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Three Sonnets.

Thos. A. Lahey, '11.

The Star.

ERE first the sun-white splendor of the day
Awoke the measured flight of rolling years,
God flashed afar across the dull dead spheres
From His great brow a single golden ray:
And lo! the eager stars, quick to obey,
Rolled through the deep upon their bright careers;
Yet one fair orb, from all its glowing peers,
Preferred before the Master's feet to stay.

O star! that loved the glory of His eyes,
The chains that held thee were but links of love,
Yet all the glory of the summer skies
Could never tempt thee from thy throne above;
And when He willed to take on mortal birth,
Thou couldst not help but follow Him to earth.

The Shepherds.

STORM scarred, and horny handed with the fight
Of biting gales, and hard, wind-driven snow,
'Gainst hungry wolves, and thieves, a fiercer foe,
Who lurked about the silent, feeding height;
Coarse, humble souls, in life and thought upright,
Untaught to sin or to fell passion's glow,
Ill formed for speech, in comprehension slow,—
Such were the men who watched their sheep by night.

O Shepherds! least among the sons of men,
'Twas this that brought the light-wing'd heralds down
To tell His coming to your humble ken.
God looked not to the palace or the crown;
'Twas you He first made witness of His birth,—
The lowliest toilers of the lowly earth.

The Child.

LIGHT-FINGERED sleep has touched a nation's eyes
And all the world lies dreaming of its own,
From lowly hut unto the gilded throne;
While out beneath the cold, grey, wintry skies,
Within a cave, a tender Infant lies
In humble state, deserted and alone;
Untrumpeted His name, His birth unknown,—
The King of kings, "God with us" in disguise.

O feeble Child! whose tiny Infant nod
Could sweep the heavens with a living flame,
The awful grandeur of the living God
Lay housed within Thy tender little frame.
To draw death's sting Thou took'st a mortal birth,
And left the Heav'ns to make Thy throne on earth.

The Christmas Crib.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



HE presence of the Crib is one of the features connected with divine worship which, for the ordinary Christian, distinguishes the services of Christmas morning from the usual ceremonies common to other festivals. It is the sight of the crib that awakens in the Christian some of that joy experienced by those favored few who first heard the angels' message and hastened to adore the new-born King. And as we gaze on the representation of this first act of the great drama of the Redemption, we feel a sweet sense of peace and, perhaps, we imagine that we, too, hear the message of love announced by angels' lips.

The custom of erecting cribs at Christmas time is now wellnigh universal. In larger churches, cribs of vast proportions and great beauty are erected; this is especially true of the cribs in Europe and particularly in Germany and Italy. The most famous Christmas cribs are the mammoth representations in the church of the Franciscans, the Ara Coeli in Rome, and in the church of S. Francisco al Ripa.

It is generally conceded that the crib which St. Francis of Assisi erected in the year 1223 in a little grotto in the Valley of Rieti, was the first representation of the Christmas crib. Some authorities, however, assert that there is reason to doubt that this was really the first crib. The facts which substantiate the arguments to the contrary are to be found in the Catacombs where on certain tombs, dating from the tenth and even from the fourth centuries of our era, may be found representations that picture the Child, the Mother and St. Joseph almost in the same positions in which we are accustomed to see them in the cribs common to our day. It is, however, questionable whether these pictures are reproductions of the primitive crib as constructed by the early Christians, or purely a product of the artist's imagination.

By far the most precious crib is that which is kept in the church of Santa Maria

Maggiore in Rome. For in the Chapel of the Crucifix,—a side chapel of this church,—are kept the relics of the true Crib in which the Infant Saviour was laid; and every Christmas the casket containing the precious relics is solemnly exposed to the faithful.

Helen, the empress to whom we owe the discovery of the true Cross, also found the true Crib. The five small boards, even then browned by time, which had been preserved by some Hebrew Christian woman, so tradition says, had been handed down from generation to generation. When St. Helen went to Jerusalem, evidence not to be disputed attested the verity of these relics. With the generosity of an empress, she covered the five boards with plates of silver and placed them in the Grotto of the Nativity, which she lined with slabs of marble. This was in 325. Since then, the Crib has been a treasure of the Church.

When in the seventh century, the Orient was overrun by the Mohammedans, all movable relics were sent to places of safety. The Crib, under the direction of Pope Theodore (642–649), was sent to Rome and placed in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore where it has since remained.

Baumer, in his *Kirchen Lexicon*, describes the relics of the Crib as "five small boards which might originally have been about three feet in length, but which are now considerably reduced in size because of the numerous splinters which have been broken off to be treasured as relics."

The covering of the Crib has been renewed from time to time, till it reached its present elaborate character. In 1229 the venerable Cardinal Colonna caused a new set of silver plates to be made to fit over the original ones provided by St. Helen. Again, in 1606, Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip II. of Spain, provided a new covering for the relics; and this again was enclosed in one of still greater richness by the Duchess of Hermosa, representing the divine Infant in a crib of ivory adorned with bas-reliefs in silver.

Such, in brief, is the simple story of the Crib. Hundreds of pilgrims gather each Christmas in the chapel where it is exposed, and to each one it brings the message of peace and love preached first to an unbelieving world by the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Christmas Star.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

LIKE some eternal bloom
 Mysterious bright,
 It pierces thro' the gloom
 Of hallowed night:
 Fair semblance of the King,
 Whose mission is to bring
 True peace on earth,
 And by His birth
 To fill the world with light.

The First Adorers.

LEO C. McELROY, '10.

THE world was mantled in a white
 garment, a garment of purity, sent
 from the wonderland of the clouds,
 to cover the unsightly things of earth.

Far above, set in the vast blue dome
 of the heavens, like so many jewels spark-
 ling and gleaming through the keen, cold
 air of night, was the multitudinous army
 of the stars.

One, large and bright, cast its radiance
 afar from its lofty setting. It shone

through the silence, a mute witness to the God of the Heavens who lay slumber-
 ing in the cave below.

As the first adorers drew near the lowly grotto wherein lay the Hope of
 the world, sweet strains of music were borne to their ears, the voices of the celestial
 choirs lifted to praise the Christ-Child.

There in the rude manger, guarded by His Blessed Mother, protected by the
 watchful care of the Holy Joseph, warmed by the breath of the patient cattle, lay
 He whom they had come to adore.

In silence and awe they knelt in the sacred Presence, and their hearts were
 warmed with the fire of His love divine.

While Stars Keep Watch.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

NEATH night winds chill
 The world lies still,
 Strange silence rules the sky;
 Lo! whence this song
 As angels throng
 And glory bursts on high?
 While stars keep watch.

Glad shepherds kneel
 In new-born zeal
 Before a silent Babe;
 In holy fear,
 They draw anear
 The Child who came to save:
 While stars keep watch.

Each humble soul
 That seeks its goal
 Apart from life's dark way,
 Here finds sweet rest
 As God's own guest,
 Who holds His gentle sway:
 While stars keep watch.

Ring, Christmas Bells!

—
 GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.
 —

RING, Christmas Bells: From turret throne
 Peal forth in joy. Your silvered tone
 Finds echo in the lowliest heart.
 No earth-song yours; its accents start
 Man's soul to harmonies unknown.
 Ring, Christmas Bells!

Ring, Christmas Bells: Ye tell of One
 Through love brought low—God's only Son,
 Who could alone bestow on earth
 The benison of love's re-birth.
 Ring out! Redemption is begun.
 Ring, Christmas Bells!

Ring, Christmas Bells: Your song is fraught
 With hope, by Christ, the Child-King, bought.
 To rich and poor your hymns impart
 A theme transcending highest art,
 Whose dulcet strains are heaven-wrought.
 Ring, Christmas Bells!

—
 Bad Bill's Pragmatism.
 —

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.
 —



BOR nearly two weeks among the ill-smelling assortment of rags and tatters at Patsy's place, "Bad Bill" Craig had lain low. Patsy was the "fence" with whom Bill transacted all his business in "swag." To his flickering den Bill always made his way after a "raid," and here he passed the long days and hours of concealment, while his memory was in the central office limelight. Finally, even the risk of his liberty could not withstand the temptation to go out and breathe fresh air once more. So it happened that in the midst of his after-dinner pipe he announced to his host:

"Patsy, I'm goin' to beat it to-night." Patsy betrayed no emotion.

"Better wait a while. Where you goin'?"

"Fresh air and see a show. What day is it?" The other consulted a calendar.

"Twenty-fourth o' December."

"Huh! Christmas to-morrow!" Patsy looked up quickly.

"Fact," he replied, and lapsed once more into silence. Bill continued to speak, though as if to himself.

"Christmas, eh? Betcha if I knowed any-one I'd buy some presents. Haw, haw! Presents! Ain't bought no Christmas presents since I was the size of a dago's monk. Got money, this time, too."

For a while longer the two men sat in silence, each wrapped in his own thoughts. Then Bill stirred himself.

"Guess I'll be goin'," he announced to Patsy.

"All right, but keep shy of McQuillen. He looked cross-eyed at me last night when I see 'im up at the corner."

"Aw, he won't know me with this beard; it's an inch long. Besides, I'm goin' to put on one o' them long coats o' yourn."

In a few moments he was ready to go.

"S' long," he called to Patsy.

"So long. If youse ain't back by next week, I'll know youse'er jugged."

Gingerly Bill stepped forth from the door, but not until his searching glance had swept the street on either side as far as he could see. He took the pipe from his mouth and drew in a full breath of pure air, expelled it, and repeated the action over and over with evident pleasure. Then he turned down the street.

"Wonder if I can find Jim King's place," he muttered, chuckling. "I'm a reg'lar stranger in this town." He found it. The proprietor led him to a back room, and for two hours Bill enjoyed a quiet Christmas celebration.

It was not much of a walk back to Patsy's den, but Bill was wary and chose to take no risks. He kept within dark shadows and skirted the edges of overhanging tenements, always watching for a policeman. He was just in the middle of a block of squalid tenements when he perceived an officer who came in sight at the farther corner. Like a flash he hugged the nearest door. Then, seeing the cop hesitate as if about to walk towards him, Bill gently opened the door and stepped inside. He stood for several minutes without daring to move, listening eagerly for the sound of footsteps. The sound never came. Deciding

finally that the danger was past, Bill unlatched the door and cautiously looked out. The street was deserted.

