

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

No. 15.

Little Lord Jesus.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

IN the crib that heavenly night,
Tiny lambs with fleece like snow,
Found Thee, lying robed in white,—
Round Thy Baby Head a glow,
Puer Jesu, Domine!

Were the sheep by shepherd's hand
Lifted through the stable bars,
That in wonder they might stand
Before the Babe who made the stars?

Puer Jesu, Domine!

All the shepherds drawing near
Knelt adoring silently,
Seeing in Thine eyes the clear
Skies of an eternity,

Puer Jesu, Domine!

And that white-souled shepherd boy,
Who the stable path had trod,
Folded to his heart with joy
Thee, the little Lamb of God?

Puer Jesu, Domine!

The Singer of Engaddi.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

THE winter twilight was closing in over the hills that lay above Bethlehem. A little while before, the west had burned with amber and pearl as the light had died from the sky, but now the hills were darkening, and above them the quiet stars were gathering.

He stood there in the dusk on the hillside,—hardly more than a boy in the rough clothes of a shepherd,—his face turned to the skies, his golden hair blown about by the wind, and his young eyes gazing afar. The twilight deepened, the distant line of hills on the horizon faded into the darkness, and the wind came over the slopes like the breath of an old desire long since burned dead. It stirred the youth's hair, the color came and went from his cheeks, his pulse throbbed, and then, as

he glanced toward the skies, he remembered.

Back in his childhood days in the hills about Engaddi, he had stood by her side,—his widowed young mother. When evening came, with her, he had folded his little hands and together they had prayed to the God of Israel. With loving intensity she had held him close to her mother's heart. She was from the House of David, and in her son's veins did not the same priceless current of the Royal Line flow? Early the boy had sung those old tragic strains of the Kingly Poet; his slender fingers had trembled above the psaltery of God when he woke that strange, unearthly music. Then when he had mused alone, psaltery in hand, the tears had sprung unbidden to his boyish eyes; and he, the young Hebrew, had longed for the things that were to come,—

"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept when we remembered Sion:

"On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments. For there they that

led us into captivity required of us the words of songs.

"But how shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. . . ?"

Again, as the memory rose in him, the uncalled tears came. On the hillside lay his sheep, close together in the indistinct darkness. On the opposite slope, three shepherds, his friends, kept the night watches over their flocks. He raised his eyes again. Far away the deep vault of the night burned with an unnumbered multitude of stars, gathering row on row in silent and awful splendor.

The wind had grown cooler now. The boy roused himself, picked up a few pieces of firewood, and struck flame to them. He drew his rough blanket about him, and sat down by the little fire to watch out the night. For a few moments the burning wood blazed up brightly, then gradually sank lower and lower to a small heap of glowing ashes. He looked away toward the town, where the cheerful lights gleamed out into the darkness. From the distant streets came the sounds of voices and music where the crowds were turning civil duty into an occasion for festivities. The lad knew the city was overcrowded; every house was joyfully receiving its own, every inn was filled to overflowing. His heart grew sick at the thought that all those numbers beneath the yoke of Caesar, that all those throngs, were kept in order by Roman legions. The foreigner possessed the land; the legions moved about on all sides; a praetor kept God's people in servitude.

Engaddi was lost in the dimness now. His young mother lay in the grave, and he was alone. One spring a merchant, travelling to Jerusalem for the Passover, had offered to take him along on the journey. For the first time the happy miles were passed, and on the last day of the festival, he had waited in the temple courts among worshipers from all Judea. The orphan lad, with eyes full of wonder, had stood in the men's court and seen the rich veil of the Temple move slightly to and fro, when the high-priest with the sacred incense had entered the Holy of Holies. Then he had turned aside, and wandered out through the streets until night came on.

The next morning (he clenched his young hands at the remembrance), a Roman soldier had found him asleep on a doorstep, and attracted by the golden-haired little figure,

had brought him back to the barracks. At once he became the idol of the legion. He ate and slept at the barracks, he lived with them; he sang them the strange, plaintive songs of his native Hebrew; while they, in turn, had vowed to keep him with them, had gallantly drunk to him, and in a burst of enthusiasm named him the little "King of the Barracks."

And then, O God of Israel, what had he done? He had feverishly cast off the simple Jewish tunic, when they had offered him the bordered toga and the golden bulla. And so he had gone on for two years. And then one day the tides of repentance had moved within his soul. The next morning the "king" of the Barracks had disappeared, and all that told the reason of his departure were the abandoned toga and bulla found outside the tribune's door.

Then there had followed those terrible days wandering about the hills beyond Jerusalem, with a little food begged by day and no roof at night but the stars. At last he had come up with this company of shepherds. Poor though they were, they had taken him in and given him their hospitality, and so to-night he sat here on the dark hillside by this dying fire, guarding a few of their sheep.

The wind had died down, the voices and the music had long passed on the night. The lights were darkened, and the town lay peacefully asleep. Only the cold stars remained, silently drifting down the breathless heights of the heavens as the long hours wore on. The first memories woke again.

"Oh God, how long will it be!" and the lad clasped his hands in an agony of sorrow and longing.

"How long will Thou feed us with the bread of tears, and give us for our drink tears in measure.

"Have we not desired and hoped that Thou wouldst come, that Thou wouldst send forth Thy Christ? How long? . . . How long? . . .

The youth roused himself and stood up. During the night a light fall of snow had come, and now the dawn was just breaking. He looked anxiously where the sheep lay huddled together. But some were missing, but the trodden snow marked the way they had taken in their wanderings. Then he noticed the flocks and shepherds gone from the opposite hill. He left his own quiet flock, and followed the path the lost

ones had taken. Over the crest of one hill he went, and yet another.

Then, as he paused before ascending the third, he saw where the track led,—to a broken-down stable, glowing against the sky. There were the shepherds at the doorway, there were the sheep he sought. Beyond was a Child with his Mother. The boy's step hastened, his full heart throbbed with joy. Now he was in the stable, and had thrown himself on the straw before the Infant whom his soul knew. His lips were speechless, but his heart throbbed with song,—

"Thou wert to me, O love, a cluster of cypress in the vineyards of Engaddi,

"And now I have found Thee, and I will not let Thee go. . . . I will not let Thee go!"

Prepare His Way.

BY MATTHEW A. COYLE.

THE night was still, and earth's sharp wintry wind
Folded its icy cloak not all unkind,
About a beast that through the village went
Bearing a Maid who shelter was refused,
But whom the Lord, the God Omnipotent,
Upbore and in Her heart His grace diffused.
Then lo! ere skies were shadow-lit with dawn,
Into the world came forth of Virgin's womb
The Christ, Our Saviour, He who had withdrawn
Himself from Paradise to lift man's doom.

