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Expectancy.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

LOVE quickened in her heart as there each day
Above the creamy folds of cloth she bent,
Fashioning His garments in a mother's way,
While through the window angels watched intent.

All that must seamless be and white as snow
In which her Son—and God's—must soon be dressed,
So moved her fingers in the morn's first glow
Until the light was shuttered in the west.

Sometimes her eyes would cloud and she would hold
His little coat, as wondering of its size,
Then some young cherub, humble wings would fold
And don the robe before her anxious eyes.

And when the silent midnight filled the room
And round the sky the night's white sentries swept,
Saint Joseph, praying there, found in the gloom
God's baby clothes, mayhap, and shook and wept.

The Christmas Stamp.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

THE Christmas spirit is primarily a spirit of good-will. Whatever charity there exists in a man's heart, whatever love he cherishes toward his fellowman, whatever degree of altruism is contained within his soul, cannot remain concealed when the Christmas spirit of unselfishness prevails. Expression of the significance of the Christmas season is found in the philanthropies of the rich; it is more commonly evidenced by the remembrances of friend to friend. But one illustration best typifies the charity of man's nature, and although the unit of the illustration is infinitesimal, the whole has assumed enormous proportions. This illustration is the familiar Red Cross Christmas seal which was brought

into existence less than a decade ago.

The employment of a charity stamp is not of recent origin. In 1862 the women of Boston and Brooklyn secured through the sale of stamps the revenue whereby they provided for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Civil War. Thirty years later the first European stamp for philanthropic purposes was issued in Portugal. To-day charity stamps are sold for a diversity of purposes. Roumania, Hungary, and Italy issue them that soldiers may be cared for. Austria provides for children's hospitals by the sale of thirty kinds of stamps. Germany prints and sells almost three hundred varieties, using the receipts for a multiplicity of purposes.

It was in 1904 that a committee of fifteen met in Copenhagen to devise means of putting into practice the idea of issuing special Christmas stamps in order that sufficient money be raised to erect a hospital for tubercular children. The Danish government, approving of the proposed plan, aided in the work, and four million stamps were sold in the nation's post-offices during the holiday season for half a cent each. In 1907, there appeared in the *Outlook* an article by Jacob A. Riis, a journalist, urging the adoption of a similar plan in America to aid in the fight against tuberculosis. The postal authorities of the United States did not look with favor upon the project, but the plea of Mr. Riis had not been advanced in vain. The Delaware Branch of the Red Cross Society had heard, and determined to act. Fifty thousand stamps made up the first issue. In less than three weeks, the number became four hundred thousand. Printers, advertisers, and merchants encouraged the sale of the stamps, school children gave valuable assistance. The profits amounted to \$3000; the Christmas stamp had proved its possibilities.

During the next Christmas season, that of 1908, the work of issuing the stamps was not done by private presses but by the American Bank Note Company and the Bureau of Engrav-

ing and Printing. The National Red Cross Society made the sale a nation-wide movement. Thirty-five state branches of the Red Cross were supplied with the "stickers" and \$135,000 resulted. Many people attempted to use the Christmas stamp as postage and confusion was so frequent that the postoffice department asked the discontinuance of the use of the "stamp." Consequently, the word "seal" has been applied, and has become the more appropriate since the charity stamps may now be affixed only on the back of letters.

The campaign of the Red Cross Society in its endeavor to eradicate tuberculosis is an immense undertaking. Five hundred thousand workers in every state of the Union are, during the present Christmas season, exerting their utmost to aid in making the sale of the Christmas seal reach the hundred-million mark. Over seventy-six million seals were sold in 1915, one hundred and eleven thousand of which were disposed of in St. Joseph County, Indiana. Children are conspicuous in the work to increase the use of the Christmas stamp. Buyers for more than thirty-four thousand seals were found by one little Grand Rapids, Michigan, girl during the holiday season a year ago.

The Christmas seal has awakened everyone to the need of energetic combat against tuberculosis, and therein has it wrought its greatest service. It has brought about a universal educational campaign that has taught children and adults to avoid the dangers that lead to the dread white plague. It has made them familiar with the most common means of prevention and emphasized the utility of fresh air.

The purchase of the Christmas seal is a form of charity essentially local, seventy-five per cent of the proceeds of the sales within each county remaining at home. The funds derived are used in a variety of ways, to support day camps, to employ visiting nurses, and to carry on the all-important work of education. The Christmas seal is no longer a novelty; it has become the most effective bullet the Red Cross Society possesses in its war on tuberculosis. More and more frequently during each recurring Christmas season the Red Cross seal greets us. It is a messenger to remind us that even during the season of happiness emaciated men and women are struggling against the effects of a terrible disease, that infants improperly cared for are besmirched with its touch, and that we have within easy access a most efficient means of

rendering assistance. The Red Cross Society of Delaware performed an inestimable service to humanity when it listened to the plea of Jacob Riis and gave to America the Red Cross Seal.

My Favorite Book.

BY ALFRED W. SLAGGERT, '18.

Among my acquaintances in fields of prose with works of authors whom one cannot resist admiring, one sketch stands out as a luminary in its particular environment of theme. "Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs," by Cardinal Wiseman, conveys to one in a narrative style, the history of the early Church, its persecutions and triumphs. It lucidly animates early Christian characters and portrays vividly the habits, spirit, condition and ideas of the early era of Christianity.

Fabiola, although unhistorical, contains in relating a nearly accurate Christian record from the standpoint of Catholicity, and while it is not a treatise of ecclesiastical weight it diffuses a sort of familiarity which can do much to benefit one. Paganistic attitude towards the Christians forms the theme. The character of Agnes is beautiful and demands admiration from her persecutors. In Fabiola we see a wonderful transition, a chimerical like change from the proud, haughty, over-indulged Roman miss, to final conversion, through Christian influence, into a follower of Christ.

Particularly interesting is Wiseman's minute description of the catacombs. This one feature alone would justify a perusal of the book. Gigantic subterranean excavations, the catacombs housed the Christians in their secret worship and provided burial places for the dead. Exploration without guidance, would to-day probably result fatally; so intricate and vast are they. He describes clearly the cemetery of Callistus, the principal section of which formed the basilica where the Christians were wont to assemble.

The consensus of opinion places Wiseman's work among the most efficient of books of this type, and although the author modestly asserts the work to be one of little value and unreliable as to historical dates it is really a work that will be found interesting and add more knowledge to the peruser in a narrative, which is the ultimate end sought by authors.

Chris'mas in de Woods.