"Skidooed," he muttered, relieved. "Nothin' in takin' chances though. Cuss it, pipe's out." And out for good, too, for as the flame of the match lit up the narrow space between the stairs and the door, he beheld a sight which made the pipe drop from his hand like a hot coal.

"Well, by the eternal."

On the floor next to the steps lay a little boy and girl, neither over twelve years of age and both fast asleep. His ejaculation awoke them, and they sat up blinking, the little girl clasping the other closely by the arm. For a full minute there was silence, which was finally broken by the girl.

"Are you Santy Claus?" she asked, shrinking even closer to her diminutive escort. Bill was strangely touched. He didn't quite know what to say, but the little boy helped him.

"Course he's Santy Claus," he said positively. "Ain't you?"

"I—I—why—I guess so," was the lame reply. "What's your name?"

"My name's Jimmy Hughes, an' I'm 'leven, an' her name's Ginnie, an' she's nine."

Having delivered himself of which, Jimmy Hughes cast down his head, abashed by his own boldness. When he mentioned the name, Bill started.

"Hughes!" he exclaimed. "Say, you any relation to Mike Hughes?"

"Sure," came the answer. "He's our papa, but he ain't been home to pay the rent for more'n two weeks, an' so this afternoon we got put out. Ma's gone way downtown."

For a few minutes, Bill thought fast. Mike Hughes' kids! And papa hadn't been home to pay the rent. I guess not. Bill knew that, and he knew moreover that at this moment Mike Hughes was pacing the narrow boundaries of his cell, while his accomplice, Bill Craig, walked the streets, a free man.

"I—I know yer old man," Bill said, turning to the children. "Square guy, too, through and through." He was going away as if thinking while his voice trailed off into a monotone. "Square all right, but in doggoned hard luck. It's up to me, I guess." After a moment's pause he continued:

"Where's yer ma?"

"Went down to see if she could git us something to eat."

"Back pretty soon, I guess. Say, you, Johnny—er, Jimmy, whatever 'tis—I've got something I want you to give yer ma soon's she gits back. Understand?" As he spoke he drew a leather purse from his pocket and counted out a large roll of bills. "There," he went on, "that's half. Now, don't you fergit."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy with bulging eyes. "Who's it from?"

"Who's it from? Why—a—Santy Claus, you little cuss. None o' yer business. Don't you tell no one, neither."

Bill was unusually silent over the first two pipes after he returned to Patsy's place. Finally he thawed, and the thaw expressed itself in a loud and sudden burst of laughter. Patsy looked up long enough to express a "Huh," that might have meant anything, and then relapsed into silence.

"Patsy," Bill asked at last, "did I ever remind you of one of them charity sharks like you hear about?"

"Nope, not exackly."

"Well, has it ever struck you that a man in my time o' life might a' had time to git acquainted with himself?" Patsy drew the pipe from his mouth and looked at his companion.

"You gone queer, Bill?" he asked. But Bill was oblivious. For several moments he sat immersed in thought. Finally he remarked:

"We all git nutty and act square sometimes, I guess. But confound it, them kids—an' me an' Mike pals—an' it bein' Christmas too. Don't know but what I'm glad of it, after all."

Even Then.

THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11.

LOVE-RAPT in the manger, Mother, not too dim
are thine eyes to see
The gloom that rests like the silence on the heights
of bleak Calvary.
Sweet is the dawn's light breaking—the promise of
morrow fair.
Alas, in that hour of the dawning, the shadows
were hovering there;

Snowflakes.

PEARLY-PINION'D sprites of heaven,
Sisters to the white-wing'd dawn,
Mary's mantle have you given
To the faded summer lawn.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

The Precedent of the Magi.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.



WHEN the Magi knelt at the Crib of the Babe of Bethlehem and offered Him presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh, they little thought that they were setting a precedent which, in this year of grace, 1909, would form the most conspicuous factor in the celebration of the feast of Christmas. Yet the truth of this is quite evident when we come to observe the actual extent and significance of the custom of presenting gifts during the modern Christmas season.

It seems almost impious to speak of so holy a day in terms of dollars and cents, or even to refer to its commercial aspect, but in reality it is quite the contrary. For nothing better shows the prevalence of a common joyful spirit or general good-will among men at the Christmas season than do the scenes of holiday shopping. Who has not remarked the peculiar joy evinced by a mother as she selects the various toys for her children, the husband as he chooses a suitable gift for his wife, or a friend as he seeks a fitting object to present to a friend? These are the faces seen in the marts of trade during the holiday season, and that evidence of joy arises from the thought of the happiness those objects will bring to their various recipients. It is a sort of foretaste of pleasure to come, the first fruits of Christian benevolence.

The feast of Christmas celebrates the anniversary of a Child's birth, and we may ask, what would Christmas be without the children, and how could they enjoy it without their Santa Claus? He is the modern Magi, and though he but exist in fancy to us now, yet it is not a painful recollection when he was indeed a very happy reality.

The true spirit of Christmas is one of peace and good-will toward all men. That there are thousands of our fellowmen suffering from hunger and privation is a sad fact but too apparent; that there are other thousands whose hearts are filled with bitterness and hate because they think injustice is done them in a political or social way frequent outbursts of violence amply prove. Peace, however, is utterly incompatible with an empty stomach, and good-will does not harmonize with a bitter heart. How assuring, then, of the power of that Christ Child-over the hearts of men even in this twentieth century, when on Christmas day we see individuals and societies of every rank and creed vying with one another in feeding the hungry or helping the needy, and that, too, with such a show of kindness and hospitality as to indicate a higher motive than natural pity; when we find them laying aside that cold reserve of conscious class distinction, and mingling in a common spirit of fraternal charity. For then men emerge from the narrow confines of self-interest and social indifference in which the strenuous business pursuits of daily life have kept them, and giving themselves over to the spirit of the season, they are constrained to increase the general fund of happiness by showing in a material way their mutual respect and estimation. They forget themselves and strive to make others happy, and in so doing unconsciously bring to themselves the greatest happiness—the satisfaction of having done good to their fellowmen.

If there was any one thing about the natal chamber of the Son of Man more striking than another it was its poverty—so much so, indeed, that the Jewish mind could not conceive of such an advent for their Messiah. They looked for a king clothed in "purple and fine linen," whose advent was to be marked by pomp and splendor, and who should rather distribute gifts than receive them. But poverty was His choice, and the poor were always an especial object of His attention. Christmas time, then, is a most fitting season to help the poor, and, happily enough, they are remembered, and their hearts are made glad by the bounty of the rich because they have not forgotten the lesson of the Magi.

Maria Semper Virgo.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

THE glory of her Virgin eyes,
As starry spheres that yonder rise,
Beams now with love's soft hue,
Of her maternity;
The angels gaze
In mute amaze,
For brighter light they see,
More fair than earth e'er knew,
Of God-like purity.

Christmas Under Southern Skies.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



CHRISTMAS! The word awakes a world of memories and revives a thousand traditions. Its magic spell attracts and holds young and old, rich and poor, men of all classes alike. And what strangely different impressions it presents to peoples separated by deep seas and high mountains and broad, trackless deserts! The single bond of union which it has, on all is that it is the birthday of the Christ-Child and a time of goodwill and good cheer.

With respect to the concept of the word a strange contrast is presented on our own continent. The word "Christmas" suggests to one of us a beautiful picture of home life—within, a great room with a ruddy fire in the grate, a crowd of laughing, romping children, munching candy, cracking nuts, playing games and trading Christmas gifts, while proud fathers and grandfathers explain the secret mysteries of each simple toy, and busy mothers bustle around to satisfy the insatiable appetites of healthy American manhood; without, the howling wind banks the snow against the windows, snowballs fly, sleighs and sleds go chasing by, skaters test the glassy ice. Winter reigns supreme. In the Southland the soft "Noche Buena" (Good night) suggests a vastly different scene. South of the equator, the hot summer sun beats down on a scene of tropical splendor. The cool sea breeze in the coast towns

and the refreshing mountain zephyr of the interior give the only relief from the oppressive heat. Garden parties and promenades through parks and along the beach prove popular diversions, and everywhere poor sweltering humanity seeks cooling comfort.

The customs followed in these countries are naturally as widely different as are the climatic conditions. Of course, the children's friend, Santa Claus, is ever present in the person of Señor Noel, but the romantic beauty of the popular myth is greatly lessened when Santa's sleigh bells are silenced in a snowless land, and when Santa must come down a rope ladder into a court in a land without a chimney. The Christmas tree is not unknown, and under its spell the enchanting tale of "Señor Noel" gains credence among the wisest of precocious sceptics; but little attempt at evasion is made and presents pass for presents.

As at both Thanksgiving and Christmas here in the States, "Noche Buena" in South America is a time of reunions, and a family reunion in Latin-America means a great deal, for the ties of blood are much more closely observed, and even third and fourth cousins are ranked as members of the *familia*. These reunions are frequently begun a week before Christmas, and are celebrated in a different house by the same group each succeeding night. In this connection very pretty religious ceremonies, such as prayers in common to the Divine Infant and processions in His honor, are introduced, after which the more material purpose of the gathering finds expression in music, games and other diversions. And a Latin-American reception is always a delightful function, for added to grave Spanish dignity and warm-heartedness, the open freedom and frank cordiality of New World associations attract and hold one with a peculiar fascination. However, words in praise of South American hospitality would be but a vain attempt to paint the lily.

A very true insight into the character of a nation may be gathered from its manner of observing the birthday of our Lord. In so-called Catholic countries one would expect a spirit of religious sentiment to pervade the day's ceremonies, or at least to occupy a prominent place in them. Unfortunately, religion has, in a great many

parts, been strangely neglected, when the government and people have not been openly hostile to its practice. The predominant note in the Christmas festivities gives the key to the religious situation of the country.

