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The Tribute.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMEE, '09

MID a homeless sundered race,
Where Mary found a resting-place,
The Infant Christ was born.
No gilded cradle rocked His bed;
The golden straw beneath His head
Pillowed a God that morn.

The humble friends who knelt in praise,
Came not in regal, perfumed haze
Of silk and heavy lace.
The homage of their hearts they laid—
The greatest homage man e'er paid—
Before His saving grace.

That pomp, which hedges round the throne
Of all this world holds great, alone
Could not repay the tear
That trembling 'scaped the shuddering lid
And trickled down His cheek unbid,
When Christ lay there in fear.

Great God, it is the sacrifice
Of human lives to mortal vice
Thou wouldst that we should cease.
The blazing splendor of display
Can ne'er Thy slightest pain allay
Or give Thy longing peace.

It craves—the Saviour's weary Heart—
That each man play a better part,
And love his brothers all;
That he should bend his wav'ring course
Unto that mighty, Godly force,
The pleading Infant's call.

The Dreamer.

JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

IT was long past twelve, but the
golden-rule mayor still sat in
his little study—dreaming. The
enemies of the people had called
him a dreamer. The misguided
zealots, the reformers, had called
him a dreamer. And he was a dreamer.
Above him on the mantelpiece, framed like
the olden motto, "God bless our home,"
was the golden rule: "Do unto others as
you would have them do unto you." The
mayor was also a literary man. Open on
the table was a copy of the poems of John
Boyle O'Reilly, and marked and thumbed
was the passage:

I can feel no pride but pity
In the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.

The dreamer closed his eyes in reverie.
His recollection went back to his early
youth—to the old church where his father
had preached the doctrine that had guided
his life. He remembered all the calumnies,
all the questioning of his motives, and he
remembered too that it was Christmas Eve.
That very evening he had helped to dis-
tribute gifts at a Christmas celebration for
the little children of the poor, and the
memory of those little faces all lighted up
with pleasure and innocent joy, was yet in
his mind.

Suddenly the door bell rang. He waited a
moment half expectantly, and then remem-
bering the hour, he threw open the door,

and with a gust of wind there stumbled into the room a wretched specimen of humanity. His eyes were bleared, his face marked with lines of dissipation; his clothes, worn and thin, could have afforded no protection from the blast of the most severe winter in years. His hair, black but unkempt, was long and weird. As the man stood before the fire, his hands trembling and his face twitching, the mayor, accustomed to these strange visits, asked:

"What do you want at this hour, man, and on Christmas Eve?"

"My God!" answered the stranger, "I'm starving," and as he said this he fell to the floor in a heap.

Horried, the mayor went to a cabinet, took out a flask of brandy and forced some down the stranger's throat. This revived him, and leaving him for a time the mayor left the room to return in a few moments with a plate of cold meat and some of the delicacies that had been prepared for the morrow.

When the man had finished eating, the mayor heard his story as he had those of many others during this hard winter. He had been a laborer, a skilled mechanic; he had a happy home and good prospects until the panic and the hard winter. Deprived of his opportunity to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, the responsibilities of fatherhood had forced him out into the streets to find bread. He had stolen, robbed, begged, endangered his life and sold his honor that his wife and little ones might have bread. And after all his efforts to keep the family together, his wife had died and the court had declared him—the father of three children who loved them more than honor or life,—it had declared him an incompetent person for the custody of his children and placed them in the Children's Home. Despairing, he had taken to drink. When work resumed he was too dissipated to obtain employment. He had drifted on and on, and finally on this evening, a feeling of illness had impelled him to seek shelter and food at this, the only house on the street where the light still burned. As he ended his story he derided the world and the mob that boasted and preached of love and Christianity while they refused a pittance to the beggar and the starving—

cursed the system of justice which separated him from his children, which imprisoned the vagrant, and allowed the wealthy robber to celebrate his Christmas at home. There was madness in his eye.

And the mayor—he too had berated this same system of justice, for his whole life and all his efforts had been to establish equity, and he felt the sympathy for him that none but a dreamer, one who was "sick of the showy scenery of life that is half a lie," could feel. He took the man over in an alcove and pointed to a face of Christ—a copy of Hoffman's great work, that had so often been an inspiration to him, and he told him of the all-merciful providence of Him who said: "Come to Me all you that are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." And the same kindly voice, the same feeling manner, that had made him the beloved of the people, made him the savior of the outcast of society. And amid broken sobs, the mayor went again to the cabinet and placed in the hands of the outcast, the despised of the world, a roll of bills, and sitting down at his desk he wrote a note to a friend—another outcast he had befriended—and the man went out into the night, the mayor to his rest, just as the day of 'Peace' dawned.

The years rolled by. It was ten years since this Christmas Eve. The mayor sat in his study somewhat older, his hair slightly silvered, but still the face of a dreamer. He was once more in reverses. He was discouraged. All the years of battle—and such meagre results! Was that confidence that he had placed in the goodness of humanity misplaced? Was this, after all, a world of conditions that could not be remedied? The door bell rang. Undoubtedly a Christmas present, thought the mayor. His wife entered with a special delivery letter, handed it to him and sat down beside him on the couch. She too had battled and suffered by his side for the people, for mankind. He opened the letter and read it; a draft fell to the floor.

"You will remember me perhaps, sir, as a vagrant to whom you extended a kindly word and the means to start life anew. Since I left you I have endeavored to make my life such as would justify the confidence which you reposed in me. I may state—

that I am now general superintendent of the National Supply Company, and shall endeavor to repay your kind act, not by any words but by doing for some other unfortunate what you once did for me. I enclose you two hundred dollars which will pay the amount I borrowed from you, together with ten per cent. interest up to date. Once more thanking you, and in the sincere hope that all your efforts may be successful,

I am very gratefully,

John P. Flaherty."

The mayor looked up at his wife with tears in his eyes. The battle shall go on. Our confidence is not misplaced. For there is some bad in the best and a lot of good in the worst of us—isn't there, Margaret? he asked. And the world still calls him the dreamer; the corporations that seek to infringe on the people call him a player to the galleries, and the poor and the despised still stand by him because they alone know him as he is—the golden-rule mayor.

Christmas Peace.

I. E. McNAMEE, '09.

O DREAM not that the hallowed night
Gives joy because of mirth and song;
That childish noise and glitt'ring light
Can bring the Christmas peace along.

The fragrant rose, the lily's bloom,
The glossy wreath of red and green,
Are vacant as a garnished room,
If through the eyes alone they're seen.

What joy can sated pleasure bring,
When it is guarded in the heart,
A self-indulging, selfish thing,
That sees beyond no better part!

One half the busy world will laugh,
That night as it has laughed of yore;
Its Yuletide greetings, light as chaff
That rises from the threshing floor.

It will not hear the angels sing
The gladsome tidings which once thrilled
Those shepherds watching for their King—
That void for them can ne'er be filled.

The peace of Christ is held for those
Who imitate His love sublime,
Who train their hearts e'en in their woes,
To beat with His great Heart divine.

The Old English Christmas Customs.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



CHRISTMAS as we celebrate it now is not what it was in the good days of old. It seems that the hurry and worry of modern life have robbed from this great festival much of what was beautiful and picturesque, by dropping the old usages or else resolving them into heartless formalities. We still have some remnants, however, memories, as it were, of the bygone days when men were still governed by their own simple hearts and the true inspirations thereof rather than by motives of policy and expediency.

If we knew something more of the origin of customs which we do retain, and of how they have come down to us, perhaps we would cherish them more. Have we ever stopped to ask ourselves why the Christmas dinner above all others is the traditional occasion of home-comings, family parties and general reunions, or how it has come that turkeys and mince-pies are the central dishes in a Christmas dinner, rather than other kinds of meat or some other sort of pie? Why the ever-green tree and the mistletoe are selected and used as decorative even in the tropical climes rather than some other species of the more beautiful trees or vines? We realize, it is true, that all such are practices not of our own making. But how few of us actually know that these same old customs which we practice to-day can be found away back among our half-fabled ancestors—the same identical customs, modified, changed a little perhaps in the course of centuries, but still essentially the same. And yet it is so.

Take, for example, the turkey, our Thanksgiving and Christmas viand. We read in the early histories that before and up to the time of Henry III. the crane was used almost entirely as the customary Christmas dish. Later on, in some way or another, the lordly peacock came into favor among the people, and, like the crane before it, enjoyed unrivaled popularity for a long period of years. But even the proud peacock was to cede the sovereignty. The fickle multitude

changing in taste as the years passed on, demanded another dish, and the boar's head—that old song-fabled boar's head—came into popular use as the Christmas-day dish. Yet the changeable palate was not satisfied, and finally, during the reign of the Second Charles, our modern turkey was awarded the preference, and has been in constant demand ever since. Such, in a few words, are the vicissitudes of that long line of descendants which have ever graced the centre of the Christmas table.

The use of the mistletoe had its origin in the ancient religion of the Druids. It was used then as it is now, we are told, and furthermore the old epics and fables of the Anglo-Saxons and Jutes ascribe to it the same power, and associate with it the same legend for which it is to-day so very popular. And so it is with our Christmas trees and the giving of gifts, and all the other beautiful old customs which we observe to-day. Most of them date back to the time of paganism. The Church, wise and gentle mother that she is, adopted and Christianized the ancient customs from which her savage children in their pristine simplicity could not wean themselves; thus it is that we know them even unto the present day. And yet it is sad to think that we are losing that old spirit of past ages; to know that the days when stoutness of heart and knightly livery went hand in hand with the utmost simplicity of manners are no more. Indeed we can truly say of all peoples as the old song declares:

England was merry England when
Old customs brought her spirits again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

We can almost see them now, the huge manor halls of the dukes and lords of the land as they were wont to ring with merry festivity when the "lord of misrule and his motley crew" made merry throughout the entire Christmastide:

Then the grim boar's head frowned on high.
Crested with bays and rosemary.
The Wassail round, in golden bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls;
Then the huge surloin reeked; hard by
Plumb porridge stood and Christmas pye.

At this joyous season nobody wanted,

however they may have starved or hungered during the rest of the year, and the best of the land was none too good for the poorest peasant at Yuletide. It is even told of the old English country-folk, that their Christmas pies were so large that a single one sometimes lasted an entire family throughout the entire holiday season. Truly indeed could such folks say:

Without the door let sorrow lie,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

Two other old customs which we no longer know in practice, are the firing of the Yule-log, an ancient observance coming down to us from the old Scandinavian feast of "Juul" in honor of Thor, and drinking of the Wassail bowl (wass-hael—to your health). This was indeed a great ceremony: the hauling of the huge log and the kindling of the Yule-fire with the charred portions of the preceding year's remains. And how they sang and danced in its ruddy light, the lord and his hardy, armed retainers, and refreshed themselves betimes at the huge Wassail. We can well imagine them singing with lusty voices:

Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merry boyes
The Christmas-log to the firing.

Another beautiful old practice which is now obsolete, was the singing of Christmas carols by Waits, or Noels, as the French term them. These Waits or Noels were accustomed to go from house to house during the season of Advent, and especially upon Christmas Eve, chanting carols and songs in honor of the birth of our Lord. Longfellow in his translation writes of them:

I hear along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs.
Hark! they play so sweet
On their haut-boys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Indeed those were days of religious sentiment and true simplicity of heart. Even Goldsmith, when he wishes to point out how simple and unsophisticated were the parishioners of the "Vicar of Wakefield," finds it sufficient to say only, "They keep up the Christmas carol."

Yet there was one portion of this festive and mirthful night when all merriment

ceased—the sacred hour of the Midnight Mass. Then the lord and his vassals, the peasant family, and in fact the whole countryside left their heavily-laden festal boards to assist at the divine service and render homage and thanks to the Infant Saviour. Even the wandering Waits ceased their carols, and the huge Yule-log blazed there all alone, keeping silent watch, as it were, while the merry-makers assisted at the Holy Sacrifice.

