The Angel's Message.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

THE sun has set behind yon mountain's crest;
The din of traffic's hushed,—fair day takes flight;
Unwonted stillness reigns; mankind's at rest,—
'Tis silent night.

Ere long through starry skies, o'er snowy plains,
Through hill and dale is heard an Angel's voice
Proclaiming peace on earth in glad refrains,—
All men rejoice.

Soon gentle dawn in saffron cloak appears;
With reverence mankind hails the sacred morn;
Soft echoes answer,—joyful are the cheers;
The Christ is born.

A Bundle of Christmas Legends.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

Many are the legendary tales that cluster around the event of the Saviour's birth. That they are only legends, and as such can not be accepted as truths we must concede; but there is in them something of the old spirit of Christmas, and hence a brief review and somewhat detailed account of some of them will perhaps revive happy remembrances of past Christmases.

These legends or superstitions, as they are sometimes called, date back to the dawn of the first Christmas when angelic voices chanted above the fields of Bethlehem the Gloria in excelsis and announced to the shepherds the birth of the Infant Saviour.

The appearance of the wonderful and miraculous star forms the theme of several Christmas legends. From an old commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew the following account relating to the story of the Magi and the appearance of the star is gathered:

In an eastern land near the ocean, there dwelt a people who possessed a writing inscribed with the name of Seth, which contained the account of the star that was to appear. "Twelve of the more learned men of that country... had disposed themselves to watch for that star; and when any of them died, his son or his kindred.... was appointed in his place. These, therefore, year by year, after the threshing out of the corn, ascended into a certain high mountain, called Mons Victorialis, having in it a certain cave in the rock, most grateful and pleasant, with fountains and choice trees into which ascending and bathing themselves they prayed and praised God in silence three days. And this they did, generation after generation, lest peradventure that star of beatitude should arise upon themselves until it appeared descending on the mountain, having within itself the form of a man-child, and above it the similitude of a cross; and it spake to them, and taught them, and commanded them that they should go into Judea." For two years they followed the miraculous star moving before them, and during that time they wanted neither food nor drink. According to another account the star at last sank into a spring at Bethlehem where it still may be seen, but only by pure maidens.

When the three Wise Men arrived in Judea...
we are told that they first sought out Herod who was then ruler of that country, and inquired of him where the Messiah was to be born. They related to him the wonderful appearance of the star which had guided them thus far and which, according to the legend, was still visible to them but not to Herod. Herod was incredulous of their story, and demanded as a proof that the cock which lay before them at table should rise up and crow thrice. As a testimony to the truthfulness of their story the cock immediately arose and crowed as he had demanded.

There is a beautiful legend associated with the flight of Joseph and Mary and the divine Child into Egypt. As they journey onward to the land of their exile the wild beasts come out of the forests to pay homage to their Creator.

First came the lovely lion
Which Jesus' grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be the king.

Resuming their journey they approach a field where a husbandman is planting his seed for the harvest. At Jesus' word the seed which has just been sown springs up and bears ripened grain. Herod who is still in pursuit passes by the same field and inquires of the husbandman if certain travelers have passed that way. He points to the ripened grain. Herod believes that three-quarters of a year have elapsed since their flight and he returns to Judea.

Many of these legends have been preserved for us in lyric form. A Christmas carol called the "Cherry Tree Carol," contains another legend of the Holy Family. The carol relates that the Virgin and her spouse wander of an evening through an orchard where stands a cherry tree heavily laden with fruit. The Virgin requests her husband to pick some cherries for her. He refuses "with words most unkind." The unborn Saviour within Mary's womb directs her to approach the tree.

Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
Shall bow to Mary's knee.

She approaches the tree which bows to her at her request. St. Joseph now perceives his unkindness and invokes the Virgin's pardon.

A quaint old English legend contains a wonderful story concerning a thorn-tree that every year at Christmastide would bud and blossom as if it were spring. Joseph of Arimathea, when he went as apostle to the inhabitants of Great Britain took with him a small band of missionaries. After a perilous journey they disembarked at the foot of a hill which is still known as Weary-All Hill. The native Britons opposed the landing of the missionaries, and St. Joseph in order to gain their favor performed a miracle. Taking his staff, which was a dry thorn-stick, he stuck it in the hillside and made over it the Sign of the Cross, saying: "By the grace of Him who for us men hung on the tree of Calvary, wearing the thorny crown, I bid thee be as they were wont to be in the bloom of spring." The staff grew suddenly into a fragrant tree filling the air with an odor sweeter than sunny May or June. This legendary tree has even received an historical setting, for a flat, white stone now marks the spot in Glastonbury where the tree is supposed to have stood.

Not men only but animals also figure in the events that compose these Christmas legends. According to one old legend on this night the bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel, and the sheep on Judean hillsides to form in procession in commemoration of the Angel's annunciation of the birth of the Saviour. Our own American Indians knew something concerning this legend. There is an authentic account of an Indian who was observed to be stealthily creeping through the forest one wintry Christmas night in order to see the deer kneel as he had been told they would do.

We are loth to say good-by to the joyous time of Christmas which comes but once a year, and whose departure leaves us once more to resume the everyday cares and duties which for one brief day we have forgotten.

The Magi and the Star.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

The dark clouds burst; a brilliant star
Illumes the eastern sky,
While o'er the hills from lands afar
The three Wise Men draw nigh.
A Winter Night.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

Ut among the country cross-roads the dull, cheerless light of a winter's day faded gradually into the dullest and more cheerless light of a winter's evening. On all sides, as far as one could see stretched a vast waste of snow that tired the eye with its blinding whiteness, and wearied the mind with its monotony. A husky silence like the quietness of death hung over field and wood. Up in the tree-tops the wind crooned a low, sad requiem for the summer flowers, the birds, the fluttering leaves, and the soft breezes. The luxuriance of spring, the ripeness of summer, and the glad fulfillment of autumn were gone from the scene; only winter was there—Old Winter, the miser, giving us a chilly carpet of snow in place of our flowers, and the harsh-voiced winds in lieu of bird-songs.

The roads were almost as much deserted as the woods for, seemingly, the people had learned from the squirrels and other little animals the wisdom of staying under cover. Now and then a cutter flew by, or a bob passed driven hurriedly; but there was no laughter, no flashing mirth from its occupants; they were not out for the pleasure of it, apparently, and sought only to reach home as quickly as possible.

How different were these same scenes a few months before; then the evening hour was the most delightful of the whole day; when the setting sun looked back with a mild, benignant gaze over the earth that it had gladdened all the day with its light and warmth; when from all directions came faint echoes, borne upon the breeze—the lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs and the laughter of happy children, that blended together sweeter than any song. But now little life was visible except in this barn lot or that, where might be seen a boy struggling manfully with the wood pile, or a girl with clattering pails going toward the cow barn; or perhaps some farmer would show himself out of doors for a few moments, though the cold nipping air generally decided him to let his boys do the chores for the night.

The sun which had appeared only at intervals during the day, showed his hectic visage above the tree-tops, grew purple with the cold, and faded into the grey blur of the sky. Over the white fields, desolate as any desert of sand, a solitary crow, with monotonous “caw, caw,” flapped his way to his nest in the woods. Night settled down like a pall, leaving a dreary prospect for the belated traveler—a cold, searching wind, a wailing in the tree-tops, and a few dim stars.

Bright lights telling of the interior comfort and good cheer shone out into the night from the windows of every farm house. They gave intelligence that winter, though tyrant of the outdoor world, was powerless to chill the spirits of the family circle gathered about the supper-table or the warm fireside. The farmer with his wife and their sturdy sons and buxom daughters rejoiced that they were able to resist the siege of winter behind their rude but substantial walls, with the bountiful stores laid up in seasonable time. With songs and stories, apples and cider, they passed the evening pleasantly enough. Now and then, when a lull came in the talk, they could hear the storm howling outside, and the savage wind tearing around the house, assailing every loose window and shutter in his effort to effect an entrance; he roared down the chimney, but the fire, like a huge, faithful watch-dog, roared back at him and drove him off. When bedtime came they all retired to rest unmoved by the wrath of the elements except for a feeling of thankfulness for a warm bed and a comfortable home. And all night long outside, beneath the dim, fitful light of the moon, the snow-sprites danced madly in the air keeping time with the mournful chant of the wind. The shifting snow-drifts piled higher and higher until they peeped in over the window-sill at the slumbering mortals who slept in utter oblivion of the incantations of the wind, of the charmed dance of the snow-sprites, and of the multitudinous mysteries of the winter's night.
At Midnight Mass.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

A HUSH is heard; a thousand lips now cease
The low, soft, murmur that was breathed in prayer.
A silence reigns; throughout the land is peace,
The breath of incense stirs the midnight air.

A thousand, tapers flicker all around
The Christmas manger where the Infant lies;
The world is filled with light and welcome sound
Of music that subdues the sinner's sighs.

Things Will Happen.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08.

The young lady sitting next the window had been watching the telegraph poles and fences fly by the train for the past two hours. Now and then a horse and sometimes a bunch of cattle endeavoring to find something to eat in a barren pasture, would race past the window after the poles and fences. Once a man with a gun on his shoulder, hunting for rabbits, perhaps, darted by. She had been looking at the earth and its objects appearing to race past the train window for so long that she was fully convinced that it was a fact, when a young man, saying by way of apology, "I am frightfully tired standing up, and I trust you will not mind if I use half your seat," seated himself beside her.

It was easy, for them both to begin a conversation, and quite naturally they fell to talking about everything from books to football. The young lady was on her way home from school to spend her Christmas vacation and the young man might have been doing the same thing, but in appearance he was one of those young fellows who might have been doing most anything. He looked young and old together, and had a look about him that permitted one to classify him any way he pleased.

From football they drifted onto the subject of life, and discussed it very knowingly,—for it is only the young who believe themselves capable of that—and finally landed on the often-discussed and much-abused problem of love. Just as the train was pulling out of a little country town where it had stopped for water, they both noticed a young man outside offering to assist a pretty girl across a muddy path. They were evidently strangers, judging from the manner in which the man offered his assistance. Turning to the girl the man said: "There it is; you see—all accidental." Continuing he explained: "As some one has said, things happen or they don't. A man happens to turn a corner just in time to see a pretty woman thrown out of a runaway carriage—perhaps straight into his arms,—he picks her up and carries her home, or to some convenient place. Later he calls to inquire about her welfare; in short, that is the beginning. Result: a love affair, and there you are—and all by accident." Fully convinced that he was right and satisfied that he had proven it, the young man settled himself more comfortably in his seat and waited to hear what the girl had to say.

"So you think," she asked, "that it is all accidental, this falling in love. And that the story taught us by our mothers, that some place in the world there is one man who was born for each of us and that at the proper time and under proper conditions the affair will work out by its own accord, is all wrong?"

"Yes," he said, "there is nothing in that story. It isn't arranged, or it doesn't work out; it just happens."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "what becomes of those who are not so fortunate as to be concerned in an accident? You know we can't all be in a runaway and thrown at the head of some nice man. Nor can we all be saved from death by drowning by a brave young man. What then becomes of a girl who has never had any of these things happen to her, who lives perhaps in some particular place, because she was born there?" and then she added with a pretty smile, "some place where things never happen to anyone—is there no love in the world for her?"

"Certainly there is," answered the man, "plenty of it. In that same place, there always happens to live a young man using up his share of life there. One day he happens to look up as she is passing, or something like that; and it occurs to him that she is pretty, or if not pretty,
there is something about her that he never noticed before—of course, you know, there may be nothing about her to notice, but he will happen to think so, and there you are again."

"Then," said the girl, "suppose this: Suppose there was a young girl carefully guarded by her mother, father, brothers, in fact, all her relations. She never went any place alone; she lived in a city. If she went to a dance, a party, any place, the list was carefully looked over before she was permitted to go. Admit then, for the sake of argument, that there couldn't anything happen to her. Then to make your theory appear more real, but in fact harder, send her away to school; send her to a convent as I was. For instance, I have not been to a dance—in fact I have not been any place since I left home, save perhaps an occasional gathering of girls. When I reach home, as I will to-night, my father and brother will meet me at the station. During my stay I will be tenderly guarded as before. What chance then, I ask, does a girl like me stand of having anything happen to her?"

