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THE EXPONENT

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The Angel of the Shepherds—Frontispiece.
A Christmas Idyl.
Christmas Morning.

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The Angel of the Shepherds

"And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shown round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them; 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 Savior who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." St. Luke ii, 8-20.

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No. 10

A Winter Idyl

The snow is deep,
The little sheep
Stand shivering in the cold;
And watching them
In Bethlehem
The guardians of the fold.

An Angel sings Of heavenly things, Of glory and of peace: "A Child is born This very morn, Whose reign shall never cease."	To dwell, to teach, To suffer, preach, To die for very love, And show to men How to regain The paths that leads above.

The Child it lay On wisp of hay, A manger is His throne: A God hath come From blissful home To dwell among His own.	Beneath His arm The sheep are warm, Safe from the sleet and cold: The Lord hath lent, In mercy sent A Shepherd to His Fold!

—G. M.

A Modern Santa Claus

R. J. RUXTON, '17

“WELL, I'll be hanged, if it isn't Billy Mullen. Merry Christmas, Billy. Glad to see you, old scout. Say but you're looking fine and dandy. What in the world have you been doing with yourself?” Jack Harrington beamed down upon Billy and worked his arm like a pump handle.

“Merry Christmas, Jack. Why don't you give a fellow a chance to say something?” Billy ruefully bantered.

“Gad! but I'm glad to see you. Come! have a smoke. Business is a little dull right now, despite the Christmas season,” and Jack led Billy, otherwise known as Tubs, to the rear of Harrington's Sporting Shop.

Once safely seated behind the curtains, Billy threw off whatever gentlemanly dignity he had carried and did a one-step in sheer happiness.

“Cut that out, you rube,” Jack laughingly remonstrated. “You'll scare away my customers, and I need all I can get now.”

“Well, what the Sam Hill is the matter, anyway? You talk as if you were holding a funeral obsequies over the remains of these yere goods,” Billy jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the well-stocked store.

“Too much competition, Billy. Remember last year, I was in business with Joe Howells? Well, we had a falling out. He wanted to run only Ackerman's sporting goods, whereas I wanted to stick to Ballman's & Co. They are old standbys and you can depend on their goods. Well, we had a squabble and the partnership dissolved.” Jack flicked the ashes from his Little Pref and continued. “He got very favorable terms from Ackerman's and started a store right across the street. See it?” And Jack pointed to the store across the way where a crowd of people were gaping into the window. “He's selling things ridiculously cheap. Must be rock-bottom prices. He must have gotten very, very favorable terms from Ackerman's. Their goods are not so good as Ballman's & Co. He has me nearly driven to the wall. However, as long as I've a cent left, I'm going to stick

it out." Jack savagely bit his cigar and banged his fist upon the table.

Just then an elderly lady came in. Very neatly attired, she carried an air of refinement about her. She asked to see some boys' sweaters and skates, explaining that she had a nephew, thirteen years old, for whom these were intended. She handed Jack a slip on which the measurements were written. Jack showed her the best he had. When he named the price, she laid down the ten dollars, and with a Christmas greeting she left the store.

"Wish I had customers like that every hour," Jack said as he came back. "I should have to worry then! But say, Bill, I want you to do me a favor. The kiddies at home are asking me about Santa Claus. They expect him to show himself this year. Robert is eight, Marjorie five and Donald about four. They've been pester- ing the life out of me. Won't you play Santa Claus for them?"

"Sure stuff! By hickory I will. That'll be some fun," and Billy chuckled as he viewed himself dolled up as Santa. "Where will I get the suit, Jack?"

"Oh that's easy enough. May Company will loan you a suit. You can go down there now and get one. You don't need a false- face, Billy. A little red on your cheeks and nose, some white powder in your hair and a white beard and you'll be a copyright duplicate of old Santa himself," Jack laughed, as he imagined Billy in this disguise.

"By gosh, Jack, that'll be some fun. I'll go down there right now and get that suit. You get your bag of toys ready. I'll be back here this afternoon. I'm going to see a few of my friends, now. So long, Jack."

Billy nimbly walked down the street, his merry eyes twinkling, as he thought of his evening frolic. He went about his day's calls and a few hours later he called at Jack's store. Under his arm was a large bundle.

"Say, Jack, where's that bag with the presents?" was his greeting.

"Here, Bill. Now don't forget, 1225 West 57th Street. Be around about eleven or eleven-thirty. We will be waiting for you. So long, Bill. Merry Christmas, Santa Claus," Jack sang out as Billy left the store, burdened with his bag and bundle.