DE woodfolk hab a Chris'más? Wal, I guess
 Dey lak ter hab deir holiday no less
 Dan you. How do dey hab it? Kin I tell?
 I seed 'em once 'an' knows 'em purty well.
 Once dey wanted a m'nic'pal Chris'mas tree;
 Hit was de funniest t'ing yo' eber see.
 Jim Crow, who was de best in politiks
 Done call a meetin' ob de folks ter fix
 De plans. An' so dey come togedder at
 De jack oak stump down on de ribber flat.
 De Woodpecker up an' rap de stump real loud
 Fo' order. Den Squiah Crow 'dressed de crowd:
 "Dis Chris'mas ebe we wants a Chris'mas tree;
 We's gwine ter hab it ef yo' all agree.
 How 'bout it?" Den dey holler an' whisle an' flap
 Deir wings an' hop an' dance. De Quail, he clap
 De fadders off his wings he was so glad.
 "Now frens, we's gwine ter do dis right," sez Crow.
 "Let's fix it up so eb'ryone will know
 His job an' do it." An' he asked each one
 What he would do an' hustle up an' get it done.
 De Beaver Brudders hiked into de wood,
 Gnawed down an' fetched de best lil pine dat could
 Be foun'. De Glow-worms promised fo' ter light
 De tree, but said it 'ud take 'em all de night
 Ter climb it. So de long-neck Crane, he picked
 'Em up (an' di'n't eat a one) an' sticked
 'Em whar dey b'longed. Dere wasn't any snow.
 Dey 'lloved a Christmas tree should never go
 Wifout no snow. Brer Hawk, who lak ter get
 A chance ter grab Pap Rabbit, said: "Yo' bet
 We wants some snow. De rabbits' cotton tail
 Hit look lak snow. Let's pull 'em off—dey'll
 Make snow fo' de tree." Pap Rabbit 'greed
 If Brer Hawk 'ud let Brer Fox perceed
 Ter take his soft white fadders fo' ter make
 Mo' snow. De Fox, who was a slick as any snake,
 'Llow'd dat was fine; he want ter chaw de Hawk.
 Hit sho' did look lak fight. But den dey talk
 A while and all 'greed dey would play fair
 An' fo' dis Chris'mas ebe be on de square.
 Dey had de purtiest snow yo' ever seed.
 Dey wanted popcawn strings, said de tree'd.
 Be bare wifout 'em. De Weazel said he'd string
 De cawn if hit was popped. De Squirrels bring
 Hit from de field, an' dey had one hahd job
 Ter keep from eatin' when dey bit hit off de cob.
 Dey put hit on de fiah in a pan ob tin
 An' set aroun' ter watch when hit begin
 Ter pop. Dey wonder why hit was so slow
 In poppin'. Brer Hawk, he said he'd show

Em why. He stuck his nose into de pan
 To stir de cawn. De udders thought he plan
 Ter eat hit. So dey all stuck in deir snoots.
 When all ob a sudden—crickety, POP, POP—shoots
 De cawn. Dat nosey bunch sho' made some fuss,
 Yo' oughter heard 'em snuff an' howl an' cuss;
 Dey all had black eyes fo' de holidays.
 Dey gaddered up de cawn an' strung hit an' raised
 Hit roun' de tree. De glow-worms lit deir lights.
 De ribber flat had never seed such sights!
 Dey had some hawley wreafs an' mistletoe
 Lak us. An' when dey hug an' kiss deir beaus
 Dere was some smacks! De Birds, dey sung deir best:
 De woodfolk danced aroun' an' round'—guessed
 Dey neber had such good times. Fadder Mole
 Got drunk wif cram'bry juice an' roll an' roll
 Aroun' 'cause he is bliu'; an' when he try
 Ter dance, de udders laugh so hahd dey cry,
 Hit was such sport. An' so, b'lieve me when
 I say, dey hab deir Chris'mas just lak men.

George D. Haller.

Streets.

Each street lamp is only a blur of white in a
 misting cloud of snow that comes winging out
 of the dark into its radiance. A bundle-littered
 pedestrian bends forward as he hurries into the
 seething wind. Against the curbs the drifts
 have piled,—here and there the car tracks lie
 shining clear; the snow has piled in deep banks
 against the steps of the houses on either side.

A huge, great-coated policeman swings along
 through the dark. The snow has crested his
 shoulders and lies thick on his chest. He stamps
 his feet frequently, leaving little lumps of snow
 as he does so. At the corner the sidewalk is
 bare and icy. The wind whirls fiercely along,
 the snow drops stinging hard. He bends slightly,
 gulps a great lungful of air and plows on.

A "night-hawk" cab horse jogs briskly,
 though stiff-leggedly along, great gusts of
 steam bursting from his nostrils at each exhalation.
 The driver sits huddled on his little box, a
 stiff hat jammed low, little black earlaps pulled
 tight, a colored woollen ulster about his neck.

Down the street, the old bell in the church
 booms out the hour, slowly, heavily, each
 reverberation muffled as in a blanket, seeming
 to creep out of the dark upon you.

The lamps flicker and flare—the snow-
 flakes beat down in swirls—the tracks of the
 policeman and the carriage ruts fill and fade,
 and all is still again.

Christmas Night.

BY B. WILLIAM.

OH turn to Bethlehem,
This night is born
The Babe whose Gloria angels sing
Far into morn.

In Mary's arms He rests,
A simple Child;
His winning smiles prove Him
One meek and mild.

Without the humble cave
A robe of white
Adorns the earth with purity
This blessed night.

And the silent fir tree sways
At the breath of angel throngs
That chant around their Infant King
Their Christmas songs.

Two Mornings.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

It was yet dark on the hills above Barnagh. The wind was growing stronger and hurrying the snowflakes to the earth. Below in the valley the people were hastening to the early morning Mass. Decrepit old men and rosy-faced children hurried along—their eyes shining with the devotion of centuries and their hearts full of the true love of Christmas. Soon the road was bare and the lights gleamed through the windows of the church down below.

Up on the hill where the air was keener a figure walked briskly toward the twinkling village. As he drew near, the wind howled louder, and blew the thick snow in his face. Suddenly the sound of bells ran along the winds and bore upon him. There was joy and love and peace in the ringing. But they had no meaning for him. Long, long ago he had heard them and so much had passed since then. In his eyes shone no light and in his heart burned no Christmas fire.

Nearer he came until he could hear music and children's voices. Out of the darkness loomed the form of a church. He looked at its

little stained glass windows and at the old belfry where the bells were softly pealing. How small the church seemed. For the last twenty years he had passed by great cathedrals in the West where a thousand lights shone through gorgeous windows, where the strains of organs and the peal of bells had broken the midnight air with gentle thunder. Christmas music had lost its charms for him.

Et in terra pax hominibus rang out the voices. He paused and listened. How simple yet how joyful. A strange feeling surged through him as the words struck upon his memory. He turned his face away toward the blinding snow, but the voices filled his soul: his lips formed the words *Laudamus Te*. He walked towards the gray wall where the snow scarcely fell and the wind was quiet, and stood wondering in a dull way.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris—the words burst upon him and he whispered *miserere nobis*. He turned to go but found himself standing before the church door. He felt powerless, like one in a charm; someone was calling to him to enter, something was dragging him in. With a faltering hand he opened the door. Within all was warmth and quiet: the very air trembled with love. The intruder sank on his knees in an obscure corner. The gong softly announced the Sanctus, and expectant heads bowed before the onrush of that winged host from heaven bearing the Son of God to the children of men.