While she had been talking, the man had watched the pretty mouth grow firm with earnestness and then relax into a smile as she had spoken of the occasional gathering of girls while in school; he also had noted the loose brown hair as it fell over her little ear; and her long shapely hands as they lay folded in her lap. Growing impatient for his answer—as she was sure the case she had supposed could not be answered according to his theory—she turned toward him and started to say something.

"You can—" and then she stopped. Realizing for the first time that she did not even know his name, or in fact anything about him, and that she had been talking to him and sharing her troubles with him, occasioned her a most violent start. The pretty composed face colored deeply and turning she looked out of the window. Taking her hand, which had dropped by her side, the man said:

"Your name and address I know, for I read it on your suit case before I sat down. On Christmas Day I will be in Wayne and find some one to properly introduce us."

And this was an accident.

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At Christ's Birth.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

THE hoarse north-wind that with the billows wild
Shouted in boist'rous play through ages long,
Once hushed his voice to accents low and mild,
To croon the Child-God's first-known cradle-song.

Christmas in the Thirteenth Century.

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.

IX or seven centuries ago, before wealth and prosperity became almost the sole ends for which this blinded age would have us strive; long before the sordid love of gain had crowded from the hearts all those finer and nobler sentiments of beauty and simplicity, and dulled the mind to all the higher aspirations of the soul,—in those glorious days of Christianity, during the thirteenth century, when religion was in the brightest splendor of its power, the Church had far more holydays of obligation than now, which renewed in Christian hearts the spirit of faith, by commemorating, weekly or monthly, some of the great events in the Saviour's life.

But heresies and the coldness of indifference, which has chilled the spirit of faith in the breasts of men, have swept away one by one those days which were held sacred for repose and prayer, until now we have but few great feast-days in the calendar of the Church, and among these, Christmas holds a foremost place.

Let us turn for a few moments to the records of the thirteenth century and see with what inspiring ceremonies the Birth-day of Our Saviour was made sacred. During that period the Church stood forth as the beacon light of civilization and the store-house of learning. Gothic architecture, which was then at its highest; painting and sculpture, at that time devoted almost exclusively to religious subjects; poetry and music, so beautifully adapted and sung in all the great cathedrals and churches of the time,—these, I say, united to render the outward celebration of the mysteries
of this great festival more sublime and faith-inspiring than anything that has ever been witnessed in the history of succeeding centuries.

In order the better to appreciate the splendor of the religious observances, we will spend the night in one of the great cities of France—let it be Paris. As we take our way through the narrow streets on our road to the cathedral, the streets are at first deserted; but every window is a-gleam with happiness, and around every fireplace the little ones are seated listening to the stories that grandpa is telling. But listen! 'Tis a familiar sound that fills the air. The sweet tones of the cathedral chimes begin to announce the approaching birth-hour of Mary’s Son. Responsive to the summons we betake ourselves to the cathedral.

As we enter the doorway the splendor and magnificence of art and music begins to dawn upon us. The white-robed choir are chanting, in beautiful Gregorian strains, the Matin hours. But these grand melodies are not more sublime than the wonderful art, the “frozen music,” which gives a true religious tone to the entire structure. As the last notes of the Te Deum die away, an altar boy, representing an angel, comes out among the singers and with a sweet voice chants the angelic message, “Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger.” Then from a high gallery, as from heaven, ring out in children’s voices, the angel’s greeting, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.”

The congregation listens with increasing fervor and devotion, as they see, slowly advancing up the nave of the church, a number of shepherds, singing as they advance in search of the new-born King. It is a beautiful hymn, and how well suited to the occasion are the thoughts it expresses:

Peace on earth is announced, and on earth glory, earth is reconciled through divine grace.

The Mediator God-man descends amongst His own, that guilty man may ascend to lost joys.

Let us go over that we may learn what has been announced.

In Judaea an Infant cries; An Infant, the Salvation of His people, By whom the ancient enemy of the world foresees He must be warred upon.

Let us approach, let us approach the cradle of our Lord,
And let us sing: “Praise to the fruitful virgin.”

The shepherds advance toward the crib near which a few women are watching. Priests meet them and ask them whom they seek, to which they reply that they seek “Christ the Lord, an Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes;” at which words the women draw aside the curtain, which has hung across the front of the crib, showing to the shepherds the Infant Christ, lying in a manger. On seeing the Infant and Its Mother, the shepherds break forth in song:

Hail, O Virgin incomparable! remaining a virgin, Thou hast brought forth: the Son of God, begotten of His Father before all ages.

Now we adore Him formed in the flesh of His Mother. O Mary! purify us from all stain of sin; our destined course on earth so dispose that thy Son may grant us to enjoy His blessed vision.

Then turning to the choir they sing,—“Now we truly know that Christ is born on earth, let all sing of Him with the prophet.”

Whereupon the Mass begins, and the choir intones the Introit: “The Lord has said to me. Thou art my Son; this day I have begotten Thee.”

With all the solemnity of adoration the Mass is concluded and Lauds are chanted. The ceremonies are fittingly closed by the choir singing this solemn antiphon: “Behold, all things are accomplished that were announced by the angel concerning the Virgin Mary.”

Such, in brief, is the way that Christmas was celebrated in the grand cathedrals and churches of France by the Christians of the thirteenth century; such, at least as far as can be gleaned from the office books of that period, were the pious festivities that adorned the celebration of Christmas Eve. And however sublime these services, as recorded, must have been, we may be sure that many beautiful little details, which must have been attendant on the performance of the religious drama, were left unwritten and have perished in the uncertain hands of tradition.
Looking Back.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

SERENE and calm across the heaped up snow
We watch the argent splendor of His natal star
Light up the path down which His feet must go,
And glorify his Golgotha afar.

A Light in the Darkness.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '09.

"O! ma—a—a, come up here quick,
quick."

The mother went up-stairs to little Teddie's bedroom, and as she stepped into the chamber with a lamp in her hand, her little son stuck his head out from under the bedclothes.

"What's the matter, Ted?" asked the mother as she sat on the bed beside her boy.

"I saw a light over there in the corner," he gasped in a breathless voice.

"What kind of a light?"

"Oh! I don't know; it looked jest like somebody was spittin' sparks out a his mouth."

"Out of whose mouth?" inquired the mother.

"Hisn, I do' know who he is. I'm afwaid to stay here alone. Won't you stay with me, mama?"

"Yes, dear, if you hurry and go to sleep."

The mother laid her head on the pillow beside her little son.

"What was that light, mama?"

"I don't know, Ted. It must have been one of the street lamps shining through the window."

"No, it wasn't. Them lamps don't shine like they was spittin' fire."

"It must have been the light from the street shining on the brass bedpost, Ted."

"No, it wasn't. I kinda think it was one of them ghostes what Uncle Tom tells about, or maybe it's one of them bulls what Jason drove. They blew fire wight out of their noses. Uncle Tom told me."

"Well, Ted, you can see for yourself that there isn't a thing over in the corner, neither a ghost nor one of Jason's bulls."

"Yes, mama, but them ghostes don't stay; when you bring a light in on 'em."

"But, dear, it couldn't have got out of the room without passing me in the door."

"Nope, Uncle Tom says they ken go wight thoo the walls."

"Well, you must go to sleep now, Ted. I have to go down-stairs."

The little fellow turned over on his side and closed his eyes. But half a minute had not passed before he looked up at his mother and said: "Mama, won't you stay with me awhile after I'm to sleep?"

"Yes, dear, if you hurry and get to sleep."

He turned over on his side again and once more closed his eyes, but for only a few seconds. Then he asked his mother if she would not leave the lamp in his room when she left. After all his requests were granted, the little fellow finally fell into the sound sleep of childhood.

"I don't know what that boy could have seen that scared him," said Mrs. Hutton to her husband, as she entered the sitting room.

"Well, you know what vivid imaginations children have, don't you?" replied Mr. Hutton.

Heretofore Ted had always manifested considerable bravery for a boy of six. He was always willing to go to sleep without a lamp in his room, so long as his door was open, so the rays from the hall light could strengthen his courage. But for over a month from this night, Ted insisted upon having a lamp in his room. At last, after his courage had been restored to its original strength, he consented to have the light put out after he got in bed.

About five weeks after resuming his old practice of going to sleep without a light in his room, again it happened, as before, that Ted called to his mother to come up-stairs quick, and again she did as before. After quieting her son and finally getting him to sleep, Mrs. Hutton went down into the sitting-room.

"What do you suppose it is, Frank, that Ted sees? This is the second time he has seen it. He says it looks just like it did before."

"You mean it's the second time he thought he saw it."

"Well, that may be true, for I don't see for the life of me what he could have seen,
if he did see anything. There is absolutely nothing in the corner that would make a light," expressed Mrs. Hutton.

"I bet I saw somethin last night what you never seen, Willie," said Ted to his playmate next day. "Do you remember them bulls what breathed fire out of their noses, what Uncle Tom told you and me about once?"

"Yap."

"Well, one of 'em was up in my bedroom last night."

"Huh, do you think I believe that? Your uncle said that story happened a long, long time ago. Oh, a million years, and them bulls is all dead by now."

"Yes," replied Ted, "but them wasn't regular natural bulls, and they might not died yet."

"Well, I don't believe you seen 'em anyhow, even if they ain't dead."

"I ken prove it. Mama was there. Come and we'll ask her."

"Well, did you see the bull with your own eyes?" asked Willie.

"Nope, but I seen 'em breathe."

"Huh, I don't believe it, Teddie."

"Well, come on then, and we'll go in and ask mama."

Ted took Willie into the kitchen with him to get Mrs. Hutton to certify his statement.

"Mama, didn't I see somethin breathing fire in my room last night?"

"Well, you said you did, darling. I don't know whether you did or not."

"A—a—a, Teddie, you see," sneered Willie.

"Well, mama, can't Willie stay all night with me to see if he can see it?"

But before the mother had a chance to answer, Willie replied, "Nope, I don't want to see any bulls breathe fire, even if they is in your room."

Again for nearly a month Ted had to have a light in his room until he had gone to sleep. And again his courage grew until, at length, he once more consented to have the light taken from his room as soon as he was in bed.

All went well until Christmas Eve. Ted went to bed early, so Santa Claus could hurry up and come. But nervous and excited by the occasion, the boy was unable to go to sleep. He rolled around on his bed, thinking of naught but Santa Claus. At last, just as his eyes were about to close, he saw again the strange light in the dark.

"Ma! ma—a—a!"

"Well," replied the mother's gentle voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Come here, ma."

Mrs. Hutton went up and again found Ted with his head under the covers.

"Well, what's the matter this time?" she said. "What have you seen, Ted? Has Santy been around?"

"Nope, but that light is over in that corner again."

"Perhaps it was the headlight on Santy's sleigh that you saw," suggested the mother.

"It was that same light what I seen befo, mama."

"I am going to put out the lamp and see if I can see that peculiar light."

"Oh, don't, mama; don't put out the lamp."

"Well, I'll stay right here beside you, dear, so you needn't be afraid. I'll just turn the light down so it's perfectly dark. Then when that strange thing appears, we'll turn the light up quick and catch it."

"The mother sat there in the dark on the side of the bed, talking to her little son and caressing his locks.

"Say, mama, if you see that thing breaveen fire, will you tell Willie about it, so he won't think I've been tellin' him things what ain't so? He jest laughs ev'ry time I tell him about seeing the light in the corner."

"Yes, dear. If I see the bull breathing fire, or the ghost, or even the fire alone, I'll tell Willie, so he won't think you have been telling him fibs."

"He jest makes me mad, mama. He laughs at me ev'ry time I tell him about it. But he's kinda fraid to sleep with me jest the same when I asked him to come and see for his self. There it is, ma! there it is! See it! See it!"

Sure enough, over in the corner where the child pointed, faint sparks were flying, not only flying but cracking, too. Mrs. Hutton turned up the light.

In the big chair upholstered with haircloth was the cat, purring loud and walking back and forth, rubbing first one side and then the other against the back of the chair.

"Will you tell Willie, ma, 'cause he won't believe me if you don't."
Hope's Awakening.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

TRANSMUTED was the darkness of the night
To fairest morn,
And hope put forth new leaves and blossomed bright
When Christ was born.

Caesar Does His Christmas Shopping.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMARA, '09.