But the old customs were to meet opposition. England in her early history, the home of celebration and the land of innocent jollity, suddenly came under other influences. The sour-visaged old Puritans, in the grim rigor of their doctrine, and in staid accordance with their own super-ascetic lives, issued a fiat in 1642 that there was to be no more Christmas-day celebration. Ten years later (Dec. 24, 1652) Parliament again ordered "that no observation" should be held "of the fifth and twentieth day, of Christmas day, nor any solemnities as are exercised in churches that day in respect thereof." Puritan extremism gave way at length to more moderate authority, and a portion of the old Yuletide observance was revived. The primitive ardor of the celebration, however, had been ruined, and has never been fully restored.

Christmas Snow.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

THROUGH the fair day-dawn
Filled with delight,
Down from the heavens
Airy and light
Come the beloved
Snowflakes so white.

Down from the heavens
On Christmas morn,
Spotless and stainless
So fit to adorn
The earth at the season
When Jesus was born.

Spotless and stainless
Envoys of mirth,
Lily-like purity
Bright at His birth;
Hailing the Saviour's
Mission on earth.

The Treasure Hunters.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.



W, you're yellow. You ain't game, that's what's the matter with you."

"Oh, I ain't, ain't I? Jis' gimme a look at that paper." His companion did so.

"Let's see, now," the other continued. "Six winders on left-hand side lookin' east; three stories an' a porch three steps high; door on right side twenty-three steps from rear with light under it."

The speaker turned excitedly.

"This is the house all right, Stubs. Now, if I ain't game, I'm a liar. You read me off what to do."

"All right. Ready?" Then he commenced to read with boyish solemnity from the oily paper.

"First, take off yer shoes an' put 'em toe to toe four feet in front of the door."

"Gee whiz! It's too cold. Do I have to do that?"

The other regarded him disgustedly.

"Look here, Slats Cullen, are you lyin' play me like a yeller dog, or not. You ain't agoin' to bluff out on this proposish if I know it. Take off them shoes."

"Well, Stubs—"

"Don't be 'Stubbin' me. Why, there might be ten million dollars in this fer us if you was game."

Finding all protests useless the other meekly obeyed.

"Next?" he asked, when the shoes had been arranged.

"Stubs" consulted his notes. Having done so, he drew a small circle in the snow near the door of the house.

"Stand inside that ring," he ordered. "Now say after me.

"Here I stand before the riches
Guarded by a thousand witches.
Witches, witches, give me riches
But save my britches
From your switches."

"Now, can you say that?"

"Sure," was the reply:

"Here I stand before the witches
Guarded by a—a—a lot of riches,

Witches, witches, switch me britches,
Save me—me—me pants from a lickin'."

Slats finished and then ventured to gaze tremblingly over his shoulder.

"Turn around. You did that pretty rotten, but it's got to do now," and he consulted the directions once more.

"Walk straight ahead o' you till you come to the door.

"Now," after a moment, "everything's ready. All you gotta do after you get inside is to foller the directions you've got there. I'll wait an hour for you, an' if you ain't out then, I'll give you up fer dead. Aw! don't start that whimperin', now. After I done all the head-work, are you goin' to throw me down that way?"

"Naw, I ain't—hic—I—hic—jis had a—hic—pain that's all. S—s—s—so—long, St—t—tubs. I mayn't never see you alive no more." And opening the door, Slats plunged into the interior darkness.

A faint light became visible to his eyes after a few moments. Ah! the first of the magic hallways. Advancing stealthily till he reached the door, he repeated the following in a nervous voice:

"M—mum—imagic sp—pirit of the d—door
Ope—p—open I 'mplore
Show unto me treasures rare
So I can go and take my share."

After a moment, he heard a creaking sound; the door was opening, slowly, almost imperceptibly, yet surely and by unseen hands. The happy thought of success came to his mind, when suddenly a light glared in his face, the touch of cold steel upon his brow made his flesh creep and a gruff voice sounded close to him:

"Surrender or I'll blow your head off. D'ye hear?"

It seemed to "Slats" that the world and all was swiftly slipping from under his feet. Then he felt a strong hand supporting him and a gentler voice exclaimed:

"Why, Davy, it's only a kid. Well, I'll—What? and he thrust the lantern into the lad's face. "Well, I'll be blowed. What do you make o' that? Here, let's have some light."

"Slats," trembling and terrified, was led into the adjoining room where the two men made a prolonged examination of him.

Finally the gruff-voiced one said:

"What do you mean by breakin' into the Mawster's pantry like this? Don't you know it's stealin'?"

"Never stole nothin'. I ain't no buggler," cried "Slats" through his tears.

"No," said the other, "that is, not this time. I'd like to know who's been swipin aigs and stuff out o' that pantry, then, you little liar. What'll we better do with 'im, Ferguson?"

"Blummed if I know, unless we take 'im to the Muster, only that 'e's havin' a time upstairs."

"To the mawster he goes, then. Come, you young scalawag. In Lunnon, they'd hang you in five minutes fer a smaller thing than this. Come along."

Seizing the victim by the nape of the neck, he pulled him roughly toward the stairway.

"Why, Davy, what's the matter?" exclaimed the "mawster" a moment later, as the butler entered the drawing-room holding the struggling "Slats" by the collar.

"I just wanted to tell you, sir, as we've captured the thief as was stealing the provisions—captured 'im red-'anded, sir. Thought per'aps, sir, as you might want the polis for 'im. 'E're's the lad, sir." And he pushed the little prisoner up before Mr. Patterson, the "mawster." "'E's got the look in 'is eyes, 'e 'as, sir. 'E's the makin's of a criminal."

Mr. Patterson paid no heed to the butler; instead, he was gazing very interestedly at the boy.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Slats" Murphy," came the reply, scarcely audible.

"Well, Slats," continued the man, "is what Davy said about you true?"

The little fellow felt a great lump arise in his throat. True—true that he had stolen? He quickly raised his eyes to meet the man's gaze.

"Naw, it ain't. I ain't no buggler, an' I wouldn't steal aigs if I was."

"But Davy says he found you inside the house with you're shoes off. How do you account for that, 'Slats?'"

"Slats" gazed doggedly at the floor, digging his heels into thick rug. By this time

a few of the guests had been attracted to the spot.

"And he says he heard you sneaking along in the hallway," continued Mr. Patterson. Still "Slats" failed to reply. "Davy advises me to send for the police. You don't want me to do that, do you?"

Again the face came up.

"Naw."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I ain't done nothin', nor stole nothin', that's why."

"Then, what were you doing in the pantry?"

The crowd about the trio had grown now and many were the sympathetic comments heard, mostly from the young ladies. Suddenly a tear appeared in the lad's eye and rolled down his dirty cheek as his hand sought the bosom of his coat.

"Here it is if you want the old thing," he sobbed. "Take it; I tell you, I ain't no thief."

He drew out the begrimed sheet of paper from which "Stubs" had read the directions at the entrance. Mr. Patterson took the paper from his hands and read wonderingly:

The house of treasure is to him who finds.

Six jeweled windows face the rising sun,
Nor ever hide their splendor rare with blinds

From early morn until the day is done.

Three stately stories pointing to the sky,

A marble porch which must be three feet high.

He paused, and adjusting his eye-glass, looked hard at the boy.

"Well, what the deuce!" he slowly ejaculated. Then as the serious expression on "Slats's" face did not change, an amused smile crossed his countenance, and he turned again to the paper:

An oaken door the right side will not lack

Full three-and-twenty paces from the back.

Under the which a glimm'ring light will glow

The guide unto the treasure den below.

This was too much. Mr. Patterson threw his head back and laughed a long and hearty laugh.

"Where on earth did you get hold of this?" he cried as soon as he got breath to speak. "Slats" couldn't understand what the joke was, but somehow he knew it was all right, so he brightened up.

"Why, 'Stubs' got it from old Mrs. Leary down by the tracks. She's the fortune-teller that 'Stubs' pulled away from a street-car

once an' she give 'im that thing you've got for savin' her life."

"And this is the house you found, is it? Davy," turning to the butler, "what do you make of the case now?"

The butler threw up his hands.

"Luddy sakes, mawster, hit's the balliest mixup I ever run into. I cawn't make head or tail of it. I cawn't rilly."

"So you came here expecting to find a treasure-house, did you? What were you going to take away with you?"

"Well," replied the lad trying to recall, "I hadn't figgered that out. But I was thinkin' o' gittin a couple of pocketsful o' nickels an' dimes and a big doll for Jennie an' another for 'Stubs's' sister an' an'—"

"What else?"

"An' a whoppin' big Christmas turkey fer mother an' another fer 'Stubs's.' I guess that's about all I can remember."

The master was a man of lenient disposition; it was Christmas time too, and the spirit of the season prompted him. He turned to a gentleman at his side:

"But, my lad," he continued addressing the boy, "the next time you call you had better make a little more noise before coming in and not depend upon the old woman's introduction which might get you into trouble. How about it, Hewitt? Think we can fix the kid out? By the way, 'Slats' where's that pal of yours. Davy, go down and see if you can find this kid's twin brother skulking around."

"Yus, sir."

"An' say, Dave," called "Slats," "bring my shoes along too, will you?"

The entire company laughed as their host added:

"Thirty paces from the rear, Davy."

"Slats" and "Stubs" did not go home empty-handed that night, nor, empty-pocketed. Those fat turkeys were so heavy and their pockets were so loaded with promiscuous coins, that for the first time in their lives they decided that they could afford the luxury of a paid street-car ride.

"His nibs," said that was all hoky-poky about Mother Leary," said Stubs to his companion as they bore the treasure homeward, but it served the purpose as well as if it had been genuine.

A Christmas Ode.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

CHRIST, whom the world adores,
 From where the Eastern shores
 Behold the sun to amethystine turn
 The great, green waves of all embracing sea,
 To where the purple urn
 Of clouds sees it return
 And sink a symbol of Thy mystery,
 To Thee I raise my cry
 Before the sunset die—
 Glad as a lark at dawn I sing to Thee.

In state majestic do recurrent years,
 Filled with the noise of battle, proudly go;
 Army on army hurled
 Browbeat an abject world,
 For which Thy blood atoning longed to flow.
 The Chaldean ruled in pride,
 Ere Thou wast crucified,
 And held the earth with regent hand of steel.
 To ruin empires reel,
 The stately kingdoms all,
 Like gorgeous roses withered in the fall.

Persian and Greek or Roman may contend
 And rend to fragments all that went before;
 The tribes and nations intermix and blend
 Within the crucible of endless war.
 Strife made the world a hell
 Of inharmonious sound and harsh discord;
 She ruled the turmoil with her magic spell,
 A war-song and a magic wand, the sword.
 But Thou, O Lord, came as no mighty one,
 No captain throned upon the countless dead,

Whose corpses, gaping sightless 'neath the sun,
 Reveal the road ambition chose to tread;
 No mellow trumpets blaring to the skies
 Announced the coming of an earthly king;
 No weary people heavily arise
 Whose empty plaudits make the cities ring:
 But Thou wast born unknown to earthly eyes,
 And in the silence of the stable came,
 Who lately heard the angel's loud acclaim,
 And through the incense-smoke of constant prayer
 Beheld them prostrate there,
 While all the echoes murmur with Thy name.
 Night covers all the calm Judean plain
 With sable pall of darkness, sprinkled o'er
 With stars that glow like candles in a fane,
 Where choirs sublime of harmony outpour:
 The world becomes a temple filled with song
 From verge to verge of chaos' far pressed shore,
 That echoes with a joyous angel throng.

Chains of sorrow are unriven,
 Broken is the ancient sway
 By a Child in mercy given.
 Swing, O swing, ye gates to-day,
 Earth returns again to Heaven,
 Like a star when eve is grey.
 Fling thy flaming rays, O star,
 Through the quiet even streaming,
 Beacon, beacon, from afar,
 Clothed in splendor, golden, gleaming;—
 Banished sin and sorrow are
 By a smiling Child a-dreaming.

The Festival of All Men.

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.