Sound loud, O minstrelsy of pagan birth,
For doomed is ancient unbelief's sad mirth.
A God is born! No more shall sin hold sway
And dominate weak man. For He shall come
Who with a hand more strong than light of day
Shall strike your wearied harp, and strike it dumb.
O Priest and Sage, give keenest warning this;
Aye, trumpet loud and long His glorious birth,
For unto us who oft have been remiss
Is born a King of Heaven and of Earth.

Arise, O slumbering spirit, worn and weak,
Throw off all fetters great and strong, and seek
The Infant Babe whom Advent at her close
Thus gladly brings. Rouse up from cares of earth
And watch the night with lamps atrim. Repose
In long and patient vigils void of mirth;
Seek Him again with chastened mind and will;
Prepare His way! Make haste! for lo! 'tis meet,
His dawn is trembling on the Eastern hill,
And all the world is listening for His feet.

Heaven on Earth.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

THE sweetest music ever heard—
By human ear on earth,
Came down from heaven long ago
At the Infant Saviour's birth.

And the brightest lights that ever glowed
On any land or sea,
There, at the crib in Bethlehem,
Shone round the Holy Three.

Dan Cupid and Alexander Bell.

BY DELMAR J. EDMONDSON.

HELLO! Hello! What th'—Hello!"
"The Kaiser seems peeved this morning."
"Oh, you're there, are you? I thought maybe you were taking a day off to get married."

"Oh no, nothing like that—not yet anyway."

"Gee! what a relief it is to hear you say that."

Then Miss Hart's laughter rippled over the wire and played on the heartstrings of the listener at the other end.

The above, with frequent variations conformed to the time of the year or the condition of the weather, is an example of the conversations indulged in by the *Times'* correspondent and the Goddess of the Telephone. Miss Hart presided at the switch-board and received the news from a neighboring city, a center for the Associated Press. And, as it happened, the representative of that institution who forwarded the latest bits of universal gossip was a man. What more natural than that a vocal friendship should spring up between these two agents of the Fourth Estate? Cupid has as little respect for distance as he is reputed to have for Locksmiths. And because the information which he sent each morn across the land to her pink ear invariably had to do with the kings of Europe and their martial goings-on, Miss Hart had dubbed the correspondent: "Kaiser."

Each day the routine of reporting and tabulating the number of nurses shot the day before, or the number of towns and carrier pigeons taken, was preceded by a certain

amount of byplay, not even remotely related to war or warlike subjects. Even the most important stories of how the Germans lost a thousand men in advancing an inch were interlarded with questions relative to Miss Hart's favorite movie actor, or whether she preferred Coca Cola to Pluto Water. The correspondent would have turned the telephoning job over to an under man had he not been jealous of that alluring voice and its witty remarks. It took but a few moments of his time and he enjoyed the persiflage, so why not keep it up?

"Are you doing your Christmas shopping early?" asked he.

"Oh yes, indeed. I've invested in all the old stand-bys. Slippers for father, stationery and the other indispensables."

"You believe in useful gifts then?"

"To give, yes; but not to receive."

"I'll remember that." And she laughed again.

"I'll tell you what I want from you for Christmas," he continued.

"Why really, I'll be delighted to get the tip."

"I want a picture of yourself."

"Oh never! Do you think I want to bring our friendship to a sudden end?"

"I'm not afraid of that."

The next remark the young lady heard was distinctly in the nature of a departure from the trend of the ones that had preceded it.

"Miss Hart! Let me call your attention to the fact that we don't employ you to exchange pleasantries over the phone with that light-headed young fellow. Nothing but business during business hours please."

Thus spoke the Editor-in-Chief. But not satisfied with pointing out her faults in general he must needs go on and give concrete examples.

"A certain amount of such stuff is all right, but it's time to draw the line when your printed copy comes to my desk with such stuff as this in it: 'The Kaiser may pertinently ask: Did you see Mary Pickford in Rags.' Please be more careful and less gracious in the future."

The gleam of amusement in Miss Hart's eyes might have been supplanted by something not quite so friendly had the Editor been less pleasing to look upon. It's not hard to be tolerant of irascibility when the offender is young and handsome. Besides it struck her as rather funny that a chap of his age should be calling anybody else a "light-headed young fellow." But she knew what it was that had

acted on his disposition as heat acts on milk. What could it possibly be but disappointment in love? Few things so embitter a man as that; and no bitterness is so complete as the forced hopelessness of the youth. Not even the most profound pessimist of numbered years is so lacking in faith as the swain whose heart has been returned to him with a: "Much obliged, but I have no use for it." Once the fruits of first love have been denied to him he morosely decides that old Mother Earth has nothing further to offer; he looks at the sun and sees only the dark spots in it. Toward the fair sex he maintains a chivalrous aloofness that plainly says: "Don't waste your blandishments on me. I may be young in years, but oh, the experience I have had! I know women as no other does." Life means nothing to him; he holds on to it merely for his dear old mother's sake. Fortunately for the world at large, the length of these periods of despond varies directly with their profundity.

Thus it was with the Editor-in-Chief. His amorous aspirations had not been well placed. He had "hitched his wagon" to Halley's Comet. The maiden of his choice had not believed in Reciprocity as far as he was concerned any more than Canada did. She could not return his love; and to make matters worse she did not return his gifts. If she had perhaps the affair would not have affected him so lamentably. However, there was nothing for him to do but drown his sorrow, or rather, *forget her*, as the first course would have meant aquatic murder. Now, the one unfailing resource of Man in such cases, according to all our best novelists, is Work, constant and absorbing. Thus to be always uping and doing was the Editor's only relief. Not only that, but what is more to the point, for a man to display any interest, other than that of stern necessity, in matters feminine meant for the displayer to be branded in his eyes as a credulous simpleton; and words cannot express the contempt in which he held lovers. Therefore, knowing of his unsuccessful suit as she did, (the disdainful one had taken care to put in circulation the news of her latest conquest), and having a fair understanding of the masculine species, Miss Hart could excuse the Editor's shortcomings along the lines of sociability.

The next morning the Correspondent had something to say about Miss Hart's "boss."

"It seems to me, from what I could make

out of his remarks yesterday, that he must be somewhat of a crab."

As the vilified person was not within hearing distance Hiss Hart answered quite freely.

"I like him that way. It takes a brainy man to be grumpy once in a while. Only a fool is always good-natured."

"Oh!" Never again thereafter did he broach her employer as a topic of conversation.

One day about a week later, while Miss Hart was out to lunch the phone rang sharply several times. The Editor answered it without any visible manifestations of impatience despite its repeated jangling summons. He had reached that stage of recovery where his impressive brusqueness was dropped when no one was about to witness it.—"Hello!"

"This is the Associated Press man talking. I want to ask you a few questions about the young lady who takes the news from me. I like her voice and I thought I'd like to know her."

"Well, I'll be——!"

"Sounds kinda foolish, don't it?"

"Does it?"

"Is she single?"

"Yes."

"Is she—uh—good-looking?"

"I've seen worse!"

"You have?"

"Not much worse."

"That's not very encouraging."