A MASSIVE chariot, liberally ornamented with gold trimmings had glided up to the curb on its heavy runners. It was a modish car, built low in the rear and tilted at a rakish angle toward the front; with broad, spacious, oaken floor, long, slender chariot-tree, and a heavy reinforced axle. Florentine smiths had hammered graceful patterns into the framework of the skids, which now were clogged with snow. The high surrounding wall had been carved by Greek wood-workers into grotesque satyrs, nymphs with long, trailing bodies, curling vines and fantastic scroll effects. Two bronze tablets, one on either side, emblazoned the regal arms, and in front, above the juncture of the tongue with the car, a bas-relief displayed the heroic proportions of a naked diver, standing on the bank of a stream, his hands joined high over his head and the motto "Missa est-tessera" arched above them. A brass lion's head at the tip of the polished wagon-pole held in its mouth a silver ring, to which were fastened four silver chains leading to the neck-yokes of four glossy, black Arabian steeds, who champed and pawed restlessly, eager to stretch their numbing limbs. The charioteer wrapped in a tunic of beaver skins, his hands clad in heavy, gauntleted gloves, his brow bound round with a brown band of fur in place of gala ribbons, kept stamping his winter sandals against the floor to warm his freezing toes. Now and again a swirl of snow, lashing against his bare legs, would tingle the flesh from knee to ankle; but, save for the stamping, Rome's imperial coachman gave no sign of discomfort. Marble impassiveness seemed to pervade the whole man. Even when the nervous horses turned their heads or craned their necks impatiently, his big right arm, stretching out over the dashboard, controlled them without any movement; a magnetic influence seemed to pass along the taut reins to the clanking bits.

Caesar had just dismounted and was now standing alone and unaccompanied inside one of the great department bazaars, which surround the Forum. His great ermine toga, the golden band that circled his head, the bejeweled serpent coiling tightly round his upper left arm, the stately signet on his hand, and the chain of amethysts set in linked squares of burnished gold, which hung about his royal neck, all cast a sense of reverence over the busy populace. But the sight of Caesar, even without his panoply of greatness, would have awed the traders to stillness. Had he stood in the marketplace as he stood on the brink of the Rubicon with hands high overhead, they would have fallen to silence just as quickly because Caesar's personality was convincing. Little children whispered his name with fearsome respect, and their warrior fathers cherished it like a god's.

The emperor rarely walked abroad. No wonder then, that these bustling holiday shoppers of cosmopolitan Rome checked their mad bargain-counter rush this morning and charged the air with an awkward, silent suspense when he entered. The pause was short, however, for a brave, young student, proudly wearing the monogram of the University of Athens on his toga, shouldered his way to the front and faced the people.

"Nine rahs for Caesar," he shouted, "and a good ave! at the end." Their yell rolled out with such volume as only the reaction from strong nervous tension can produce; it rattled up among the thatch-bound rafters, echoed on and on toward the sky; and long after the sound had died away came back a faint refrain from the mountain-side, "Rah for Caesar!" Marking the cadence with a scroll of Thucydides, the cheer-master gave a signal, at the end, and the mob—for it had expanded vastly during the interim—knelt as a unit to the cry, "Ave, Caesar!" which rumbled along the ground and up the Capitoline like the deep murmur
of an earthquake or the roar of a distant volcano. Caesar was moved. He put up a deprecating hand that he might speak.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen," said he. "Be still. We're not here for laudation, but for shopping. It is our 'customed wont, as years go by, that all our house shall taste of Caesar's love at Yuletide, and rejoice in gifts of his selection. Let our royal presence change in naught the care-free joy of Christmas barter; let each regard me as his fellow-jester to quip and crowd me with him at his will. These maids and matrons, who attend the counters, shall grant no more civility to me than they discourse to ye. Mark well! let this be heeded, for it is our earnest will; our high command, it needs must be obeyed.

Farewell."

Surprise will often paralyze a crowd, and would have done so now only that the emperor straightway rushed off toward the confections' department. He showed most convincingly by bowling over two lotharios that there should be no doubt he meant what he had said. The pomp and dignity which hedge round a man of state never disappear more quickly than they do when that man so forgets himself as to disregard his own position. He himself starts the wedge with which most willing hands will ultimately separate him from the respect to which that pomp and dignity are entitled. It was so to-day.

No sooner did Caesar dispel his chilly air of exclusiveness than the crowd, enlivened by some magic touch, burst through its quiet into noisy action once again, and tried, according to the royal command, to forget the imperial ermine as it passed among the throng. I say "tried to forget," because delicacy and habits of long-standing had made the people timid to pull and push the royal habiliments about as freely as they would rough one another.

Waiting in front of the confectionery booth, great Caesar took from his satchel a tiny scroll on which were jotted several memoranda. Then addressing the maiden, he said:

"Just put me up a five-pound box of sweets, rare chocolates and candied pineapples, green citron bars and glazed apricots, with luscious syrups and what garnishments may ornament the dainty stuffs."

From the ample folds of her flowing blue robe, the girl produced a parchment, and from her elegant coiffure a dainty stylus with which she summed up the items of the bill.

"'Twill be sixteen denarii and seven ases more," she said finishing the last figure in a graceful flourish. The bill was paid, a transfer check given and the dictator plowed toward the fur department. By dint of long effort he escaped the jam at the candy booth and essayed a passage toward the other end of the emporium. Large beads of royal perspiration were trickling down Caesar's angular face; his broad chest heaved under the strain of effort; the ermine toga had fallen from his shoulders and he held it gathered round his waist with one hand; the costly purple tunic of Indian silk clung in places to his steaming body; the band around his head hung all awry; and the lacings of his sandals slowly slipped toward his feet. One would think he was fighting his way alone from Britain back to Rome, so disordered was his apparel. Finally he reached the fur department.

"Let's see some good chinchilla furs, my sweetie," the royal customer said, as he chucked the dimpled maiden's dainty chin.

"Real or imitation!" came the pert rejoinder.

"Why! real of course. Calphurnia wears no other." The dimpled one jerked several large boxes from under a stack on the shelf behind and banged them upon the counter, dexterously passing the lid under each box before it struck the boards. There were only two sets, and one of them lacked a muff.

"This set brings us two talents, sir," she said; "without the muff it comes at the price. This next is worth ten rubels less without the muff. Good Brutus bought the muff a moment since."

responded the patient clerk, meanwhile diligently chewing her wad of Cyprus pitch.

"Are these the only chinchilla's thou hast?" and he smiled encouragingly.

"That's all. If we had more I'd show them." Her reply was curt, businesslike, and, taken with the elevation of her eyebrows that accompanied it, was thoroughly convincing. So Caesar took the complete set, handing a three-talent bill in payment.

"Cash girl!" and after a pause, "Cash girl!" again. With a trailing inflection on
the last syllable, came the strident call from the pitch-chewing clerk. "Get this bill changed for yonder man," she shouted at a diminutive miss in a highly starched tunic, who was sliding up to the booth at that moment. And to Cæsar:

"We'll send your goods up on the night delivery; They can't come any sooner."

The information was gratuitous and the classic-modeled employee turned to her next customer. Cæsar took his change with a nod of thanks and elbowed his way toward the entrance.

The car was there as he had left it. The silky horses still champed their bits, tossed their heads and pawed at their restless inactivity; the driver still looked steadily out into the far distance, and his arm still reached over the dashboard with the reins drawn through his gloved fingers. Little rills of snow had been banking up in the thick, rolling folds of his tunic, while he stood, awaiting his royal master, the sight of whom now electrified him into animation as it electrified the crush of people, who had gathered in front of the bazaar to see great Cæsar depart. The charioteer shook his hair free of the fallen snow, vigorously brushed it from his tunic, slipped his brawny wrist into the loop, from which a long, black lash hung suspended, and with a dexterous flourish of his raised forearm tossed the free end behind his shoulder in expectant readiness for the royal command.

The crowd thundered out a cheer and nearly-broke through the file of gendarmes, who charged them back with lowered spears that they might keep a passage for the royal car.

Cæsar mounted the chariot, bowed his smiling acknowledgments to the roaring populace as he went, and with a whistling crack of the whip over their heads, the Arabians dashed quickly away. On and on they glided through the streets to the tinkle of a little bell, which had not been removed from beneath the car since the last triumph; on and on toward the Palatine Hill. When the business-thoroughfares lay behind them, Cæsar put out a supporting hand against the rim of the chariot, wilted in body and tired in mind, yet content in the knowledge that his Christmas shopping was over for another year.

To Friends.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

A HAPPY Christmas, yours,—be glad,
Let not one moment find you sad.
The whole world greets you; let me add,
"A Happy Christmas."

A Happy Christmas, yours,—may peace
And love, your Yule-tide joys increase,
Oh! may for you that song ne'er cease,
"A Happy Christmas."

A Happy Christmas, yours,—destroy
All strife, let troubles not annoy.
Your pleasure; may you e'er enjoy
"A Happy Christmas."

Just a Delay.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.

S Stuart Temple sat in the dingy little station the afternoon before Christmas, he could see nothing of happiness, nothing to break the dead monotony of the morrow save the click, click of the instruments and the incessant hum of the wires as messages of good-will were sent over them. For a long time he had determined to give up the lonely life and go back to the city, but always the thought would vanish as soon as the resolve was made. He arose from the desk, walked up and down the room to await the station-master who had gone up the track to inspect a reported defect in the road, when the instruments clicked off a message. It was for Temple.

He jotted it down carefully and placed it in the drawer of the desk. It would be about an hour before the through express, the only one that day, would pass. As there was no probability of receiving any more messages, he left the station in charge of the master and walked up and down the road to await the station-master who had gone up the track to inspect a reported defect in the road, when the instruments clicked off a message. It was for Temple.
The express soon rolled by the depot and stopped at the water-tank beyond. The impatient holiday passengers became more impatient when they learned that the water-tank was empty, that the nearest place where water could be secured was a considerable distance down the line. In some way the pipe leading to the tank which supplied it with water had been broken. Being situated around a curve, it could not be seen by anyone about the station.

"What sort of oversight do you keep about you here?" demanded the conductor angrily, as he entered the station and accosted the station-master. "It will take us two hours to mend that break, and there isn’t any pipe about to do it with. We will have to send back to the junction and that will take considerable time. What are we to do? We can’t go on without water."

The station-master, angered at this reproof, replied: "I am not obliged to spend my time inspecting water-tanks. Besides the local took water there about two hours ago."

"The local—hem slow—new men," replied the conductor, "inexperienced, everyone of them, put on temporarily. You haven’t seen any tramps or suspicious characters about here?"

"No, not anybody," declared the station-master decidedly. "I’ve been outside ever since the local passed and would have seen them. It was only about an hour ago that Mr. Temple walked down that way."

"Yes," said Temple as he joined them, "the station-master is right about no tramps being around. Some one of us would have seen them."

"Well, it’s the local crew of course. Temple, you telegraph for pipe at once. Order them to send the fastest engine, and say that we are stalled here. Rush your message through."

"There is no special need of ordering direct from headquarters," observed Temple. "Come to think of it, there are some extra pieces of pipe at Cedar. I was there about a week ago and saw them."

"But how can you get them here?" inquired the conductor relieved.

"There is an engine working on the new switch and I can have it here within an hour."

"Then have it," declared the conductor eagerly. "Don’t lose any time. Tell them to wire back."

Temple returned to his office and sat down at his desk. Pulling out the drawer he took up the message he had received, and went over it carefully. It read:

"MR. TEMPLE:—Why didn’t you inform me of this discovery sooner? Dec. 24 is the date set for the final hearing. You say you know a Miss Margaret Wells at Cedar, and that you discovered her name to be Chandler. I understand the whole case. Unless she is here Dec. 24, the entire road will go to the present holders."

"DACEY, Atty.".

Temple’s brow knitted while reading the message. It had been written December 20, four days ago.

To Temple the reason for this was evident. It had been held in the main office. It could not be left out entirely as that would be discovered, but an excuse could be given for not sending it until it was of no use. Just as soon as the through express had passed Cedar the message was forwarded to Temple.

"Well," thought Temple, "two can play at that game."

He bent over the desk and sent the following telegram:

"MISS MARGARET WELLS, Cedar:—Come to Windsor at once. Don’t fail. An engine will leave there within an hour and the engineer is a particular friend of mine."

"STUART."

Then he folded his arms and waited. The wires kept up their constant hum and the instruments clicked incessantly. The whole affair passed before Temple’s mind. Fifteen minutes later the conductor appeared at the door.

"Heard from them yet?"