He raised his eyes to where the priest was raising up the Host. Then a moment of distraction followed. His tired mind went back over the shattered past to a day which had brought a letter from beyond the seas. Enclosed was a card. How faintly he remembered the words on it.—“In remembrance of my Ordination and First Holy Mass—” That was all he read. He had thrown it in the fire and was angry at the thought of his young brother—with the dark eyes and handsome face; so strong and brave—wearing a Roman collar and a black robe. He looked up once more to the altar. Tears were on his face and sorrow in his soul. He bowed his head again and prayed.

He saw himself again as a child when he had knelt within these very walls: again he saw his brother in surplice and soutane “inside the rail;” and again from his heart burst forth the Christ-

mas verses he had learned long ago—

Oh! say, Brother! Oh! say, Brother!
 What then shall be?
Home in His Sacred Heart
For you and me.

The streets were yet dark that Christmas morning in Wilmington. Up in a high room a young priest lay dying. The Roman collar and dark cassock hung loosely over a thin, wasted figure that had once been strong and brave. Suddenly a smile of joy lighted up the face and the dark eyes gazed into vacancy. The dying priest held his breath as if listening and then softly came the words—

Oh! what can we give, Brother?
 For such a thing?
Body and soul, Brother!
To Christ the King!

The Incarnation.

BY B. MATTHEW.

O SONS of Juda's chosen race,
 Why do you pine and fear?
 Take up your harps and sing again,
 For Juda's King is here.

The prophets, longing for the day
 Which they might not behold,
 In words that fell like dew of hope,
 His advent had foretold.

From Jesse's root shall bloom a Flower;
 A Star in Jacob's line;
 His name shall be Emmanuel,
 His lineage, divine.

The Royal Psalmist in his hymns,
 In doleful accent sings
 The longing for the Holy One
 By nations and their kings.

To thee, O Lord, I've lifted up
 My soul in plaintive hymn;
 Give ear, and hasten from Thy throne
 Upon the Cherubim.

O children of the Gentile race,
 Lift up your hearts anon;
 The shades that veiled a wayward world,
 Have fled before the Dawn.

All but the Brave.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

"Maggie," her mother had often said to her, "niver marry a man ye can't control." Maggie's recollections of her mother's married life were far from happy ones. The organist might well have played "Everybody Works but Father" as poor Mrs. Moriarty's wedding march. That excellent lady had taken off her helping of what serves the poor for satin and orange blossoms to don an apron, and cook her husband's first marital breakfast. As Maggie remembered it, her mother's merry existence had been bounded largely by the four walls of a kitchen, and her playthings had been the tub and washboard. She had handled the latter with all the skill that some fortunate women display in running their electrics. Such a simple occupation as darning socks had been a real recreation for Mrs. Moriarty. At least it gave her opportunity to sit down and rest her weary bones.

Even before his marriage Mr. Moriarty had been in the habit of drinking water only when nothing more sturdy was to be found. Very conveniently he seized upon the reasoning that the most innocent of all fluids must be bad for the stomach because it rots rubber hose in two years. When the throes of love began to wear off, and the binding effect of the simple words "I do" became increasingly noticeable, his leaning toward the cup that frequently cheers but more often sears, grew still more pronounced.

He magnanimously took to giving his wife a small allowance from her wash money with which to run the household, and appropriating the rest for investments that paid him dividends of headaches and tastes in the mouth like a motorman's glove. So while his wife dabbled in soap suds he dallied with the suds of another brew. But unfortunately he was possessed of a champagne taste and a beer pocketbook. Very often his wife's ablutionary income was not sufficient to meet the demands of his bartender brokers, and on such occasions he would argue with her forcibly and at great length about her general uselessness. And despite the fact that he was quite a sizable man, Mrs. Moriarty would never permit herself to be easily convinced, as the constant black and blue adornments of her person attested.

It was during this painful period that Maggie learned her matrimonial lesson. Even though her father and mother were long since dead, the memory of the many nights when she had crept tearfully into bed that Morpheus might make her forget the pangs of hunger was still very vivid. And she had but to pull up her sleeve and look upon the permanently discolored spots on her arm to remind her of her father's cruelty. The latter had been much put out that his only child was not a boy, who would grow up to help his mother make money to drop in the tin bucket a dime at a time. Paying no heed to the fact that Maggie had had little or no part in selecting her sex, he made use of every opportunity to impress on her what a mistake her advent into the Moriarty family life had been. Indeed Maggie was put to work as soon as young limbs could carry her factory-ward, and childish mind could be taught to lie about her age, but a female's earning power is never as great as a male's except in the bovine class. Often Maggie thought of how her father used to take her arms in a merciless grip, and holding her from him, peer into her frightened face with drunken gravity.

"What a fine strappin' bye ye would have made. An' I'd have called ye Dinny, an' ye'd have made yer poor ould father's life happy with the beer ye'd have bought. But what good is anything with skirts on it, I dinnaw? Good fer nawthin' but to look out the windy an' say: 'Sure an' ain't the stars lovely to-night?'" And he would shove her abruptly aside and go out to quaff nepenthe behind the nearest swinging doors, often feeling so desperate under the burden of care that weighed him down, that he would offer to whip, for the nominal fee of two cents, any man in the saloon—under six or over sixty. Then Mrs. Moriarty would straighten up over her tub with a grimace that bespoke an aching back, and wiping her soapy arms on her apron, would discourse to Maggie on the dangers of marrying not wisely but with too much haste.

"Don't rush into this marriage thing. Take your time an' look 'em all over. Be a man niver so handsome, an' little matter how much you love 'im, have no more to do with 'im than a pig does with soap if he's got th' rum demon in 'im. An' don't marry a man of a size fit to act as a giant in a circus. Tie up with a gossoon not so tall but what ye can't rache his head nicely with your rollin' pin."

Now Maggie was grown into handsome young womanhood, and acted as physical culture instructress to the future society matrons who were being trained at Miss Harrison's human refinery on the outskirts of the city, but her mother's advice had left its impression. Miss Moriarty's childhood experiences had led her to make the resolution which was such a source of annoyance to her gentleman friends. Well-known to admirers was her determination to marry a man shorter than herself who weighed no more than herself—although the latter restriction gave quite a bit of play to *avoir-du-pois* as she was somewhat of a buxom maiden. If he indulged in alcohol it must remain on the outside of his person in the form of perfume and toilet water, and on no account be used internally. All who did not fill these requirements need not apply. Over and above her parental example, Maggie had grown tired of husky youths. It seemed to her that all the gentlemen of her acquaintance were at least number tens and had heads almost as thick as their chests. To be sure practically every one of her male friends was engaged in piano moving, boiler making, or some other occupation equally rough but honest, hence it was small wonder that the girl was weary of celluloid collars and large, hardened, dirt-seamed hands. Maggie's courtiers were as plentiful as mushrooms after an autumn rain, but they were all too manly to suit her. She was resolved that all the strength in her household would be supplied by herself.