"Merry Christmas, Jack. Just keep on plugging old boy, busi- ness will pick up," he answered cheerfully as he closed the door.

Billy had difficulty in steering his auto through the vast throng of Christmas shoppers. Superior Avenue was crowded. The last

chance for getting the necessities for Christmas was drawing to a close. At the corners immense stacks of Christmas trees were being sold. The store windows glittered and flashed with tinsel and ornaments. The bright red berries glistened on the green holly boughs. The snow, falling in gentle persistency, covered all with a feathery cloak. Christmas was in the air, in the people, everywhere.

"God bless Christmas!" Billy mused as he watched the gay throng. The snow continued falling, so that by night time the streets were almost impassable for all wheeled vehicles.

It was about ten-thirty when Billy came down the steps, carrying a bag and his overcoat. He hurried out to the garage.

"Jumping jiggers! but it's cold. Wow! I'll have to hurry and get there soon or I'll freeze," Billy soliloquized, as he fumbled at the lock.

Finally he got started but found the driving very hard. The rattler began to act funny.

"I guess the old thing has a cold in her insides," Billy joked, for he was feeling fine. "Some Santa! believe me," he chuckled, as he drove his machine through a drift, spraying the snow on all sides. "Gosh! what's that?" A bang, a sickly wheeze and the car came to a stop. Billy jumped out. He flashed his light beneath the hood, tapped the engine, coaxed it, tinkered at the blame thing and then gave up.

"I'll see what part of the city this is," he muttered, as he walked to the pavement and then up to a house. He flared his flashlight at the number above the door. Twelve-twenty-nine. "What good is that going to do me?" Billy growled as he strode down to the street-corner to see what street it was. "For the love of Mike," he ejaculated, "why it's Fifty-seventh Street. I'm there all ready. Well, I should worry. Now let's find twelve-twenty-five and I'll be the one Santa in this here burg, what's got the real goods."

He soon found the house.

"Looks kind-a dark, but I guess the kiddies are asleep and Jack and Marie are in the sitting room, trimming the tree and waiting for me. Well, here goes for Christmas and old Santa."

He rang the bell. An ominous silence followed. A slow foot-step was heard. A twinkling light shot up. The door grated harshly on its unoiled hinges.

"Merry Christmas, old boy. How's everything. Are you ready?" Billy whispered as he edged into the hallway.

"Sir, how dare you? muttered a rasping voice, as an electric was switched on.

"Well, I'll be hanged. I guess I'm in the wrong house. I'm playing Santa Claus and got the chimneys mixed. Anyhow, a Merry Christmas to you, sir. I beg your pardon for my intrusion."

The man stared at Billy in his suit.

Billy noticed something. On the lapel of the man's coat was a lodge emblem. Now Billy happened to belong to the same fraternal order. He thought of his broken machine and that he was on East 57th Street and not on West 57th as he had thought, for he had not yet crossed the viaduct which cuts the city into two sides, the East Side and the West Side.

"I say, comrade, I'm in a fix. I've got to get to West 57th Street mighty quick. You have an auto, for I saw the garage when I came up to the house. Could you allow me to use it? Mine is on the blink; it's out there."

"Well—" and the strange man hesitated.

Billy quickly came to the rescue by giving the high sign of the lodge and order. The stranger brightened.

"Why yes, comrade. Just a minute till I get my overcoat." The owner of the house ran up the stairs. In a short while he came back. Both went out to the garage and soon were on their way to West 57th Street.

They fell to talking. Billy told him who he was, that he had just returned to the city after a four years' absence. The engine throbbed and juggled. They passed the Public Square and then over the viaduct.

"Christmas is a mighty fine time of the year. Makes you feel so happy and friendly," mused the man.

"Yep, it's just one good time, when a fellow feels like letting the past bury its dead, and wishing every one a Merry Christmas. That's the way I feel about it," Billy answered as he kept his eyes looking at the street-corners to see what street it was. "Here is 57th Street; turn down on your right. This is the ten hundred block. Two blocks down is the place to which I want to go."

The machine stopped. Out jumped Billy. He searched for 1225.

"Here it is. Bring your machine up to here. Seems they're waiting for me. They've got a light burning."

The stranger lifted out the bag and trudged up to the front door. The snow had stopped falling, and the moon sailing in a sea of clear crystalline light beamed down upon the snowy city. The house

looked big and homelike as if it were glad to shelter the happy family within.