"Well, in justice to Miss Hart I suppose I ought to tell you that she's a very presentable young lady. Medium height,—slender,—black hair,—black eyes,—pink cheeks,—very dainty, neat dresser,—good taste. I can't say that I ever noticed her very closely though."

"No? It seems to me that you must have taken several good looks at her."

"Umph!"

"Well, thanks, I'm very much satisfied with your report. Sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

"Er—wait a minute."

"Yes?"

"Don't tell Miss Hart—that I—er—what I said about her."

"All right, I won't," laughed the other. "Good-bye."

The Editor-in-Chief grunted. "Damn fool!"

The Correspondent did come to know more of Miss Hart. Having arranged matters with her previously, he came to the city one afternoon and called at the *Times*' office. It was

evident from his actions that the young lady met with his entire approval. Subsequently the newspaper force saw much of him. He dropped in often and stayed long. The Editor, however, always hung out the "My Busy Day" sign on the occasion of such visits. Miss Hart came to work wearing beautiful bouquets; Miss Hart's desk began to hold boxes of enticing candy; messenger boys made oft-repeated visits to the office with packages. As the janitor expressed it: "That guy was just more'n goin' with 'er."

Now it is a well-known fact of economics that the greater the demand for a thing the greater its value becomes. Probably the working of this law was the primary factor in the alteration of the Editor's estimate of Miss Hart. To have a real live man very actively courting the maiden opened his eyes to her complete attractiveness. As time went on he found his attitude of rigid indifference becoming harder to maintain. He began to think of her less and less as a cog in the machinery that turned out his great daily; and more and more as a very human, very charming American girl.

He suddenly discovered that no one could take dictation half so well as she. He therefore fell into the habit of postponing his letter-writing until such time as Miss Hart would be free from her news-receiving duties. Often while the two were getting out the correspondence a pause in the flow of the Editor's words would lead Miss Hart to look up, and like as not she would find him glancing at her in a very embarrassing manner. At such times her lashes would drop hastily, her face grow pink, and her pencil move frantically across the pad, writing absolutely nothing. Again he might be gazing off into space like a veritable aerial carpenter engaged in erecting a very complicated castle. On one such occasion, just as he was reaching land after a period of day-dreaming, he found himself repeating the words:

"She's distractingly pretty."

"I—I beg your pardon!"

"I say—my distraction is a pity. Too bad I can't keep my mind on my work."

"Yes, it is," she murmured.

Miss Hart was very careful to be most reserved while in the Editor's presence. She suspected with cause that the slightest advances on her part would be taken for cunning machinations, and that he would promptly place her in a class with Delilah.

More than ever now it grated on the Editor to hear the operator carrying on frivolous conversations with the "Kaiser" over the phone. But the cause which gave rise to his feelings on the matter was not the thought of lost time; rather was it real jealousy. But he gritted his teeth, and forced himself to say nothing further to her about it.

Time passed; December came; Christmas approached. On the Wednesday afternoon preceding the great holiday, Miss Hart softly entered the Editor's office and walked over to his desk. He was acutely aware of her trim form standing beside him but he rustled violently among his papers, and used the rubber stamp several times before looking up.

"Well, Miss Hart, what is it?"

"If it isn't asking too much, sir," she replied with sweet timidity, "I'd like to have to-morrow and Friday off."

"What in the world will we do for our war news without you?"

"Oh, the armies will probably rest over Christmas. I'm sure you can get along, sir. Besides it's a *very* important matter."

"Ah now, I know you just want to do your Christmas shopping."

"Oh, really it's more important than that."

"Well—you'll be back to work Monday?"

"Oh, yes."

"All right, then, Miss Hart."

"Thank you, very much."

As she whisked out the Editor reflected that she needn't have been in such a hurry. She might have shown her gratitude by tarrying long enough to thank him at greater lengths.

Now, the vision of the young lady not being present to fill his consciousness, something else must perform the office. And that something else was Disquieting Suspicion. As he thought it over the Editor became uncomfortably certain that he had heard the sound of wedding bells in the ring of Miss Hart's voice. Without a doubt she was quitting to get married! That Correspondent had become decidedly habitual with her lately, and now the matrimonial climax had come. She had said the affair was "more important than Christmas shopping." Well, he could agree with her on that all right.

But why should these reflections have such a deadening influence on his sensibility? Of course any displeasure he would experience at her marriage would be that of an employer in losing a perfectly good assistant. That office would

never see her again. But why couldn't she have dropped that two days off stall, and been perfectly frank about the matter? It wasn't possible that she imagined she was sparing his feelings. Great Scott! did she presume to believe he was in *love* with her? Well, he'd be darned if these women weren't just exactly alike. All of 'em!

It was not until the next day that he realized how much he missed her. What a dreary sort of a Sahara a newspaper office could be, anyhow. Only when the right girl bloomed in its midst did the atmosphere assume that rose tint which lovers and dreamers alone can know. But alas! the Editor-in-Chief had not appreciated the beauty of the flower till another hand had culled it. He did not now attempt to deny to himself that he loved his attractive ex-operator—loved her thoroughly and hopelessly. He began to wonder if it would have availed him any had he discovered the state of his affections earlier.

"I should say not!" he answered himself. "You're not much of a heart-breaker, goodness knows! In love twice. The first time, too anxious; the second, not anxious enough. Ho-hum, the unluckiest day of my life was sure the day I was born."

When somehow the day had passed, as days will do, the Editor, feeling restless and uneasy, hied him forth to court forgetfulness among the crowds that infested the streets. The clouds that had cluttered the sky all day were giving up their burden at last, and the white flakes were doing their best to obscure the electric signs of the city as their nebulous source had hidden the sun. But the cheerful bright lights were not to be overcome and held their own intrepidly, inviting all and sundry to investigate the offerings of theatre and cabaret.

"Yeah, cabaret!" snorted the Editor to himself as he passed. "The way I feel to-night my cabaret limit would be that peanut stand there. Feast on peanuts and listen to the whistle blow."

But one cannot long remain in an atmosphere that is surcharged with Christmas spirit and remain immune from its spell. The prolétaire making his way afoot; the aristocrat wheeling by in his limousine; all breathed alike the holiday air. The seasonal joviality, impartial as the falling snow, filled each one with the happy abandon that "comes but once a year."

Brimming youth plied harried age with questions relative to the likelihood of Santa Claus presenting him with a motor truck, or something equally ambitious and impossible. Excited school girls, growing in sophistication, told each other between giggles what they had found in the closet back of the stairs, or perhaps under the bed in the spare room. Belated shoppers, in quest of gifts for relatives almost overlooked, peered into windows that offered multitudinous suggestions.

The Editor-in-Chief was beginning to enjoy his walk. Just to be in harmony with the spirit of the crowd he sauntered into a handy department store. It did his heart good to have the hurried shop-girls flirt mildly and murmur: "Something?" as he passed. He bought nothing simply because there was no one whose pleasure depended upon his investments. A bachelor at Christmas time is probably the most pathetic thing in existence.