Each morning, except Sunday, Maggie arose when the factory whistles were urging the laboring man to cast off the spell of slumber, and having dressed and broken her fast, would walk briskly to Miss Harrison's school, although the trip was a good two miles. There were two classes of older girls to be taught in the forenoon and one of the younger students after lunch. Attired in a middy waist, bloomers, stockings, and soft leather shoes, a costume which displayed her natty figure to advantage, Maggie lined her fair pupils before her on the gymnasium floor.

"Attention, young ladies. Stop that giggling! That girl on the end in the back rank, stand up straight! First position—hands on hips. Now all together girls, not too strenuously, one and two, one and two, up, down, up, down—don't bend your knees there!"

And so on through all the health-giving

exercises. Following the afternoon class, Maggie would take a shower and a quick rub-down, and depart for home. But the return trip was never made alone. Some one of the smitten was always on hand to accompany her. Whether or not they had arranged a regular schedule among themselves neither Maggie nor any one else knew, but there never seemed to be any conflict of dates. Consequently no pitched battles between would-be escorts had taken place before the august walls of Miss Harrison's Select Academy.

Of those who also served by only standing and waiting at the school door one of the most constant and unwavering in his homage was Larry Dugan. Larry was not very often employed and therefore had plenty of time to give to his affair of the heart. But it must not be surmised that he was afraid of work. He could, in fact, lay down beside it and go to sleep, so far from being timorous was he where labor was concerned. But he was a gentleman who enjoyed his leisure above all things else.

One afternoon Larry appeared on the scene with an aggrieved look on his face, as though he were prepared to take Maggie to task.

"Are yuh tired to-day?" he asked, tucking under his arm the bundle of soiled middies she was taking home to wash.

"No tireder'n usual," she answered tartly.

"Aw, what's th' matter wit'cha, Maggie? You don't gimme no chance at all. Why don't cha like me any more?"

"I do like you, Larry."

"Sure you do—like a baby does a new tooth. Yuh can't hardly give me a civil answer. None o' yer old friends git by wit cha, Maggie. There's Mickey Donlan eatin' his heart out fer yuh, an' yuh treat 'im like a dawg. What cha got against him, Maggie? Ain't he a good fellah, huh?"

"He swears somethin' horrible."

"Yes, he does," answered Larry, absently. "I can do better meself. But you wouldn't hold that agin. the poor guy, would yuh, Maggie?"

"Let me tell you something," his companion burst out. "I'm tired of you big brutes with yer rough ways an' yer hard talk. I wanna man that smokes cigarettes instead o' chewin' scrap, an' manicures his fingernails with a file instead of his teeth, an' says 'oh dear' instead of 'oh hell'!"

"What cha want a boob like that for, Maggie?"

You know how it is in th' city now. These days it ain't safe fer even a good-lookin' married woman to be on the street 'less she's got her husban' or her child wit 'er. You want a bird that can perfect yuh."

"I reckon I can take care o' myself pretty well—an' my man too, if it's necessary."

"I guess you're right," said Larry, with an admiring glance at her compact figure. "It wouldn't take nothin' short of the heavy weight champ to beat you up."

This complimentary speech mollified Maggie somewhat.

"I know you got a good heart, Larry, but I don't wanna husband that'll truss me down to get an appetite fer his corned beef an' cabbage fer dinner, an' fer his corned beef an' cabbage warmed over fer supper."

"Yuh don't think I'd treat cha that way, do yuh Maggie?"

"It's kinda hard to tell, Larry."

"All right, if that's the kind of a guy you think I am, I guess I'll start goin' wit Helena Flat. She's as pretty a girl as you'll find anywhere."

"Sure, the rosy bloom in her cheeks is real as the Standard Drug Company can make it. I hope you don't think you'll hurt me any by goin' with 'er?"

"You know I didn't mean that, Maggie. I can't see none of 'em but chu. Yuh ain't—yuh an't sore at me, are yuh?"

"Oh no," answered she airily, as though to imply that she paid scant attention to what he said or thought.

"Come on an' go to the dance up to th' hall with me to-morrow night," he invited as a peace offering.

"I don't mind, Larry," replied Maggie, appeased, and the remainder of their journey was finished in peace and quiet.

The next evening Larry presented himself at Maggie's home bright and early, his face and shoes shining.

"Gosh, you look swell tonight, kid," he cried, surveying Maggie with his head drawn back after the manner of a turtle about to retreat into its shell.

Maggie blushed at the evident sincerity of his praise, and jerked on her silk gloves in charming confusion. Many another gallant who graced the floor that night entertained the same high opinion of Maggie's appearance. She was, without doubt, the most popular

lady in the hall—far too popular to suit Larry. After every dance she was surrounded by a group of interested males, so that he had scarcely time to talk to her himself. They were together long enough at intervals to exchange remarks about the bodily heat which their Terpsichorean endeavors had aroused, to wipe their perspiring brows in unison, and to pass opinions on the people present. Once a handsome lady swept by them, attired decidedly *en dishabille*.

"That," pointed out Maggie, "is Mrs. Jerry Matthews. She thinks she's better'n the rest of us. They say her husband puts ever' cent he earns on her back."

"Oy," said Larry, eyeing the spinal display which the V effect of the lady's waist permitted, "business must be rotten."

"Who's the fellow in the lavender socks?" asked Maggie, presently.

"I dunno, but he looks familiar."

"That's what I thought. Seems to me I've seen his picture somewhere."

"Here too."

"He's a classy dancer. I've been watchin' 'im."

Immediately Larry was jealous. "Uh-huh, but he acts jus' like a girl."

"Why, I think he acts like a perfec' gentleman."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, I wish you was a little more girlish then."

"Aw hell," responded Larry, simply but earnestly.

The next dance they had together, but neither spoke a word during it. On one occasion, however, Maggie trod on Larry's foot and said "Pardon me," with overdone sweetness, but she was forced to mark it up against him mentally that he did not have politeness enough to assure her she had not hurt him. When the music stopped they seated themselves on a bench near the door, both stiffly erect, looking straight ahead, hands folded in their laps. But the strain was soon broken when Mickey Donlan, with the watchful eye of a rival, noted the signs of a quarrel and approached them, crying out with jilly concealed glee:

"Sorry to bust in on this hilarious little party, but I have a friend that wants to meet yuh, Maggie."

"I'll be glad to meet 'im—anything to break the monotony."

Larry grunted and crossed his legs with unnecessary vigor.