PEACE on earth and good will toward men" is still the characteristic mark of the Christmas festival. The small group of lowly ones that celebrated the first Christmas has grown into the great army of Christians, and it is a noteworthy fact that since its institution Christmas has been celebrated in the same spirit of brotherly love which was the import of the Angels' song that summoned the shepherds for its first celebration: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Peace and good will toward all men, however, are possible only at the sacrifice of individualism and nationalism for society at

large and the idea of the universal brotherhood of man. On Christmas Day men in every Christian country forget the wonted differences between themselves and their alien brothers, and vie with one another to make all happy, and all act with such sincerity and unselfishness that it would appear that some uncompromising law compelled men to act as they do. Many who throughout the year are remarked for coldness to their neighbors thaw out at the Christmas season and have a cheery "Merry Christmas" on hand for all. The Christian sense demands it. The fact that good will toward one's fellows has become a rule of etiquette is expressive of the significance which the season of Christmas has for men.

Each nation also celebrates its national holidays with befitting patriotism; but there is only one international holiday—

Christmas. Patriotism suggests the creation and observance of national holidays, but national holidays are selfish in that they are exclusive. The characteristic mark of Christmas, however, is that it is a distinctly religious festival. Christianity was the first power to conceive the idea of the universal brotherhood of man and the first to bring all nations together in spirit for the celebration of an international festival.

But men are beginning to realize that they can and ought to be brothers, not only on Christmas Day but on the other 364 days of the year as well. The sincerity and emphasis with which the idea of international peace is being promulgated in every civilized country is indicative that there is a bond of love among all men.

To some it may be a bit of news to learn that this spirit of unity of thought and action is also being considered very seriously by those Christians who have been so long separated from the centre of Christianity—the Roman Catholic Church. The recent General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut declared that a greater unity was necessary for the effective conduct of the war against the mighty forces of evil in Christian lands, and a practical resolution was adopted to hold meetings with representatives of other Christian churches for common acknowledgment of the sins of division and for intercession for the growth of unity. These facts seem to indicate that the time is not far distant when all men will be brothers in the true Faith of Christ and the consequent spirit of good will to all men on all the days of the year.

Christmas Morning.

FAR across the distance ringing
Come the mellow tones of bells;
And the echoes round me clinging,
Linger like half-uttered spells.

Silver echoes softly playing,
Herald in the Christmas morn,
Songs of angels earthward straying,
News abroad that Christ is born.

Sweetly ending while the snowfall
Robes the naked fields in white,
And the voices with their low call
Faint before the dawning light.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

Dei Genitrix.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

NO titled queen of earthly glory
Was pure enough the crown to wear,
But in the ranks of God's own lowly
The one was found the Christ to bear:
The solitary one of all the millions—
Snow-white, pure-white, wholly fair.

Dinny Junior.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.



INNY, I won't have it in the house; ye can take it in, if you wish, but I'll have nothin' to do with it. For fifty years have the Connors lived in these parts and have yet to hear it said that e'er a one of them ever accepted a ha'penny of anyone's charity. As for me, bad cess to them, that goes about giving their maisy bit of garbage to folks whose ancestry dates back to the very Kings of Connaught. And to think that Maggie Connors should ever be cringin' to anyone's charity! Likes as not it's from them O'Tooles. You know them as well as I, Dinny. For thirty years the whole kit of them lived down be the river, till the wharf rats near ate them up, and then inheritin' their twinty million from their old Uncle Michael in South Africa. Sure, likes as not he stole it from some of those poor creatures down there. Thim and their great distribution of Christmas charity! Dinny Malone, as I said before, ye can bring in that basket of grub which ye say lays on the back-door step, but as sure as there is a power in Heaven, I'll not cook a grain of it. To-morrow may be Christmas, and it's a poor lay-out we'll be havin', but I'd rather starve on the last crust of stale bread than ate off the bounty of others, especially the O'Tooles."

Unheeding the turbulent remonstrances o his wife, Dinny in less than five minutes after he heard the noise on the steps without had taken in the basket and laid it gently on the floor near the door, not daring in his boldness to lift up the covering which

hid its contents. His task completed, Dinny Malone heaved a sorrowful sigh and sat down shivering by the chilly bit of fire in the little kitchen. He said not a word, but a big, hot tear dropped with a splash on his coarse brown hand as he sat with downcast eyes and lips a-tremble. Luck had turned out rather poorly for the old couple of late. Ever since Dinny lost his arm in the wood-shop times had been hard. The little "mindin'" and "darnin'" that Maggie could obtain in the neighborhood barely sufficed for a mean support, and with the winter coming on it seemed that the old couple would surely be compelled to accept the hand of charity. Twenty years before Dinny Malone would have laughed at such a situation. In those days Dinny sat at the head of an over-laden Christmas table, his massive form well meriting the awe and respect of five hungry children, his big honest blue eyes beaming as he handed to each a generous portion of Maggie's turkey.

There was John and Michael and the twins, Owen and Timmy, and last, but not least, little Mona, the sweetest and fairest of all that bright lot. And now—to think of it—John, the soldier-boy, far away beneath the tropical palms of Cuba's land! The ruthless fever had taken Owen and Timmy at the age of ten, and little Mona, the darling, soon followed her brothers. Only Michael, his mother's favorite, remained, but he too had gone far, far away, while still a boy, and it was a sad day for the Old Folks when three years after they were told by a friend he had died in a quarrel with Indians in a frontier town. And now there was only the two of them; just Maggie and Dinny, to pass as best they could the few remaining years.

It was growing late, the wind whistled in and out between the crevices, around the loose door-jambs. Little flakes of snow, blown in the threshold, whisked suddenly across the bare, but scrupulously white, floor and lost themselves in the warmer air of the enclosure. The darkness seemed only heightened by the gloom within. Maggie finished her evening tasks, of late grown very light, and threw a small but precious lump of coal into the little kitchen stove.

Then she placed the bit of lighted candle

in the kitchen window just as she had always done on Christmas Eve. When all was done, she drew her old rocker up close to Dinny's and the two sat gazing silently and steadily at the slowly warming grate. Not a word was spoken. Maggie seemed not to notice Dinny's presence. She too was thinking of those days when Christmas meant so much to them both. The evening wore on. Silence reigned supreme except for the moaning of the wind and the creaking of the old elm at the back door. Maggie seemed to have forgotten the basket which lay on the back step and her indignation, and had presently yielded herself to slumber. It was not so with Dinny. In silence but with beadlike eyes he watched the kindly old face as it dozed, nodding to and fro. Then he arose, stealthily crawled across the room and reached out for the basket. It was not overly heavy, and as he drew it closer he said to himself: "Sure and I'll take a look in the basket for curiosity's sake anyhow before she wakes. Sure she'll never be knowin' the difference, maybe it's as much as a sack of tobacco is in it for meself."

He sat down gently and placed the basket softly on the floor and raised the cover.

"Faith, and it's only an old shawl and a few old clothes as the neighbors has left for herself. Sure the O'Toole's would never have the likes of this," he whispered, in disappointment.

He lifted the heavy woolen covering which almost covered the top of the basket. Then suddenly he jumped up. "Merciful heavens!" he gasped in a loud voice. Maggie awoke and jumped up from her chair, staring wildly about.

"Glory be! Dinny, what's the matter? Are you deminted?"

"No indade, Maggie. Look for yourself." He pointed to the basket.

There snuggled in warm fluffy flannels lay one of the sweetest and dearest "bits of humanity" upon which Maggie had ever laid eye. With one jump she reached the basket and gathered the little mite to her breast. As she did so a narrow blue envelope fell out, and Dinny—now somewhat recovered—reached for it breathlessly. He tore it open and took out the note which was inside. Then he read:

"Keep this child for my sake. 'Suffer the

little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

There was no signature. Dinny looked at Maggie, then at the child, then at the basket. The question started from the lips of both: "What shall we do with the creature?" Just then was heard a knock at the door. Dinny opened the door hastily. Without a word a tall, handsome man stepped into the kitchen followed closely by a well-dressed, refined-looking woman.

"Mother!" the man said. "This is my wife Catherine."

"My God! Maggie, it's Michael," gasped Dinny.

"Yes father, well and happy with plenty to make Christmas happy for all. We've been waiting there beneath the window since half-past six and now its almost eight. We had almost given up hope of your opening the basket at all, and were on the point of coming in anyhow. But father saved the situation. And now, mother, you had better give Little Dinny to Catherine, I fear he will be fretting after his long nap in the basket.

"Never mind, Michael, I'll take care of our New Dinny," said Dinny Senior. Maggie, do hurry and wet a cup a tea for the poor darlin's. It's frozen and starved with the cold and hunger the poor creatures are."

"Never mind, mother," said Michael, "there'll be a wagon of provisions along directly, and we'll have an old-fashioned Christmas feast, and we won't go to bed till after the midnight Mass."

The Old Oak.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

HOW like an aged sentinel it stands,

Yon riven oak, with withered arms out-thrown
In leafless mourning o'er the grain-stripped lands;

How grim the rugged trunk stands there alone,
Outlined upon the flaming western sky,
In silerce pleading for the days gone by,
In silence bearing, tho' with kingly state,
The stern decree of winter's icy fate.

Alone, deserted, stripped by autumn wind,

It bears aloft a sadly shattered crest
In solemn majesty, nor seeks to find

The promise of a sunrise in the west.

How like an aged sentinel on guard,
It stands in haughty gloom, from hope debarred;
Alone, deserted, left in dark despair,
It mourns the summer fields, the summer's air.

Seen in the Mirror of Life.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.



WE stood in silence on the shaded porch of Mr. Leneway's house situated on the bank of a narrow stream in Northern Michigan. It was early morning. The earth, mantled in a fleecy raiment of snow, sparkled beneath the first rays of the golden sun. There was perfect calm. The beauties of nature absorbed us. The snow-birds filled the air with their joyful twitterings as they searched for their breakfast about the granary. The grey squirrels, eager to begin the day, had come from their winter hollows and were already celebrating the occasion with gleeful chattering.

Little Johnnie, engaged in building a huge snowman near the sentinel cedar at the back door, broke the harmony only by an occasional outburst of laughter as he gazed at the broad smile he was carving on Mr. Snowman's face. In the barnyard at our left the cattle were feeding from a stack of shredded fodder. Along the rail-fence that enclosed the yard, the sheep lay peacefully chewing their cud. The feathered tribe came forth from the coop delighted to make tracks in the sparkling snow. The colt whinnied and played his several pranks as he was driven to the stream of water that ran back of the barn. A jack-rabbit, startled at his approach, leaped from a nearby brush heap, and after a few sprightly hops, the little fellow turned and blinked dubiously. The rumbling waters themselves seemed to tell a story of joy and happiness as they glided down their course.

As we gazed on this little world, my mind queried the significance of the scene. What did it all mean? Why did the waters, the animals, the farm-yard fowl, the little birds, all appear so happy?

The beautiful scene in all its innocent merriment seemed an expression of the happiness and joy proper to the great Feast. It almost seemed as though, not only we but the animal and inanimate creation as well had heard and were rejoicing at the tidings of great joy on that beautiful Christmas morn.

Christmas Bells.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

O'ER hills and dells the Christmas bells
 Re-echo their good cheer;
 In countless climes their mellow chimes
 Ring in the glad New Year.

Their melodies from distant leas
 All, every one inspire;
 They thrill with joy the college boy,
 They set his soul afire.

Their worlds of tone from towers blown
 In choral music rise;
 On fragile wings of whispings
 They're borne throughout the skies.

O'er mountain steeps and welt'ring deeps,
 Each dying echo tells
 An Infant reigns, and this explains
 Symphonic Christmas bells.

A Sprig of Mistletoe.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.



DESPITE the driving snow that beat in the faces of those who dared confront its cruel onslaught, the crowd of Christmas shoppers instinctively paused to look at the array of dolls arranged with martial precision in the show window of a room in the Board of Trade building. There were dolls in dresses of blue and dolls in red, large dolls and small dolls; and in the very front of the window were hobby horses, carts, trumpets and sleds, showing that the boys as well as the girls had been remembered by good St. Nicholas whose workshop this seemed to be. In the centre of the window a large placard was placed which read:

Help Some Poor Child
 To
 Have a Merry Christmas
 Star's Doll Show
 Contributions Solicited.