"No; they are rather slow down there, but I will wire them again."
Ten minutes more. Temple leaned over the desk and forwarded another telegram.

"That ought to give her plenty of time, but I'll make sure."

Then he sent a demand for the pipe and for the engine, asking the engineer to make no possible delay,—adding, "Miss Wells will come with you. Her presence here is imperative."

Within the hour the engine arrived, but the passengers failed to notice the pretty young lady who dropped from the cab and entered the station, her face pale and enquiring.

"Oh, Stuart, what is it?" Then demurely, "I thought you might have been hurt."

The whole situation was explained to her, but it was some time before the bewildered girl overcame her embarrassment after reading the telegram.

"I have telegraphed the lawyer that you will appear in court this afternoon, and we can go down on this train. And perhaps this delayed message may be of some service. Yes, that's all right—or, that little incident of last week is off."

"Why," she demanded.

"Can't you understand? I am merely an employee, while you are—"

"No, not another word about it, Stuart."

That afternoon both listened to the lawyer as he proved Miss Chandler to be the niece of Wm. Chandler and the rightful heir of his property which included the railroad complete. As soon as he had received a letter from Temple telling of a discovery he had accidentally made while visiting with Miss Wells, Dacey employed a detective to work on the case, and in this way discovered that she had formerly lived with her uncle, but was obliged to leave on account of his cruelties towards her. She had dropped her real name and taken on an assumed one in order that she might earn a modest living as a governess. She seemed rather perplexed as the lawyer shook her hand warmly after it was all over.

"What I don't understand is about that delayed telegram and train. How do you account for that, Stuart?"

With a side glance toward Temple, the lawyer smiled and broke in: "Just a little oversight, I think."

The Favored Poor.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

THOUGH clothed in rags, though loaded with the shame
Of all the world's rebuffs, O be not sad:
The message of the birth of Christ first came
Unto the shepherds, poor and humbly clad.

Tom's Sister.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.

HE senior-ball was on. For several days dress-suits, laundry wagons, and tailor bills had been arriving hourly, and '07 men had been kept busy answering telegrams, meeting trains, or making final arrangements with lady friends in the city. Now all was ready. Nothing had been omitted, from the Punch Bowl that stood in one corner of the hall beneath a huge "'07" emblazoned with incandescent lights, to the providing of special amusements for the patrons and patronesses who had come to honor by their presence the efforts of the youthful party. The weather, too, seemed to be in full harmony with the occasion—an exquisite spring evening in every sense of the word; it was, with a soft breeze blowing from the lake that kept the magic lanterns swaying and set in motion the flags and streamers that lined the shady entrance to the hall.

The first warning notes of the orchestra found the avenue filled with stately seniors, each proudly escorting his chosen partner to the hall that sparkled with lights of many colors and shone out through the waving branches like the surface of a moonlit lake.

There was just one senior to whom that music brought no thrill. Spike Blake, who alone stood by the entrance unaccosted. A look of disgust appeared in his eyes; dejection engraved itself on every feature, as he nervously beat time on the door-sill with a telegram which he held in his hand.

"Curse my luck, Sweeney; just got word she is not coming. A deuce of a time to send
a fellow word when the dance is almost beginning. But that's a girl every time. You never can depend upon them I suppose she didn't have her pink gown finished, or her spring bonnet trimmed or some other foolishness, and then just as if it were my fault she sends me this," expostulated Blake, shaking the telegram in Sweeny's face and avowing in disgust the utter unreliability of all the daughters of Eve.

"Fierce proposition," responded his sympathetic room-mate. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it? Sit around like a 'has been,' or go to my room—what can I do about it?" was the gruesome reply.

Tom pulled his tie, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and then in a voice that betrayed considerable uncertainty, began: "Don't give up altogether, old man, I am in as bad a fix, but not quite the same way. That Western Athletic Association meets to-night in spite of all my efforts to delay it. If I am not there Queenstown will not have a look in. They will legislate against us and we will not hold an office in the association. To make matters worse, my sister's here. She came this afternoon unexpectedly. What do you think about taking her, Spike? Stay here while I go up to the ball-room and fix it up with Sis;" he darted inside leaving Blake to his musings.

"That's strange," murmured the latter, looking wistfully after his departing comrade. "Tom never kept anything from me before. We have roomed together four years, read each other's letters, knew each other's secrets, and yet he didn't tell me his sister was coming."

Tom's return put an end to all Spike's deliberations. "Come," he said, grasping Blake by the arm and ushering him into the hall. Several involuntary interruptions delayed the progress of the undertaking, but at length Tom succeeded in bringing his sister and his room-mate together.

Blake was stupefied. "Tom's sister" was a veritable queen. He had singled her out the moment he entered; he had been remarking her ever since, and noted her slightest action. This was "Tom's sister!" She (Tom's sister) was standing before him in a dazzling gown flounced and frizzled in all directions. For Blake there was no other gown or no other girl in the hall half so stunning. He resolved that before the evening was over she would be more than "Tom's sister" to him. So amazed had he become that he couldn't speak. He just bowed and scraped and nodded, but couldn't get the words started. He didn't need to, however, she came to his rescue.

"So you are Tom's room-mate," she began with a smile that made Blake dizzy. The atmosphere of composure that seemed to envelop her placed her far above all the girls he had ever met. No other lass present could engage his attention for a moment. She was a marvel sure. And the clever way she has of conversing made Blake feel he had known her all his life. And the fact that he was Tom's room-mate gave him no little courage and furnished him besides with an inexhaustible topic for discussion.

Dance with her? He made bold enough to reach for the program that dangled from her arm, and wanted to see his name scrawled on every number; but he dared not. "First, last, and seventh."

"All right," she said, with a roguish smile that made him blush confusedly.

He feared he had been too bold, and she was chiding him for it. But no, she manifested every symptom of pleasure and kept right on saying clever things that kept him guessing all the time, without ever talking about 'it being crowded' or 'being warm,' or that sort of thing that most girls keep ejaculating all night long. That blessed telegram! How he treasured it. How he wished the sender in his home town knew what fortune her message brought him. 'Twas with difficulty that he allowed his mind to dwell upon her even for a short time. Marjorie was a good girl; she had been a faithful friend for years, but then he knew he could never care for her any more. She was common and uninteresting, and not the one for a college graduate.

The first dance with "Tom's sister!" How eagerly he hoped that his style of dancing might coincide with hers. He was so nervous when the music sounded that cold perspiration stood out upon his brow, for he knew his superlative effort to excel would inevitably make him stumble, "tread toes" and bump into every other couple...
on the floor. Again she came to the rescue with the words: “We can’t lose any of this music,” and before the sentence was finished they were floating down the hall.

Marvelous! Her step matched his perfectly. He was surprised at himself. Never had he found anyone so suited to his way of dancing. Round and round they glided. The draperies that hung from every indentation in the walls and ceilings waved ceaselessly in apparent harmony with the music that rose and fell and echoed throughout the hall. Blake was panting for breath and feeling somewhat sea-sick but ashamed to stop, while his partner whirled round chatting and interrogating him with aggravating tranquility.

Several times during the course of the night he tried to allure “Tom’s sister” into serious conversation; but no, she would not be serious, she would not be caught. Tom, she said, had told her too many stories about the way college fellows jolly. She was not going to be taken in; and before he could make his protest understood she was back again in the midst of trifles, teasing him and keeping him ever on the defence. He tried to give her his college pin, and hinted in more ways than one, but she didn’t take the hint. She said she knew he was not serious. But he had her fan. He was proud of it. It furnished an admirable excuse for the many times when he interrupted her conversation with other shirt fronts; and somehow that fan didn’t get away from him; it was in his pocket when he reached his room to retire, but not to sleep.

He had been in bed but a few moments when the jingle of a key ring and the clicking of a lock assured him that his room-mate had returned.

“Is that you, Tom?” called out the former as he lifted himself on his elbow, eager to relate the happy results of the night. Then without waiting for any questions to be asked, began: “Say, old man, I have had the time of my life. That sister of yours is a revelation. She is just like you, Tom, in every particular, and knowing you so well, Tom, I know her like a book. I tell you, Tom, she is going to be mine, no matter what paper-collared dude may claim her in your home burg. I mean every word of it.”

“Did she O. K. your proposition?” interrogated Tom.

“No, O no! but I mean that I’m in the race for all that is in it; that’s all.”

Tom had his head in his muffler and chuckled with infinite delight.

“It was mean of me to do it, Spike, but she is not my sister. That’s Agnes; she is going to be my bride in less than a month, and you are to be best man.”

“No, sir,” shrieked the enraged room-mate, springing from the mattress; nothing of the sort. “You have played me false once too often. There are some questions too serious to trifle with.”

But his room-mate only laughed the louder and said: “I thought you could take a joke? By the way, where did you leave our friend?”

“She took the train for Chicago as soon as the dance was over,” was the curt reply.

“Chicago? Gone home, you mean? She was to stay till Sunday, Blake. Didn’t she leave me any word?”

“None; she never mentioned you.”

“Blake, there is something the matter. She didn’t take offence at my not being there? She knew my position and told me to go. I can’t understand this at all.”

“If things have gone wrong, Tom, it’s your own fault. I thought I was talking to your sister, and all sisters want to know about their brother’s girls, and I told her all I could in that line.”

“Thunder, Spike, what did you tell her?”

“Tell her? I told her that Agnes Ritter had been engaging all your thoughts, that you had been taking her everywhere.”

“O Blake, you didn’t tell her that, you don’t mean it,” interrupted Sweeny in a paroxism of excitement.

“I told her that Agnes would be her sister-in-law before your diploma ever saw a frame,” was the emphatic reply.

“Blake, I am ruined. It’s all off. That explains why she went back. Hadn’t you sense enough not to blab all you knew, you rummy?” raved Tom, pacing up and down the room, tearing off cuffs and collar while the tops of shirt buttons flew in all directions. “My flat furnished and all!”

“Nonsense,” retorted Blake, pulling the blankets over his head. “Can’t you take a joke?”
The Welcoming of The King.

George J. Finnigan, '10.

No eager trumpet rang throughout the earth
When came the Infant in His lowly way,
No courtiers bowed to Him that Christmas Day,
No empires hailed with joy His holy birth;
And yet He was adored in heaven above,
And choirs of angels came on earth to sing
Their wondrous song of praise to Christ the King,
And greet Him with a plenitude of love.

Christmas Eve.

Otto A. Schmid, '09.

Lowly the snow sifted through
The still air of a December evening
With all its trimmings indicative of cold and Christmas.
The icicles hanging from the eaves stretched their long,
Gleaming white fingers far towards the ground,
And the snow lay piled in drifts along the streets and fences.
Here and there the snowbirds fluttered about for a moment
Balancing themselves on the weeds protruding through the snow,
Dry and dead relics of summer's beauty.
Gradually the red foreboding sun sank lower and lower in the western sky,
Burned dull for a short hour between snowfall and nightfall,
And then darkness fell over the great city.

Long after the sun had departed, leaving the heavens to the myriad starry eyes of night, the locomotives rumbled and fumed, and fretted, dragging their long, snake-like trains of cars through Blue Valley into the busy city.
Little Hans, sitting by the window of his home, gazing out over the snow-ridden scene, saw none of this,—his mind was far away, on other matters more germane to childhood.
His picture book lay on the floor, neglected; his playthings scattered over the room, forgotten by the six-year old, who viewed the wintry scene with the dreamy, idealistic eyes of the poet.
Little Hans, like all little Hanses, was more or less of a visionist. Before the sun
again swift as before over the edge of the roof, but this time he seemed to fall. Hans jumped in fright, and yelled.

"What's the matter, darling?" queried Hans' mother, as he sprang up. "What's wrong with mamma's darling?"

Hans looked around dazed, rubbing his eyes:

"Where's Santy?" he finally managed to say, looking up into the smiling face of his mother. "Where'd Santy go to? I saw him just now. Where is he?"

"He's gone," replied his mother, not knowing what he meant or what he had seen. Walking to a door she opened it, and lo! Hans sprang up yelling in glee, for there were the things he had seen Santy take down the chimney: the lighted tree, the sled, skates, candy, toys galore. "I saw him, mamma. I saw Santy come down the chimney. Did you see him too? I saw Santy, I saw him."

Hans was in childhood's heaven, but the artist, Jack Frost, kept weaving his fantastic designs thicker and thicker on the window through which the lights of the outside world faintly shone, flitting as the trains sped on through the dark, cold, snowy Christmas night.