"I'll get 'im an' be right back," promised Mickey and he departed to return in a moment followed by none other than the gentleman of the lavender socks.

"This is me friend, Homer Ducey—Miss Moriarty."

"Oh, I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Moriarty," cried Mr. Ducey, holding out his hand so that his wrist extended far enough from his cuff to disply a wrist watch to Maggie's delighted and Larry's disgusted gaze.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Ducey."

"I've been noticing you all along this evening, an' I wanted to meet you awful bad."

"I've been noticing you too, Mr. Ducey!—"

"Yes, an' so've I," put in Larry ominously.

"Yes," said Maggie hastily, "me friend, Mr. Dugan, was just sayin' what a clever dancer you was."

"That was mighty nice of 'im, I'm sure. Do you happen to have the next dance, Miss Moriarty?"

"Oh yes, but only with Mr. Dugan, an' I'm sure he'll break it because it isn't often I get a chance to dance with a swell dancer like you."

"Well, you're gonna get all the chances you want from now on," answered Mr. Ducey, extending his arm. "Let's walk outside an' get a little air. Thank you for breaking the dance, Dugan, old chap."

Larry dropped back on the bench and gazed after them from the depths of unfathomable disgust, while Mickey stood beside him, grinning delightedly. The latter seemed to take the affair with surprising unconcern for one who was himself a seeker after Molly's hand.

"An' he smelled like a cake of pink soap," said Larry dazedly, "an' he had a silk handkerchief in his mitt. Well, I'll be durned!"

(To be Continued.)

Glory.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

A Babe cried out on the silent night.

The stars caught up the cry in joy,

Low earth ne'er saw a grander sight,—

Upon a Mother's knee an Infant Boy.

Varsity Verse

The Trees at Bethlehem.

ACROSS the hills the night wind sweeps
With trees for lyre, a Christmas hymn,
While near in the stable Jesus sleeps,
And round Him throng the Seraphim.

Those trees stand like grey sentinels,
And guard the place where God is found.
And on this morn in heaven, the bells
Ring out a timeless silver sound.

And now like the Kings those tree-tops seem,
As in the morn they bending bring
The snows that on their branches gleam,
And cast their crown before the King.

Thomas C. Duffy.

The Chimes.

They ring through the eerie still of night
With a charming melodious symphony,
That gives me the thought as I sit alone
Of a providence guarding over me;
Of a God with a beautiful sympathy
For the creatures of Him in the world below,
Who guides to a golden destiny,
And speaks through the chiming bells at night
A message of peace and harmony
To the struggle and strife and stress of life
Like a vast "all's well" from eternity.

Andrew L. McDonough.

The Nicest Girl.

I know the nicest kind of girl,
Of her I'm going to sing,
She isn't much on looks, but then,
She's "such a dear, sweet thing."

She's quite unlike most modern girls,
She's not the least bit wild,
And tho' she's old, you must admit,
She is "a dear, wise child."

She doesn't go to cabarets,
Nor go the social "whirl"
And every mother will admit,
That she's "a dear, sweet girl."

She hates the smell of cigarettes,
In fact I think that she
Would really make an ideal mate
For you—but not for me.

L. Cook.

The Aftermath.

JUST three days more until we leave,
'Till we'll be home again,
And every heart is beating with
"Good will on earth to men."

Just three days and I'll be home,
Yê't I am sad at heart,
Although the Christmas holidays
- Are just about to start.

I'm thinking of those sleepless nights,
When we'll be here once more,
And I'll be forced to listen to
Those tales I've heard before.

"I wore my dress suit every night"—
"I never hit the hay,"
"Oh boy, she was a wonder"—said
"She'd write me every day."

And so the tales of meals they ate,
And cigarettes and wine—
I'm sore because I seldom get
A chance to sneak in mine.

L. Cook.

The Conjurer.

My little brother, three years old,
Was watching with delighted eyes,
How I with "Hoky-poky" cries,
Disgorged a swallowed piece of gold.

But one hour later, as I read,
He came to me, with mournful eyes,
And heaving elephantine sighs,
Stood by my chair, until I said:

"What's matter, precious? lose your pup,
Or break your doll, or lose your lid?"
"I 'Hoky-pokied' like you did,
And now my nickel won't come up."

B. F.

Brace Up.

What's wrong, lad, aren't things breaking right?
Don't let 'em think you're a quitter;
Square those shoulders and show some fight,
Even tho' the jeering is bitter.
If you are feeling down in the mouth,
And your heart seems cramped and tight
Think of Jonah; * * * * he came out all right.
Now don't let misfortune discourage you,
You're training for greater strife,
Wipe that tear away,—start anew,
This is *the* life—the *life*.

A. N. S.

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—It is to be hoped that the old order of Christmas giving, wherein friends, relatives and acquaintances of slight standing, deluged each other with useless **The Newer Theory.** and inappropriate baubles, mutually creative of return obligations, is really passing. The true spirit of Christmas generosity does not exact an exchange of gifts between people to whom the presents have no actual merit or significance. Father can select his own ties and mother her cut glass, rather better, perhaps, than you can do it for either. But the family, half a dozen squares away, with no tastes in cut glass to be consulted, might find in the sum expended a means of keeping in coal for two or three of the coldest months in the year. Weigh the value in self-satisfaction of a gift to a relative of something he or she doesn't need, and the equivalent in cash, pressed without ostentation into the hand of some poor widow, who has the imminent question of four or five mouths to feed. Christmas giving may be made worth while, by letting each member of the family, save the youngsters for whom lingers the charm of the mystic Santa Claus, mutually forego the useless and often irksome interchange of gifts, in order that some person, to whom Christmas might otherwise be a sombre note in the tragedy of existence, may be gladdened by practical assistance.

Christmas in the olden days, was a season of

alms-giving, and the recipients were the unfortunate poor who needed assistance. To-day the recipient is the unfortunate individual, who finds it necessary to deplete his bank account in the purchase of inappropriate trifles, to be bestowed upon the donors of twenty-nine neck scarfs he didn't want and fourteen stick pins he couldn't use. This situation—valid only in a musical comedy—is taking the place of worth-while Christmas giving. Think it over. Thousands of youngsters abroad, and a goodly number at home, even in these times of piping U. S. prosperity, are not properly fed and clothed. How about assistance for them? How about diverting ninety percent of your Christmas outlay where it will do the most good? A dollar or two where the most good may be accomplished, registers higher in certain eternal chronicles than a fortune expended in the useless, senseless and idiotic interchange of unnecessary Christmas presents. Where is your Christmas charity to be directed?

—In the history of the universe there is yet to be recorded one failure due to lack of opportunity. Every man, no matter how low in the strata of civilization he may be, **Opportunity.** encounters at some time in his life a chance to rise to a higher degree of perfection and well-being. Opportunity, it is true, smiles more favorably upon some individuals than others; but it is equally true that no person fails to receive that smile at least once in his lifetime.