There were but few in that crowd who did not know what it all meant. Everyone, it seemed, had heard of the Christmas treat arranged for the poor children of the city through the agency of its greatest newspaper. Many turned into the room

where the show was being held to put an offering into the contribution box and came out again, glad that they had in a small way at least, helped others to share in the happiness and prosperity they enjoyed.

Jimmy Kelley, one of the cleverest reporters on the *Star's* Staff, leaned in the doorway, his collar pulled about his ears, hoping that something might turn up that would give him a good feature story. His heart was not in his work on this day, for the night before he had been the victim of a lover's quarrel—a silly affair, but one that meant much to Kelley, for he was young, and during his busy career he had loved but once. He had gone away from the home of Margaret McDonald, expecting never to enter it again, and the present day had brought little cheer to the heart of the reporter.

As he stood there in the doorway, sheltered as much as could be from the wind and snow, he watched the crowd that thronged about the window. The smiling faces were a mockery to him, and he wondered if any of those people had hearts as heavy as his own. He pictured them going to their bright homes where they would be surrounded by their loved ones. He thought of himself, young, possessed of no little ability, yet absolutely alone, with nothing of his own that he cared for, no home except the hotel in which he had lived for five years.

As he stood thus, growing more melancholy every moment, he noticed two children that pushed themselves through the crowd. They were both poorly dressed and their little lips were blue with the cold. The boy, who was apparently about ten years of age, held the little girl by the hand, and together they reached a point of vantage directly in front of the window very near to where Kelley stood. Eagerly they pressed their faces against the glass and with their warm breath they attempted to melt away the frost that covered it, in order to see better the treasures that were inside.

"Oh looka!" cried the little girl in an excited voice. "See that great big dolly. That's what I want old Santy to bring me. O—h—h! ain't it nice?"

"Yes," replied her companion, "but you know mamma said Santy wasn't goin' to come to our house this year. He don't like

us no more since mamma got sick, and besides he only comes to see rich folks what can give him lots of fine things to eat after he gets down the chimbley."

The little girl turned her head away upon hearing this discouraging news and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh maybe he'll come," she said in a hopeful tone of voice. "He used to be good to us when papa was alive, and I don't think he'll forget us."

"Well, I guess mamma ought to know," retorted the boy with a manly air of superior wisdom. "I tell you he won't come to see us. But if he would happen to come," and he again turned longingly towards the window, "I wish he'd bring me that big red sled."

Kelley listened intently to this conversation, and when he heard these last words he quickly made up his mind that there were probably some people in the world who were just as unhappy as he was. In addition to this he knew that he had found his feature story and that it was now time for action. As the children left the crowd Kelley joined them on the sidewalk.

"Hello, kids," he said by way of greeting.

"Hello," answered the boy, while the girl looked up at him shyly.

"Who says Santa Claus isn't coming to see you?" he queried.

"Mamma did, and she knows," replied the boy who seemed to act as spokesman for the pair.

"Oh bosh," heartily exclaimed Kelley. "I know better, for I'm his private secretary."

"What's that?" asked the boy with curiosity aroused.

"Why I'm the man that comes around before Christmas to get the names of all the little girls and boys, so that Santa will know where to stop."

"And is he coming to our house?" piped up the little girl unable to keep silence any longer.

"Why sure he will, now that you've seen me," answered Kelley. "Of course if you hadn't seen me your name mightn't have been on the list and Santa wouldn't have known where to come."

"No," the boy said earnestly, "we don't live where we did last year and he might have missed us."

By this time Kelley had fully outlined his plan, and for the first time that day he smiled, as he looked down at the trusting innocents by his side. They smiled back, happy in the thought that they were to have a Christmas after all.

"Now come along with me kiddies," the reporter said in a softened voice, and we'll fix everything up in ship-shape order. Just to make things more secure and to avoid mishaps I'll take you over here and have your pictures taken. I will send the pictures to Santa Claus, and then he'll know you when he sees you. I guess there won't be any danger of you being missed then."

Gaily the pair of excited children went along with Kelley who led them into the big newspaper office and up three flights of stairs into the staff photographer's department.

"Here Burton," he said to the photographer, who was just emerging from his dark room, "get your big camera out and make the best picture you can of my friends here. I am going to send it on to Santa Claus so he won't miss them Christmas Eve."

"So that's the game, eh?" asked the photographer as he swung his camera into position, "I guess we can do the job all right."

The shutter snapped, and Burton had what he liked best—a human interest picture of the two children as they stood there side by side in a perfectly natural position.

Kelley then wrote their names and addresses in his assignment book, and with keen foresight took them into a restaurant where he filled their plates with all the good things he could remember having liked himself when he was about their age.

That evening he sat in his office and wrote his story upon which he lavished his best touches. This done he sought out the Night-Editor and told him all about his adventure of the afternoon and his plans for making a happy Christmas for the children. The Night-Editor, although sometimes a little gruff, had children of his own, and Kelley left him with the assurance that the story would be given the best position possible. Well satisfied with his work, Kelley went to his room in a happy mood, having forgotten his own trouble.

Newspaper readers are not slow in

responding when a well-worded appeal is made to them, and shortly after the *Star* appeared on the streets the next morning, contributions to the Santa Claus fund began to pour into the office. The faces of the two children, peering from the very first page of the paper, told their own story, and working-men with their dinner pails, prosperous men of affairs, well-dressed ladies and school children were alike eager to help in the good work.

"By gad," exclaimed Kelley, as he saw the subscription list, "it looks as if those kids are going to have the dickens of a big Christmas. I guess there'll be enough to more than satisfy them, and to help the general fund substantially in the bargain." Then he left the office bent on investigating more fully the condition of the family whose cause he had so impetuously championed.

What he learned was not disappointing. The family had once been comfortably settled, but the father had died leaving his affairs in a bad tangle. For a year the mother had struggled against poverty, providing for her children by doing sewing. At last she had been overcome by illness and had been forced to give up the fight. Her scanty funds were almost exhausted, and she was just on the point of being compelled to call upon charity for aid. Kelley interviewed the woman and told her of what he had done. Then he unfolded his plan for giving both them and himself a merry Christmas.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and the church bells reminded Kelley of his duty. Dressing hurriedly he went to Mass, and as he knelt before the Christmas crib he thought of his little protégés and wondered how they were enjoying the many things that he knew they had found in their stockings. Then he thought of Margaret, and the old fire blazed up in his heart.

"Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis," the choir sang, while Kelley was thrilled with the music.

"Peace indeed," he mused, "it makes one feel that way toward the entire world. If I only knew that Margaret felt that good will toward me, my happiness would be complete."

As early as possible Kelley made his way to the humble street in which the children

lived. He was anxious to share their joy, and hurried his steps past the poor homes whose exterior plainly gave evidence of the poverty within. Arriving at his destination he rapped at the door and was enthusiastically met by both children who immediately began to recite in chorus the story of the wonderful visit of Santa Claus. From her chair their mother greeted him warmly, a happy light shining in her eyes.

Kelley took off his coat and began to play with the children, but his attention was distracted by the strain of a Christmas carol, which was being sung in a feminine voice. His inquiring look was seen by the mother who laughed softly.

"You see, Mr. Kelley," she said, "you have played the fairy prince to us, but we have also found a fairy queen. The queen, or to speak more plainly, a kind young lady, saw your wonderful story in the paper, and thought she would like to invite herself to your party. At present she has changed her queenly robes for a kitchen apron, and is out there cooking the turkey you so kindly sent.

"And where is the cook I told to come from the hotel?" asked Kelley.

"Sent back there again by the fairy queen."

Kelley was mystified and was wondering what kind of a person this could be, who would come into a strange house and cook a dinner, after a professional cook had been provided for the purpose, when the door leading from the kitchen opened and there stood Margaret McDonald.

"Why Margaret," exclaimed Kelley, "I didn't think you were the fairy queen."

"Not a fairy queen, just the cook of the best Christmas dinner in this town, and if you people don't get to the table soon it will be getting cold."

The children made a rush to the table and Kelley assisted their mother with her wheel chair. Margaret remained in the front room and Kelley returned for her. Never had she looked sweeter to him than she did at this moment. Her big white apron gave her an air of domesticity, and Kelley was ready to fall down on his knees before her.

She laughed at the look of surprise that had not left his face since he first appeared, and as he seemed almost too astonished to speak she broke the silence.

"Jimmy Kelley," she said, "did you bring that sprig of mistletoe that is hanging above our heads?"

Varsity Verse.

Paterfamilias.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

LISTEN to me, gentle reader,
While I tell you of a custom,
Of a custom that we follow,
Of a custom hard and bitter,
Cruel and bitter to the white man,
To the father of the family,
To the sad but patient father,
Bearer of the household burdens.
When the winds of bleak December
Blow across the trackless prairies,
When the land is white with snow-drifts,
When the fields are bleak and barren,
Comes the festival of Christmas,
Feast-day filled with much rejoicing,
Filled with gladness for the mothers,
For the brothers and the sisters;—
Filled with woe and grief and worry
For the father of the family,
Bearer of its daily burdens.
Should you ask me, gentle reader,
When the mother so rejoices,
When the sister and the brother,
When they all rejoice so highly,
Why the father all alone there
Feels so sorrowful and weary,
Feels so sad and so unhappy?
I should answer, I should tell you,
He will have to buy the mother
Hats and furs and costly dresses,
Buy her gloves and shoes and bracelets,
Buy the grown and growing daughters,
Silks and gloves and coats and "bon-bons,"
Buy his sons for Christmas presents
Skates and coasters, hunting rifles,
Rifles made to shoot their bullets,
At old Opechee, the robin,
At the bluebird, the Owaisson,
At the Shaw-Shaw, at the swallow;
He will have to buy the baby
Shoes to hide its little feet in,
Little feet, the Tootsie Wootsies,
Nipples of the softest rubber,
Dolls and rattles, blocks and engines,
For his little one, the baby.
He will have to give peace off'rings
To his wife's beloved mother,
To Ma-ma-in-law, the loved one,
Dear to him and all his family;
He will have to pay the butcher,
Pay the grocer and the baker,
Pay the furniture installments,
Pay the hired girl her wages,
Pay the hired man his salary;
He will have to pay the tailor,

Pay the house rent and the taxes,
Pay the cook and pay the gas bill,
He the father of the family,
All alone and single-handed,
Working hard and toiling ever
For his fifteen dollars weekly.
Should you ask, me gentle reader,
Where to find this man, this father,
Suff'ring 'neath this Christmas custom,
'Neath this custom, cruel and bitter,
Cruel and bitter to the white man,
To the father of the family?
I should answer, I should tell you,
He is bearing now this burden,
Bearing now this Christmas burden;
You can find him all about you,
Here and there and all about you,
In this broad and far-famed country;
In this land his name is "legion."

* *

Johnny on Santa Claus.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

WHEN I was a kid I used to b'lieve
That every year 'bout Christmas Eve,
A little old man came ridin' aroun'
A bringin' things to the kids in town.
But now that I've growed, I know 'tain't so;
You can't tell me, because I know,
They ain't no Santa Claus.

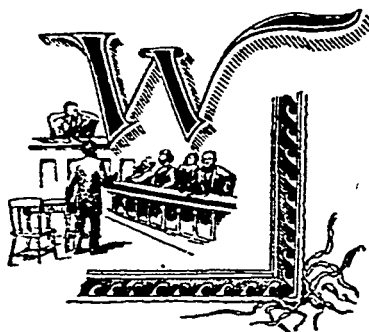
I thought he drove some reindeer teams
That climbed the mountains and jumped the
streams,
And he came straight down through the chimney
place,
But now I know that wan't the case
So I'm glad that I began to grow,
You can't tell me, because I know,
They ain't no Santa Claus.