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The Last Stop.

EDWARD P. CLARKE, '09.

It was almost half-past nine o'clock on the eve of Christmas. Tommy O'Neill, delivery-boy for Buck and Stephens, turned his faithful old Ned into Ninth Avenue and looked forward in the darkness toward the weather-beaten, delapidated row of houses which faced this dismal, unpaved highway in the outlying portion of New Burnside. The sharp sleet fell like needles on the numb, gloveless hand of the boy, and the reins which supported the slipping horse threatened to drop from the weakening grasp of the driver. Yet Tommy was happy. All afternoon, since two o'clock, he had been out. His wagon, loaded high with good things to eat, had stopped again and again to be relieved of its burden. Tommy remained just long enough at the rear door to receive a "Merry Christmas from the busy cook and then jumped back into the wagon with a cheerful "Come, Ned! to the reliable old animal which had experienced close on to a score of similar Christmas Eves.

There was but one more stop to be made before the day's work should end. It was the widow Sullivan's at the end of the next square, and Tommy peered back into the rear of the wagon to see if the little packages were there. Small as were the widow's purchases, Tommy always felt it a pleasure to rap at the door of the humble, little cottage, and hand the sad-faced old lady her half pound of green tea, while she remarked: "Bless your heart, Tommy, I hadn't a grain left for my breakfast; it's lucky you came, even if it is a little late."

To-night there were other little packages besides tea. Mrs. Sullivan had been at the store early that morning and had given in her order. Christmas didn't have the charm now for Mrs. Sullivan that it did when Denny was alive. How many a time she had told Tommy the pathetic tale of her gallant son, who had served his country through three long years in the Philippines and then came home to rest his weary head for the last time in the arms of his dear old mother.

A throb of sympathy touched the warm heart of the lad as he thought of the old lady, all alone in her little home when everyone else seemed so happy. He gave Ned an extra touch of the lines, and they soon drew up before the cottage. All was dark outside. The sleet fell heavily upon the low panes of the cottage. Instead of the usual cheerful light in the sitting-room window, there was only the blackness of night. Tommy alighted quickly and knocked at the door. There came no response. He knocked again, but still no response. Not wishing to leave the groceries on the step, he turned the knob of the door. It yielded and he stepped in. There before the cheerful fire in the middle of the sitting-room sat the widow Sullivan. Clasped in her hands she held the picture of Denny, but the former sad face of the old lady had given place to a heavenly smile of eternal peace. There was joy above for Denny and his mother.
The Last Recital.

FRANK X. CULL. '09.

It was near midnight. The air was thick with fine, powder-like snow, falling, falling, falling, clothing the rude deformities of the earth in a garb of faultless white. The street, strangely deserted after the bustle and hurry of the holiday traffic, seemed to stretch out unendingly beneath the arc-lights into the blackness beyond. On either side great cliff-like rows of buildings loomed up in an unbroken line, giving the avenue the appearance of a deep and dark abyss. The uncertain, flickering glare of the swinging street lamps scarcely penetrated the cloyed atmosphere, and cast grotesque dancing shadows over the illuminated area of snow.

A lonely figure paused for a moment before one of the shops, and retreated into the shelter of a dark hall-way where he crowded shivering against the icy door-post. A moment only he rested in that frigid haven, gazing mournfully up and down the cheerless avenue, then continued his solitary march over the thickening blanket of untrodden snow.

With an uncertain gait he trudged on, shuddering and drawing his tattered coat more closely about his spare figure as each successive blast penetrated his scanty apparel and set his flesh a-quiver with cold. Under his arm he bore a much-battered violin case which he shifted from one side to the other in a vain attempt to protect his hands from the biting atmosphere. The wind howled dismally around the corners, and mockingly hurled great suffocating blasts of snow into his face, blinding him with its ever-increasing fury.

Suddenly he stopped and stood, for a moment as though listening intently. Was he dreaming? No, surely not. Above the noise of the wind and the clattering jargon of swinging signboards he caught the faint but unmistakable sound of music. Where could it come from? Wondering in a dull, half-frozen way, he listened in stupid astonishment. How strangely out of place it seemed in this wild uproar of unleashed elements. And yet he could not be mistaken; it was undoubtedly music. As he listened the sound of many voices, blended in a common melody, struck upon his dulled ear. Searcely knowing what he was doing, he turned his steps in the direction whence the music came.

Down a side street his course led him, lined on either side by great martial shade trees, looming up dark and immense against the white background, and lifting their naked, shadowy arms aloft into the upper blackness. Soon the music grew louder and more distinct. The solemn strains of a pipe organ mingled with a chorus of many voices in a hymn of praise were wafted to his ear.

Out of the darkness loomed the shadowy form of a great cathedral, its gorgeously stained windows gleaming resplendent in the night, and shedding a bejewelled glory over the protected area of snow at its side. Louder and clearer rang out through the midnight air the solemn, sweet notes of the Gloria, heralding to the sleeping world the divine message of peace and good will. A strange calm seemed to emanate from the house of worship. Even the wind lost for a moment part of its fury as it swept hesitatingly around the angles of the edifice before dashing wildly on. *Et in terra pax hominibus* rang the joyful word of cheer as sung by the heavenly choir on that first Christmas morn; and deep in the chilled heart of the wandering musician it touched a responsive chord of devotion.

For a moment he paused before the entrance as though unwilling to intrude on a service so impressive. A momentary gust of frigid air rushed in as the door opened under his hand. Within, all was warmth and radiance. The church was ablaze with myriads of incandescent bulbs, lighting up every gilded notch and ornament with a golden sheen.

With faltering steps the aged violinist took his place silently, unobserved, in the rear. The worshippers knelt in prayerful attitude, awaiting the solemn moment when the divine Infant should take visible form on the altar of sacrifice. Through the Gospel and the Credo the musician knelt, his head bowed low in devotion. Only when the
subdued peal of the altar gong announced
the Offertory, did he raise for a moment
his devout- gaze.

A deep quiet seemed to pervade the church
as the unconsecrated host was held aloft,
and the congregation struck their breasts
in humble supplication. Suddenly out on the
stillness poured the soft, sweet notes of a
violin. Low at first, with subdued modula­
tions, then rising in strength and vehemence,
with inexpressible sweetness and power,
flowed the strains of the Adeste Fidelis.
Scarcelj^ noticeable at first, so low and
unobtrusive were the opening notes that
they seemed to float out of the very still­
ness of the air itself. With wonderful ten­
derness, with divine power of expression,
it seemed to appeal not to the ears of the
hearers, but to their very hearts, holding
them enthralled as if by some magic agency.
Not a voice was raised in accompaniment.
It was as though this were the voice of the
Creator Himself, speaking to their innermost
souls. Now rising, now falling, now pouring
forth in a flood of wondrous melody, now
sinking to low murmurs of inexpressible
sweetness, those magical notes fell upon the
hushed air as crystal snowflakes falling and
melting on their souls.

At last the seraphic music died away with
the same sweet tenderness with which it
had begun. For a moment its spell lingered
in the atmosphere; then the congregation,
awakening from its influence, turned to
discover its source.

Under the spreading gallery, with his
violin still held in position and his hoary
head drooping forward on his chest, stood
the old violinist, as though not yet awak­
ened from the spell of his own inspiration.
His feeble fingers twitched in visible agita­
tion, and his frail body swayed weakly,
as though in the last stage of exhaustion.
His snowy locks reflected the radiance of
the bright lights and lent a sort of hallowed
glory to the picture.

For the space of a few moments he stood
thus transfigured before them. Then a
violent tremor seized him, and he seemed
about to collapse. Lifting his pallid brow
heavenward, he sank helplessly into a pew.
A glow of supreme content overspread his
features, and he settled back into a deep,
sweet sleep of peace.

On Earth Peace.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

Lo! from the skies there comes a glad refrain.
Angelic voices, herald from on high,
Announce to men that now surcease is nigh
Of sorrow and of strife; no more shall reign
War's gory form or tyrant's hand maintain
The sceptered sway; breasts heave a joyful sigh,
And hearts, long crushed, in exultation cry.
Earth shall, its pristine harmony regain.

Peace, then, my soul, cease now thy anxious fears:
Let not the turmoil of the world's great crime
Disturb thee, for to-day men weep in tears
Of joy; a message sacred and sublime
Assures us that our prayer is heard; again
We welcome Christ's sweet "Peace on earth to men."

At a Masquerade.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08.

EO BYRNE was undecided
as to where he would spend
Christmas. Atlantic City
seemed most probable, as that
was the most desolate place at
Christmas time that he knew,
and Leo wished to be away from the world.
His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by
his office boy.

"Mr. Byrne, a gentleman wishes to see
you."

"Any card?"

"No, sir, but he says his name is Bixler."

"Billy Bixler? Show him in and don't
let us be interrupted."

"Hello, Bill, old man, how are you? Very
glad to see you."

"Fine, old boy. How are you? Where
have you been? I've been trying to locate
you for the last couple of days."

"I've been in Cleveland for the past two
weeks, just got home to-day. Anything in
particular you wished to see me about?"

"Yes, I want you to come to the Cotillon
Club's Masquerade to-night. It seems like
a fiddler's invitation, but I couldn't see you
before. No invitations were issued, just a
hurry up affair, but you know those are the
most enjoyable. Come, say yes. Dorothy said I wasn't to return home until you said you would come."

"But, Bill, I haven't a costume."

"Don't let that trouble you; I have two. Dot bought one for me, and I have my own. Say yes, and I'll have one up here for you in an hour."

"All right, Bill, I'll go. Thank you for your kindness. Will meet you at the dance."

"Yes, Dorothy, he's coming, but no more errands for me. I explained to him that it seemed like a fiddler's invitation, to save him telling it to me; you know he is a very sensitive fellow. Then he said he didn't have a costume, so I told him you had bought one for me and he could wear it. It's a lucky thing you bought a costume or all your plans might have been for naught."

"But, Bill—dear, I know you are large enough to take care of yourself. I also knew you had your costume, for I was here when the express man delivered it. And with the inborn curiosity of my sex I opened it. Did you really think I bought that outfit for you? No, certainly not; it's all in the scheme."

"In the scheme, Dot; what scheme? The only scheme I know of is that you sent me to Leo and told me not to return home unless he consented to go to the dance. What are the inside workings?"

"Well, Billy, seeing that you have been such a good and innocent boy, I'll tell you: You know Leo and Grace Artman have not been friends for the past six months. I asked Grace about it and what was the cause. She went to a dance with another fellow. She waited until the day before the dance for Leo to ask her, and when he did not she thought he wasn't going. Frank Hall asked her to go and she consented. On the morning of the dance, Leo called her over the 'phone and asked her to go with him. She stated the case to him and he wished her to break the engagement with Frank, but she would not do so. A few days after Leo came to Pittsburg to go into a law firm. Grace has not heard from him since the morning he phoned. I've arranged it so that Grace will be at the dance, she's coming on No. 8. I'm playing the peacemaker."

When Leo, dressed as an Irish Gentleman, entered the ball-room that evening, he was in no agreeable frame of mind. The last masque he had attended was vividly portrayed to his imagination. He cynically noted the contrast—to-night he was there to please a friend, on the previous occasion he was there for his own pleasure. His train of thought was suddenly interrupted by Billy.

"Say, Leo, see that Irish lassie over there by Portia? The jolliest girl and the best dancer on the floor. Come over and meet her."

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"That is sufficient knocking, Miss; I see you are an adept. But I do not agree with you. Of all the girls at St. Mary's I considered her the prettiest and most attractive."

"Of all the girls at St. Mary's—what do you know of the rest?"

"Know of them. I skived over nearly every day, when I was at Notre Dame."

"Were you at Notre Dame? When?"
"The same time Miss Artman and you were at St. Mary's."
"What Hall were you in?"
"Sorin."
"Then you must have known Le—I mean Mr. Byrne?"

It was the man's turn to shudder.
"Leo Byrne—know him? I certainly did. Roomed next door to him for two years. He was the biggest cad in the University. A regular society man in South Bend. Attended all the swell-dances and receptions, or at least he said so. Had dinner at the Oliver two or three times a week, but he never had a pack of tobacco as long as I can remember. He smoked more of my tobacco then I did. Why—"

"My dear sir, that, to reiterate your own statement, is sufficient. I know Mr. Byrne very well, and I have no hesitation to say he is the exact opposite of what you have portrayed him."