Neglected opportunity has been responsible for more failures than drink or vice. The sluggard, the dreamer, the ne'er-do-well, are often confronted with golden opportunities, but fail to take advantage of them. Either they ignore them entirely or defer acting until some one more alert gets ahead of them.

To the college student, opportunity gives some of her choicest gifts. Upon no one does she smile more sweetly. A ready co-operation with opportunity insures the college student ultimate success. The college graduate who fails in life does so through his own gross neglect.

Now, the "incomparable present," is the proper time for all to make a resolution to use their time to advantage; June will be too late. Satisfy your yearning to "loaf" during the Christmas vacation. Two weeks of it will suffice. Then come back determined to make the second semester eclipse the first, in accomplishment.

Personals.

—James F. Odem (LL. B., '16) recently passed the Texas Bar Examination and is now practicing law at Beeville, Texas.

—C. D. Saviers ("Del") (B. S., '86) has a clever article in the *Ohio Motorist* entitled "Automobile Parasites." The article has been quoted at length in the *Wisconsin Motorist*.

—Raymond Phillips, a biology student here last year, has been made manager of the United cigar store in South Bend. His many friends are assisting him in his business venture with a liberal patronage.

—Joe McEvoy has written the lyric for a new Van Alstyne song, "Love, Honor and Obey." It has Joe's best vein of humor in it and ought to be whistled as you walk out. Kanaley and Cartier might go big with it.

—Sherman Steele, former instructor of law at the University, is now the president of the Globe Tire Co., which will begin operations March 1, in Laporte, Ind. The new firm is capitalized at \$1,000,000. At present Prof. Steele is secretary of St. Louis University.

—Jesse E. Vera (M. E., '10) who has done such good work as a teacher of Mathematics since his return to the University has been obliged to discontinue his work temporarily. The severe strain under which he has been laboring has so undermined his health that it became necessary for him to take a prolonged rest.

—Pope Benedict has appointed Rev. James Coyle, member of the bishop's council of the diocese of Fall River, Mass., his domestic prelate. Father Coyle will carry the title of Monsignor. He was given the degree of LL. D. by the University of Notre Dame in 1910, and has been a member of the bishop's council in the Fall River diocese since its creation.

—The following telegram has been received at the University: "Registrar, Notre Dame: Reserve quarters in the new Students' Hall, September, 1930, for P. Kitterring Ansberry, who arrived this morning. All feeling fine. T. R. Ansberry." Young Tim will be welcome when he arrives. If Alma Mater continues to grow it may really be necessary for happy parents to reserve a place for their offspring fifteen years in advance. We offer respectful congratulations and good wishes to the whole Ansberry family.

Important Notice.

The Christmas holidays begin Wednesday noon, December 20. Classes resume Friday noon, January 5.

There will be a test in all classes Tuesday afternoon, December 19, and Wednesday morning, December 20. These tests count $10\frac{2}{3}$ towards the bulletin mark.

The penalty for failure to return promptly after the Christmas holidays is as follows: Absence Friday, January 5, 5% from the bulletin; Saturday, January 6, 4%; Monday, January 8, 3%; all subsequent days, 2% each.

Entertainments.

BY MR. JOSEPH SCOTT.

To hear one of Mr. Joseph Scott's talks is an education in itself. The person who failed to draw a deep and lasting good from this man's address Monday night, if there be any such, must be either deaf or weak-minded. Good as he was on his first appearance at Notre Dame, Mr. Scott improves on acquaintance; the succeeding years seem to add unbelievably to his learning, broad and practical, and to bring more force and sincerity to his manner of disseminating that learning. These are the kind words that a college man should hear; sparks from a fire of wisdom that has been fed on the fuel of experience; advice from a man who has lived as we are living and traveled the path that we must travel. And through the burden of Mr. Scott's more serious thought runs a lode of wit that serves to impress more deeply the moral of what he says. Listening to Mr. Scott causes one to think of Emerson's words: "It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no."

BY DR. EDGAR L. BANKS.

Dr. Edgar L. Banks, whom Notre Dame is fortunate enough to hear every year, gave a series of three lectures Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week. Dr. Banks is an archeologist known and admired internationally, and the valuable facts which he sets forth in his talks are the results of his own research work. The subjects treated were: Pompeii and its excavations; St. Paul and his missionary

journeys; Baalbek and Palmyra. The slides which illustrated these addresses are admirably chosen views of the localities the Doctor discusses, especially interesting because of their historical connections. The lectures were well attended, and the students evinced a profound interest in the subject matter of the famous archeologist's talks.

BY MR. JAMES A. FLAHERTY.

Mr. James A. Flaherty of New Haven, Connecticut, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, spoke to the students Tuesday morning on the history and work of the greatest of Catholic fraternal organizations. Not only was Mr. Flaherty's talk both interesting and instructive, but the appearance here of so high a dignitary among Catholic gentlemen was indeed a great honor to the University.

Oratorical Contest.

The oratorical contest for the Breen gold medal was held in Washington Hall on Friday evening, December 8. A preliminary contest which eliminated all but four speakers, left Cornelius Palmer, '20; Francis Boland, '18; Oscar Dorwin, '17; and Bernard Voll, '17. The joint decision of the judges on manuscript and delivery awarded first place to Bernard Voll whose subject was "Immigration and Labor;" second place to Oscar Dorwin, subject: "Our National 'Pork-Barrel;'" third place to Frank Boland, subject: "Alexander Hamilton;" fourth place to Cornelius Palmer, subject: "Industrial Reform." Mr. Voll will represent Notre Dame at the State Oratorical Contest to be held at Indianapolis.

Electrical Engineers' Club.

The weekly meeting of the Electrical Engineers' Club was held Thursday evening in Science Hall. Plans were considered for a "get-together" social to be held before Xmas. After the regular business of the Club was disposed of, a paper was read by Mr. Condon, Professor of Electrical Laboratory, which dealt with the course for college students, conducted by the General Electric Co. at their home plant, Schenectady, N. Y. Mr. Condon explained in detail the experience gained by a student while working at the testing of the many different

machines with which he comes in contact. He also spoke very highly of the interest taken in each student by the head of the students' department, and assured his listeners that the time occupied in completing such a course is time spent in a manner never to be regretted. Throughout the paper, Mr. Condon showed much enthusiasm regarding the work accomplished by the General Electric, not only for the students themselves but by preparing men along practical engineering lines so that they too may take their place among the famous engineers of the country.

Local News.

—To-morrow morning the third of the sermon courses will end. Father Irving will deliver the closing sermon on "The Priesthood."

—Members of the Freshman class met Thursday noon for the purpose of forming an organization and electing officers for the ensuing year.

—Father William Bolger has announced to the members of his politics class that he is considering "Prohibition," as the subject of intercollegiate debate this year.