I used to think that if I was bad
He wouldn't come, 'cause it made him mad
To see kids do what they shoul'n't do,
Or when they did what they wanted to;
But that was an awful long time ago,
You can't tell me, because I know,
They aint no Santa Claus.

For kids those tales may do well enough,
But don't try to tell a man such stuff.
They may be all right for foolish guys,
But, gee! I'm glad that I got wise.
I don't care now who says 'tis so,
You can't tell me, because I know,
They ain't no Santa Claus.

An Unfulfilled Resolution.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.



WHAT shall we get for Grant this year, Dan?" asked Mrs. Hartwright of her spouse on the sofa. "That's so, the boy will be home soon. I had forgotten."

"Yes, he writes us to expect him on the 10:30 train Tuesday."

"I fear mother that he is not making the best use of his time at school. Since he first dabbled in athletics his reports have dropped lower and lower."

"Oh, no! don't you remember the last bulletin? There was a world of improvement in that one. You remarked it yourself, at the time, you know."

"Well, I think we will manage to present him with something. I had not thought of that last report. Yes, now that I think of it there was considerable improvement."

Both relapsed into silence. Daniel Hartwright, or "The Honorable Dan," as they knew him at 'Change, was just past the half-century milestone. A half century, of course, had left the marks of change. The strapping, sinewy youth of twenty-four gave place to a florid, well-groomed, and well-fed man of fifty.

His wife preserved, except for a few wrinkles and an occasional silver lock, nearly all the charms that had captured him thirty years before. She was characterized by a persuasive gentleness that never failed to conquer the obstinate. She it was who often calmed the fiery temper of Grant and compelled him to tasks where an angry word from his father had brought rebellion.

The Monday before Christmas of 190— was made historic by an all-day absence of Mr. and Mrs. Hartwright. People at the Exchange remarked with surprise that "Honorable Dan" had not appeared once during the day. This was unprecedented. The servants at home wondered too. "Expect us to-night on the nine o'clock train" was the sole clue.

At eleven o'clock Tuesday a carriage

rattled up the gravel drive leading to the Hartwright mansion and deposited Grant, together with a cargo of baggage.

"Hello, mother!" cried that worthy as he espied Mrs. Hartwright standing on the porch. A moment later, mother and son were in each other's arms.

"Grant, I can't say you have grown much since you left," said the mother with a laugh, as she glanced admiringly at his six feet of muscle and perfectly formed body.

"No, I guess not mother," agreed Grant as he surveyed his stature. "I think I have about reached my limit, don't you?"

"Yes, perhaps," she answered, absent-mindedly as they seated themselves in the drawing-room. Assuming at the same time a grave aspect, she gazed into the embers of the fire.

"How is father? Is he satisfied with my bulletins?" This was said with a keen glance sidewise to see the effect of his question.

"Yes," she replied suddenly, gazing full at him. So quickly had she turned that she surprised him as he studied her furtively. He turned away slightly confused. It was now her turn to study him.

For some unaccountable reason, the conversation with her husband of a few evenings before recurred to her. His reports had dropped lower and lower, but suddenly they had arisen. The last bulletin was very good, though its immediate predecessor had been poor enough. His confusion now aroused a little suspicion in her mind, and she knew how to clear it up.

"Grant," she began boldly, "do you get along well with your instructors?"

"Fairly well," came the answer. "I like them all except," he hesitated, "one. And I may as well tell you that the poor showing I made in this class rather discouraged me in the others. Father's threatening letter caused me to do at the last examination what, I fear, you have suspected—to crib."

"Perhaps athletics are to blame."

"No, mother, they are not. I played in but one game and then left the squad in the hope of having more time for my work. But this did not do any good. I kind o' lost the spirit. I don't want to return."

"Oh Grant, you must return by all means. Why do you suppose your father has kept you there until now, unless it be to get you the blessing of an education?"

"I want to continue, but let it be at another place."

"No, dear, that would never do. No matter how poor the outlook is now a change would set you back a full year, at least."

"But couldn't I get my credits?"

"Ah, but you know yourself they are not the best," she rejoined smiling. "You could not stake your chances on them."

This nonplussed him. He perceived the cogency of his mother's arguments.

"Come now, Grant, be reasonable. Think no more of changing." There was no answer.

"Yes, I know you will do as I ask. Cheer up now and do not let father see you so gloomy. Do not speak to him of—"

At this juncture she was interrupted by the voice of Mr. Hartwright who had just returned to dinner.

"What! Grant back? Well, well, where is he? Grant! you rascal, speak up!" said the stentorian voice from the dining-room, as heavy footsteps were heard tramping toward them.

"Well, there he is at last. How are you, my boy? Look at the size of him. Hasn't he grown, though?" exclaimed the father, as he vigorously shook the hand of his big son.

"Mother thinks just the opposite. She thinks I have not grown any since last fall," answered Grant as jovially as he could, but the effort was a poor one.

"Don't you think— Hello, she's gone. Sit down, my boy and we'll talk it over," said the old gentleman, lighting a cigar. "How have you fared the last four months? Any guard duty?" he began, and he looked intently at his son.

"No, I have been lucky this time, having escaped without a demerit."

A moment of silence followed during which Mr. Hartwright noted that Grant was not in the proper mood.

"Well, what is wrong, then?" he asked suddenly. "There is a screw loose somewhere. I saw that the moment I beheld you."

This staggered Grant, and forgetting his mother's warning he blurted out, "Yes, there is, and I don't want to return. They don't treat a fellow right there."

His father sat bolt upright in his chair.

"Don't treat a fellow right, you say?"

"No, they don't. No matter how one—"

"Enough of that, sir!" thundered his

father. "I have been over the road, and I know that the man who works succeeds in his studies, and that the laggard is shown in his true colors sooner or later. You leave athletics alone. If you had done as I advised you, I would not have to hear such a story as this. What is the matter with you? Are you still a child? Let me hear."

"I have left athletics alone," answered Grant hotly "and I have studied—"

"Grant! Grant!" came in a soft voice from behind, and both turned to see Mrs. Hartwright standing in the doorway.

Grant felt rather abashed and departed for his room, where he flung himself into a chair. He had expected that his father would not listen to him, but in his mother, as he expected, he met the strongest foe to his purpose. She had almost conquered him in the first brief meeting. He ardently hoped to escape another passage with her. Before her weapons he was powerless.

Downstairs another tilt was underway.

"All right," said Mr. Hartwright, "if you can persuade him, the present is his. I fear you will have your hands full."

"Never fear, Dan, wait and see."

Mrs. Hartwright went up to her son's room. The owner of the sanctum was seated in his old chair with his back to the door.

"Grant," said his mother gently, as she approached him, "you'll take that back, will you not? Before you returned, father and I planned a pleasant surprise for you on Christmas morning. You know quitting school now would be out of the question. Promise me you will think of it no more."

A remonstrance was on Grant's lips, but the arm on his shoulder stole gently around his neck and he was gazing into his mother's eyes. He surrendered as he had feared he would, and answered, "Yes."

On Christmas morning when Grant came to breakfast he missed father and mother. It was not until he heard a loud "honk" that he knew of their whereabouts. Looking out he espied a large blue touring car with his father and mother seated in the back beckoning him.

"Come out here and look at your Christmas present, youngster; after breakfast we'll give it trial down the country, and let me hear no more of your childish resolutions."

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, December 19, 1908.

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—A recent magazine declares that the custom of gift making at Christmas time is slowly dying out in certain localities

The annual outlay of money
Gift-Making. entailed is too great, it maintains, to justify the practice, and, therefore, like many other observances, it must be relegated to tradition. If by "too great an outlay," the author means that cash returns of one hundred cents on the dollar can not be realized, or that a reciprocal gift, equal in price and value, will not be returned, then gift-making does not pay. But only the selfish, the self-centred individual is able to regard the expenditures of Christmastide in so sinister a light. A true American will have none of it, for he is benevolent and liberal of heart. The music of a childish laugh at the wonders of its Christmas tree, or the hearty greeting that goes with the giving of presents to friends and associates, renders the custom one of the richest investments a person can make. It warms the heart, puts a ruddy smile on the features, adds an element of optimism in the make-up, and leaves happy memories that linger long, even after the day has been forgotten. No; the custom can not die out,

for the real American has too shrewd a business head to let so profitable an investment go by as the spending of his month's salary or his holiday allowance to spread a little sunshine; if even a smile is contagious, a gift from a friendly heart must reap a golden harvest of joy.

—Sixteen of the most formidable, best-equipped and well-manned war vessels, bent on the circumnavigation of the earth, has just left the waters of
Messengers of Peace. the Pacific to plow the southern waves of the Indian Ocean. These sixteen iron-clad ships—messengers of peace—have done more toward causing the United States to become recognized as a protector of the "white interests" in the East than years of war could ever have done. One of the most significant events of the entire cruise took place when the sixteen American anchors were cast in the harbor of Yokahoma, and as many Japanese anchors were raised and a Japanese man-of-war steamed alongside an American cruiser. This was merely an act of hospitality, but it summed up the prospects in the East. It gave the white population in the Philippines, Japan and even in the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand, reason to look upon Uncle Sam as their real protector against the greatly feared Yellow Peril. The visit a message of peace to the power of the East—Japan—a message of peace and good-will. Though the expense of such a voyage is immense the returns of respect, good-will and friendship will be a hundredfold in comparison.

—"The Matchmaker," a delightful American comedy by Jerold Shepard, with the "natural actor," Daniel Sully, in the rôle of Father Daly, presented here
"Dan" Sully in on the 9th inst. makes
"The Matchmaker." excellent entertainment for the Varsity as well as for the popular stage. Mr. Sully did not come to Notre Dame as a stranger, having played the part of Father Daly here a few years ago in "Our Pastor," of which play the present one is a modification. No one who witnessed his playing at that time had forgotten it, but his impersonation of the

fine old priest is not hurt in the least by repetition. The supporting company was more even and better than those which accompany many other star actors. As for the comedy itself, it can not be called high art, but beneath the persevering wit and levity which recommend it, there is a fund of genuine significance and wholesome spirit; and if, indeed, art consists of anything more than form, "The Matchmaker" is immeasurably more artistic than the many specimens of "artistic" immorality—if that be not a contradiction in terms—which get much more recognition. This is a play that will do good, and it is doubtful whether so much can be prudently said of the majority of plays which are commonly accounted "successes." The theme of the play, if it can be said to have a theme, is the character of the witty, sensible, generous, fearless priest. Incidentally and unawares, however, it argues for the sanctity of marriage. Though a play may not, in fact, cannot successfully, teach anything in direct manner, and though the practical persuasion achieved may not be at all evident, the argument of a good drama is always widely effective. It is in plays such as "The Matchmaker," and in still better ones, that we must find an antidote to the insidious and damnable home-wreckers of the "Doll's House" variety. Daniel Sully and his companions are rendering a service to good morals, and the service ought to get recognition and encouragement. Would that we had an abundance of the "Matchmaker" species, plays in which the true and right are neither actually nor constructively outraged.