When his mind again reverted to his troubles the Editor found that Hope, springing eternal in the human breast as is her wont, had once more instituted herself within a lightened heart. Perhaps he had been a little hasty in accusing Miss Hart of matrimony he decided. Monday morning would tell. He laughed inwardly as he thought how prematurely he has assigned the Correspondent to the uxorious class. Of course Miss Hart would be back to work!

Such is the potency of Yuletide cheer! Extreme measures like ghostly visitations thrice repeated are not necessary for miraculous changes. If Shakespeare had sent brooding Othello out to mingle among Christmas merry-makers, Desdemona might have died of old age between sheets and not of jealousy by sheets.

But alas! The Editor's assurance was only the offspring of his yearning. Alas for those jaunty steps that carried him to his office the following day. Alas that such a little piece of copy should appear at his desk as Archangel Michael and cast him from his paradise. Cruel was the hand that printed this:

"Miss Wilma Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hart of 125th Street, and Mr. Robert L. McCreery are to be united in marriage at the home of the former this evening."

Never was life better described than by the epigram which labels it: "One damn thing after another." Love, jealousy, hope, fear—states of consciousness following each other without cessation. From day to day we run

the gamut of experience like human roller-towels whirling back and forth in the hands of Fate.

Anger was the Editor's predominant sensation after he had read that hope-wrecking bit of news. Without a doubt Miss Hart had sent it in that he might see and be grieved. 125th Street, it said. That was his Miss Hart all right. Well, she surely had drawn the stopper from his joy cask and let it all escape. Another rejection slip from Editor Cupid; another humiliation to live down; that was all.

At lunch time, feeling that it was up to him as the late employer of the loved and lost one to honor her Christmas Eve nuptials, he ordered a cutlery set to be taken to her home. He remembered with satisfaction that gifts of knives are supposed to cut in twain the friendship of donor and recipient.

A sad, sad Christmas it was for the Editor-in-Chief. He spent the majority of his time thinking of another man's blushing bride; one moment blaming her (for what he wasn't quite sure); the next, bestowing divine forgiveness with praiseworthy magnanimity. Into the mental constitution which he drew up to govern his future actions he adopted resolutions to labor with increased vigor and to forget all about his unfortunate affairs of the heart. "It's not work I need, though," he told himself bitterly, "but some kind of an inoculation to keep me from making a fool of myself."

But so early did he arrive at the *Times*' building Monday morning that he found the office entirely deserted. His first move was to hang over his desk a motto which he had purchased on the way down town: "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." There was scant consolation in the words, but they reminded him that the writer must have had the experience himself. For a few moments he tried to give his attention to the morning mail, which consisted mostly of end-of-the-year bills. What a pleasant period it is when one receives so many tender, reminding letters from the various merchants about town concerning one's dealings with them in the recent past! Such uninteresting matter, however, could not long hold the distracted Editor while he could indulge in the doubtful pleasure of meditating morbidly and bemoaning his loveless lot.

Presently the door of his office opened and the office boy bustled in. But he halted hastily

on the threshold, mouth agape at the unexpected sight of "his nibs" on duty so early. Now the hands of the clock pointed to a period of time that was just one half hour past the moment which should have seen the lad's arrival there. The tardy one looked sheepishly at his employer, awaiting the reprimand which was to be expected from a disposition so acrid as he took the Editor's to be. But things were not as they once had been. The gaze of a changed man rested on the boy for a moment and then wandered sadly away. Whereupon the culprit promptly bustled out again.

"Gee whiz! wot's th' matter with him now?"

Just about the time the office-boy was sweeping the dirt of the second room very carefully under a cabinet-file, the door of the main office opened and closed once more. This time the Editor's astonished gray eyes met the deep black ones of Miss Hart.

"Good night! is he sending you to work?"

"Wha—a—t!"

"Your husband! Is he making you work already?"

"Why, what *are* you talking about?"

"Do you mean to say you weren't married Friday—Christmas Eve?"

"Oh gracious no!"

The Editor pulled from his pocket the announcement slip which he had fondly reserved as a stimulus for sweetly sad thoughts.

"What in the world does this mean then?"

"Oh," she laughed, "that's my sister. Wilma was married. That's why I took those days off."

"I didn't know—I supposed you were Wilma."

"My name is Patricia."

"I like that name."

Miss Hart paid no attention to this irrelevant remark, surprising as it was, coming from him.

"And here," she said reproachfully, "I was going to thank you for remembering my sister with that beautiful set."

Opportunity did not find the Editor drowsing. He was going to take no more chances.

"If I had known it was only your sister that was being married," he cried, "God knows I would have sent it with a lighter heart."

"Oh," faintly answered she.

"And your Correspondent friend—where is he?"

"Goodness, is that what you thought?"

"Why of course.—Don't you love him?"

"Oh, really sir, I—"

"Do you?"

"I—I suppose—No, I don't!"

"Why?" Miss Hart blushed painfully.

"It can't be—you don't mean—you care for me?"

Slowly her head drooped, and her lashes fell to hide the secret of her eyes.

"Miss Hart!"

How often before those words had left his lips with an intonation infinitely less pleasing.

"Pat dear! you know I love you."

And he took her in his arms. So what could Patricia do but sigh and lay her head upon his shoulder as though it were the most natural thing in the world; as though she had been making a practice of that very action for some time past?

"Won't you let me see your face by and by?"

She didn't wait till "by and by." A casual observer looking at them then might well have imagined that they were posing for the last few feet of a very romantic film.

Then: "I can't imagine what you see to love in a grumpy old thing like I am."

Again Patricia sighed.

"Neither can I," she said.

The Editor was doing pretty well for a late convert from the woman-hating sect.

"Heaven without you, dear, wouldn't have a thing on the other place. The other place with you would be Heaven."

"Why, the idea!"

"Ah, you know what I mean, dear. To think I didn't realize that I loved you till after you'd gone."

"Oh, mercy, I knew you did long ago."

"What a Christmas I put in thinking I had lost you! But we'll spend New Year's Day together—and 1916 and all the years after that."

Together they removed the "Loved and Lost" sign from over his desk.

Rose of the World.

ROSE of the World from Sharon's tree,
Sprang the dawn to fill,
With fragrance of eternity
And all its richness spill.

In a manger's straw one snowy morn
That pink bud burgeoned,
On a bleak hill by wild winds torn
It unfurled red, red, red.

S. S.

Darkness and Dawn.

BY FRANK WILLIAM HOLSLAG.

A LIVID ray of moonlight,
That was struggling with the storm,
Disclosed upon a dreary height,
A wretched, living form.
The lips were twitched in anguish,
And cramped was each blue hand;
While on each writhing feature
Was Misery's wierd brand.
The eyes were shut and swollen,
Contorted was each limb,
As if Misfortune in her wrath,
Had none to curse but him.