—The University garage is now nearing completion. The building is a two story brick structure and on the second floor will be four modern rooms. Brother Columkill is the contractor.

—"Under Cover" will be presented by the members of the University Dramatic Club this evening in Washington Hall. Owing to the crowded conditions of Washington Hall only a limited number of tickets were distributed to outsiders.

—At the meeting of the Faculty last Tuesday noon it was decided that the Christmas vacation would extend from Wednesday noon, Dec. 20, to Friday noon, Jan. 5. The last class period before Wednesday will be given over to a ten point examination. The usual 5, 4, 3, 2, point penalty will apply to the late arrivals after the vacation.

—A special train of four cars over the Lake Shore will convey about one hundred of the students to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, New York City and other intermediate points. The excursion was planned by Maxymilian G. Kazus and Frank P. Monighan. To keep up the "pep" during the trip and to remind the

boys of dear old N. D., members of the Mandolin Club will render some of their pet selections. A large N. D. banner will be used for advertising purposes on the sides of the coaches.

—The Pennsylvania Club elected its officers for the coming year at a meeting held in the Sorin Law room on Sunday morning. The officers chosen were: president, Leo Vogel, McKeesport; vice-president, Paul J. Ryan, Johnstown; secretary-treasurer, F. P. Monighan, Oil City; sergeant-at-arms, J. Lawrence Callan, Franklin; reporter, John J. Ward, Pittsburgh. It is being planned to have a special car take the boys home for the holidays. Among the many social events being discussed is a banquet to be held soon after the return to school.

—On Wednesday evening the University Band, under the direction of Mr. John Minavio, presented the first of the annual band concert series. We take pleasure in reproducing the feature numbers given on this occasion: Overture: "Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna," *F. V. Suppé*; "Shadowland," *Gilbert*; "First Heart Throbs," *Eilenberg*; Humoresque, "Who's Next?" *Bellstedt, Jr.*; "Eustudiantina," *Waldtenpel*; "So-Long Letty," *Carroll*; "Stars and Stripes Forever," *Sousa*. Mary Pickford, the former St. Mary's student, was also seen in a popular movie.

—The Poetry Society met last Sunday evening. The Director, Father O'Donnell, gave a résumé of the poetic "news" of the previous two weeks. This included the reading of a notice in the *New York Times*' "Book Review" of the formation of the Poetry Society at Notre Dame and a similar account from *Unity*, a Chicago magazine. A summary was given of an article entitled "The Year's Harvest of Notable Poetry" from the special "Book Review" number of the *New York Times*. "The Valley of Vision," a book of poems by a new writer, Blanche Mary Kelly, was next considered, as was also Mr. Denis A. MacCarthy's latest volume, "Heart Songs and Home Songs." A number of original verses were read and criticised, the Society deciding that the best two were, "Little Katharine," by Brother Gilbert, and "The Incarnation," by Brother Matthew. Two new members were received into the Society, whose personnel now counts representatives from Dujarié, Holy Cross, Sorin, Corby, Brownson, St. Joseph, the Lodge, and the Day Students.

Football Banquet.

Not all the engagements of the 1916 football team were recorded on the published schedules. The entire squad appeared in a private dining room at the Oliver Hotel last Sunday evening for the annual football banquet, and their "attack" was the equal of anything shown by them this season. Not a signal was missed, not a play was bungled, not a pass went awry. After the victuals had been "sampled," "oratory came on the field." Coaches Harper and Rockne, Captain Cofall, Bachman, Miller, Baujan, Ward and others, "tackled" the "stranger" fiercely. "Spirit" and "sentiment" were stalking everywhere, and "tears" put in his appearance now and then. "Old man three year rule" must have cringed in his shoes when five sturdy athletes had finished their regrets that their careers were ended.

However, no crepe was hung. There was not a semblance of a dirge. Everyone had done his work well, and there was no need for apologies.

The 1917 team got away to a fine start, with the election of Quarterback Jim Phelan as captain. Phelan has the distinction of being the first quarterback to captain a Notre Dame eleven since the invincible "Gus" Dorais headed the unbeaten 1913 team. He has distinguished himself during his three years of football here. He sprang into prominence in the Fall of 1914 when as quarterback on the St. Joseph interhall team he held the heavier Brownson team at bay through three-quarters of the game by his superior kicking while suffering with a fractured collarbone. In his Sophomore year he solved a big problem for Coach Harper by filling acceptably the gap created by the graduation of Alfred Bergman. He improved with every game and his playing was brilliant, by the middle of the season.

This year he reported in a weakened condition and considerably underweight. He did not take part in the early contests, but he was his old self by the time the Wabash game rolled around. He played through the Army game with a wrenched back but gave a good account of himself. He was in the South Dakota game long enough to establish a safe lead. At the M. A. C. game he was "saved" for the more important Nebraska struggle. Thanksgiving Day he called the plays that made the revenge over the Cornhuskers complete. Phelan's judgment, enunciation, and cool-headedness have

made him a wonderful pilot, and it comes as a well-deserved honor that the interhall star, plucky little quarterback, masterful field general, should end his career at Notre Dame with fans and fellow-players calling him Captain.

Captain McKenna, ex-Captain Daly, Murphy, Cassidy of last year's squad, and some newcomers, notably McDermott, Sheehan, McGrain, Walsh, Reinhardt, O'Connor, and Kelly, were indulging in unofficial basketball practice two weeks before the football season was completed. As soon as he returned from Lincoln, Coach Harper took personal charge of the squad. He had planned to give Grant, King, Ronchetti, Ward and Fitzpatrick, a two weeks' layoff before reporting in basketball suits, but the scheduling of a stiff game with Purdue at Lafayette on the 15th of this month made it imperative that the team present its full strength in the initial contest. All except Grant, who was in no condition to play, turned out two or three days after the end of their football work.

With Fitzgerald graduated and "Chief" Meyers withdrawn from the game, Harper has shifted "Dick" Daly to the center position. "Dick is the most versatile man on the squad—two years ago he played a fine game at guard, last year he was a reliable forward, and this year he gives promise of being even a brighter star at center. Captain McKenna and Tom King are playing their same slashing games at the guards. Ronchetti, Ward, Cassidy, and Jerry Murphy are trying for the forward positions. McDermott looks to be the most promising of the Sophomores, though "Red" Fitzpatrick is playing a strong game. Two forwards and some capable substitutes for the other positions must be developed.

The official schedule as announced by Coach Harper is as follows:

Dec.	15	Purdue at Lafayette
Jan.	11	West Virginia at Notre Dame
	13	Beloit at Notre Dame
	17	Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame
	20	Lake Forest at Notre Dame
	24	Kalamazoo Normal at Notre Dame
	27	M. A. C. at Lansing
Feb.	3	Dubuque at Notre Dame
	6	St. Viator's at Notre Dame
	9	Wabash at Notre Dame
	14	M. A. C. at Notre Dame
	22	DePauw at Greencastle
	23	Wabash at Crawfordsville
	24	Franklin at Franklin

Safety Valve.