—The drama staged here on President's Day was a good bit of presentation for a students' cast. We trust that it may not

be taken amiss, however, if we "The Corsican Brothers." venture to find some fault with the play itself, which appeared to us too much like a dramatic extenuation, not to say justification, of the crime of duelling. When one observes that the fight between Renaud and Fabien at the very end of the play is a fully formal duel, and that, as far as the bare deeds are concerned, the result of the second duel is as much a murder as the first, there is nothing

left worthy of applause at the final curtain, unless, perchance, the manner of the players, and even effective playing there only makes the matter all the worse, perhaps. Does not the close of this play with the killing of the villain make an appeal to the sympathy of the spectator in behalf of the doer and the deed? It may be objected that the spectator is interested only in the punishment of Chateau Renaud and not in the method of punishment; but it is to be observed again that the play merely disposes of one criminal by making another, who survives the play, seemingly, with a sense of righteousness and a halo of heroism. We do not know what is the final conduct and upshot of the story in Dumas' original romance, but in French's edition of Grange and Montepin's adaptation of it there is no intimation by the hero, to the hero, or to the spectator, that the gentleman who has murdered the murderer of his brother in a duel, in which the time, the place, and the arms, are agreed upon before the fight, has done any wrong. If the principle of retribution in literary art is anything more than a literary convention, if it has an ethical basis, as it assumes, then this play, as we have it, is difficult, if not impossible, of justification. After the ardent avenger has dispatched his opponent his piety prompts him: "My mother! my mother! I have kept my word with you! Louis! Louis! I can weep for him now!" and he does weep, but not for any fault of his: it is merely the first time during the excitement occasioned him by the news of his brother's death that he has had a chance to give vent to his tears over the loss. And straightway the ghost of the dead brother appears and remonstrates: "Why weep for me, my brother? Shall we not meet above?"—and there's the end of it. But if Messrs. Louis and Fabien knew the morality of duelling, and if the former did not repent before expiring and the latter does not before his time comes, they will meet, if meet they must, *below*. We believe that in the presentation here there was some alteration from the text in this final dialogue, but it did not amount, in so far as we recall, to any material change in the final significance of the piece. Anyhow, it would require at least another act to logically, plausibly and adequately clear up the situation. These observations are

not ethically hypercritic. It is true, that duelling is an obsolete crime, but the same kind of play might be handily constructed out of aggravated circumstances in favor of a mob of lynchers, and the malice of the appeal would probably be more evident than in the present instance. No amount of provocation can ever justify a murder—though the loss of self-possession might morally exculpate the perpetrator—and where it is a case of final import in moral matter, dramatic art ought to deal with deeds *in se*, and show the logical retribution of wrong-doing, often even when the wrong is beside or without the intention of the doer. A comparison of the conclusion of "The Corsican Brothers" with the catastrophe of "Hamlet" will probably illustrate our point. If the pretext of realism be brought into service here, that raises another question, of which space does not permit the discussion here, but we submit that said pretext is futile.

Book Review.

MURRAY'S CALCULUS. Longmans, Green & Company.

We notice with pleasure, the publication, by Longmans Green & Co., of a new Calculus text by Daniel A. Murray, Ph. D., of McGill University. In these days of strife between the adherents to strict rigidity, and the advocates of a less abstract and more practical presentation of the various branches of Mathematics, to steer a middle course seems to be the safer and saner policy. This Dr. Murray does very successfully. In the development of the subject, sufficient rigidity is observed to satisfy all fair demands, and the applications to Physics, Mechanics and Chemistry are numerous. The author adheres to the formal division of the subject into Differential Calculus and Integral Calculus, but introduces the notion of anti-differentiation in the early part of the text. Many biographical and historical notes are scattered throughout the book. The course is, perhaps, more extended than will be required by most technical schools. A shorter course is indicated in the table of contents.

President's Day '08.

President's day is always one of the notable events of the school year at Notre Dame. The celebration this year was marked both by spirit and splendor, and must have been a source of gratification to the Reverend President who witnessed in the varied activities some manifestation of the esteem in which he is held by the entire student body of the University.

The celebration was begun on Monday evening of Nov. the 30th with the reception which the students of Brownson Hall annually tender the President and Faculty. It was held in the Brownson reading-room where the following program was rendered:

Song: "Jolly Blacksmith Lay"

The Brownson Glee Club
 Selections from Eugene Field.....Frank L. Madden
 "Roosevelt, the Reformer".....James Hope
 Vocal Solo: "Life's Lullaby"—William A. BenOliel
 "Our Whippings".....Leo A. Schumacher
 "The Catholic View of Education"—Cyril J. Curran
 "Driving Home the Cows".....Robert M. Bowen
 "1908, a Memorable Year in the Catholic Church"

William McGarry
 "An Old Sweetheart of Mine".....James B. O'Flynn
 Song: "The Untruthful Daisy"—Brownson Quartette
 Messrs. J. Nolan E. McDermott,
 J. Wasson, Walter V. Yund
 "To My Boys".....Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.
 Song: "Dry Your Eyes".....Brownson Glee Club

Address and Presentation of
 Flowers to Father Cavanaugh.....Albert H. Keys
 Closing Remarks—The Rev. President of the University.

The reading-room was handsomely decorated for the occasion with pennants and flags, and the program was executed in a manner worthy of the occasion.

On Tuesday morning the students attended High Mass in a body. The Brownson refectory was elaborately decorated with streamers of Gold and Blue, flowers and evergreens for the big dinner served at noon. When the President and his numerous guests entered the room they were accorded a hearty ovation. The orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, rendered some appropriate musical selections during the meal.

In the afternoon all assembled in Washington Hall for the formal entertainment. The Varsity Glee Club made its premier appearance with two fine numbers and was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Ignatius E. McNamee, President of the '08 class, voiced

in sincere manner and elegant style the sentiment of the student body:

The recognition of authority as an institution of divine origin, the acknowledgment of its sacredness and submission to it, when rightly constituted, are three necessary principles of social intercourse. They are basic in that they are primary, and they are fundamental in that they are essential to community life. Happiness in the family depends greatly on the recognition of parental jurisdiction, and the stability of the state rests primarily upon the submission of its people to their ruler, it matters not what the form of his government may be. The forty-six sovereign states bow to one supreme legislative, judicial and executive power as well as the crude wild man of the jungle, who obeys a chief. Vested authority is the guarantee of the rights of many over the aggressions of the individual; and throughout all organized life—particularly is this so among social beings—respect and submission to a lawgiver and a law are essential for happiness, harmony and peace.

But to bend the will requires a sacrifice, and men are sometimes weak enough to rebel; sacrifice requires courage. It is only the weakling, who says: "Every man is a law unto himself." Not many people, fortunately indeed, preach so rabid a doctrine as this, yet the spirit of anarchy in an incipient form is creeping into certain of our institutions, and its influence is all the more pernicious because the evil of it is hidden. I speak of that feeling of unrest, that demand for greater freedom, that attitude of levity toward authority and those who exercise it, which is twining itself about the heart of the American college man.

The observance of this day is a direct protest against that spirit of liberalism, that disregard of superiors, for President's Day was inaugurated at Notre Dame to acknowledge the sublime dignity of authority by paying tribute to those who bear it. It was first observed to do honor to a Sorin, then to a line of God-fearing successors, until to-day, gentlemen, we gather to express our devotion to a Cavanaugh.

It is with a mingled feeling of pride and tenderness that we students pronounce that name, for four years of laborious service in the cause of religion and manly devotion to this institution have endeared the President to all who know him. His eloquence has been heard in the East, in the West and in the South, and his name is treasured deep down in the heart of Notre Dame. Whether it be in the class-room, as professor of English, or later in his office as President of the University, Father Cavanaugh has always a smile and a kindly word for the well-doer, and even the evil-doer doesn't fare so badly as might be supposed. His administration has been successful beyond expectation, and a greater Notre Dame is the fruit of his toiling earnestness.

It is my pleasant duty, Father Cavanaugh, to express to you the sentiment of joy and gratitude of the University, that a protecting Providence has spared you for another period. We offer congratulations upon the completion of the fourth year of your administration, and we pledge our support for the building of a greater university than has been. The enrollment of students almost touches the thousand

mark, an alumni association has been formed, and local Notre Dame clubs dot the large cities of the country; several new departments of instruction have been organized, and harmony prevails throughout the University. All these pay tribute to your fostering labor and earnest initiative.

For some of us this is the last occasion we shall have to express our loyalty to you, Father Cavanaugh; it is the last President's Day we will spend at Notre Dame. To break the ties which bind us to this place, which many of us find, next to home, the dearest spot on earth, will cause a pang, for we will leave, some of us, never to return. But remember this, that wherever we may be, whether it is in the crowded East, in the sunny dreamland of the South or in the far-distant West, where the reddening sun sends a last glinting ray over the purpling hills to a happy people, remember that the students of nineteen hundred and eight and nine will always be loyal, loyal, loyal.

Sorin died happy in the realization of his hope, a great monument to Our Lady Queen; and it is the sincerest wish and the earnest prayer of your students, that you, Father, may live to see the completion of your ideal—this a great university. May you live long to rule over Notre Dame; may your future years bring greater joy with their added cares, and may your efforts be aided in the years that are to come by the help and good will of thousands of faithful students—those who know you and love you best.

The feature of the entertainment was the presentation of "The Corsican Brothers," a drama adapted by Grange and Montepin from the Romance of M. Dumas. The play was well rendered in every part, considering the difficulty of some of the rôles. Mr. Claude Sorg's impersonation of Chateau Renaud was exceptionally good for a college stage. Elmer Peak, playing the parts of the Twin Brothers, was effective in the emotional scenes, but his inflection in the narrative portions was a little too declamatory. Leo C. McElroy played notably well in the character of Emilie de Lesparre. Some observations upon the play itself may be found in another column.

Cast of Characters.

Fabien dei Franchi	J. Elmer Peak
Louis dei Franchi	
M. Chateaur Renaud	Claude A. Sorg
M. Alfred Meynard	Haywood W. McAleenan
Le Baron Giordano Martelli	John B. Fruechtel
Le Baron Montgiron	John M. Fox
Griffo (a domestic)	William F. Reps
Boissie (a woodcutter)	James G. Kramer
Robin (a servant)	Charles J. Kelly
The Ghost of Louis dei Franchi	J. Starr Knoblock
Madame Savilia dei Franchi	Francis L. Madden
Emilie de Lesparre	Leo C. McElroy
Marie (an attendant)	Joseph M. Huerkamp
A Domino	Robert Johnson

A Guide, Surgeon and Gentlemen

At the conclusion of the program President Cavanaugh spoke briefly but eloquently in response to Mr. McNamee's address and in appreciation of the program and spirit of the day:

My first and most pleasant duty is to express the gratitude I feel to all who have bestowed thought or labor or sacrifice upon the exercises of this day. To the faithful friends who have left their work to be with us to-day, to the members of the community who have added to their large duties the solicitude of preparation and details, to the students who have given their recreation hours to the study and rehearsal of this beautiful play, to the young men who discoursed exquisite music, to Mr. McNamee who has spoken in language which only friendship could suggest or justify, to the whole University which shows me too much kindness, I give my thanks out of a grateful heart.

But I am not so thoughtless as to feel that this is a personal occasion. The noble men who bring to their daily duties in the class-room a conscientiousness that custom can not stale nor routine diminish; the disciplinarian who bears the brunt of criticism that falls inevitably upon those who check and regulate and rebuke—these are the men who are gathered into your hearts to-day, these are the men who are patiently and silently upbuilding this University from day to day; and with you I join in congratulation and gratitude.

Mr. McNamee has said that a large characteristic of Notre Dame is the emphatic assertion and loyal preservation of the principle of authority. I am happy in the belief that this is true, for the inculcation of respect for authority is one of the ideals of this University. From time to time we hear of rowdiness in the colleges, of wanton destruction of property, and of defiance of the officers of the law. The honest toiler or the business man who loves public order is not to be blamed if at times he loses faith in education; if at times he asks himself: What may we expect of the ignorant and untrained since such lawlessness is found in the colleges which are preparing professional men and the leader of to-morrow?

True education involves the illumination of the mind by knowledge, the training of the will by daily discipline, and the purification and strengthening of the heart by religion. To this ideal your *Alma Mater* stands dedicated. Upon her success in realizing this ideal she rests her claim to the gratitude of men. Achieving this great result she achieves the end of her being; failing in it she would go down to disaster and ruin.

You, therefore, are her crown and her glory. Her domes and her spires might leap higher into the heavens; the erudition of her professors might be the marvel and admiration of the world; her artistic and historic treasures might be rich and beautiful beyond the dreams of fancy; her halls might be crowded with thousands of students from the four winds of heaven, but in the end it is upon her sons she must depend for a favorable judgment from God and humanity. If they are religious men, if they reverence

authority and obey the law, they are her vindication before the world—even before that world which looks coldly upon her faith and traditions, but which is constrained to confess that the noblest product of civilization is the educated Christian gentleman.