"What! Is that the signal to unmask? How quickly the time has passed talking of old times."

Both turned their heads to unmask, and when they had unmasked, as if ruled by fate, both turned around at the same instant.

"Leo!"
"Grace!"

The cozy corner then served its original purpose.
Leo did not spend his Christmas at Atlantic City but at the Artman home. Grace's Christmas gift from Leo was a solitaire.

The Last Christmas Tree.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.

JOHN WADDINGTON, the rich banker of Argyle, was agreed upon by the natives as "one of the finest-looking men in the town." The care and worry of amassing a great fortune had left his face as free from wrinkles as it was twenty-five years ago, when he first entered the Farmer's Exchange Bank to be errand boy. His cheeks were still of a rosy plumpness. The whole face, with its clear-cut features and aquiline nose, formed an ideal setting for a pair of grey eyes that sparkled under a pair of dark, shaggy brows. He was both tall and corpulent enough to present a very imposing appearance.

Christmas Eve was always celebrated in Argyle by an informal program and a tree for the young folks. The proceedings were usually opened by speeches from Mr. Waddington and other celebrities. The burden of the discourses suffered little change as the years rolled by. They were confined mainly to a few commonplace observations on the prosperity and growth of the burg during each year, and the bright prospects for the younger generation.

The most looked-forward-to event of the evening was the appearance of Santa Claus himself. It was his duty to dole out the different presents as they were handed down from the Christmas Tree. The duty of playing the part of Santa usually devolved upon some one of the afore-mentioned celebrities. Mr. Waddington always demurred, however, when requested to accept the task. There was something about appearing before an assemblage in a flowing white beard and long locks of white hair that did not appeal to him. It struck him as entirely out of keeping with his dignity. Each year he had been asked, but had refused firmly.

On one occasion, however, he did consent after much pressing. It was an event in his own life and in the history of Argyle. The night was chilly and crisp, a night when everyone of the population, both young and old, thought himself in duty bound to stir out and make some attempts to

The Ocean Wave.

FRANCIS X CULL, '09.

WHITHER onward, wave of the deep?
Whither onward with surge and with leap?
Onward so lightly,
Springing so sprightly,
Rolling and swelling,
Sinking and welling,—
What of thy mission? Is it but play,
Wave of the deep, sweeping on and away?

Teach me thy gladness, thy care-free joy;
Teach me thy frolics, O wave so coy;
Take hence my soul, let it ride with thee,
Gay on thy mightiest wave, O sea!
celebrate the joyful feast. The town hall was unusually full that night, and the banker had waxed unusually eloquent. When he appeared in full costume he was greeted with thunderous applause; pandemonium reigned for several minutes. The presents were distributed one by one until the tree was nearly stripped, a few pop-corn balls and tattered fragments of mistletoe alone remaining.

The usual order had been carried through without a hitch. Suddenly there was a shrill scream from one of the children and an exclamation of dismay from the janitor who had been Santa's right-hand assistant. The long beard had come in contact with one of the lighted candles adorning the tree, and was instantly all aflame. Mr. Waddington's presence of mind never deserted him for an instant. Wig and beard had been torn off and dashed to the floor in a flash. The real catastrophe was yet to come. As soon as the faithful janitor had espied fire, he rushed madly for a bucket of ice-water which stood in a far corner of the long room. Believing the safety of all present depended entirely on his efforts, he fairly flew, bowling over all who came in his path. To return with his precious burden was but the work of an instant, and before anyone could prevent he had dashed the water full into Mr. Waddington's face. The cooling liquid instantly flowed off the banker's bald pate, but it lingered and trickled soothingly through his iron gray locks, soil ing his polished shirt-front laundered especially for the occasion. For a moment he stood blinking and shivering, with the janitor staring at him in open-mouthed wonder. Absolute silence reigned for the space of perhaps five seconds when suppressed titters broke out here and there through the room. This presently gave place to unrestrained shrieks of laughter, which all the dignity of the banker was unable to stem. The more he stamped and gesticulated, the louder grew the noise. Finding no other outlet for his wrath, he rushed at the janitor, the innocent cause of all the trouble. But this worthy apprehensive of danger, immediately bolted for the door, with Mr. Waddington in hot pursuit. This ended the last Christmas tree festivities ever held in Argyle.

A Christmas Carol.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

I WOULD tell in merry rhymes, Clara Belle;
In accord with Christmas chimes,
Clara Belle,
There's an air of mystery For such universal glee
At this one festivity,
Clara Belle.

There is peace without alloy,
Clara Belle;
There are tidings of great joy,
Clara Belle,
Telling us in sweet refrains
That an Infant King now reigns.—
Our Redemption He explains,
Clara Belle.

Harlan's Christmas Sacrifice.

ROBERT L. SALEY, 'OS.

The raw, cold, bleak northwester was driving a fine, cutting snow over the dry, sandy plains, through the little village of Waynesville and out again over the unbroken, level waste of sagebrush and sand, stopping its furious rush only long enough to drive dirty, dust-filled snow into the cracks and key-holes, to rattle the windows, to shake the little frame houses, and to howl and shriek and whistle about the chimney tops. The little village was like a spectre. The houses were dark, desolate; seemingly deserted. Amid the gloomy twilight there was not a sound, except the continuous moaning and creaking of the trees, and a momentary roar as the West Coast Limited came rushing, like a one-eyed monster, out of the distance, passed with a meteor-like flash, and hid itself again in the gathering night, leaving behind nothing but a cloud of dust and flying papers and a lonely mail pouch which bounced and rolled about the brick platform of the dingy, wooden station. The whole thing was a depressing picture of gloom.

And this was Christmas Eve in Waynesville! It was not the Christmas Eve with the tinkle of sleigh-bells, the tinsel Christmas tree, the tiny stockings hanging
by the glowing fireplace, the all-pervading spirit of happiness and good cheer which we know; it was not the Christmas Eve which Harlan had formerly been used to, but Harlan was different now.

It is not pleasant to tell the story of the change that had come in Harlan's life, for it was a change from luxury to poverty, from respect to disgrace, and with it came a loss of friends and of home. It was the change that had brought Harlan to Waynesville, and he had come with but two purposes: to make a living for his wife and child, and to forget the past—the dark, inevitable, unregretted past. There was no remorse in the heart of Harlan for he had given up all for Love. The woman he loved was not a good woman, but Harlan loved her.

Harlan's father and mother knew nothing of the marriage until in the morning paper they saw a picture of their son and a strange woman mounted side by side on a flaming red, arrow-pierced heart, until they read the sensational heading and the accompanying article, telling how the good name of the Harlans had been besmirched by a foolish boy's love. They tore the paper to fragments and threw it into the fire. They raged and fumed at their son's indiscretion and rashness, and swore to disown their own flesh and blood.

Then Harlan, in blissful ignorance of the brewing storm, brought his newly-wedded wife home to his father's house. He had expected opposition; he found more. The door of his own home was shut upon him; his mother would not even speak to him; his father spoke not as a father, but as an enemy who hurled upon his head frightful curses.

Harlan had lost all, for with the love of parents went the love of friends. He had made a real sacrifice; one of those almost unendurable sacrifices which make a man more God-like. He had given away his birthright, his future, his good name, his friends, and his parents—everything which man holds dear. It was hard, to become an outcast upon Christmas Eve, that one time of all times, when the Christian world forgets its sorrows. But Harlan, alone—except for the wife he loved—turned to meet the hard world with a smile on his face, for he had lifted the woman he loved up from the depths and had made her good, true and noble.

It was this love offering that had brought Harlan and his little family to Waynesville—to Waynesville, because he was far from the past, because to Waynesville no daily papers ever came, because in Waynesville good people even though poor would be respected. But the three years spent in the little village had been years of want. It had been impossible for Harlan to support his wife as he wished; at times it would have been hard to get food to eat had not the people of Waynesville been kind; once or twice discouragement had almost become despair, but in spite of it all they managed to live.

And now just three years had passed and it was Christmas Eve, and the cold, the bleakness, and the gloom outside reminded Harlan of that awful feeling in his heart on that other Christmas Eve three years before when he took one last look at the home he never again could call his own and then turned faint-hearted to begin the new life. It was at such times as this that he pondered gloomily on the past.

Like a great, restless lion, Harlan paced up and down the little room. Suddenly, as he passed the small centre table he spied a letter, one his wife had evidently forgotten to give him. It was a long, long letter in the shaky writing of his old mother and on the pages were the stains of tears.

"MY DEAR BOY:" "Come back to us. We can not live without you. We understand now and ask forgiveness—"

Harlan read no more. Great, strong mail as he was, he burst into tears. His wife, hearing his sobs, came running in from the other room.

"Why, boy, what is the matter?" and she slipped a loving arm about his neck and kissed her. And as he pointed to the letter he stooped and kissed her.

And blue-eyed, dimple-faced baby Harlan patting and cooing to his dirty, torn rag doll, looked up from his kingdom on the queer figured red rug, and wondered why the big man and woman whom he loved were crying and seemed so sad.
Forgotten.
—
COE A. MCKENNA, '10.

MART had returned from work a little earlier than usual; it was Christmas Eve and there really wasn't very much to do, as everyone was busily engaged buying Christmas presents. His bachelo

or quarters were the most elegant in a very select flat on Seventh Street. The sitting-room was simply but tastily furnished. Three large windows opened on a well-kept street, which at this time was bedded with a foot of snow. The splendor of the district in which he could be seen through the fleecy blanket. A large holly wreath, hanging in the centre window, lent a spirit of Christmas to the apartments. In the dull light of the fireplace and hanging-lamp, several well-selected pictures, entirely in harmony with the surroundings, were outlined on the wall. Rich green portières separated the room from a study equally as well furnished. On the mantelpiece over the fireplace but one object would attract the attention of a visitor—the picture of a beautiful young lady.

This Christmas evening, Martin Randolf was comfortably seated in a large Morris chair in front of the fireplace. It was cold without and the warmth of the fire felt good. He had sat this way often before looking at the picture above him while his mind, fancy free, wandered over those old scenes that had been so dear to him. This evening he had been more lonesome than ever; the sight of so many happy present buyers on the street during the afternoon had only intensified his own loneliness.

Martin Randolf was alone in the great Northwest. He had left friends and relatives far behind and had journeyed to the land of opportunity to gain his fortune and to forget. No one had known where he was going, for he had slipped away like a bird loosed from his cage without leaving track or trace of his destination. Seldom he communicated with his parents at home, and when he did it was only to let them know that he was alive and well. None of his many friends knew what had become of him, and he was fearful lest they should find out and make it harder to forget. It was the second Christmas since he had run away from home; it was almost two years since he had seen the girl he loved, and he had not yet forgotten. No one that he had yet seen could take the place of the girl he left at home; no one did he ever expect to see that he would like better. So the one small memento which he had dared carry away with him, was still the queen of his mantel.

Those first days were long dreary days of homesickness and self-denial. He had plunged into his work with an energy that he had never before known, and his successes were not only attested by the splendor of his living apartments but by a fat bank account which ranked him even among the wealthy men of the town. He had worked wonders in two short years. He was not satisfied; there still remained the old wound in his heart—the same longing for the girl he loved. And as he looked into those eyes on the mantel, those big brown eyes that had burned an everlasting memory in his breast, he saw how impossible it was to forget. Women had no attraction for him; he admired them for their beauty, but was happier far in his quiet rooms, free from the sham of the world. It can not be said that he did not have many acquaintances, for he was popular in society, and many invitations came to him from admiring friends; but as yet his heart was still true to the girl he had loved far away.

The fire on the hearth burned low, and the young man aroused himself and threw a bucket of coals on the embers. He lit his pipe, and as the smoke, rolled up in miniature clouds he lay back in the chair and watched the face on the mantel. He seemed to see her again as he had seen her at their last meeting, radiant and beautiful like a rose on a June morning. He recalled their last good-bye,—the good-bye that was to end all, forever. Such a little thing they had quarrelled about, a lover's quarrel if you will, after which all misunderstandings should have been forgotten. But he never had made himself believe that she loved him. Always cool and reserved, she had sent him away as unconcernedly as she had received his most flattering
attentions. She had discovered too soon that he loved her, and like the Irishman who didn't want his money when he saw he could get it, she had grown cold to his wooing and had gloried in seeing him struggle to please her. He left her after their quarrel, but she was confident he would return.