In Peru and in Columbia, and, to a less extent in Uruguay and Argentine, the Midnight Mass is the center of the day's ceremonies. The "Misa de Gallo" is celebrated in certain privileged churches, and so great is the concourse of the faithful that admission is generally by ticket. The diversions peculiar to the day, the reception, the exchange of presents, and the supper, at which the delicious roast pig replaces our national holiday bird, take place after the Midnight Mass. In Peru the spirit of religion is carried into the home even more strikingly: occupying a place of equal prominence with the Christmas tree stands the Crib of Bethlehem, bedecked with choice flowers and lighted up with many candles.

In Mexico and its near neighboring states the spirit of religion is less prominent in the Christmas ceremonies. The day is celebrated more as a day of Carnival. Strolling musicians furnish melody and animation, the brightly-lighted streets are gay with happy faces, merry jests pass back and forth, and the stream of life runs silvery. Midnight Mass and processions in the churches attract great crowds, and so do the cafés and receptions. In Brazil and in some of the West Indian Islands the religious phase of the day forms but a dim background. Horse-racing, *pelota* and other national sports are the main features of the day's entertainment.

Esta noche es Noche Buena,
Y no es noche de dormir,

the song of the boys in the street, is the characteristic note: to eat, drink and be merry—only not to sleep.

One of the most beautiful virtues of the Latin race is brought out in a special manner on this day. Simple, unostentatious charity is manifested. On every side the poor are fed and clothed and their children made happy with toys. The Government does not forget its servants, and each soldier receives his *aguinaldo*, a present of money. The warm affection of the Latin for his children finds sweet expression on Christmas Day, and on the whole, peace and goodwill is prevalent there as everywhere.

Re-Birth.

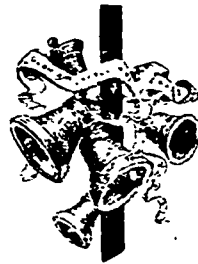
FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

WHEN came the Saviour from His throne,
The star of hope supremely shone
Upon our fallen race;
And treasures of supernal love
Came richly flowing from above,—
The fulness of God's grace.

For as He chose a human birth
Among the lowly of the earth,
Upon that joyous morn;
So still He comes with deep desire,
To quicken with His ardent fire,
Each weary heart, world-worn.

A Narrow Escape.

LEO J. CLEARY, '10.



It was with a feeling of rebellion that Ward heard the ringing of the church bell. The sweet tones, penetrating the quiet of the beautiful Christmas morning, assembling the worshipers for the early Mass, gave him no thrill of joy. There was no answering echo in his heart to the happiness and jollity which seemed to pervade the atmosphere. But even as he struggled to overcome his impulse to disregard the call of duty, something of his better nature asserted itself, and half unconsciously he entered the church. It was six o'clock and the church was dimly lighted. Wearily he sank unperceived into a rear seat. The Introit had begun, and over the bended congregation had settled the holy calm of the Yuletide. But of this he could feel nothing. The great silence of the church, the peace of the worshipers, only served to bring his misery into stronger relief, to recall more vividly the events of the past few days.

Ah! only a few days ago how different it all was! How bright was life; how glorious the future! Success was in his grasp—the success that had filled the dreams of boyhood and directed the efforts of the man. His mind ran rapidly over the struggles of

college, the fight to rise above the mediocrity of the common throng, and the victory. The fight was hard, but he had won, won over persons of more ability but less perseverance than himself. He had been chosen city engineer, a responsible and lucrative position and one which offered coveted opportunities for advancement. And then had come the call of love, and he had answered it. To pretty, vivacious Marie Hayes his heart had gone out fully, but here again he was successful, and Marie became his promised wife. He labored now with ever greater energy. The path to eminence held a new sweetness and a hitherto unfelt delight. Long starved of affection he was lifted into a paradise far away from the sordidness of earth, wherein the witchery of her smile and the silvery tones of her laughter were all-sufficient.

But alas, a cloud had gathered, one that he might have foreseen had he been less absorbed in his happiness. Ward, too busy with the duties of his office to fulfil all the claims of society, had allowed his fiancée a great deal of latitude. A society favorite and fond of flattery, she was loath to relinquish her amusement. To this Ward offered no objection. He wished to appear magnanimous, for after marriage her society would be altogether his. The occasional attentions of Marie's old admirers caused no alarm. She paid them scant notice. But when Arthur Harlan, a young attorney, appeared on the scene it was different. A master of flattery, he used his honeyed phrases and rhetorical eulogies to the best advantage; and Marie, womanlike, enjoyed this more and more as time wore on, and ere long Ward, though not forgotten, was shoved into the background. Ward soon became conscious of the change, but he strove to conceal resentment, feeling that this was only a passing whim of the girl. When the attentions of Harlan increased with every show of favor from Marie, Ward remonstrated with her. She dismissed his fears laughingly and went on as before. Finally matters came to a climax when she went driving with Harlan one afternoon, completely forgetting an engagement to attend a *matinée* with her affianced husband.

Slow to become angry, Ward was possessed of a fearful temper when once aroused. He awaited her return, and as

she entered the house he hotly demanded an explanation of her conduct. Conscious of the gravity of her action, but stung by his anger, the girl refused to answer, and a stormy scene ensued. Drawing the ring from her finger the girl threw it at his feet, and he, maddened by the action, vowed she should never live to enjoy the love of another. At this point Marie's brother had been obliged to interfere, and still vowing vengeance Ward rushed from the house. He had loved her with all the strength of his ardent nature; to be thus cruelly scorned was unbearable. Ere he retired that evening, however, calmness had returned and with it a profound regret. He resolved to right everything on the morrow with an apology for his too hasty words.

The next day, however, the town was stirred by the news that Miss Hayes had disappeared, leaving no clew to her whereabouts. She was accustomed to rise early in the morning and stroll along the borders of a lake near her home. The frantic parents at once fastened their suspicions on Ward, arguing that the rejected and infuriated lover had hurled the girl into the waters of the lake. Harlan was soon in possession of the news and used his influence to strengthen the belief that Ward had in some way been guilty of the murder. Craftily arranging a mass of damaging evidence Harlan had secured an order of arrest. Ward, however, with a firm belief in his ultimate acquittal of such a preposterous charge, had fled, an act that left little doubt of his guilt.

As Ward reviewed every detail leading up to the tragic finale, his head sank lower and lower upon the hands which clutched the seat in front. He seemed powerless to resist longer the fate that was rushing upon him. Mechanically he felt himself arising and leaving the church. No sooner had he emerged than he was greeted by the derisive cries of a surging, rioting mob. He attempted to flee, but was seized by a dozen arms and ruthlessly dragged to a deserted place where a rude gallows had been erected. He was placed upon the machine of death. The rope was let fall about his neck. He saw in front of him his co-workers, his friends, and oh God! there in the midst of the demoniacal throng shouting vengeance was the grey-haired father of the girl he

loved. He strove to speak, but the noise of the mob drowned his voice and he sank back with a dry sob. Now the rope was tightening about his neck. A moment more and his lifeless form would swing between earth and heaven, justice—mob-justice—would be satisfied. He thought vaguely of their horror when they should too late discover their mistake.

He had reached the tragic finale in life's drama. He writhed like an infuriated tiger in the misery of captivity. It would be useless to attempt a protest of innocence to the tyrannical ears and jeering eyes around him. The lawyer with his scheming machinations would soon exult in triumph. A sudden tightening of the coil and a realization of the impending danger nerved Ward to a last supreme effort. His hands broke from their fetters and grasping the rope it tore like paper.

The shock brought him back to the realm of consciousness. The gallows scene was only a mythical creation of his overwrought nerves. The rope was a curling plume, hanging from the hat of the lady in front. She had risen for the "Gloria" and the plume which had momentarily fallen upon his neck was jerked away. The incident caused her to turn and he found himself looking into the brown eyes of Marie. At the end of Mass, he signalled her to follow him. Seeing from his agitated manner that something was amiss, she obeyed. Once outside without giving Marie a chance to speak, he hurriedly related the events of the past two days, while she listened with downcast eyes and subdued features. As he narrated the gallows scene she startled slightly and averted her face. Ward continued: "I have told you this only that you might return and free me from all suspicion. I will not attempt to beg your forgiveness, I do not deserve it. I am going away to begin life anew." He looked at the girl. She was motionless. "I would like to have you think kindly of me, to believe—"

A sound like a stifled sob caused him to look up. Marie was looking. Tears shone in her eyes, but in them too was a roguish twinkle. As he took her unresisting hand, she said with a quiet smile:

"You dear desperado! We shall have that plume framed."

Christmas in the Twentieth Century.

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '11.



STRIKING feature of the first Christmas was the contrast between the gift of God and its reception by man, between heaven above where the Eternal Father was sending His own Son to make known to man some heavenly truths destined to make men free, where the angels sang of peace, and the earth below, cold and barren, where cruel, heartless mankind was groaning under the yoke of a law of might over right. This was the first visible coming of God into His sad, struggling world. Mankind had gone astray, and the Creator, laden with heavenly lessons, had come to set men aright. It is taking mankind a long time to appreciate these truths of Christ, but men are learning, for the ideals of Christ are fast supplanting those of man.

To-day in this twentieth century, more than ever before, the world is watching the slow but sure decline of the power of force, and the slow but certain ascent of the sway of love, and the irresistible advent of truth which men of power under the régime of might would have laughed to scorn as childish fancies. And in a thousand ways feelings of pity and compassion, a genuine sympathy for our fellows and the supremacy of love is fast driving off of the stage of world-forces the selfish ideals of paganism concerning man's relation with his fellows.

Never before in the history of the world was Christ loved and served by so vast a multitude as to-day. Christ is still the inspiration of countless lives, as He is the comfort and joy of unnumbered throngs of souls in every rank and circumstance of life. Every day the gentle Nazarene is becoming more and more the ideal Man, thus creating new and happier relations between men, changing the standards of conduct, and leaving a world of peace which is continually attracting more men to imitation.