I have no fears for you; I have met the sons of Notre Dame in every city of America, and always they commanded the admiration of the country. From Dr. Neill in Washington to Archbishop Riordan seated on the throne of Allemany in the city of the Golden Gate, they are forces for righteousness; they are leaders and centres of power, doing with all their might the work their hand finds to do, and reflecting honor on their *Alma Mater* and the Church of God. They have proved themselves in action;—but, I repeat, I have no fears for you. If anywhere on earth there is a nobler body of young men than are this day gathered under the banner of Notre Dame, I should not know where to look for them.

I thank you again for your kind words and actions this day and every day; and my prayer is your prayer: that *Alma Mater* may grow greater every day—in numbers, in dignity, in influence, in every good and gentle thing, and that her sons may grow every day to her more loyal, of her more worthy, and with her forever and forever blessed.

The Oratorical Contest.

The final competition in the Oratorical Contest for the Breen Gold Medal and the honor of representing the University in the Indiana State Oratorical was held in Washington Hall on December 5. The four candidates who had survived the series of preliminaries were Messrs. Geo. J. Finnigan, Ignatius E. McNamee, Francis J. Wenninger and Richard J. Collentine.

PROGRAM.

Selection.....University Orchestra
 "Saul of Tarsus".....George J. Finnigan, Letters, '10
 "Child Labor".....Ignatius E. McNamee, Classics, '09
 Selection.....University Orchestra
 "The Cry of the Child"—F. J. Wenninger, Letters, '11
 "Peace: A World's Ideal"—R. J. Collentine, Classics, '09

JUDGES.

Daniel F. Murphy, A. B. '95; LL. M. '97 (Notre Dame)
 Attorney, Chicago.
 William A. McInerney, LL. B. '01 (Notre Dame)
 Attorney, South Bend.
 Byron V. Kanaley, A. B. '04 (N. D.) LL. '07 (Harvard)
 Attorney, Chicago.

Each of the speakers gave his best effort, and the contest was well up to the standard of former competitions. The decision of the judges on composition and delivery gave first place to McNamee; Wenninger and

Collentine a tie for second, and Finnigan, fourth. The winning speech is an exceptionally good piece of student's oratorical composition, and the delivery of it was marked by sincerity, natural inflection and a judicious distribution of emphasis. Mr. McNamee will represent us in the contest at Indianapolis on the 7th of February, and we have hopes of scoring a State victory. Collentine showed a very pleasing command of voice and gesture; Wenninger gives evidence of great possibilities, this being only his sophomore year, and promises to figure as interstate champion about year after next. Finnigan was vigorous in speech and also manifested the possibility of high development; careful training in delivery will make him a pleasing and forceful speaker, and perhaps a winner for next season. The following table shows the marking of the judges on composition and delivery.

		NAMES OF JUDGES						Total Mark
		Composition			Delivery			
		Kanaley	McInerny	Murphy	Kanaley	McInerny	Murphy	
Contestants	Place	Rank			Rank			
Finnigan	4	2	2	3	4	4	4	19
McNamee	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	7
Wenninger	2	3	4	2	3	3	2	17
Collentine	2	4	3	4	2	1	3	17

Plays at Notre Dame.

Robust Dan Sully, in "The Matchmaker," a splendid comedy, appeared at Washington Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 9. Mr. Sully is a favorite at the University, and the memory of his engagement here three years ago, when he presented "Our Pastor," the performance beginning near midnight, is still with us. Mr. Sully's present vehicle proved to be "Our Pastor" under a different title, but so charming is the work of the actor, that he is always welcome, no matter how many times the play may have been witnessed.

As a delineator of the character of the Priest, Dan Sully is inimitable. His benevo-

lent Irish face, his hearty laugh and ready sympathy are typical of the old-fashioned parish priest who is used to carrying on his own shoulders all the cares of his parishioners. His acting method is easy and natural, and if set forth in a play of big proportions, it would undoubtedly lay claim to the credit it already deserves.

"The Matchmaker" is a comedy of western life in which the parish Priest is the central figure. He is the confidant of several pairs of lovers and the complications that arise through his well-meant blundering furnishes sufficient plot to hold interest. It is not a big play; its technique is not perfect, but it is breezy and above all things wholesome.

Mr. Sully was surrounded by a company that proved adequate to the demands made upon it. There is little opportunity for fine work on the part of the cast, Mr. Sully's part being "fat" in more ways than one.

After the performance Mr. Sully and the company took supper with the Faculty.

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"Lincoln at the White House," a drama in four acts, was presented before the student body in Washington Hall on the afternoon of Thursday the 10th. The play received close attention from the auditors and their appreciation of the piece was demonstrated by the applause which greeted its strong points.

Benjamin Chapin, the author of the piece, and who until this season portrayed the character of the Civil-War President, is a close student of Lincoln tradition. He has set forth in his little play, many of the idiosyncracies that made the character of Lincoln stand out in so marked a manner. In fact the entire play is a series of well known incidents in the life of Lincoln, these incidents being connected by the thin thread of a love plot. Owing to the shallowness of the plot, interest lags from time to time, too much talk and too little action being its main faults. Altogether, "Lincoln at the White House" afforded a pleasant afternoon's engagement. The scenic investiture was up to the standard, and as but one setting was used it was especially adaptable for the local stage.

P. R. M.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

The East versus the West.

Never before has the superiority of the East over the West, in football, been so clearly demonstrated as during the season just closed. It has been easy enough in former years to pick the best teams in the East, or the winner of the Western title, but no one was quite certain about the comparative strength of the two sections. During this season, however, all doubt has been cleared up, and the superiority of the East made entirely evident.

There were two games this fall which attracted unusual attention and gave the "fans" a knowledge of the comparative strength of the gridiron machines of the older schools in the East and those of their younger sisters in the West. One was the Chicago-Cornell, the other the Michigan-Pennsylvania contest.

The fact that Chicago was the peer of any team in the West was conclusively shown by her brilliant record. She defeated Indiana by an overwhelming score, nor did Purdue offer a more formidable resistance. Illinois really outplayed the Maroons, but in spite of that fact the Midway warriors nosed out a victory. The victories over Minnesota and Wisconsin were by narrow margins. Thus it was as Western Champions that Chicago went upon the field to meet Cornell. When the smoke of the conflict cleared away honors were evenly divided between the Ithicans and the Western lads.

Michigan, the other giant of the West, defeated Ohio State and Notre Dame after victory seemed hopeless. Though she broke at a tie with the Michigan Aggies, the Maize and Blue are in every way the superior of the Farmers. She completely swamped Vanderbilt, the football marvel of the South, and Kentucky University. For three years the Wolverines have been forced to lower their colors to the fast Pennsylvania eleven, and when the Quakers returned to the East after the fray on Ferry Field, this last season, it was with the laurels of a 29-0 victory. Michigan hoped to retrieve their losses by an invasion of the Stadium of Syracuse, but the Orange and Black waved triumphant, and Ann Arbor received almost as severe a drubbing as at the hands of Pennsylvania.

Though Chicago broke even with Cornell, the event does not speak much for the Maroons, for Cornell was not only considered out of the race for the Eastern supremacy but suffered a most crushing defeat from Pennsylvania.

If comparative scores mean anything, there are at least ten schools in the East—Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, Army, Navy, Syracuse and Amherst—which could have been able to administer defeat to the Western Champions.

J. H. ROTH, '10.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 37; LEWIS INSTITUTE, 14.

The Varsity Five made their initial appearance of the year in the gymnasium Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, and signalized the event by trimming Lewis Institute with but little difficulty. Lack of practice was evident in the team-work of both teams, but there were flashes of sensational work at times, and the general showing was very creditable for so early in the season.

The Varsity jumped into the lead at the start when Captain Scanlon shot the first basket, and maintained it by a safe margin throughout. The score at the end of the first half stood 21-9. The visitors were clearly outplayed in the second period, and succeeded in negotiating but two goals from the field.

Maloney starred in the basket shooting, getting six, many of which were difficult. Freeze put up a strong defensive game while Scanlon, Heyl, and Fish were on the job every minute and executed some clever passes. Several new men were substituted in the second half, and showed class. Maloney was off color in throwing fouls, as he failed to annex one basket out of five attempts. Bannister was the star performer for the visitors and was largely responsible for their scores. The summary follows:

NOTRE DAME		LEWIS INSTITUTE	
Maloney, Gibson	Forward		Bannister
Heyl, Connell	Forward		Dempsey, Sprenger
Freeze, Murphy, Vaughan	Center		Robinson
Scanlon (Capt.)	Guard		Bartik
Fish, Freeze, Brislin	Guard	Sullivan (C.)	C. Bartik
Field Goals, Maloney, 6; Scanlon, 4; Heyl, 3; Freeze, Fish, Gibson, Connell, Vaughan, Dempsey, 2; Bannister, Robinson, Sprenger. Fouls, Heyl, Bannister, 3; Sprenger. Referee, Barrett; Time of halves, twenty minutes.			

NOTRE DAME, 30; MARION CLUB, 10.

Despite the fact that the Varsity trimmed the Marion Club of Indianapolis by the overwhelming score of 30-10 the game proved to be one of the fastest ever played on the Notre Dame floor, and was marked by some sensational work on both sides.

Neither team scored in the first three minutes of play, but Maloney started things rolling with a pretty basket, and at the end of the first half Maris' men had chalked ten points to the visitors' two. The work of the Varsity showed considerable improvement, and although several substitutes were sent in in the second half the team work seemed to suffer but little. The Marionites had a remarkably fast team, but the speed with which our men worked gave them but little chance to execute their plays, and they were invariably compelled to try long throws from the field, their four goals coming in that way. Diddle and Malarkey were the star performers for the visitors, their exhibition at the opening of the second half being one of the cleverest pieces of work of the game. Maloney was again the headliner in the basket line, getting six of them, and his dodging and all-around work was of a high order. Vaughan was next on the scoring list with four to his credit, and his general work was a big factor in the result. Sugarman put up a brilliant game, although he had been out for practice but a short time, and judging from his performance Thursday evening he ought to prove one of the mainstays of the team. He had hard luck in his throws the first half, but showed up strong in the second period, annexing three baskets on long throws from the field. Captain Scanlon and Freeze, the guards, were in evidence every minute breaking up plays, and their skill in working the ball back up the floor made it possible for our forwards to throw many of the goals. Gibson and Heyl did some clever work in the second half, while Fish, Murphy, McDonald and Brislin showed varsity form. The summary:

NOTRE DAME		MARION CLUB
Sugarman, Gibson	Forward	Malarkey
Maloney, Heyl, Fish	Forward	Cooke
Vaughan, Murphy	Center	Strong
Freeze, McDonald	Guard	Diddle
Scanlon (C.) Brislin	Guard	Kingsbury

Field Goals, Maloney, 6; Vaughan, 4; Sugarman, 3; Gibson, 1; Fish, 1; Diddle, 3; Malarkey, 1. Fouls, Malarkey, 2. Referee, Barrett. Time of halves, twenty minutes.

The team left Friday afternoon for the Southern trip in charge of Manager Wood and Coach Maris and will meet some of the strongest quintets in the Middle West and South before their return. Eight men were taken along, and from the showing made thus far this year they ought to win the majority of the games scheduled. An Eastern trip has been arranged for February by Manager Wood.