A flood of golden sunlight,
Shone on a corpse that lay
High on a mountain's azure height,
'Neath God's blue sky next day.
The eyes in death were open,
With gaze fixed straight above,
As if Angels floated downward
On rose-wove wings of love.
A hand lay lightly o'er the heart,
While from the face serene
A holy light seemed to impart
All radiance a-gleam.

A faint smile lingered 'round the lips
Which parted, seemed about to say,
"What are the toils of Life's long years
To Heaven's single day."

The Spirit of Christmas.

BY J. J. SULLIVAN.

IT was a very bare and gloomy little room. On one side the only window gave the fading light, and through its broken pane let in the biting cold of a winter evening. Here and there a small picture broke the awful monotony of the four dull walls.

"Feeling better, mother?" A child with hair like the sunlight was leaning over the indistinct outlines of a couch that had been drawn as far as possible from the window with its smashed glass. A huddled figure on the couch moved slightly:

"No—no better, child; I don't think I will ever be well again." A short pause, and then the voice from the couch—"What time is it, Helen?"

The golden head turned quickly and the serious blue eyes searched the face of a battered alarm clock that was propped upright against an open violin case on the table.

"It is nearly half-past five, mother."

"Oh, I'm so thirsty—and it's getting colder."

"I'll get you a glass of water." Helen crossed to the table and laboriously poured some water from a heavy pitcher into a cracked cup. Then with a world of gentleness and deftness that bespoke her one grown old while

still a child, she lifted the limp form of her mother and held the water to her lips.

"Shall I get the doctor, mother dear? Maybe he'll put you to sleep."

"Please, dear! If it wern't for you I'd be happy to go to my last sleep." The mother murmured the last words to herself and the child picked up an old violin and sitting near the couch she drew the bow across the strings. The mother watched her with intent eyes for a while, enraptured. Then slowly the lids were dropped! The 'doctor' was really very wonderful. Already the room had become quite dark. . . . A square of light was thrown on the ceiling from one of the street lamps below. It had begun to snow! Suddenly the child remembered. Yes—it was Christmas Eve! Tears crept down her cheeks and the melody, soft before now became more wonderfully soft and sadder than anything under the stars, unless it were those two great blue eyes with the tears that were framed in a mass of golden sunshine.

Far away from this little room there was another. Luxurious it was, after the manner of rooms in which most often one finds the wealthy man idling away his spare hours. It was a gentlemen's club. And this particular evening a heated but good-natured discussion was being carried on by a group of men in its most luxurious room.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I must say no!" Hobart, the famous violinist, was speaking with a show of finality that was felt by all present.

"But, Hobart, old fellow, why this madly quixotic journey, depriving us all of your company, and giving to yourself nothing but an uncomfortable night. Why, you are—"

"Oh! I know what you are going to say. But I must go. Wait," continued the musician, as one of the group began to interrupt, "I'll tell you why."

Hobart, was a middle-aged man with the kindly face and far-away eyes of the mystic.

"Five years ago," he began, "I left my wife and child in this city and journeyed to Paris to finish my study of music. We were both poor then, and I had dreams of wealth for us both. I was to be gone a year and I had saved enough to keep my wife until then. The year passed slowly and I had been hearing from my dear ones regularly; then suddenly and without warning I heard no more. I came to America immediately, but the flat which they had occupied was vacant. I was informed that they had been cast into the street, for they could not pay their rent. For more than four years I searched for them, and I am searching still. I have never forgiven myself for leaving them, and I have vowed that as long as I have any wealth left I will use it to help the poor. Perhaps in this way I may find them—I pray God I shall! To-night is Christmas Eve and I must start." He arose from his chair. "And if any of you wish to accompany me I will be more than pleased." Two of his hearers arose also.

"Come," said Hobart quietly. "It is nearly six, let us hurry." And he passed from the room followed closely by his two companions.

There is, far over on the East side of New York a dingy little street, narrow and crooked. To-night it was deserted save for three men who plowed along shoulder to shoulder through the steadily increasing snow. For an instant a crooked lamp, shining hazily through the flakes, lit up their half-hidden faces and their heavy bundles.

The grimy houses leaned tipsily out over the street, whispering horrible tales of poverty to one another and staring idiotically from sightless eyes—stark with madness and hunger. Then, whirled along the gale and riding

on the snowflakes, a melody that seemed to come from Heaven was borne to the ears of the lone trio in the street below, and with amazement and a sort of fearful reverence, they stopped, and stood still as statues, the snow falling about them unheeded. The strains continued. But oh, what a melody! Then something snapped in the brain of the musician Hobart, like a quiver of lightning.

"My God!" he cried. "My God!" and stumbled blindly toward the gaping hole which was a doorway. The feeble stairs creaked under him and his two friends followed wondering.

Hobart found a door, listened, and then burst into a room that was very small and had a window with a smashed pane.

The music ceased—a little girl with golden curls laid down an old violin and asked in wonder: "Who are you?"

The musician became calm. "Little girl," he asked kindly, "who taught you that piece?"

"Why, my father did when I was a very little girl. I love it!—I've never forgotten it, and I'm playing for poor mother now."

"And your father's name?" asked Hobart quickly taking a nervous step forward.

"Mr. Louis Hobart," answered the child; "but he is not alive now. Here's his picture!"

In a moment the great composer was on his knees beside the girl.

When the two friends wiped the tears from their eyes and looked again he was holding little Helen, his daughter, close to his heart.

"And your mother, Helen? Where is she?"

"She's still asleep, papa, over on the bed."

With a bound the man was stooping over the couch. Then a great sob that seemed to come from the very depths of his soul filled the room.

"Mary! my poor Mary!" and he buried his head on the blankets. "Too late! Oh God! just a second too late!" The great man, now humbled, knelt there and poured out his soul in sobs.

Through the broken window came the faint and sweet chimes of Christmas, from some far-off steeple, and with them they brought the spirit of Christmas!

The sobbing man arose, his face was wonderful in its happiness—

"But I've still got you little Helen," he cried lifting her up in his arms. "And we must both thank the King of kings whose birthday we will celebrate to-night."

Christus Venit.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY.

OUT of the darkness reigning on high
 A silver star appears in the sky,
 And from the earth is breathed the cry,
Christus venit!

Now it shines more clear than before,
 A sparkling gem in Heaven's jewelled floor,
 On angel's wings it seems to soar,
Christus venit!

It shines on the earth, all white down below,
 On the quiet sheep in the glistening snow,—
 On the shepherds who hasten, whispering low,
Christus venit!

And now it has stopped in the blackness of night,
 Surrounded by angels,—a heavenly sight,—
 Who sing in skies all a-blaze with light
Christus venit!

The Yellow Ticket.