The pessimist will point to the slums in some of our larger cities where vice is still enthroned. Christianity has not succeeded in doing away with all the evils of mankind,

but on the whole, it has cured most of them and lessened the rest. For if you were to resurrect an old Roman or Babylonian sinner of pagan times and show him the worst phases of modern life, you probably would not amaze him a bit. But show him the Christian side of our life, and how his eyes would open at the sight of the hospital, the co-operative charities, the confidence of men in other men, in commerce and industry alone, where ninety-two per cent of the business is done on credit, the international peace idea, and the doctrine working out in practice that "the bond of love is stronger than the bond of fear." He would probably say: "We saw much the same evils in Rome and in Babylon as I see to-day, but why do you care for sick children? We used to throw them out. We could not trust a Roman or Babylonian the way you trust one another in money matters, thus facilitating commerce in your country beyond all possibility of our competition. If we got sick and had no friends to take care of us, we had to stare death and hardship in the face. The general effort to relieve pain in every form among you is all new to us. When Messina was destroyed by an earthquake your whole civilized world sent help to the sufferers. But in our day when the city of Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius Pliny on a luxurious vessel was out in the Adriatic close enough to enjoy the marvelous sight of the eruption, but he never dreamed that men like himself

were buried alive in a sea of hot lava, and that some of them would be forever grateful to him if venturing nearer the scene he picked up some of the sufferers. Your entire relation between men is new to me. We never had these things in our day."

Several years ago when a Chinese commission visited this country they were taken to Chicago, and there were shown the great railway terminal of the Middle-West, the stockyards, the great factories, the mammoth department stores, and the sky scrapers. Asked what interested him most, one of the chiefs of the commission replied: "The hospital. This interested me most because I never saw such a thing in China. The Chinese have railways, but not so great; slaughter-houses, factories and shops, though not on so large a scale; houses, though not so many stories high. But hospitals for the sick without charge, social establishments for the benefit of the poor who can pay nothing but gratitude, and sometimes not even that, is absolutely new to me."

A practical comparison like this in our own day between men's relations in those parts of the earth where Christ's lessons have not yet penetrated and where they have, strikingly illustrates what Christ means to men. No wonder then that each year when the Christmas festival returns, men should gather around the Crib of Bethlehem, and in spirit gaze upon their Infant Saviour who is every day changing hopeless man into a new and happy creature.

New Life.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

CALM is the night. The moonlight's gold
Lies hid behind Judean hills;
A silvery star appears, peace fills
The undulating mountain wold.

The faithful shepherds look forlorn.
When lo! a voice seraphic breaks
In joyful tidings, man awakes:
The world is ransomed—Christ is born.

The golden shafts of morn appear,
Air's perfumed wave from every shore,
Unwonted gladness triumphs o'er
All grief, all sorrow, care and fear.

The Yuletide's vibrant tongues ring wild,
A better day now breaks for men,
A better day, for once again
We kneel before the heavenly Child.

O Christmas joy, whose pulsing tides
Now flood all hearts with festal cheer,
Fling from our God-loved hemisphere
All sadness such as here abides.


His Heralds.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

NIGHT stoops to roll her sable gates afar
 Upon the kingdom of eternal day,
 When through her portals, from the Heights afar
 An angel choir stands forth in bright array.
 A flash of wings,—and from the silent skies
 Ring symphonies of more than mortal birth:
 God's homage this unto a Child that lies
 In helpless exile on a heartless earth.

Christmas Customs.

JOHN C. TULLY, '11.



CHRISTMAS customs in America to-day are very different from those by which our ancestors celebrated the great festival. The hurry and worry of modern life have taken from the Christmas season much of its beauty, have shorn it of its glories and have almost destroyed the spirit of jollity which distinguished it a century ago. Nevertheless, it is still the holiday in which all classes throughout the world participate. Christmas knows no distinction, and its spirit is neither helped nor marred by poverty or riches. It is the day of all others when home ties seem the strongest, and few are the families which, if separated during the year, do not make an effort to meet together round the Christmas hearth. Here they feel the real message of the Christmas season—a tender sense of universal love—and their feelings of domestic attachment, mingling with pleasing remembrances of the past and joyous anticipations of the future, seem almost like a realization of the angelic message to the shepherds of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

It would probably be well for us to turn for a few moments to the record of past centuries, and see with what inspiring ceremonies the birthday of our Saviour was celebrated in other lands than ours. "Merrie England,"—in the days before the Puritans in their anxiety to rid themselves of all ceremonial connected with the Catholic Church

so nearly succeeded in breaking up the custom of Christmas celebration—was the leader in every sort of merry-making, and we still practise, to a slight extent at least, the customs for which she was most noted. Chief among these Christmas observances were the use of the mistletoe, the firing of the Yule-log and the drinking of the Wassail bowl. All three date back to the time of paganism, but were adopted and Christianized by the Church, reaching their greatest vogue about the fifteenth century. Then it was that

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.

The use of the mistletoe, which has connected with it so many mystic associations, is a relic of the days of Druidism. Then, as now, the custom of suspending a branch from wall or ceiling was practised, and the lords of creation felt free to impose the customary penalty incurred by any member of the fair sex who inadvertently strayed beneath the sacred spray.

The burning of the Yule-log is a ceremony transmitted from the ancient Scandinavians, who at their feast of Juul, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. The bringing in and placing of the ponderous log on the hearth of the wide chimney was the most joyous of the Christmas Eve ceremonies in feudal times, and many were the superstitions connected with its observance. For instance, if the log took fire quickly it signified good luck, but this was not wholly assured unless it burned brightly all night and until sunset of Christmas Day. If it went out, the dogs of misfortune were loosed. And even though it blazed away merrily, all good signs were contradicted if a squint-eyed person, or one with bare feet, entered the room. The log was always kindled with the bits remaining from the preceding year, and songs and dancing accompanied the ceremony. The spirit of the festivities is evident from the stanza:

Come bring with a noise,
 My merry, merry boys,
 The Christmas log to the firing,
 While my good dame she
 Bids ye all be free,
 And drink to your heart's desiring.

Thus it was that the halls of the favored of the land rang with merry-making. The "lord of misrule" made merry with his crew, while without the Waits went from house to house playing their instruments and singing the Christmas songs.

At the midnight hour the festivities ceased, and all assembled for the Midnight Mass.

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

The joy of anticipation pervaded all hearts, and the solemnity of the occasion chastened the smiles and threw a hush over the household, which was not broken until the glad tidings "Christ is born" were announced on Christmas morning.

In those days the Christmas tree was not known as it is now. The origin of this beautiful feature of Christmas seems to have been in Italy, from whence it was brought by the Romans to England. The custom at that time, however, was connected with New Year's Day. Branches of trees were, in anticipation of the day, placed in warm water so that they might break into leaf or blossom as an augury of the new year. This practice was soon associated with the legend which told of the bursting into bloom of forest trees on the night of the Nativity, and in the course of years became a Christmas rather than a New Year's custom. It is interesting to note that the first authentic reference to a Christmas tree occurs, it is said, so late as 1604. This was in the city of Strasburg, the tree being adorned with paper roses, golden apples, and so on, evidently in the spirit of the old legend.

It is only in comparatively modern times that Christmas has assumed the importance that we now attach to it as a day of love and good-will, the emphasis of these characteristics being due largely to the attitude of the Church in modifying pagan customs. It remains for all of us, however, to strive against the spirit of indifference which is robbing us of the only tradition which can keep alive the understanding of the supernatural redemption of mankind. Even if all else fail, we should keep fresh the traditions and inspiring customs of Christmas and the deep inner meaning of the feast:

I and E Preferred.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.



McCREEDY was never a Fatalist. He never had occasion to be. Things came to him in a regular way. He had read little of the Fates and had thought less of them. When he found himself lounging lazily in the lobby of the Westminster hotel without a position—for he had received notice that day from his employers, Brown & Co., that his services were no longer needed—with only a much worn half dollar left, the thought struck him that the regularity was broken—rather abruptly too.

When a man is thrown out in the world with no immediate means of earning his daily bread, with a lone fifty-cent piece for a companion, he studies the matter from all sides before cutting himself loose from his friend. This was what Dick McCreeDY was doing. He was on the forty-third enterprise—all enterprises that could be accomplished with a backing of fifty cents, when he stopped to look about him. Here and there about the lobby arranged in little groups were men sitting and talking. More were hurrying from one part to another. There was an exhilarating air about the place. It made a man feel like doing something. The men about him were successful men. They were men of action—they had to be, to live at the Westminster. Dick had been too. When he bought on 'change for W. C. Brown & Co., Brokers and Commission Merchants, he was well able to live at so well-appointed a place. He had begun outside speculation though, and this was strictly against the policy of Brown & Co. When they imparted trade secrets to their buyers it was their intention that these secrets be used only for their interests. It took all of the buyer's time and attention to do this well. When he began to use them for his interests he neglected his duties toward the firm. That is what Dick had been doing for some time. His winnings were oftentimes spent to no purpose—especially had they been so when notice of his release reached him.

When he left the firm that day he took

with him his last trade secret, the last Brown & Co. trade secret at least. That secret was, "On Friday, November 26th, buy I & E preferred." On Friday, because the directors of the Illinois and Eastern Railroad Company would meet on Thursday, and the developments of that meeting would decisively influence the stock. Such knowledge was a source of pain to Dick though, for a man could not buy I & E with fifty cents. Now that he had lost his position his secret would be lightly regarded by his friends, so there was no hope of interesting them. It was a case of quick work before Friday or hard work afterwards, and Dick felt that he was tired of the monotony of work.

He threw his cigar aside. He would trust to the Fates—his first trust in so visionary a power. He sought out the telephone booth and asked for the advertising department of the *Herald*. He had forgotten it was a fifty-cent piece he had. A nickel was necessary. It was inconvenient, this thing of being down to a lone half dollar. He changed his fifty-cent piece, and securing a nickel called up the *Herald* and gave them the following ad: "GET RICH QUICK! Not the usual kind. Must have money by the coming Friday. You may expect hundred per cent on as much as you send. Take the chance. You will not regret it." This cost him twenty-five cents for publication once in the Sunday edition. He had twenty cents left, and he decided to keep it for use in case unforeseen difficulties came up. He went out on the street to get some air and exercise. He would continue to live at the Westminster, as his credit would be good for a few days at least.