The entire schedule for the year follows:

- Dec. 18—Armour Institute at Chicago.
- " 19—Central Y. M. C. A. at Chicago.
- " 24—Peoria Y. M. C. A. at Peoria.
- " 25—Shelby College at Shelbyville.
- " 26—Christian Brothers College at St. Louis.
- " 29—Nashville A. C. at Nashville.
- " 30—Birmingham A. C. at Birmingham.
- " 31—Montgomery Y. M. C. A. at Montgomery.
- Jan. 1—Mobile Y. M. C. A. at Mobile.
- " 2—New Orleans Y. M. C. A. at New Orleans.
- " 5—Marion Club at Indianapolis.
- " 23—Michigan Agricultural College at Notre Dame.
- " 25—Wabash College at Crawfordsville—Pending.
- " 26—Indiana University at Bloomington.—Pending.
- " 27—Butler College at Indianapolis.
- " 28—Miami University at Oxford, O.
- " 29—St. Mary's Institute at Dayton, O.
- " 30—Varsity Club at Dayton, O.
- Feb. 6—Miami University at Notre Dame.
- " 8—Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing.
- " 9—Detroit A. C. at Detroit.
- " 10—Buffalo Germans at Buffalo.
- " 11—Rochester N. Y. at Rochester.
- " 12—Syracuse N. Y.
- " 13—Cornell University at Ithica, N. Y.
- " 15—Niagara University at Niagara Falls.
- " 16—University of Pittsburg at Pittsburg—Pending.
- " 17—Carnegie Tech. Institute at Pittsburg—Pending.
- " 22—Detroit A. C. at Notre Dame.
- " 25—Armour Institute at Notre Dame.

J. B. K.

Inter-Hall Jottings.

Corby has launched its basket-ball team, and with such men as Babbitt, Bolton, Matthews, Philbrook, and Zimmer to start with they ought to prove strong contenders for the Inter-hall honors. The enthusiasm displayed by the Corbyites thus far this year has been in accord with that spirit which has gained them such prestige in years past, and which bids fair to again place them among the top-notchers in hall athletics. The football team under the management of Carl Pick had a most successful season, winning four games, losing

one and tying one, and present prospects point to an equally prosperous year on the diamond and track.

A meeting of the Inter-Hall managers was held last week to perfect an organization for the direction of Hall affairs at which James Kenefick was elected President and William McGarry, Reporter. An effort will be made to arrange a definite schedule for the various branches of sport and it is expected that this arrangement will eliminate much of the confusion that has attended Inter-Hall games in the past.

Brownson Basket-ball team played its initial game of the year at Laporte last week and picked off a victory by a score of 20-19. The game was close throughout, but superior team work by the Brownsonites decided the issue.

The St. Joseph Basket-ball team has elected W. Finnegan, captain, and with the material that has already reported they expect to keep things interesting in the inter-hall series.

B.

At Other Colleges.

A new course in journalism is being arranged at De Pauw, devised especially for the college editors and others who have had special training.

Recently Owen Wister delivered an address at Harvard, which stirred up considerable comment. He discussed the lack of American scientific achievement, holding that the German type of scientific study is the only legitimate one.

Governor Charles S. Deneen of Illinois has decided to enter the Agricultural School at the University of Illinois. He will attend the school during the Short Course which begins in January, and will seek special instruction in the matter of judging cattle and corn.

Basket-ball prospects are bright at Purdue. About fifty men have reported for practice and a winning team is expected.

The Athletic Association of the University of Illinois announces in its report that the

net proceeds of the 1908 football season amount to three thousand five hundred and four dollars.

It has been reported that President Northrop of Minnesota has offered his resignation, to take effect next June. He has been president there for twenty-five years.

After the Purdue-Indiana game on Nov. 2, the Purdue *Exponent* issued a football-extra in record time beating the afternoon daily of Lafayette. It contained a complete account of the game and was well illustrated. This is claimed to be the first instance where such a venture was attempted by a college publication.

About twenty Wabash students walked to Lafayette to root for Purdue at the Purdue-Indiana game. A good-sized Wabash delegation also footed it to the Notre Dame-Indiana game.

"Moods," a new publication of Columbia University is the product of four men in the school. It is intended to encourage "artistic excellence, sincerity and individuality, and to discourage conformity" in the field of literature.

De Pauw has arranged for two debates with Albion, one at each school, and on the same night. Debates with Cornell College and Baker University are also being considered. On January 15, a triangular debate is to be held between Northwestern, Chicago and Michigan. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will debate later in the season. The question for this triangular contest is: "Resolved, That Congress should immediately provide for the further strengthening of the Navy." On Friday, December 11, Illinois met the University of Nebraska in debate at Lincoln, Neb. and Minnesota at Urbana, Ill. Nebraska won on the affirmative and Illinois defeated Minnesota on the same side of the question: "Resolved, That American cities should adopt a commission form of government."

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred by the University of Chicago upon one of the Sisters of St. Elizabeth's

College at Convent Station, New Jersey. The conferring of the degree followed the work of the Sister as fellow in biology at Chicago, which she has just completed. She is the first of her Order—the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul—to hold a fellowship at the University, and the award was the only one for original research in biology.

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Early in the season the Columbia University Rowing Club found itself in hard lines, suffering under the burden of a six-thousand dollar debt. President, graduates and students all got together and collected enough money through subscriptions to liquidate the debt and set the club on its feet again. Certainly this is a real example of ideal college spirit and loyalty. Furthermore, the graduates of the last thirty-five years have organized in order to help the club raise the necessary running expenses.

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At the University of Chicago a great Milton Tercentenary celebration was held on December 7, 8, and 9. Readings from the works of the great poet, lectures and addresses on his life and writings, and the presentation of his "Comus" were a part of the program. The Robertson players presented the Masque with great ability. A similar celebration was also held at the University of Wisconsin a week earlier.

O. A. S.

Personals.

—Frank Sanford (student, 1884-'9) is living in Hambleton, W. Va.

—Emil Frossard (student 1904-5) is now with the McCord Collins Company, located at Fort Worth, Tex.

—James Shaw Dodge (LL. M. 1898) is present Judge of the 34th Judicial Circuit, Elkhart and LaGrange Counties.

—William A. Correll (C. E., 1894) is a member of the firm of Correll & Crowley engaged in the furniture and undertaking business at Charleroi, Pa.

—Alexander W. McFarland (Ph. B., 1906) is in the offices of the C. H. & D. railroad at Dayton, Ohio. From his success as a student we can predict a bright future for him.

—Francis O'Hara (A. M., 1901), for several years head of the department of History and Economics at Notre Dame, now has charge of the same course in the Kenilworth High School, Winnetka, Ill.

—William H. Cameron (LL. B., 1902) is practising Law at Centralia, Wash. Mr. Cameron is an enthusiastic alumnus, and says he will take the first opportunity of visiting his *Alma Mater*.

—Joseph E. Cusack (B. S., 1889), Captain of the 12th United States Cavalry, is stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, until April, 1909. After that time he will go to Manila, Philippine Islands.

—Varnum A. Parish (Litt. B., 1908) has returned from Europe, where he has been traveling since the close of school last June. He was accompanied by Max Juraschek, '08, but Juraschek is not yet tired of the foreign travel and prefers to roam a few months longer.

—Thomas A. Toner (LL. B., 1904) writes from Rugby, North Dakota: "It might be of interest to many of your readers to know that John I. O'Phelan (Law '04), a friend and classmate, practising law at South Bend, Wash., was elected County Attorney of his (Pacific) County at the recent election."

—Dr. M. J. Brown (LL. B., 1906; A. M., 1908), who is at present teaching in St. Augustine's College, Havana, Cuba, writes as follows: "I am succeeding very well with my Spanish boys. The college now has 200 students ranging from 8 to 18 years. Mr. Dubuc attended Mass at our College Church while in Havana."

—The name of Father John Quinn, whose progress in the early Seventies along the lines of literature, science, art, etc., was directed by Brother Leander in Carroll Hall, has been sent to Rome as a candidate for nomination to the bishopric of Peoria. Father Quinn delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon here in nineteen hundred-three.

—Chauncey W. Yockey (LL. B., 1901) of Milwaukee sends a line to say "how pleased we all were with the game, and particularly with every man who represented Notre Dame. Everyone speaks of their manliness and behavior with considerable praise, which makes us more proud than ever of our old

Alma Mater." Chauncey, by the way, has just been elected Grand Knight of the Milwaukee Knights of Columbus.

—The Washington Post, in a recent issue, says:

Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor, in a short time will be reappointed to his present position by President Roosevelt. Dr. Neill was made commissioner of labor by President Roosevelt in succession to Prof. Carroll D. Wright, who accepted the position of president of Clark University at Worcester, Mass. President Roosevelt and Secretary Strauss entertain so high a regard for Dr. Neill that no other man was even considered for the position.

As commissioner of labor Dr. Neill has conducted successfully not only his own bureau, but many important investigations which President Roosevelt himself initiated. He has a grasp of the labor problems of the United States such as no other man now possesses, and in deciding to reappoint him the President is understood to feel that it would be exceedingly difficult to replace him.

Local Items.

—FOUND:—A pair of gloves. Inquire of Bro. Alphonsus.

—A Solemn Requiem High Mass at which all the students attended was sung on Thursday, the 10th of this month, for the repose of the soul of Paul Eldridge Smith, who died recently at the University. Father Crumley was celebrant, assisted by Fathers Schumacher and Lavin. The sermon was delivered before Mass by Father Schumacher.

—The Total Abstinence Society met last Sunday for one of its intermittent sessions. The members decided to hold a smoker soon after the holidays at which they hope to ensnare a goodly number of proselytes. The most important business of the session, however, was the decision to abolish the pledge. Hereafter eligibility to membership will no longer be measured by limitations of color, creed or previous condition of servitude. Even the Colonel's Club, the modern Prodigal Sons, will be welcomed back to his father's house with open arms and there will be no embarrassing questions asked.

—Notre Dame Post G. A. R., No. 569, held its regular meeting on Monday evening, the seventh of this month, and elected the following officers:—Commander, James McLain (Bro. Leander); Senior Vice-Commander, Mark A. Wills (Bro. John); Junior Vice-Commander, Rev. A. Martin; Adjutant, Nicholas B. Bath (Bro. Cosmas); Quartermaster, John Staley (Bro. Isidore); Surgeon, Rev. F. S. Schmitt; Chaplain, Rev. R. J. Boyle; Officer of the Day, John McInerny (Bro. Eusta-

chius); Quartermaster Sergeant, Ignatz Mayer (Bro. Ignatius); Sergeant Major, James Mantele (Bro. Benedict); Officer of the Guard, James Malloy (Bro. Raphael).

—The question for our Varsity debate with Georgetown has at last been submitted after much delay. It reads:—"Resolved, that legislation should be enacted under which all national banks shall be required to establish a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank, such fund and the administrations thereof to be under the control of the Federal Government." It was Georgetown's prerogative this year to propose the question and our privilege to choose the side we wish to uphold. A meeting, at which the relative merits of both sides of the subject were discussed, was held Tuesday evening, but no definite reply will be sent to Georgetown till after Christmas.

—The students of Old College enjoyed a social evening and an excellent spread on Friday, Nov. 27. The occasion was the first celebration of Foundation Day, which had to be deferred from the day previous because of a conflict with Thanksgiving. Professor Edwards, Librarian of the University, at whose suggestion the stag party was held, generously supplied refreshments for the evening, and Nieto's orchestra contributed the music. All the rooms on the first floor had been opened into one, and the brilliant colors of many pennants and college pillows gave material charm to the entertainment. A quasi-formal program engaged all the talent of the hall, and song and story wafting over the lake kept some of the other halls awake till a little after time.

—St. Joseph's Hall seems to be fairly outdoing itself of late in the matter of entertainment and general good cheer. On Friday evening, Dec. 4, the St. Joseph's Literary Society acted as host to the Rev. President and Faculty. The beautiful and permanent decorations which have been lately added to the "rec" room greatly enhanced the evening's enjoyment. The program, consisting of several well-rendered and original recitations, was interspersed with an especially pleasing number of selections by the University Orchestra and St. Joseph's Glee Club. The sincere words of appreciation from Father Cavanaugh rendered the evening one long to be remembered by all present. On last Thursday noon Bro. Florian tendered the members of the Hall an elaborate surprise in the nature of a "pre-Christmas feed." After all had done justice to the board, appreciative toasts were listened to from Albert Hilkert and John V. Diener, followed by opportune replies from the guests of honor, Rev. Fathers Schumacher and Murphy.