SCENE: A room in Sorin Hall. A dilapidated morris chair on either side; a rocking chair with one rocker missing, placed opposite the door; a bed that is shaped like a bathtub from constant bending under the weight of its owner; a table holding a few books and several cans of talcum powder; a pipe and nearby an empty tobacco jar. Enter First Student with a handful of tobacco which he has borrowed from some first-year man. He puts it hurriedly into his pipe when he discovers he forgot to borrow a match. Suddenly he sinks upon a chair and seems to be in a trance as he gazes upon *her* photograph on the wall.

Enter Second Student:

Cheer up, old pal, this is a time for mirth.
Exams are passed and the revolving earth
Seems to bring music to the students' ears,
And vanished are the sorrows and the tears.
And yet, methinks gloom sits upon your brow
For you look dull and stupid as a cow,
As though you knew not that the Yule was here
Think on it, pal, (*slaps him on the back*)
and it will bring you cheer.

First Student:

Ah, I have thought, but Christmas brings no cheer,
For I must bear what I have borne last year.
She'll buy me ties of an outlandish hue
All red and green and yellow mixed with blue,
And I will praise them, call them *smart* and *neat*
But, Friend, I would not wear them on the street,
For all the gold leaf that adorns the moon.
Believe me, room-mate, I would just as soon
Wear my pajamas in the crowded street
Or hasten to a dance in my bare feet.
And she will weep each night of the long year,
And on her rosy cheek tear after tear
Will splash, because I've said 'I hope to die
If brother hasn't stolen every tie
I ever owned. And so I got these plain
One-colored ties that bring thee so much pain.'
And then her mother'll say entreatingly
'Where is the green vest that I gave to thee?'
And I will swear 'Thieves held me up one night
Left watch and money but with strange delight
Relieved me of my vest. I'd no defenders—'
Her dad will break in—'Where are the suspenders
I gave to thee. They surely were no fake
Because *police* suspenders never break.'

Second Student:

And have you never hinted to your dear,
As you conversed with her through the long year,
That you would rather have a student lamp,
A percolator for your room, or camp
Equipment.

First Student:

Well, I tried to hint one day,
But was not blunt enough.

Second Student:

What did you say?

First Student:

I said 'I hope to choke or die of croup
If in my lifetime anyone shall loop
Around my neck a tie, red, green and blue.

I hate green vests and no one but a stew,
Would wear *police* suspenders, but the dart
Went clear above her head. I have the art,
She said, of picking out becoming things
And all the hopes I had quickly took wings.

Second Student:

But think friend of the meal of Xmas day,
Will it not twenty times or more repay
For all the troubles you have had. The meat
Of milk-fed turkey is a special treat.

First Student:

Oh! you have turned the universe on end
Till nothing in the round world seems to blend.
Know you not, I will have to dine with her
Where three-fourths of the meal consists in prayer?

Second Student:

And can she not prepare a tasty dish?

First Student:

Good Land, for Christmas dinner they have fish!
It seems as though her Pa, the day he died
Called for a piece of fish—'twas Christmastide,
And ever since on Christmas Eve they buy
A fish that none of them know how to fry.
For which they have to pay a silver dime—
(I'm using this because I need the rhyme.)
And I must eat that old carp by the peck
Knowing it died of abscess of the neck.

Second Student:

Then why do you not bid the girl good-day
And tell her you are going far away
Into another land, where vest and ties
Strangle not the ambitious who would rise?
("Why do I not depart?" he loudly moans.)
("I owe her father sixteen hundred bones.")

(Harry is descending the stairs carrying a suit case,
when he meets Joe, an old college chum on the landing.)

Harry—"Well, good-bye, Joe, and Merry, Merry
New Year, and Happy, Happy Christmas, and if you
happen to be in Oskalosa call me up and I'll meet you
and show you the finest kind of a time. Don't forget
it, old man, my telephone number is 884 Rowscoe
and the machine is always handy. Try to make it.
We can have such a dandy time together."

Joc—"Well, I'll try to see you, but I don't know
whether I will be able. Anyway have a dandy time
and Merry, Merry Christinas."

[ONE WEEK LATER.]

(Harry, his sister Rose, and the rest of the family of
nine are finishing their evening meal when the phone
rings. Rose rises and takes down the receiver.)

"Hello!"

"What's the name please?"

"Joseph Southwell?"

(She covers the mouthpiece with her hand and turns
to Harry):

"Joe Southwell wants to know if you're home?"

Harry—"Tell him, No. Tell him I've gone to visit
some relatives and won't be home for over a week."

(She takes her hand off the mouthpiece saying):

"Well, Harry won't be home till next week. He went
to visit some relatives of ours. I'm awfully sorry you

didn't call before he left."

"Yes, I'll tell him you called and I know he'll be
sorry he missed you."

"All right—good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver*).

Harry—"That fellow is a regular pest. He'd come
in here without being invited and hang around
for a week, eating our good meals. He might just as
soon learn now as anytime that he ought not to go
to places without being asked."

Rose—"Well, I think you're right. No one should
visit people without being invited."

No, Horace, pajamas are not what is commonly
known as "evening dress."

Johnny, do your Christmas chopping early so we'll
have wood enough to keep warm for the holidays.

He won this pretty maiden's heart
The first time they had met;
It was a case of first-sight love—
He soon became her pet.

For she admired his large physique,
His muscles big and strong,
His even teeth as white as snow,
His hair jet black and long.

His joyful dark and flashing eyes—
How wonderful they were.
His gentle, quiet manner, too,
Attractive was to her.

It was small wonder then she looked
On him with loving mien,
For he, without a question, was
The finest horse I've seen.

A young fellow named Percival Pedd
Said, "I strive that I might get ahead."
"That's a splendid idea,"
Cried a maiden with glee,
"For you surely do need one," she said.

At last a reason has been discovered for calling the
student attending college a "stude." It refers to the
hot water he is usually in. (Especially in the Walsh
showers!)

For authentic information on anything or any
person connected with the University, see any Freshie.

Speaking of recklessness, how about the fellow who
opens a can of "P. A." in the presence of several
Brownsonites?

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to December 16, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were re-
ceived by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the
building committee:

\$2000.00
Samuel T. Murdock, '86.
\$1000.00
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75

M. F. Healy, '82
John C. Shea, '98
Clement C. Mitchell, '02
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Daniel P. Murphy, '95
John P. Lauth, '68

\$500.00
 Robert Sweeny, '03
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 Rev. John Dinnen, '65
 Warren A. Cartier, '87
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 Joseph M. Byrne, '14
 Cassius McDonald, '04
 William P. Breen, '77
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 Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09
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 Frank E. Hering, '98
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