It was not until Tuesday morning that the mail brought him an answer to his insertion in the *Herald*. It was from Herman Lehr, Greencastle, Ill. He liked the name Greencastle—it smacked of credulity. Herman said he would be on hand early Friday morning to invest, if things looked promising.

The Fates were working—working hard. If Dick could but impress Herman with the validity of his frame-up all would be well. He was delighted that Herman was not coming before Friday. He didn't want to be bothered with him any longer than was necessary, and, too, it would be easier to

engage the faith of his client in a short time.

Friday came and so did Herman Lehr of Greencastle. Dick assumed an official mien. It was best not to appear otherwise—it might end the game. He wanted Mr. Lehr to get the impression that a great favor was being conferred on him by "The Get Rich Quick Concern." After a few introductory remarks he began on the speech, for there was no time to lose. Some one has said: "The greatest orations that have ever been delivered are those wherein the audience consisted of but one person." The "Reply of McCredy to Lehr," as he had happily dubbed it, was one of these. It affected Herman forcibly.

The plans were formulated. Herman was to allow Dick the use of a thousand dollars, but the only security he would take was that he be allowed to be in Dick's presence all the time the money was out of his hands. This was the only security Dick could give, and the thousand dollars was everything to him. He would agree to anything for its use.

They were on the floor early. Stocks were quiet at first, but as the forenoon wore on they livened up a bit. There is a "time" to buy on 'change. Dick watched the slight fluctuations of I & E preferred and waited for the "time." At eleven the stock was selling at $98\frac{5}{8}$; a minute later it made 99, only to ease off to $98\frac{3}{4}$. It had been moving restlessly in this fashion since ten o'clock. These slight fluctuations were the gray-capped breakers that beat about a vessel at sea before a storm. At a quarter past eleven Dick parted with the thousand. He bought options on a block of I & E preferred with a margin—of five cents. This was a conservative deal.

At eleven-thirty I & E had gone to 101 and Dick sold, taking his newly made profits to buy more options than he had been able to buy before with the thousand. He pursued this campaign persistently. The mass of humanity which filled the pit fought like demons for the stock. It was like a raging storm at sea. Lehr was violently separated from Dick in the uproar. He was jostled about pitifully. They were stepping on his toes and digging their elbows into his sides in a manner that soon made him furious. A trader, crazed with excitement, struck him a blow on the chest and shook three fingers in his face. This was more than Lehr would

stand and he promptly struck back and shook his hand in the face of the troublesome trader. The trader tore off a slip of paper and thrust it into Lehr's hands. Lehr thought it was a challenge to a duel. He regretted that he had been so hasty, and thought it better to get away from such an uncivilized gathering. He was sick at heart as he was sick in body, for the day had been a bit too strenuous for him. He feared that he had fallen in with a body of confidence men and that his thousand dollars was gone. He was willing to part with the thousand if he could escape with his life. Nowhere could he see Dick, so he stuck the "challenge" in his pocket and made his way to the Westminster Hotel.

On the floor of the 'change things had assumed a different turn. I & E was going down. The abnormal trading had brought on a slump. The Bears had got control. They were forcing the stock relentlessly, and with the coming of such a move selling became the order of the day. Where men a few minutes before had fought to buy they were now yelling and gesticulating like madmen in their effort to sell. There were millions involved. It quickly resolved itself into a battle between the powers of the speculative world. The small traders were crushed early. Dick was ground beneath the weight of the crash and he retired from the scene a pauper. The trade secret had failed.

He made his way to the Westminster Hotel in much the same spirit as had Lehr, exhausted in body, broken in spirit—alone in the world. He found Lehr in his room and told him of the defeat. Lehr had expected it. He saw clearly that the blow was telling on Dick and believed in his honesty.

Dick dropped heavily into a large leather chair and thought to rest his weary brain. On the other side of the room Lehr sat looking out upon the street. It was a time for silence then. Both sat buried in thought, entirely oblivious of the surroundings. The day darkened early and became night. Below on the streets the lights were burning and the cars hummed by in a broken line with workers homeward bound. It was Lehr who first noticed that the room was dark. He stood up to stretch his weary limbs, and as he did so he put his hands in his pockets and came across the slip of

paper which had been handed to him on the floor that afternoon. He aroused Dick from his reverie and placed the paper in his hands. Dick at first put it aside, but on being further awakened by Lehr brought it to the light which was dimly reflected from without. He read it quickly, but the better to make sure found the chandelier, and turning on the light read it again. The piece of paper fluttered from his hand. He turned and found Lehr close by, waiting anxiously. He thrust his hand into Lehr's and drew him closer. His voice failed, so great were his emotions, for they had won.

When Lehr shook his fist in the face of his assailant in the pit on 'change he sold five thousand shares of I & E. The paper was the statement of sale. He sold when the stock was high, and when it crashed—they won. Surely, indeed, the Fates had worked hard.

Christmas in Poetry.

THOMAS CLEARY, '11.

CHRISTMAS with its holy significance and tender associations is a subject which lends itself most readily as a theme for the poet. Since first the divine Babe graced the lowly manger at Bethlehem singers have wreathed His Birthday with the fairest flowers of language and the choicest gems of fancy. The shepherds to whom was announced the birth of Christ, the angel voices, the heavenly light, celestial music, the Magi, the guiding star and the stable at Bethlehem are indelibly incorporated in the songs of every age.

In relation to these subjects the "Ode to the Nativity" by Milton stands pre-eminent in sublimity of conception and grandeur of style. While it is not possible to quote the poem entire, a few stanzas will serve to indicate its prevailing tone of stately beauty:

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.
Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim
With her great Master so to sympathize.
No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung.

The hookéd chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Wh'spering new joys to the mild océan
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

Scott in one of his Christmas poems makes reference to one of the religious observances peculiar to the day, the Catholic Midnight Mass:

Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer,
 And well are Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled
 And brought blithe Christmas back again
 With all its hospitable train;
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honor to the holy night.
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung
 On Christmas eve the Mass was sung;
 The only night in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

Tennyson's reference to Christmas in his "In Memoriam" is well known:

The time draws near the birth of Christ,
 The moon is hid, the night is still,
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round
 From far and near on mead and moor
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind
 That now dilate and now decrease—
 Peace and good-will, good-will and peace
 Peace and good-will to all mankind.

This year I slept and wake with pain;
 I almost wished no more to wake
 And that my hold on life would break
 Before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule,
 For they controlled me when a boy;
 They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
 The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Equally simple is the description of Coleridge:

The shepherds went their hasty way
 And found the lowly stable shed
 Where the Virgin Mother lay;
 And now they check their eager tread,
 For to the Babe that at her bosom clung,
 A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.
 They told her how a glorious light
 Streaming from a heavenly throng

Around them shone suspending night,
 While sweeter than a mother song
 Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth:
 Glory to God on high! And peace on earth.

In Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" is a beautiful representation of an indoor scene at Christmas-tide:

Within the hall are song and laughter,
 The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
 And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
 With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
 Wallows the Yule-tide, roaring tide;
 The broad flame pennons droop and flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
 And swift little troops of silent sparks
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear
 Go threading the soot-forest tangled darks
 Like herds of startled deer.

Father Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South, thus pictures the Nativity:

The stars in the far-off heaven
 Have long since struck eleven!
 And hark! from temple and from tower,
 Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour,
 Blessed by the Saviour's birth,
 And night putteth off the sable stole,
 Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole,
 For one with many a starry gem,
 To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
 Who comes to men the King of them,
 Yet comes without robe or diadem
 To hear the song of the Christmas feast.

And from the pen of Aubrey De Vere, an Irish Catholic poet, we have a similar description:

Primeval night had repossessed
 Her empire in the fields of space;
 Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast,
 The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace,
 That hour where shepherds kept their flocks,
 From God a glory sudden fell;
 The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
 And lay like dew along the dell.

God's angel close beside them stood:
 "Fear naught," that angel said, and then,
 "Behold, I bring you tidings good;
 The Saviour Christ is born to men."
 And straightway round him myriads sung,
 Loud sung again, and yet again,
 Till all the hollow valley rung:
 "Glory to God, and peace to men."

The poets quoted do not include all who have glorified the Nativity, but they are representative, and the lines selected show fairly the sentiments of the master-minds on this, the most wondrous event—the birth of the Saviour of Mankind.

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"THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

The festive season is with us again. The busy thoroughfare of life has wellnigh lost its solemn work-a-day aspect, and for a time the selfish side of *A Merry Christmas* man will be relegated to the background. Another day or two, and our churches will be crowded with pious worshippers, family gatherings will group about the paternal board, and the air will be alive with expressions of good-will and comradeship. Everywhere the spirit of the season will hold sway, with "A Merry Christmas" as the universal salutation. To many of us, the Christmas festival is chiefly associated with the giving and receiving of gifts. True, this is one of its beautiful customs, but it is not its characteristic one. What we like to regard as constituting the real charm of the true Christmas spirit, is that universal peace among men, wherein old enmities are forgotten, business worries and strifes of every kind completely banished, in the universal hand clasp of all mankind.

Gift giving, social functions, and home gatherings, all contribute their quota to the happiness and gayety of the Christmas festival, but it is not until one is at peace with God and man that he comes to realize the true meaning of that little phrase, so often uttered, so little understood,—“A Merry Christmas.”

To the President, Faculty, Students, and Readers generally, the SCHOLASTIC wishes with all the weight of meaning the phrase will carry “A MERRY CHRISTMAS.”

—The presentation of student plays at fixed times each year is a custom of long standing. The upper class men have been making their appearance on President's Day with a dramatic *Benefit of Dramatics*. Other colleges have recently turned their attention to the histrionic art, and now in practically all our larger institutions of learning amateur plays are fostered and encouraged. Viewing the college play as a mode of entertainment only, there is much to be said in its favor. Man takes delight in mimicking the speech and action of his fellows, and there can therefore be no question that the embryo-actor derives keen enjoyment from his efforts to portray the character presented. The chief value of dramatics, however, lies in the benefits they confer on their devotees. The nicety of interpretation required in properly delineating character necessitates a minute study of the lines to be spoken and a careful analysis of varying shades of meaning expressed in character speeches. Briefly, if the actor is to do his work well he must have a complete understanding of his rôle. This implies analysis, character study and a painstaking attention to those details that bring about ease and naturalness. Next, he must be able by intonations of the voice, gestures, facial expressions and movements of the body to faithfully unfold to the audience his conception of the part. While obtaining this valuable elocutionary training, the amateur actor acquires simultaneously ease and grace as well as that *sine qua non* of the orator—the faculty of feeling his own utterances so deeply as to convince the audience of his sincerity.

