. A heavy game is scheduled with Hullhouse juniors of Chicago this week. If these juniors can make baskets like their senior predecessors, whom old members of our junior

teams have good reason to remember, our Preps are justified in practising early and late.

—Died—at the post of his duty, Sharp Fang, official guardian of the Wine cellar and the Butcher shop, noted rat-catcher, and blue-ribbon worrier of automobiles. His teeth stuck in the rubber tire, and, before he could let go, his tail was flattened out, his ears bent, and his back broken. He was foolish, but we will miss him.

—Speaking of cold weather, the present frigid wave is certainly making up for its delay in coming, and its victims are daily migrating to the Infirmary in squads and companies, giving that same old hostelry the appearance of a war hospital after a Pyrric victory. Look out for the old king Winter—the Bluebeard of the North. Guard against his insidious approach! Let him not lay his icy hand upon your uncovered head, or press his rheumy lips against your adam's-apple. If you do, he will soon cut your head off with sneezes.

—Once again Walsh is to entertain. Next Sunday evening is the date set for the revival of the old spirit. On that night a vaudeville entertainment will be given to the Varsity and Interhall football teams, the Faculty, and invited guests. After the play there will be an informal smoker, and refreshments will be served. This spirit, begun by Walsh last year, has lain dormant so far this semester, but on Monday all the old stars are booked to appear again, and will beyond doubt come back with renewed energy, and all the better for their long rest.

—We never fully realized what high class students our gridiron heroes really were until informed by Father Cavanaugh, in his address in Washington hall last Tuesday that all of them are carrying heavy bills of studies and that their general average ranges from eighty-five to ninety percent. He surprised us somewhat and delighted us a great deal more. Here is proof positive of two important points: that the maintenance of a band of hired gladiators is not necessary for a successful athletic department, and that athletics are not necessarily a detriment to earnest successful study.

—The "Senior Preps" is a new class organization that is about to make its debut into Notre Dame society. The purpose of this society is two-fold. First, to bring the students of the prep graduating class together, so that they will not be in ignorance as to who is in their

class, and secondly, to push the preparatory athletics to a success.

Although the society proper is open only to those men who intend to graduate from the preparatory department this year, the athletic part is open to all the prep students of the University.

Athletic Notes.

ROCKNE TO LEAD OUR ELEVEN IN 1913.

At the annual post-season football banquet held at the Oliver hotel last Tuesday evening, the warriors of the gridiron met to enjoy an evening together and to elect a man to lead the gold and blue in football next year. Knute Rockne of Chicago was the choice of the voters. Raymond Eichenlaub received the next largest number of votes and is the assistant captain. The captains were elected by the following men: Dorais, Eichenlaub, Berger, Pliska, Crowley, Rockne, Yund, Harvat, Fitzgerald, Jones, Feeney, Finnegan, Gushurst, Lathrop, who are monogram winners for 1912, and Larkin, Kelleher, Cook, Stevenson, and Nowers who received honorable mention for their services on the field.

A NEW COACH COMING.

Coach Jack Marks—hard it is to say—has severed his connection with N. D. athletics. Next season he will take up some one of the dozen fine offers made to him. From now on the coaching system at Notre Dame will be greatly modified. There will be but one coach for all Varsity athletics. Mr. Jesse C. Harper, a Chicago University man and coach of the Wabash eleven for the last four years, will coach and manage football, baseball, basketball, and track. Mr. Harper will begin his work next September.

BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS WITH VICTORY.

The 1912-13 basketball season was auspiciously opened by Capt. Feeney and his five Friday night, Dec. 13, when Lewis Institute of Chicago went down before our men in the tune of 38-5. Kenny was the most accurate, but Granfield and Cahill also tossed the ball in mid-season form. The superb passing was the feature of the game; every man comes in for praise in this department. The careful guarding of Capt. Feeney and Nowers is attested by the two lonely baskets secured by the visitors. The second five battled the second half and more than held their own.