BY ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

INTO Mary's home life had come a multitude of sorrows and sufferings but no regrets. Hers was a love that did not die out merely because John had found it hard to keep his job of the moment. She had pleaded with him to give up his drink and to curb his temper, but she could not refuse to forgive him for his drunken fits of passion, because John was a good husband, whenever he was sober. The people of the slums said that the Turners were cursed with five "kids." Mary knew that her life had been sanctified in the service of nine precious charges from the Great Father. Four of these He had taken back again before they had had the opportunity of knowing the pain and the poverty of their earthly home, but the five that remained were her great comfort and her solitary joy. Over their childhood she watched and prayed; for the success of their maturer years she planned and toiled.

John had not touched liquor for the past two weeks; the children were one by one recovering from the whooping cough; Mary herself could feel a tiny spark of hope kindling

in her mother heart. "This Christmas, mayhap, shall be a real Christmas for the children," she mused, "perhaps a Christmas without the empty stockings, perhaps a Christmas with a real sprig of holly and a painted toy for each of the kiddies! Oh, if I could only get James the roller skates that he wants so bad; and Charles the builder's set; and little John a train of cars," she enumerated, "and the twins, bless their little hearts, a pair of rubber dolls. I could pop and string some corn and maybe John can hold this job long enough to get a tiny tree."

In her hurried dream she could see it all worked out. She clasped her hands in the very joy of her growing expectation. For a day the three back rooms on the fourth floor of the Blevin's tenement should be lighted up with the real home joy that Mary had longed for ever since she had knelt at the altar twelve years before, at the start of her married life.

When Mary was thus idealizing her sordid home, husband John was toiling up the outside steps. In one hand he waved a snowy, empty pay envelope, with the other he grasped the railing. After much panting he pulled himself up to the first landing. Sweating from the hard work he began to swear. Between steps, if the entangled movements of his weighty feet might be called steps; he alternately cursed the man who invented stairways and racked his groggy brain for a fit epithet for this particular stairs. Five minutes more of puffing and John reached the second landing. Here he encountered a short level stretch of easy walking, past a row of second floor rear doors. He was half way home.

Then John saw something yellow on one of the doors. He had "seen things" before and "snakes" had no especial terror for his strong heart. Here, however, was a new creature. He stopped, tipped his dirty felt hat to it, and waited for a reply. The yellow thing began to dance, the door followed suit, and the whole building started a jig. John doubled up his fist and mumbled: "Stop it, damn you, stop it." Worse, however, than that of the eyes of a snake was the awful charm of this patch of yellow. It rocked from side to side, it grew in size, it eluded his grasp and then taunted him by jumping out at him. "Stand still," John cried, "I've had enough. I'll quit the whiskey, honest, honest—hic—honest!" There was no answer. Suddenly

this hideous yellow monster broke loose from its moorings and flew straight at John's throat. He fought it with nervous, cringing fingers, but the odds were all against him. Slowly it pushed him back from the door, then with a swift turning dash it forced him to face the slender railing. With a drunken scream of terror John made a lumbering dive to escape.

The crash aroused the packed neighborhood. Jams of hysterical women and bands of screaming, shivering children danced around the body that no one dared touch.

Mary reached the dirty courtyard just in time to hear the patrol bell. Some excited urchin had called the police instead of the ambulance. Seven burly bluecoats clubbed their way to the center of the crowd, expecting to find a "scrap" or a "drunk," but their expert eyes soon gazed on death. There was a momentary halt and silence, then the captain of the squad began to give his orders for the disposal of the body. Mary braced herself, broke through the crowd and touched the captain's arm. She bit her lips and pointed to the door of her "home." Mutely the seven followed her up the long climb bearing their ghastly burden. They laid that which had held John's soul upon the bed. The hands were still doubled into fists and when these were pried open a little piece of yellow cloth was found crumpled up in each of the heavy palms. Pieced together the yellow thing could be made out as a small pox notice from the Board of Health.

Again Mary's dream had vanished. For the moment an awful sense of helplessness crushed her. The day after the lonely funeral the children began to show symptoms of the dreaded epidemic and before the week had ended, she was quarantined with her brood of five. A little yellow flag was nailed to Mary's door. Patiently, yet as if in a trance, she nursed them all. Disease reinforced disgrace in the conquest of the Turners.

Mary did not rebel against the Creator of all things. She only fell on her knees and wept "Thy will be done." Tearfully, prayerfully she watched the chubby twins waste away. Delicate little John cried a little at times, but the older boys were brave. They remembered that it was Christmastide and they comforted one another with the hope that maybe Santa would bring them something fine. The children did not, could not, recognize the

Reaper, who had cut down their father and who was now beckoning them into his reach.

Death knocked at the door and roughly demanded his toll. Mary had to manage the siege alone. No city doctor offered his services in the fight, no soft-hearted grocer or butcher attempted to replenish the failing food supply, no city "neighbor" bothered herself about Mary. She was only a daughter of the poor, who had married one of the poor, and besides, her husband was known to have been a drunkard and a debtor. Only the fact that rent day was not yet come kept back the possibility of capitulation through eviction. Kindly, but blunderingly, the other roomers in Blevin's "flat" came to the window and offered to do what they could in the aid of the suffering, but Mary knew that they were little better off than she and that they had long hours of toil every day, so she refused, but thanked them all for their well-meant offers. Silently she watched the last of the five tiny flames flicker and go out. Nor yet were the bloodthirsty variloid cohorts satiated. They flung their united force into an enveloping movement that cut off all hope of escape for the valiant little woman.

On Christmas Day the church bells rang out the glad tidings of good will to all men. To Mary the chimes seemed to be the voices of her children gently calling, "Mother, come Home." With a smile she went. Her dream of a merry Christmas had come true.

The Christmas Wind.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY.

OVER the hills of Ardnaree,
The Christmas wind is blowing;
Over the hills of Ardnaree,
Singing the song of the Christ to me,—
Born in Bethlehem over the sea—
The Christmas wind is blowing.

To list the song of the wind once more
Over the hills of Ardnaree;
To sit by the Yule-log and hear the lore,
The faery tales told o'er and o'er,—
Of the Baby-Christ on the stable floor.
Over the hills of Ardnaree,
The Christmas wind is blowing.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

*Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.*Published every Saturday during the School Term at
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME*Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid*Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLIX. DECEMBER 18, 1915 No. 15.

Board of Editors.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16 | SPEER STRAHAN, '17 |
| RAY HUMPHREYS, '16 | LOUIS KEIFER, '16 |
| EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16 | D. EDMONDSON, '18 |
| HOWARD PARKER, '17 | ARTHUR HUNTER, '16 |
| HARRY SCOTT, '18 | |

First Concert by the Glee Club.

Under the leadership of Mr. Ward Perrott, the University Glee Club made its first bow to the public last Saturday night. A select and qualified audience voted this first appearance a triumph. The appended program fails to suggest all the pleasures which the performance afforded.