President's Day.

President's Day at Notre Dame is, in an eminent degree, a day of fine sentiment and cordial expression of good-will. The unique spirit of Notre Dame, the irresistible attraction of an ideal democracy, is reflected in an especial manner on this day, when all unite to express the heartfelt congratulations prompted by high esteem and warm affection. The ceremonies of President's Day of this year were impressive and full of dignity, and withal touched with a rare feeling of affection. The many fine notes awakened should find pleasing echo in the years to come in the hearts of the favored participants.

At 7:45 A. M. the University Faculty and the senior classes assembled in the main parlors of the Administration Building and moved in academic procession to the church, where Mass was celebrated by the Reverend President, assisted by the Reverend Fathers Crumley and Schumacher. Members of the local clergy were present in the sanctuary, and the concourse of young men completely filled the church.

A word in praise of the rendition of the church music should justly be inserted here. The solemnity and dignity of the Gregorian music always contributes to an occasion in itself so impressive. The success attained by the choirs of Holy Cross Seminary must be particularly encouraging to their devoted instructor.

After Mass, at an informal reception in the college parlors, the classes and halls presented their bouquets. Father Cavanaugh, in a brief reply of thanks, congratulated, in turn, the young men who did him honor. During the morning hours the University band, directed by Prof. Petersen, rendered a select program in the rotunda of the Main Building.

Guests who came from near and far to honor Father Cavanaugh, assembled in the reception rooms during the morning, and at noon proceeded to the east dining-room of the University, where an elaborate banquet was laid. No speeches were made: the greetings were confined to informal conversations. During the dinner the University Orchestra rendered a very creditable musical program.

The afternoon's program was splendidly arranged and carried out. Students and guests assembled in Washington Hall at two o'clock for the senior address and the college play. After a selection by the orchestra, Mr. S. M. Dolan, President of the class of '10, delivered the address of the day. Mr. Dolan's discourse was the loyal tribute of a loyal son of Notre Dame. It was of classic finish, and Mr. Dolan did himself proud. The splendid ovation gave evidence of the speaker's popularity and the favorable reception of his words. Following is the address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY

The honor that we show to others is reflected on ourselves. It is a law of nature that there is always compensation. However unselfish our gift, we are always given something in return. Consciously or unconsciously we receive it. The Persians have this proverb: "He who pays homage to a king shall be rich with the pearls of Anshan; he who honors a shopkeeper shall receive a daric; he who salutes a slave shall be fouled with the grime of the byway; but he who reverences a wise man shall abound in the light of Surya and the prudence of Rudra." In such esteem did the sun worshippers hold their sages that they imaged them as dispensers of the best gifts of the gods.

Greatness of mind, mental achievement, has always been held in highest regard, or a nation has suffered for its error. Since the time when men began to keep the first rude records that make historical narrative, the man who learned the art of letters, the teacher, has been regarded with special distinction. The story of human progress is epitomized in the lifework of a few commanding figures. Each century in the onward march of humanity points with pride to the achievements within its toll of years. The roll of fame bears the names of warriors, statesmen, teachers, but the age that has placed the sword above the pen, brawn above brain, is the age ' fouled with the grime of the byway.' The centuries that live gloriously are times when soul-culture and book-craft were greater than wars and controversies. It is better that material greatness should diminish rather than the aspirations of a people should suffer.

But the nations have not gone far astray in the worship of their heroes. When the clash of arms was stilled and loud-voiced debate ended, when the dust that obscured right vision had settled, the people in quiet contemplation sat at the feet of the teacher and learned that there are higher things. And then has come a realization of the worth of the teacher in the economy of life. He holds the explanation of the meaning of existence. It was a knowledge that was dearly bought. In sacrifice he drew back from the spoils of conflict, from the wealth of the mart, in order that he might learn in quiet and peace the truths that would mould high-minded men and noble women and so form his age truly great. And his people revered him as superior to chiefs and kings. Their king claimed fealty and obedience, and for these

there were the pearls of Anshan; but the teacher swayed the heart and soul, and to him they paid special tribute, and they were given in return light and strength surpassing all the material riches of the earth.

It must have been with the intention of giving the students an opportunity of reflecting on one of the highest ideals of conduct that President's Day was established at Notre Dame. This day has an educative value for us. We have drawn aside from our ordinary tasks to think on the importance to the world of deeds of sacrifice. Living as we do in close relationship every day with the President and the Faculty we are apt to take for granted their unselfish labors in our behalf. It is so easy for us to grow heedless of the lessons that the daily lives of these devoted men silently teach us. It is well, therefore, to have one day on which we can grow a little more thoughtful, and so not miss one of the best lessons we can learn here. This day, too, gives us students an opportunity of expressing publicly our appreciation of the hearty kindness and generous sympathy we receive from all, especially from the President of the University.

It has been well said that the head of any institution creates the spirit that permeates it. This is pre-eminently true of Notre Dame, where president and professor and student, work and live together. There is in the University a spirit of enthusiastic zeal for labor, of swift recognition of manly, Christian conduct, and of broad tolerance for such mistakes as all boys thoughtlessly fall into. And for all this we thank Father Cavanaugh. It is his fine character that is impressed on the University. We respect him for his scholarship, we admire him for his noble life, but we love him for his fatherly care. There is not one of us who has not been made better by his counsel and helped by his active interest. It is great praise to say of any executive that no one ever left his presence justly embittered. But this can be said in highest truth of Father Cavanaugh.

And so, Father, the students of 1909 are assembled to pay you their tribute of recognition and affection. It is little we give, but it comes from grateful hearts. We thank you, thank you.

Following Mr. Dolan's speech, the play, "The College Toastmaster," was presented by the Dramatic Club. The piece is a rollicking comedy which descends almost to the farcical at places, and is replete with opportunities for a student cast. The fact that its story deals with some of the lighter moments of student life is another element contributing strongly to its possibilities as a college production. The great success of the presentation, as evidenced by the repeated and spontaneous bursts of applause, should be a source of satisfaction to Prof. Spiess and his Thespian band. Comparisons are odious, but the superiority of the production, as compared with the

presentation of "Macbeth" last Easter, is so striking it may be noticed here.

It was practically an all-star cast, for each man played his part to perfection; however, notable excellences in some of the players deserve special mention. Claude Sorg, in the leading rôle, divided premier honors with Joe Murphy as Prof. Reed, the absent-minded doctor. Mr. Sorg displayed an entirely new side of his dramatic versatility by assuming a female rôle during a portion of the play. Joe Murphy entered into the spirit of his character and had his audience with him all through. His naturalness will insure him success in any character he may assume. His local hits, interspersed throughout the play, kept the audience in constant good humor. Leo McElroy sustained and strengthened the high reputation he has secured in the portrayal of female characters. As "Cynthia," he looked the part and acted it with characteristic ease and grace. As a coquette and as a demure maiden he excelled alike.

In the title-rôle, Louis Reys, showed himself a capable actor. His inflection in the first act lacked naturalness, but he could hardly have been surpassed in the third. William Hogan and Harry Zimmer, as George MacIntosh and Buzzer, were as capable in their respective parts as anybody in the play. Both are difficult, though minor characters, and were acted with naturalness and ease. George Ryan, as the deaf and dumb wife of Prof. Reed, was particularly good, developing well the possibilities of such a part. Havican, Kramer and Goddeyne contributed as much as anyone to the afternoon's enjoyment. They all played well, and they, more than any of the others, threw in a touch of local color that captivated the audience.

A special word of praise is due those who contributed to the success of the play without appearing in the limelight. No play seen here in recent years has been more successfully staged. The lines were well read and the players suited the word to the action. The scenery and light effects were appropriate. The music by the University orchestra was excellent, and under its spell the time between acts passed pleasantly and quickly. Following is the program of the play:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bill Morgan.....	Claude A. Sorg
"Towel" Fairfax.....	Louis W. Reys
Bob Kenmark.....	Thomas A. Havican
Henry Reed.....	James G. Kramer
Tom Ripley.....	Joseph C. Goddeyne
George MacIntosh.....	William N. Hogan
Prof. Reed.....	Joseph B. Murphy
Mrs. Reed.....	George J. Ryan
Cynthia.....	Leo C. McElroy
Buzzer.....	Harry J. Zimmer

MUSIC.

The Golden Girl.....	Joseph E. Howard
A Prince of To-Night.....	Joseph E. Howard
The Broken Idol.....	F. Van Alstyne
March.....	F. Wagner

At the conclusion President Cavanaugh replied to Mr. Dolan's address of congratulation in the following measured sentences, which we insert, minus the fine emotion with which they were delivered:

I can not permit this occasion to pass without expressing my heartfelt thanks to all who have contributed to the pleasure and success of this day. No one realizes more fully than I that time and effort were freely bestowed upon the preparation. In so far, therefore, as there is anything personal in these exercises of this day I give to the choir, the band, the orchestra, the actors of this play and to all of the University the best thanks of my heart.

In justice to myself, however, I must make known to you that I do not accept as for myself the courtesies and kindnesses of this day. You admire all of the officers and disciplinarians of the University, and you admire your professors and are grateful to them. This day you take occasion to express in words your indebtedness and your gratitude. It is because I can so heartily share in your admiration for these noble men that I gladly take part in these exercises. God has been good to you and to me. If ever a president had nobler, truer, more devoted associates in the work of administration then happy indeed was that president. If ever this University or any other had more conscientious, devoted and loyal teachers and disciplinarians then thrice and a hundred times blessed was that university.