He had gone his way. His very love had prompted him to leave her to her own happiness. He had made a fortune in the land of his adoption, but there still remained the longing for his native city, a thought that possibly she might yet be true. Another man, he had often remarked to himself, might have solved the problem differently. To him, but one course was open: she did not love him and he loved her; it was for him to forget; it was for him to change, and that change was attempted. He sighed unconsciously and relit his half-smoked pipe. The snow was falling outside, and an occasional sleigh bell broke the solitude.

The happy sleeper was awakened by a gentle knock on the door. A young messenger responded to his “Come in,” and stood doubtfully on the threshold.

“Mr. Martin A. Randolf,” he read from a package which he held in his hand.

“Yes, sir.”

“Sign here,” and he presented an order book, pointing to a blank place at the end of the page.

His signature given, he took the express package and tore open the box. A beautiful pair of jade cuff buttons were exposed and with them a card bearing a signature that made him almost shout with joy. “From Norine Stranton, if you have not forgotten her, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?” Had he forgotten? An old favorite song of hers came to his mind, and with a rich base voice he ran over the words:

Forgotten, well if forgetting be, thinking all the day,
-How the long hours roll since you left me,
Then I have forgotten you say, forgotten you're away.

He turned the card over and saw this short message inscribed:

“I was married to Will Thurston last Thursday. We are on our wedding trip now. I was sorry I could not see you. Could not stop as we are due in Atala, to-morrow.

Norine.

December.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

No daisies dot the meadows with their golden petals bright,
No birds a-singing in the wood to fill my soul with light,
No tulip hides its fairy face beside the gurgling brook,
No astors shine in shady glen, nor in the mossy nook,
No golden sunset, skies which I so fondly now remember,
Are here to brighten bleak December.

But on the heath and in the dell beneath the barren trees,
Where fly the summer's leaves before the autumn's northern breeze,
Is seen the squirrel's haunt, and drifting from the leaden sky
Comes down the snow that meekly kissed the fleecy clouds good-bye,
And merry Christmas, full of Yuletide joy, like glowing ember,
Are here to brighten bleak December.

The Right Man.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

T was the afternoon of Christmas Eve about five o'clock, when a large group of singers descended from the choir-gallery in the Cathedral at Florence, and passing through the large vestibule came out into the avenue. They were nearly fifty in number, and among them were the finest singers of Signor Chetti's Conservatory, which means that they were the pick of all Florence. Master Chetti was with them.

As they emerged from the church, all stopped on the great stone steps and grouped around a slender youth of about twenty years of age, who stood beside the master. I say all stopped, rather all but one. There was one young man who hurried down the walk to a carriage that awaited him, gave an angry order to the coachman, and was soon speeding down the avenue. It was Laurie, a young musician, talented and even prominent, but most jealous.
Meanwhile the group of singers on the church steps, men and ladies alike, poured forth hearty congratulations to the young man who stood beside Signor Chetti.

“We are glad you were chosen, Giovanni,” they declared enthusiastically; “you will undoubtedly realize from it a good position, and you deserve it.”

“Yes!” said the master, “the prince and princess both are to be at midnight service, and if Giovanni should do well,” with a wink at Perillo, “it will mean their favor, the outcome of which is generally a splendid position. Giovanni, you have a bright future before you.”

“Yes, he has,” chimed in Perillo. “I rather expected to hear some better singing from Laurie. Society has spoiled him. One might judge by the way he left, that he didn’t like this afternoon’s decisions very well.”

The party soon broke up, all going to their carriages, except the young singer, who, after receiving many good wishes from all, walked briskly away toward one of the less beautiful parts of Florence. He was happy as he walked toward home this evening, and well might he be so. He had been chosen from among all the musicians to sing the Adeste Fideles at the cathedral.

But one dark thought passed before his mind, eclipsing for an instant the rays of his happiness. It was the thought of Laurie. Young Laurie had ever despised Giovanni on account of his poverty. Both boys had looked forward to this opening, and Giovanni had been chosen. Something must come of it. He felt that Laurie would not pass it over lightly. Giovanni drove away the thought, and hurried on to find his mother and sister awaiting him at the door. They were overjoyed at the news, for they loved Giovanni dearly.

Meanwhile Laurie, speeding along in his carriage, was boiling over with anger. To think that Mario should have beaten him. It was unbearable. What would his friends think? Could he stand for such a defeat? No! Mario must not sing: What should he do? His evil mind set to work and had soon concocted a devilish plan to keep Giovanni from being present at the midnight service.

Stopping the carriage he gave the driver another order, and in about five minutes was landed before a large wooden house in an unfrequented part of Florence. The door was opened by a servant, who nodded her head in answer to the question, “Is David here?” Running up the stairs, Laurie burst into a room at the top. The air was filled with cigarette smoke, like incense, surrounding a little table where three young men sat gambling. As Laurie entered, all looked up and asked him to join the game.

“Not now,” he answered, “I am in a hurry and I came down because I want you fellows to do something for me.”

“It’s done. What is it?” answered the largest of the young men.

Laurie then told the story of the singing contest and how Giovanni, whom he despised, had beaten him. “You fellows have always been good friends of mine, and we’ve stuck together,” he added. “I don’t propose to be run over by Marlo; I intend to sing to-night. Stay by me and you’ll not be sorry.”

“Out with your plan,” they shouted.

“Well,” answered Laurie, “no matter what it costs, Marlo must be kept away from the cathedral. There is no need of treating him too easy. I want to be sure. This is my plan. You know where the old canal goes across Cavour Avenue?”

“Yes.”

“Well, don’t stare so; I want you three to throw him into it.”

“Into the canal!” they cried, for bad as they were, this particular kind of treatment on a winter’s night did not appeal to them. “Do you know that it’s going to be a cold night?”

“Yes,” answered Laurie, desperately, “that’s what I want. The water isn’t over three feet deep, since the canal went out of use, so he couldn’t drown. Marlo will walk past there about half-past eleven; he will not have time to return home, change clothes and be at the cathedral by midnight. I will be standing quietly by the organ, and when Marlo doesn’t show up, Chetti will ask me to sing in his place. To-morrow the prince will send for me, then all kinds of engagements and money. This is where you fellows will come in.”

After much persuasion from Laurie and objection from Joe, the youngest of the three, they decided to do it.
“All right,” concluded Laurie, “I’ll depend on you. The bridge is very wide. Wait for him at the farthest end, part of the railing has been torn down there, and you can shove him off with no trouble. Remember, about half-past eleven,” and he went down the stairs and home, exulting in his evil plan.

The night proved to be a dark one and Laurie pulled his coat tightly about him, for it was cold, as he went toward the part of the city where the Marlos lived, to see if Giovanni took the usual course to the cathedral. If he went in a different way some other scheme must be followed, for Laurie had sworn that Giovanni should not sing that night. It was about eleven o’clock.

A little later, three men might have been seen going north to the Cavour Avenue bridge. When they arrived at the canal, they examined their surroundings. The water was only about three feet deep, but the drop from the bridge was fully twenty. Going to the farthest end of the crossing they looked for the broken railing.

“He has made a mistake,” said David, the biggest fellow, “there is no opening here.”

“Perhaps it’s at the other end.”

They went to the front end of the bridge and there found the break in the railing.

“Just the thing,” said the second man, “we will stand right here. It’s pitch dark.”

“S-h-h-!” whispered the fellow next to him, “there comes Marlo.”

All looked down the avenue, and under the first gas-light, dim as it was, they saw him coming.

“Lie low, fellows,” said David, “I’ll be kicked if he isn’t scared of the dark; he’s running. He’s close now; just a second; all together; now!” There was a spring, a shove, a heart-rending yell, and the form of the young singer was hurled into the cold water below.

The three men hurried across the bridge, cut through several alleys onto the main street where they walked leisurely for several minutes before directing their steps toward the cathedral, and arrived at the cathedral just as the organ was playing the introduction to the Adeste Fideles. The great concourse of people was stilled; all strained their eyes and ears toward the young singer who stepped to the front of the balcony.

The prelude finished, the youth began to sing. How beautiful was his voice. Everyone marveled. Year after year they had heard the Christmas hymn sung, but never so beautifully as now. The prince turned around, the princess sat enraptured, the nobles nudged each other and exchanged significant glances. The three accomplices of Laurie listened. They had never heard Laurie sing before. What a voice he had! After the first verse, one of them glanced up to where he stood. Could he believe his eyes? Turning to the two beside him he gasped: “It isn’t Laurie; it’s Marlo.”

“Marlo? Impossible!” They turned and looked toward the balcony. There stood Giovanni, his handsome face radiant, his whole demeanor expressive of the beautiful hymn which he was singing.

Three scared and excited men slipped out of the church and sped toward the canal.

“We must have made a mistake,” said David, “Laurie will be our enemy forever for our not getting the right man. Curse our luck!”

Arrived at the Cavour bridge, they crossed to the place from which they had thrown the person in, and stopped. A faint moan satisfied them that some one was on the shore below. Groping down the bank they stumbled on a prostrate form. It lay partly in and partly out of the water.

“Get to work, fellows,” said Joe, “we can not let the fellow die, rub his legs and arms fast, strike a light, Dave; all right, hold it up here. My God, it’s Laurie!”

The match was dropped, the three men took off their coats which they wrapped around him. After a time Laurie opened his eyes.

“Take me home, fellows,” he said.

“How did you happen to be here,” asked David.

“I was down by Marlo’s house, when Master Chetti’s carriage came for Giovanni. I rushed up here to tell you fellows to go to the church and get him away in some manner after he left the carriage. I thought you were at the other end of the bridge, so didn’t call soon enough. I’m cured. You got the right man after all.”

Meanwhile Giovanni, his song long finished, knelt to offer thanksgiving for his success. His last words before leaving the cathedral were a prayer for Laurie.
The observance of Christmas to-day reminds one in many respects of a practice among the Romans who, after the true spirit of harvest-time, set aside eight days which were given up to revelry, indulgence, and amusements. Feasting, merriment and the pleasure of wine mark this period known as the feast of the Saturnalia. The season has, to a great extent, lost the real spirit with which it should be celebrated. There should, unquestionably, be some enjoyment, but let this be coupled with true geniality and love,—that feeling of "Peace on earth and good will to mankind,"—and then we shall have struck the note that should dominate the festivities of Christmas.

It is with very special pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to our new cover design. As was to be inferred from an earlier announcement, it is the work of an artist whose skill is recognized by the best illustrated magazines in the country. Of this particular work of art nothing need be said; it speaks for itself eloquently, and is a credit to the artist whose name it bears—T. Dart Walker.
guests who were present may be mentioned
Fathers De Groote, Zubowicz, Gorka, Gruza, Moensch, Schramm, Jansens, Houlihan and
McCabe; Judge Howard, Dr. Berteling, Dr.
Olney, Messrs. Studebaker, O'Brien, Clarke,
Wyman, O'Neill, Oliver, Stoll, McNerny,
Harley, and Hubbard.

The closing address which was made by
Father Cavanaugh in his usual happy style
was as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY—I am sure I am
only interpreting your own thought when I say that
the exercises this afternoon perpetuate the best
traditions of Washington Hall. The orchestra has
delighted but not surprised us, for like the college
band, which we heard to such advantage this morning,
it has taught us to expect only the best. The glee
club has both surprised and delighted us, for it is
the infant among our college organizations. This is
its first appearance, and it makes me dizzy to think
of the heights it will attain before Commencement.

The acting of the play was uniformly fine and artistic
and revealed great talent as well as patience and
labor on the part of professor and students. The
impressions were remarkably clever, and some of
the parts proved conclusively that the students of
Notre Dame are not only "perfect gentlemen," but that
when occasion requires they can be perfect ladies and
gentlemen. A welcome touch of realism was derived
from the fact that the Varsity quarter-back won the
mimic game as he has helped to win games in more
serious emergencies. The professor may have helped
him with the speeches and the gestures, but I am
not convinced that he could not teach him anything about
the game that was played just around the corner a
moment ago.

But after all there is something better than playing
the game, and that is playing the man. The
members of our football team this year especially
have shown not only that they could play the game
but also that they could play the man. I am glad
to quote the words of Mr. Barry, who told me
only a few days ago, that he had enjoyed the
acquaintance of men of many colleges, and that
nowhere else had he ever met young men so clean
and gentlemanly and high-minded as the men who
composed the Notre Dame football team this year.