The elements of that pleasure were manifold. To begin with, the Glee Club has a fairly large personnel, nearly fifty voices. In less than three months these, for the most part untrained singers, were shaped into a harmonious unit whose general work has the evenness, balance and restrained power seldom achieved by choral bodies even under the most favoring circumstances. That Mr. Perrott was able to do so much with his talent in the time mentioned proves that he is a director of quite exceptional ability.

Moreover, the general tone of the program was high. There was something in the manner of all concerned that suggested the "high seriousness" which Matthew Arnold connects with art. The young men had worked hard, they were aiming at results something other than ordinary; they were representing a university, not a cigar store. And to fogies, like the present writer, who likes to see standards maintained on the college stage, this was a present gratification as well as an assurance for the future.

The selection of songs was fresh and well-advised. There was a welcome absence of the time-worn merrily-we-roll-along thing.

Instead, the revival of "Bendeemer's Stream," Haydn's "Serenade" (apart from a silly last stanza), a splendid arrangement of "On the Road to Mandalay" and a new Notre Dame Song, besides a popular chorus harmonized for encore, kept an audience aware that a personality and not a machine had arranged this performance.

As was fitting, ensemble rather than solo work featured this first performance. Mr. Perrott himself ventured only one number, though the audience clamored for more of his lyric carolling. Mr. Scott sang one or two lighter songs inimitably, and Mr. Foley gave a good account of himself in his part of the Mandalay song. A special word of praise was earned by Mr. Howard Parker for his faultless accompaniments. The Mandolin Club was also in evidence and won applause. Larger numbers would increase their effectiveness. A "shorn and parcelled" University Orchestra contributed appropriate selections. But the Glee Club was the thing, the product of an ideal and disciplined efforts to attain it. And the entire University should have pride in its success.

PROGRAM.

PART ONE.

1. Selection by the University Orchestra,
Prof. Frank Derrick, Cond
2. Bendeemer's Stream (An Old Irish Melody),
Arranged by Lewis

THE GLEE CLUB.

3. Step Lively *Thos. Allen*
- THE MANDOLIN CLUB
G. D. McDonald, Leader
4. Serenade, *Joseph Haydn*

THE GLEE CLUB.

5. Specialty,
H. Scott, J. Riley, F. Slackford, G. D. McDonald

PART TWO

6. Popular Selection
- THE MANDOLIN CLUB.
7. On the Road to Mandalay *Speaks*
- THE GLEE CLUB
8. The Last Song *F. Paolo Tosti*
Ward Perrott
9. Notre Dame Song (to the melody of a Netherland folk song, written about 1600)

THE GLEE CLUB

10. Selection by University Orchestra

DIRECTORS OF THE NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY

GLEE CLUB.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., | <i>Hon. President</i> |
| S. W. Perrott | <i>Director</i> |
| G. D. McDonald | <i>President</i> |
| A. H. McConnell | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| L. F. Keifer | <i>Secretary</i> |

Personals.

—Peter P. McElligott (LL. B., '02) was one of the committee of the New York Legislature to visit the Panama exposition and take part in the exercises of the closing day. He stopped at the University for a day on his return trip.

—Simeon M. Kasper (old student), salesman for Durand and Kasper Co. of Chicago, while on a business trip to Notre Dame and St. Mary's was a guest of Otto Kuhle from Saturday until Tuesday. At Notre Dame he saw many old faces and he wished that he were again a student.

—The Rev. M. V. Halter spent the first two months of his work as a priest at Avon, a country parish about twenty miles from Cleveland. For the past month, however, he has been assistant to the parish priest of Elyria, Ohio. "Doc" promises us a visit very soon. He may be addressed at 320 Middle Avenue, Elyria, Ohio.

—A letter from Charles M. Bryan (LL. B., '97) concludes as follows:

"Please remember me most kindly to my old friends at Notre Dame and assure them that I will be present next year as I am making arrangements already."

Everyone will be glad to know that this genial ex-president of the Alumni will be back for Commencement. We missed him last year.

—The *Washington Star* contains the following notice of Timothy T. Ansberry (LL. B., '93):

TO RESIDE IN WASHINGTON.

TIMOTHY T. ANSBERRY WILL LEAVE OHIO
APPELLATE COURT BENCH.

Timothy T. Ansberry, judge of the appellate court of Ohio, and former representative from that state, has become a resident of the National Capital. Judge Ansberry has left Ohio permanently, and has formed a law partnership with Wade H. Ellis, former assistant to the Attorney-General. His resignation from his judgeship has been framed and will be sent to Gov. Willis upon the return of that official to Ohio.

Letters announcing Judge Ansberry's determination have also been sent to his associates, Judges W. H. Kinder of Ottawa and Philip Crow of Kenton. In anticipation of the resignation, which has been forecast, a host of republican aspirants for the appointment has sprung up.

Judge Ansberry has almost fully recovered his health following a severe surgical operation, but finds it necessary to give up the arduous work on the bench in Ohio.

Judge and Mrs. Ansberry have taken the residence at 2124 Leroy place, and will make that their home here.

Obituaries.

MRS. ANN SULLIVAN.

We record with extreme regret the death of Mrs. Ann Sullivan, mother of Joseph V. Sullivan (A. B., '97) who passed away at her home in Chicago a few weeks ago. The deceased was a Christian matron of saintly life. She deservedly enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community in which she lived. To the bereaved family, and especially to her sons, all of whom were members of the University at one time or another, we extend profound sympathy. *R. I. P.*

MRS. KOVACS.

Joseph John Kovacs, of Throop, Pa., received news during the week of the sudden death of his mother. We extend sincere sympathy. *R. I. P.*

MR. MCADAMS.

Raymond F. McAdams and Gerald E. McAdams have the sympathy of the University in the death of their father who passed away recently at his home in Penn Yan, New York. We request prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

MRS. FOLEY.

Clement Foley, of Brownson Hall, was called home during the week by the unexpected death of his mother, who passed away at her home in Newark, New Jersey, fortified by the consolations of her religion. We extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Local News.

—THE SCHOLASTIC takes this means of wishing every one of its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Our last appearance for 1915.

—Look at it as you may, it's been a great year.

—Those 10 percent exams were wished upon us in the faculty meeting of Monday last.

—The interhall relay teams will make their appearance at the first or second basketball game after Christmas.

—The battalion had its final meeting of the year last Monday evening; the moving up of the Saturday classes to Thursday having prevented drill on that day.

—Harry F. Young, of Shafter, Texas, who

was obliged to drop out on account of illness, has just passed through successfully an operation for appendicitis at the Santa Rosa Hospital, San Antonio, Texas. Word was received this morning.

—The Minims' Athletic Banquet was held Sunday evening in the Minims' Refectory. Father Carrico distributed the forty athletic pins and the thirty-five monograms to the members of the soccer and the football teams. Brother Cajetan acted as toastmaster and toasts were responded to by Messrs. Berner and Duffy, Coach Harper and Father Carrico. Another feature of the evening was the song by Master C. Shannon, captain both of the winning football team and of the first soccer team.