The chief good of a college is not that it develops the mental faculties and enlarges power of action and breathes an atmosphere of culture. The chief good of a college is that it is a place where ideals survive. The world of traffic destroys ideals, the world of barter and of hustle and of competition develops low forms of cunning and low standards of ethics. Let us thank God, therefore, that there is still one fortress in the world that flies the flag of idealism, one place of refuge where nobler, knightlier principles of conduct may find rest and protection. As your speaker has said, the ideals to which this University aspires are ideals of sacrifice and service. Deep down in the foundations of it the pioneers set the imperishable rocks of Christian virtue and mortification. Upon that adamant foundation they reared a structure whose domes and spires to-day leap joyfully to the

sky. The success of the University in the past has been due to the fact that the men who guided her destiny and the men who composed her faculty were men of virtue and sacrifice. The measure of our success in the future will depend under the Providence of God upon our fidelity to these same high principles of conduct. Upon our power to impress on youth these high ideals of faith and virtue will depend the success of our apostolate. It is, therefore, for us and the faculty to renew this day and every day our consecration to this apostolic work, to purify our motives and to enlarge our generosity, that giving ourselves whole heartedly to our labor we may deserve and receive the benediction of Almighty God.

I have said that upon our power to realize in the lives of our students the ideals for which the University stands, depends the success of our work. With you, young men, therefore, lies in a great measure the responsibility for the success of the University. To you I appeal to receive and to cherish the ideals of honor, of truthfulness, of purity, of obedience, of honest labor, to which we are dedicated. The day may indeed come when the world may seek to rob you of these ideals; experience with men may constrain you to feel that they are almost unattainable in this lower world, but the closer these high teachings are gathered to your heart the deeper the impress they make upon your action, the further they will go with you in the struggle and the more they will enrich and comfort and ennoble your life. Great is riches, great are power and influence and fame, great the love of friends and the confidence and applause of the public, but high above them all, walking in simple dignity and enjoying a serenity and a solace undreamed of by others, happy in the consciousness of an innocent and useful life here, sustained and comforted by the hope of a happy immortality is the man who in his youth embraced and throughout his whole life cherished and realized the high ideals for which this old University stands. That these ideals may be yours in your youth and in your age is the wish that out of our heart of hearts we give to you to-day.

 Jubilee Singers.

A sextette of colored performers bearing the ambitious name Jubilee Singers, helped us to pass away an hour on Tuesday, Dec. 7. The performers did rather acceptable work in plantation melodies when they sang together. Indeed, many of the selections were well worth going to hear. This made the solo performances all the worse by comparison. This suggestion will never, perhaps, reach the Jubilee Singers. Still, it is given in good faith and if read should be so received: Omit all solo numbers; insert if need be more chorus songs. A rather acceptable program will result.

The Father Corby Memorial.

The following letter recently addressed to the Alumni and friends of the University is self-explanatory:

DEAR FRIEND:—Every Notre Dame man is proud of the record made by his *Alma Mater* during the Civil War. Not to speak of the members of the student body who marched to the front to fight our country's battles, the University sent seven of its priests to serve in the capacity of chaplains. One of these chaplains, Father Corby was the central figure in one of the most dramatic and picturesque scenes connected with the war. Just before the troops went into battle at Gettysburg, Father Corby, as chaplain of the famous "Irish Brigade," mounted a large rock and after a fervent exhortation to the soldiers to do their duty pronounced a general absolution upon the thousands of soldiers drawn up before him. The incident has its place in every history of that great battle, and the guide who shows the visitors over the field of Gettysburg points out the rock upon which Father Corby stood while performing this sacred and most solemn function.

A movement was recently started in Philadelphia for the collection of a fund to place a heroic bronze statue of Father Corby on the identical rock on which he stood. The statue is to be a work of art and will cost seven or eight thousand dollars. The newspapers have given the matter a good deal of publicity, and the hierarchy have taken a very special interest in it. That splendid soldier, General St. Clair Mulholland, has been very active in collecting money to rear this monument to his devoted friend, Father Corby. It remains for the old students and friends of Notre Dame to do their part towards perpetuating in bronze the heroic action of a former President of the University.

Last June at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association I was requested to prepare a letter addressed to former students and friends of the University appealing for funds for this purpose. I do so with fullest confidence. Surely no old student will miss this opportunity of writing *Alma Mater's* name high on our country's roll of honor. The Corby monument will be a gratifying proof of the patriotism of Notre Dame, and will show the devotion of the Church and her priesthood to our country in the dark days of the Civil War. All donations will be acknowledged in the SCHOLASTIC.

With cordial personal greetings I am,
Your sincere friend,

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

November 15, 1909.

So far the responses have not been what was expected, but as the SCHOLASTIC begins with this issue its weekly report of contributions, there can be no doubt but that many who have overlooked the matter through pressure of other affairs will be influenced

to send in their checks at once. Accordingly we print below the contributions so far received (Dec. 17) for the

CORBY MONUMENT FUND.

William L. Dechant.....	\$25
John W. Eggeman.....	5
William Dillon.....	3
William P. Breen.....	5
Rev. John J. Burke.....	5
Rev. John M. Byrne.....	5
Michael J. Baasen.....	5
Orville T. Chamberlain.....	5
Timothy E. Howard.....	5
Rev. J. P. Quinn.....	10
Very Rev. Frank O'Brien.....	50
Rev. Denis J. Clarke.....	25
Ambrose O'Connell.....	1
M. J. McEniry.....	5
Colonel William Hoynes.....	12
Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan.....	25
Peter M. Ragan.....	5
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin.....	25
Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J.....	5
Rev. John Dinnen.....	5

Philopatrian Reception.

On Monday evening, December 6, the dramatic society of Carroll Hall gave their annual reception to the Faculty in the college parlors. A great deal is always expected of the Philopatrians, for the traditions of the society stand high. This year, as usual, the entertainment proved very successful. The youthful performers showed themselves equal to expectations, and their work reflected great credit on those who made the program possible. At the close of the reception Father Schumacher, in the unavoidable absence of President Cavanaugh, addressed the students, congratulating them on their splendid work and encouraging them to more ambitious efforts. Following is the program rendered:

Piano—"Shower of Pearls".....	Herbert Koelbe
Recitation—"The Old Rooter".....	Thomas Clark
Piano—"Warbling at Eve".....	Joseph Madigan
Recitation—"Jim".....	William Bensburg
Piano—"Dance Napolitaine".....	Frank Newton
Recitation—"George Washington".....	Charles Kellum
Violin Duet—Mass i deun.....	G. Homan, M. O'Shea
Recitation—"Jes 'Fore Christmas".....	George Clark
Piano—"My Bonny 'Boy".....	Bernard Bogy
Recitation—"McLane's Child".....	George Lucas
Recitation—"Becalmed".....	Cecil Birder
Closing Remarks.....	Father Schumacher

Final Contest for Breen Medal.

Press Clippings.

The oratorical contest which took place in Washington Hall on Dec. 4, was won by Francis J. Wenninger, '11 of Holy Cross Hall. Mr. Wenninger's delivery showed attention to the important detail of elocution so often overlooked. Mr. Charles C. Miltner tied for first place, but since Mr. Wenninger got higher makings in delivery he was awarded the contest. Mr. Joseph Quinlan will make a high bid for honors on some future occasion if he can train himself down to the matter of not nailing home with an emphasis unimportant words. Mr. V. Toole has a good voice, but even a good voice will be monotonous if it be not varied in the many ways known to the elocutionist.

Holy Cross Hall is to be commended for helping to keep alive the splendid traditions of the University for oratory and debate. It is to be regretted the other halls did not give a like attention to this important branch of educational work. Competition is the life of trade. Let us have more trade.

The program, and report of the Judges:

Selection.....	University Orchestra
The Conflict Between Business Policy and Ethical Law.	Charles C. Miltner, Philosophy, '11.
The Cry of the Child.	Francis J. Wenninger, Letters, '11.
Selection.....	University Orchestra
World Federation.....	Joseph A. Quinlan, Classical, '11.
A Tribute of Gratitude.....	James V. Toole, Letters
Selection.....	University Orchestra

JUDGES

CONTESTANTS	Thought				Delivery				Final Rank
	Fr. Maguire	Judge Howard	Prof. Farrell	Rank	Judge Farabaugh	Prof. Neff	W. McInerney	Rank	
Miltner	1	2	1	1	2	2	3	2	2
Wenninger	2	3	3	2	1	1	2	1	1
Quinlan	3	1	4	3	3	3	4	3	3
Toole	4	4	2	4	4	4	1	4	4

Lecture by Prof. French.

On Wednesday, December 8, Prof. French, the noted cartoonist, appeared before an appreciative audience in Washington Hall, and proved a successful and instructive entertainer. He lectured on the possibilities of cartooning and its power as a factor in moulding public opinion, citing the effect of Thomas Nast's caricatures in the campaign against the famous Tweed Ring in New York City. Prof. French illustrated his lecture with original caricatures. This was out of the ordinary, and added to the interest.

We quote the following from By Heck's department of the *Chicago Tribune*:

Independence, Ia., Dec. 3.—Dear Heck: Here's a hypothetical question for you! If Wisconsin was slammed and slaughtered, Minnesota mortified and mangled, Chicago tried and trimmed, Marquette pickled and preserved, Michigan hashed up and fricasseed, and the Michigan Aggies served in three styles, while at the same time, after eating up mighty football aggregations. Notre Dame was the only big team in the West that came through the season without a defeat, which team is entitled to be called the Western Champion.

HUGO HUMPHREY.

[Answer held up while the hold of the Notre Dame football ship is being searched for contraband cargo.]

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This from the *Herald Republican* of Salt Lake City is entitled, "Game Notre Dame."

Every reader of sports was amazed one Sunday morning not long ago when the announcement was made that Notre Dame, Indiana, had beaten Michigan at football. Some people believed the victory was the result of a fluke, and that if the game was repeated Michigan would grind the Catholics into the earth. But the best sporting men of the nation declare: "Results count." And they have given Notre Dame credit for beating the big university team.

Now Notre Dame challenges Yale for a match, the money derived to be sent to the destitute at Cherry, Illinois—victims of the coal mine horror in that town.

There is something commendable in that challenge of the Notre Dame boys. It shows they don't regard their victory as more than an average expression of what they can do. And they don't believe the Eastern teams, even of the biggest class, have any right to pretend superiority to the West.