And what has been said of our athletes by one who
knew them intimately, I may say of the whole student
body. Indeed human life is much like the game of
football. It is often said that this form of sport is
brutal, but life itself is, in many ways, brutal. The
weaklings are flung heavily to the earth and trampled
underfoot. There is an element of luck in life as there
is in football, but every player knows that to trust to
a fluke for the victory is to court disaster and defeat.
The game in both cases requires good material, but
when the material is present the game is won by head
work. In both instances severe training is necessary,
abstinence from dissipation and the influences which
soften and disintegrate. In life as in football clean
playing is necessary if white-winged honor is to perch
on the standard of victory. Finally the secret of
success in both life and play is to break through the
interference—to fight one's way to the goal of honor-
able ambition in spite of all obstacles and impediments.
The man who falls out of the game when he receives
a little hurt in the first scrimmage, is never acclaimed
as a hero.

There is a lesson of cheer and comfort in this for
those of us who find discouragement in our college
work. If you meet with occasional disappointments it is
wholesome to remember that the path of disappointment
has often been paved by every man who has mounted into
the company of the immortals. For years Columbus
went round Europe starving from gate to gate before
his indomitable will and unquestionable faith in himself
won the day and gave to the world a new continent
and to humanity a new hero. If you feel that for any
cause you are handicapped in the race of life—remember
that the race has not always been to the swift, and
that "adversity is the north wind that lasses men
into vikings."

Last year I stood on the steps of a great college
when a gentleman passed within, and my companion,
a bright, young Congressman, lifted his hat and said:
"Good morning, Governor." I looked in astonish-
ment, for the man so addressed had the appearance
of a college boy of twenty. It was Governor Higgins
of Rhode Island, a poor boy who might well have
felt handicapped and discouraged in his youth, for
the first book he ever read he dug out of an
ash barrel. Let no one feel discouraged, then, if
disappointments come, for in life, as in football, it
is the man who breaks through the interference that
reaches the goal and makes a touchdown.

I thank all our friends for the evidences of devo-
tion to the University which this day has brought
forth. Especially I acknowledge with gratitude and
pride the fine spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm that
I find everywhere among the students. Manly in
character, serious in study, cheerful in obedience, they
are an inspiration to us of the Faculty to put
forth our noblest effort for the development of this
venerable University. The continuance of this spirit
is the surest promise of the blessing of Almighty God
and the success of our Alma Mater.

Reception of the Habit.

On the 8th of December the following young
men received the religious habit in St. Joseph's
Novitiate: Paul Bates (Brother Isidore, C. S. C.),
Duquoin, Ill.; Aloysius Machalin (Brother
Theophilus, C. S. C.), Erie, Pa.; M. Jablonowski
(Brother Edwin, C. S. C.), Chicago, Ill.; Charles
McNamara (Brother Augustine, C. S. C.); Lim-
erick; A. Skora (Brother Casimir, C. S. C.),
Chicago, Ill.; Harry Sheehan (Brother Edward,
C. S. C.), New York; Marion Nushaumer,
(Brother Meinard, C. S. C.), Massillon, Ohio;
Rev. W. Connolly officiated.
Varsity Oratorical Contest.

The Annual Oratorical Contest for the Breen Gold Medal was held in Washington Hall on the evening of December 7. The program was enlivened by the University Orchestra which played three numbers in a manner which elicited generous applause. The contest was won by Joseph Boyle who spoke on “Christianity and the World's Peace.” William Lennartz was second with “America and the World’s Peace.” Varnum Parish was awarded third place, his subject being “The Spirit of the Celt.”

Cardinal de Richelieu: Exponent of Absolutism” was the title of the oration delivered by the winner of fourth place, Reed Parker.

The winner of first place will represent the University at Indianapolis, February 7.

Mr. Boyle is to be commended for the fine oratorical passages which characterized his speech; he has a splendid climax and uses it to good advantage in his delivery. Mr. Lennartz was better in delivery than the winner, but lacked the emotional warmth which is looked for in an oration; otherwise his paper was excellent. Mr. Parish did remarkably well for his first public appearance, and was supported by very persistent applause. Mr. Parker will be a winner some day, and a strong winner at that. The decision of the judges on the contest is as follows:

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Football Note.

Those who read the accounts in our football issue may have noticed that through an oversight mention was not made of the fact that Ryan, our quarter-back, was chosen by nearly every critic for a position on the All-State team. By Coach Turner of Purdue, Ryan was chosen quarter-back and captain of the All-Indiana team; others, also, gave him a place.

Philopatrians' Parlor Entertainment.

The college parlor presented a pretty picture on the evening of the 12th of the month, when the Philopatrians gave their annual reception to the President of the University and the Faculty. The program consisted of twelve numbers of instrumental music and recitations rendered in a manner that was a source of pleasure to all who were present. These young gentlemen of Carroll Hall have much to boast of and have good reason to congratulate themselves that they have so energetic a director; and Brother Cyprian himself has reason to be proud of the members of his society. Those who took part in the program were the following: R. Rousseau, J. Monaghan, C. Tyler, R. Newton, J. Thornton, R. Bowles, W. Downing, L. Livingston, J. Gallart, J. Nugent, J. Kryl and H. Carroll. The program was closed with a few appreciative remarks made by Father Cavanaugh. The members of the society then repaired to the dining-room where refreshments were served. On the following Saturday the program was reproduced in the presence of all the members of Carroll Hall; the exercises were held in the reading-room, and several members of the Faculty participated in the pleasures of the evening. Additional numbers of the program were rendered by C. Sinclair, W. Cotter and J. Fordyce. The President of the University was present and delivered a short address, suggesting to the young men who heard him the necessity of nobility in all their actions.

The Corby Reception.

The members of the Corby Literary Society deserve much credit for their elaborate reception and smoke talk given Saturday evening December fourteenth in honor of the Faculty and members of the Varsity football team. Doubtless this event was the most elaborate of its kind ever given in the history of Notre Dame, and it will go down to the credit of Corby hall that it has established a standard of excellence which will be difficult to surpass. Carefully worked out in every detail, the entertainment and banquet was carried on without a single flaw.

With the usual spirit that has always char-
acterized the students of Corby Hall neither
pains nor money were spared to make this event
memorable in the social life of the University.
Two hundred invitations were sent out and as
many cleverly arranged programs were presented
at the door. The programs themselves were
beautifully made in the form of a football. The
Corby Hall reading-room was decorated as it
had never been before. Yards and yards of
artistically entwined crepe paper covered the
ceiling. Banners, pennants and college colors
hung from the walls.

The banquet—for no other word could do
justice to the refreshments—was most elaborate
in every detail. Cold chicken, olives, buns
and coffee, constituted the first course, and ice­
cream, cake and lemonade-punch, the second
course. After the refreshments cigars were
passed around, and the remainder of the evening
was spent in smoking and in dancing to music
by the Corby Orchestra. It was a late hour
before the jollity ceased.

The program we have intentionally left till
the last. The entire space could be devoted
to its description. Of the stars there were none,
for the whole program was of the highest quality.
After a selection by the Corby' Orchestra the
address of welcome was delivered by Mr. W.
Hutchins in a masterly manner. The parodies
by Mr. Roan and the rymes by Mr. Heyl were
very clever. Dr. Delaunay spoke eloquently on
"Discretion in Art." Other numbers were
rendered by L. Langdon, J. Topez, J. Deery,
S. Skahen, and T. Dunbar.

Father Cavanaugh voiced the sentiments of
all when he complimented the members of
Corby Hall in the fullest measure for the
success of the entertainment.

Brownson Reception

On the evening of December 9th the students
of Brownson Hall gave a formal reception to the
President of the University and invited
guests. The study-hall was decorated in a
manner that both pleased and surprised; one
would hardly have thought that so marvelous
a change could be made in so short a time.
The external preparations were, indeed, an
earnest of the excellence of the program. The
Brownson Glee Club presented three numbers
and won a place in the hearts of all present.
To give due praise to each individual who
took part in the exercises would be to wrestle
with superlatives beyond the limits of the
dictionary. Suffice it to mention their names
and extend to them all most sincere con­
gratulations on the success of their efforts.
The individual numbers on the program were
taken by J. Sullivan, J. Ely, R. Wilson, E.
Carville, W. Moore, J. O'Flynn, J. Coggeshall,
E. McDermott, F. Madden, H. Burdick, G.
McCarthy, J. Dixon, J. Moloney, and Bro.
Alphonsus. At the conclusion of the exercises
there was a short address by the President of
the University.


The regular election of officers for the
ensuing year was held Dec. 9th with the
following result: Commander James McLain
(Bro. Leander), Senior Vice-Commander Mark
A. Wills (Bro. John), Junior Vice-Commander
Rev. Edward Martin, Adjutant Nicholas Bath
(Bro. Cosmas), Quartermaster Joseph Staley
(Bro. Isadore), Surgeon Rev. Father Schmitt,
Chaplain Rev. R. J. Boyle, Officer of the day
Ignatz Meyer (Bro. Ignatius), Officer of the
Guard James Malloy (Bro. Raphael), Sergeant
Major John McNerney (Bro. Eustachius),
Quartermaster Sergeant James Mantele (Bro.
Benedict). Resolutions were passed to have a
life-sized statue of Rev. William Corby, C.S-C.,
on the rock on which he stood while giving
absolution to the Irish Brigade on the battle­
field of Gettysburg.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of the
Rev. P. E. Reardon, of the archdiocese of New
York, who passed away on the 5th instant.
Father Reardon was a member of the class
of '97 (A. B.). His career as a priest was
as brilliant as it was brief. R. I. P.

The sympathy of the members of the Faculty
and the students of the University is extended
to Professor J. L. Tanner who was called to his
home in Utica, N. Y., on account of the
serious illness of his father. Word has been
received that Mr. Tanner was called to his
final reward only a few days ago. May his
soul rest in peace.
Sophomore Smoker.

On Thursday evening, December the twelfth, the Sophomore class held their first social meeting of the year in the form of a rough-house smoke talk. The usual formality that characterizes such meetings was noticeably absent. After refreshments, cigars and cigarettes were passed around, the speech-making and storytelling began. President Dolan acted as toastmaster. The principal speakers of the class were Mr. McNally, who talked on college spirit, and Mr. Hebert on class enthusiasm. Mr. Graham, a member of the class last year, was warmly welcomed and responded most eloquently.

Mr. Fournier and Mr. Holleman, each rendered selections on the piano, and Mr. Moriarty played on the violin. The class of 1911 is filled with enthusiasm, and is already planning for other entertainments next term. The members of the Faculty who were present were: Rev. Father Cavanaugh, Father Schumacher, Father Murphy, Father Quinlan, Father O’Malley and Father Marr.

Lecture by Mr. S. E. Doane.

Mr. S. E. Doane, member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and an authority on incandescent lights, delivered a lecture before the Electrical and Mechanical Engineers on the manufacture and recent development of incandescent lights.

Mr. Doane laid particular stress upon the new Tungsten lamp which is of recent development. He predicts that in residence lighting, "all-day lighting" of rooms will be the near future fad. The reason for this is that well-lighted rooms are very desirable, and where the cost to operate the Tungsten lamp is but one-third the cost to operate the ordinary incandescent lamp this new fad is likely to materialize. First cost is the only objectionable feature of the lamp at present, though within five years the lamp will be the only type of incandescent used. Mr. F. A. Bryan, Manager of the South Bend Electric Company, and some of his employees were present, and also Mr. H. H. Albert, Sales-Manager of the standard Electric Company, Niles, Ohio.

Band Concert.

Victor and his Royal Venetian Band scored a triumph in Washington Hall on the afternoon of the 6th. Better music has not been heard at the University for some time, and no number of the lecture and concert course has been better received. The solo work was satisfactory, very much so if one has in mind the character of the entertainment. In respect to the vocal solos it might be more particularly stated that nothing better could be desired. Miss Laurie has a remarkable voice. The selections presented by the band were unusually felicitous and were greeted with rounds of heartiest applause.

Captain Miller.

Harry Miller of Defiance, Ohio, was elected captain of the 1908 Varsity football team. The election was held the night of the annual banquet at the Oliver Hotel in South Bend. Miller was without question the man for the place. Not only is he a brilliant player, but he has everything a successful captain should have. He is above all else a clean player.