—The small crowd present in Washington Hall Saturday night, Dec. 4th, heard a very instructive lecture on "The Madonna in Art" by Mrs. George T. Courtney of Detroit. Mrs. Courtney's talk was illustrated with slides, and she explained entertainingly the symbols used by the masters to represent the various attributes and powers of Our Lord and His Mother. All the important events of Mary's life are represented on canvas, as the Divine Maternity acted as a constant source of inspiration to such artists as Raphael, Botticelli, Holbein, and Michael Angelo.

—The Constitution of the newly organized Notre Dame Glee Club provides that the affairs of the Club shall be in charge of a Governing Board, which is made up of the following members of the Club: the Director, the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary, one other Senior, two third-year men, one second-year man and one first-year man. A meeting was held in Washington Hall on December 13th to complete the personnel of the Governing Board, the officers having been elected some time ago. The men selected were W. P. McCourt, '16, Howard Parker, '17, Matthew Trudelle, '17, J. T. McMahon, '17, and H. R. Burt, '18. The five men selected are men who have worked faithfully for the success of the Glee Club from the time of its organization. They can be depended upon to fill the positions to which they have been elected in a capable manner. The selection of these men for places on the Governing Board is one more circumstance which points to a bright future for the Glee Club.

Safety Valve.

The screens on Sorin Hall windows have so far been ineffectual in keeping out the cold.

A well-known student went into a jewelry store in South Bend and purchased a gold bracelet. While he was making the transaction a friend of his entered the store and seeing the beautiful bracelet said to him: "Your girl will certainly be well pleased with that." The astonished student looked up abashed and replied: "How did you know it was for a girl?" Which reminds us that elephants also wear bracelets.

Do your Christmas cramming early as the last days will be filled with visions of time-tables and suit cases.

The most brutal lover we have ever heard of was the man who bought his lady friend a set of teeth for Christmas—and yet we know some people that should be presented with soap.

WOE IS ME!

A Ballad of Revenge.

In days gone by when beef was high,
And cats were passing fair,
I loved you true, you scoundrel, you,
Now you've gone—God knows where!

I can't forgive while you still live
The way I was forsook;
I'd like to slap your homely map
For every cent you took!

I can't forget, at least not yet,
The day you said: "Enuf."
But have a care, I've got red hair,
And red-heads sure are tuff.

Oh me! Oh my! I'd like to die
My heart is broke in twain!
I'll never rest among the blest
Till thou art cruelly slain!

THE NEW SONG HITS.

When Papa's Soup was Finished, He Had Noodles on
His Chin.

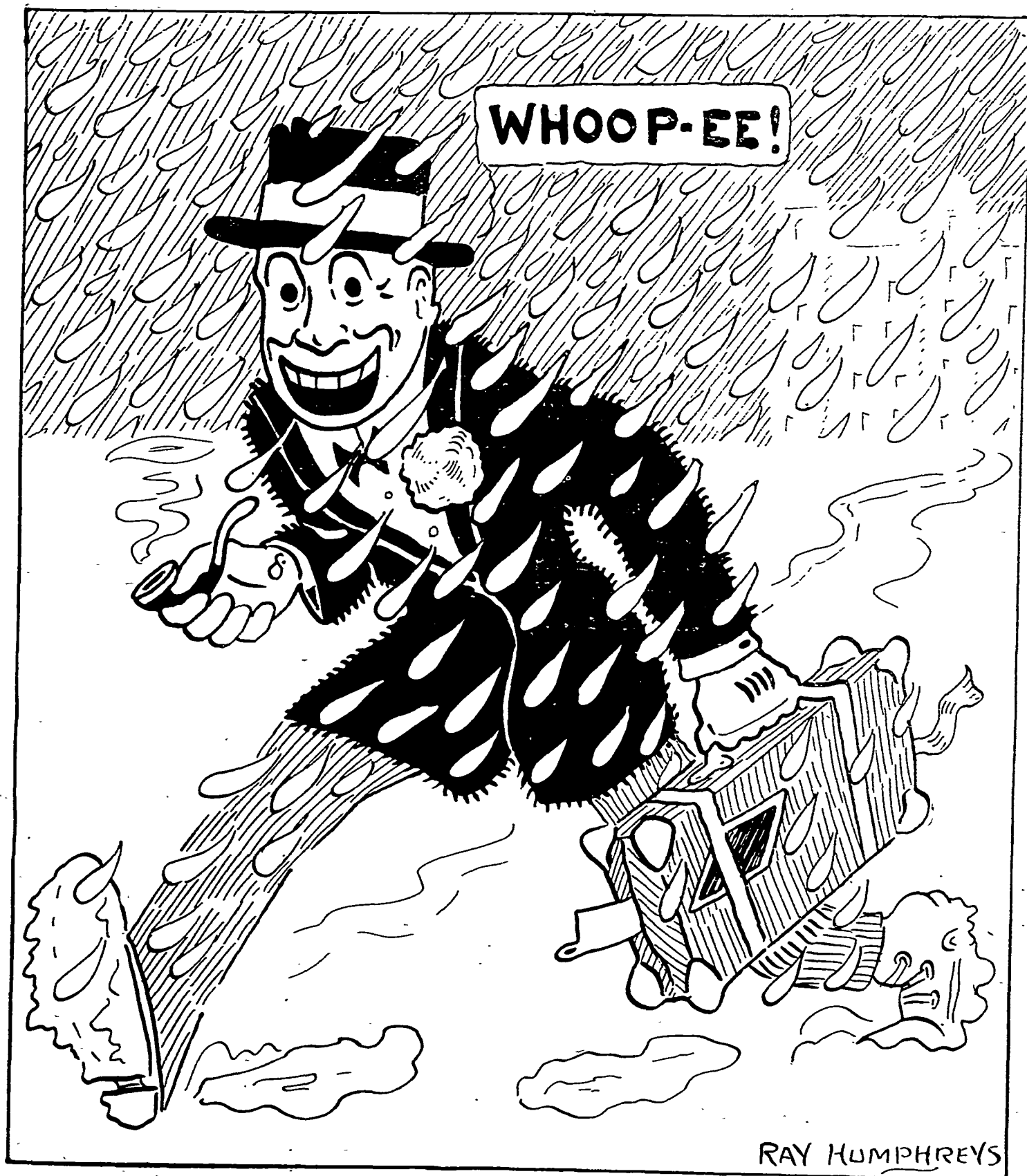
The Individual Butter-Plate was Where I
Put My Peas.

At Night I Warm My Cold Feet in the Small
of Brother's Back.

And yet some people will believe that Dominic the gardener, picked the all-hall team. Don't be too hard on the poor gardener.

Mother Hubbard, they say,
Sought a bone for her pet
In the cupboard one day;
Mother Hubbard, they say,
In her motherly way,
But to doggie's regret
Mother Hubbard, they say,
Sought a bone for her pet.

F. C.



Au Revoir But Not Good-Bye.