Of course, they would be in the position of the fight loser who is sure of something desirable, even if he does get a beating. But those Irish lads don't care for the gate receipts. They love the game, and they believe they can beat Yale. Aside from that, they know the money would be mighty well applied if sent to the widows and orphans of the disaster at Cherry.

Notre Dame has added to its list of friends and admirers by the football season of nineteen-nine.

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Criticising Camp's All-American football selection, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* has this to say of Notre Dame's record:

Evidently Camp has forgotten the sterling record made by Notre Dame this year, when its goal line was crossed but once, and then on a fluke, the opposing team being almost annihilated... For Notre Dame, in "Rosey" Dolan had the finest defensive tackle that ever appeared on a Western gridiron, according to those who have followed the game for years and are as competent to judge as any Eastern critic. When Notre Dame played in Pittsburg, Dolan was showered with praise by all the critics for his wonderful playing. And he put up the same kind of a game throughout the season, playing as strong a game on the offensive as on the defensive. He was easily of first team All-American caliber.

But the same can not be said of Andrus when other players at guard are considered. Dimmick of Notre Dame, like his side worker, Dolan, was probably as good as any playing the position this year. In every game his work was featured, the big fellow holding all his opponents with ease and proving a veritable demon on the offense.

And in selecting the Notre Dame players for the

All-American team it must be remembered that the old objections against that institution are no longer tenable. The players on the different teams at the University are students in every sense of the word, hence their ability on the gridiron, or in any other line of sport, should be deservedly recognized.

The *Inter-Ocean* has shown itself unbiased and outspoken during the championship controversy, a fact which should not be forgotten when students go the University new's stand.

Banquet to Western Champions.

A tribute, unique in the history of Notre Dame, was paid to the Varsity football team last Saturday night at the Oliver in South Bend. A banquet was tendered the team by the collegiate students as a testimonial of the appreciation felt that they were the only undefeated gridiron artists in the West this year. The occasion was a notable one and will form in the memories of the happy participants one of those cherished treasures which one gleans from the brightest and best days of college life, and loves to recall in after years.

When the doors of the splendid sal6n of the Oliver were thrown open at eight o'clock, a scene of attractive beauty greeted the three hundred guests. The program—a finely executed souvenir with individual pictures of the members of the team—announced an elaborate eight-course dinner and a well-chosen list of toasts. The proverbial hospitality of the Oliver management was not found wanting, and the just cravings of the inner man were amply satisfied during the course of the evening.

Eloquent tributes to the team were, of course, the characteristic note of the evening's entertainment. Rev. M. A. Quinlan, the first speaker introduced by toastmaster Deery, laid particular stress on the scholastic ability of the men who constitute the team and criticised severely the defeated aspirants for Western Championship honors who preferred the refuted charge of ineligibility against our men. Mr. Warren A. Cartier, '87, who travelled from Northern Michigan to honor the occasion with his presence, recalled, in a reminiscent speech, the day when Michigan taught Notre Dame football. A. J. Cooke, speaking for the students, demonstrated the "evident superiority of the East over the West," in a happy disquisition. Colonel Hoynes, whose just popularity was once more attested, spoke of the glories of the victories won. Inspired by the possibilities of his theme the Colonel let himself be carried away by his emotions and spoke with rare feeling. Judge Farabaugh eulogized the team of 1909. Captain Edwards, speaking for his men struck a fine note when he mentioned the warm loyalty of the

student body. Vice-President Crumley in a few well-chosen concluding remarks voiced the regret of the assembly that President Cavanaugh could not be present, and made the announcement that trophies would be awarded the members of this year's team.

During the evening the election of a captain for next year's team took place, and "Pete" Vaughan, the popular full-back, was chosen for the honor. "Pete" happily remarked that he would do all in his power to schedule a few more "practice games" next season. Besides the regular and reserve teams members of the Faculty Board of Athletic Control and several old students were present as guests of honor. Among the latter were Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich.; Wm. Draper, Chicago; Chief of Police McWeeney, South Bend; and Joseph Lantry, Ohio.

Great credit is due Leo F. Buckley, President of the Junior Law Class, who originated the plan and gave his time and best efforts to its direction. He received valuable assistance from his committee-mates who were: John C. Tully, Wm. J. Heyl, L. M. Stoakes, James E. Deery, Wm. Martin, R. E. Skelly and Otto A. Schmid. The SCHOLASTIC voices the feelings of everybody at Notre Dame to these gentlemen in the words of one of Shakespeare's characters: "Thanks, thanks; and yet again thanks."

At St. Edward's Hall.

The students of St. Edward's Hall held their celebration of President's Day on Wednesday. Solemn High Mass was sung in Hall chapel at 8:15 by the Rev. President. The altars were decorated in singularly good taste. The singing by the boys choir is deserving of a more extended notice than space allows in the issue. The Offertory piece was especially good. After Mass Master H. Maltby did the honors for his young school-mates in an address marked by simplicity and good taste. Father Cavanaugh in his reply said a number of very nice things to these younger sons of Notre Dame. He received the official N. D. Rah, Rah as an appropriate expression of loyalty. The local visiting clergy were roundly rah rahed also, after which the youngsters betook themselves to their books. There's some class to these rising sons of St. Edward's Hall.

Personals.

—John F. Brogan is now with the Granite Coast Co., Waterbury, Conn,

—The Hon. Robert E. Proctor (LL. B., '04) was recently appointed City Attorney at Elkhart, Ind.

—John E. Scullin (Litt. B., '1909) visited here last week. Mr. Scullin is now engaged in business at St. Paul, Minn.

—Thomas A. Lally, Law '06, is associated with the firm of Cannon & Lee, Attorneys-at-Law, Spokane, Washington.

—Neil H. Ewing (A. B., '84), a former instructor in the University, recently addressed an energetic protest to the President of the Board of Education, Roselle, N. J., on account of a crude exhibition of bigotry or ignorance. Neil's literary style has certainly not suffered deterioration in the years since he left us. His address is Roselle, N. J.

—The Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly (LL. D. '09) has been appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Cleveland. Dr. O'Reilly is a man of wide and mellow scholarship, of obliging disposition and of attractive character. His Baccalaureate sermon last Commencement is still remembered with joy. We are confident he will be an ideal Chancellor for the great Diocese of Cleveland.

Obituary.

A despatch from Paul McGannon dated Corning, New York, December 8th, reads: "Adrian McNamara died to-night. Remember him in Mass." In the absence of further details we can only assure the family and friends of the lamented dead that he will not be forgotten at Notre Dame. His record at the University was one that may well be remembered with pride. May his soul rest in peace.

* *

The sudden death of Mr. Daniel Honan at his home in Ockley, Indiana, last week was a severe blow to his son, Raymond, of Brownson Hall. Mr. Honan was a gentleman of very high character and tenderly devoted to his family. Raymond has the sincere sympathy of the University in his bereavement. Many prayers will be offered.
R. I. P.

* *

Mr. Paul Moushey of Sorin Hall has the sincere condolence of the University in the death of his father at Canton, Ohio, this week. Mr. Moushey had been extremely ill for a long time and his death was by no means unexpected. Peace to his soul!

Athletic Notes.

The Varsity opened the basket-ball season by playing Lewis Institute on the night of December 8th. The balcony and bleachers were well filled with students eager to get a line on Coach Maris' proteges, and

from this first showing of the team it is safe to say Notre Dame will be well represented in basket-ball for the 1910 season. Captain Freeze, Maloney, and Fish of last year's team were at their old positions and have already rounded into old-time form. Vance and Ulatowski, new men on the squad, give great promise and have only to become familiar with the team-work of the old men to round out a fast and well-balanced quintette. About twenty men have been turning out for practice each night, and Bert Maris is well pleased with the quantity and quality of material at his disposal.

The game with Lewis was not so evenly contested as expected, not that the visitors were overrated, but the work of the Varsity surpassed the expectations of even the most optimistic. Vance, Maloney and Fish scored almost at will, and Captain Freeze and Ulatowski easily defended our basket from any consistent scoring. Fouls were frequent on both sides, and most of the visitors' points were the result of baskets thrown after fouls.

Summary and line-up.

Notre Dame, 29		Lewis Institute, 17
Maloney, Ely	L. F.	Walthier
Fish, McNicholl	R. F.	Dempsey
Vance, Finnegan	C.	Loeding, Jones
Freeze: (Capt.), Attley	L. G.	Bratik
Ulatowski, Murphy	R. G.	McKee

Field goals—Vance, 8; Maloney, 4; Walthier, 3; Dempsey, 1. Goals from fouls—Maloney, 5; Loeding, 6; Dempsey, 3. Goals missed after fouls—Maloney, 2; Loeding, 3; Dempsey, 5. Referee—Barrett. Timekeeper—Collins. Scorer—Roth. Time of halves—20 min.

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In the second game on Dec. 11, the Varsity showed marked improvement. Their passing and basket shooting were far superior to the first showing. Coach Maris is greatly encouraged and expects big doings from his team after the holidays.

Maloney, Vance and Fish, our basket-shooting trio, were too fast for the club players, and Freeze and Ulatowski were "quite fast enough." Vance's long-shots from difficult positions featured the game and kept the crowd in an uproar.

Burke, Murphy, McNichols, and Finnegan replaced Maloney, Freeze, Fish and Vance in the second half, and easily maintained the pace set in the early part of the game.

Score—Notre Dame, 60; Rochester H. C., 15.

Summary—Goals from floor—Maloney, 5; Vance, 10; Fish, 13; Ulatowski, 6; Burke, 4; McNicholl, 1; Spraw, 4. Goal from fouls—Maloney, 2; Mowe, 6. Fouls Missed—Maloney, 5; Mowe, 8. R. H. C. awarded one point for interference. Referee—Barrett, South Bend. Umpire—Leiber. Timekeeper—Collins. Scorer—Ennis. Time of halves—20 minutes.

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In the SCHOLASTIC'S choice of players for the All-interhall football team printed in the last edition, the center position was left out through an oversight. John Foley of Corby Hall merited the decision of the coaches for that position.