"Wow! but it's cold," chattered Billy as the wind nipped his red nose and pulled away at his fake beard.

Billy rang the bell. Soon some one came along the hallway. The door opened.

"Merry Christmas, Marie."

"Oh, Billy, if you are not the best one I ever knew. Merry Christmas, Santa Claus," she laughingly greeted.

"Merry Christmas, sir," she added as she noticed Billy's friend.

"Merry Christmas, ma'm. I brought your friend over in my machine. He came to my house first. I live at twelve-twenty-five East 57th Street. His machine broke down, so I brought him over," the stranger bowed slightly.

"I certainly thank you, for what you have done. We all are expecting Santa and I had an awful time getting the children to bed. I hope that the bell did not wake them. Come along to the sitting room where we have the tree. Jack just went to the store around the corner to get some tinsel. Here Billy, let me take your overcoat, and you also, dear sir. My! but if you are not a dear Santa ready for work." She bubbled over with joy. She led the way to the sitting room.

There in the center stood a large tree, its branches redolent with the perfume of the northern woods. It glistened and sparkled with the innumerable ornaments and tinsel. Over at the grate three stockings hung. Branches of holly brightened the walls.

Billy had just set down his pack, when a surprised voice startled him.

"Oo-oo-oo, sh—, I see Santa Claus."

The stranger ducked behind the tree. Mrs. Harrington hid herself in the folds of the portiers.

Down the steps they came, Donald first.

"Is you Santa Claus?" lisped Marjorie, as she came blinking down the stairs.

"Oh, goody, goody. He's come at last," shouted Robert.

Billy was taken a little aback. He quickly recovered and began to play the role of Santa.

"Yes, I'm Santa Claus, I come from the North Pole. Here are your presents. Robert here is your air rifle; Donald here's a train for you; Marjorie here is your dollie, the one with blue eyes that you

wanted. And here is a whole lot more, my little children," and Billy placed all the presents beneath the tree.

The children danced and clapped their hands. They each hugged and kissed the dear old Santa Claus, who had brought them so many presents. The mother smiled upon her children as she emerged from the folds of the curtain. The stranger smiled a warm smile of joy, while tears glistened in his eyes as he saw the innocent wonderment and guilelessness of the children.

"Now, children!" and Billy drew the attention of the children to the stranger, hidden behind the tree. "That's my worker and helper. He makes my toys. He made your toys when I told him what good children you were."

All three rushed to him.

"Thank you, Santa and Mr. Helper, we're very much obliged," Donald lisped as he climbed up the stranger's knee.

"Now we will sing you a song," Robert admonished as he pulled Marjorie away from the tree and began to sing.

"Christmas bells are sweetly ringing, joy to the happy sons of men.
Angel voices sweetly singing, Praise to the Lord, Our Savior.
Merry, merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas!
Joy and pleasure, without measure,
Merry, merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas!
Hail the happy day."

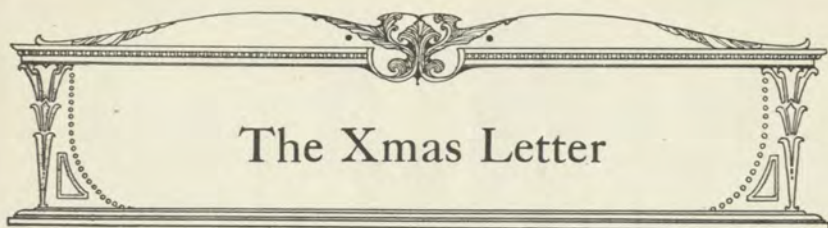
In the midst of the song, Jack had entered. He stared. He rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? He stepped to look once more.

"Joe Howells, is it you?" and he turned to his former partner, who was rocking his Donald on his knee.

The man started. In a twinkling he understood. He had entered the house of Jack Harrington. The tears of joy were still in his eyes.

"Yes, Jack; it's myself. Merry Christmas, Jack. My contract with Ackerman's runs out at the end of this year. We'll be once more, Harrington & Howells."





The Xmas Letter

EDWARD LECHLEITNER, '17

CHRISTMAS Eve in Monotown was full of a pleasant stir. There were cartloads of potatoes and apples and fish and onions arranged along the street, tables on which were displayed fresh and salt meats, baskets of butter and eggs and fowl, all surrounded by shuffling, good-humored buyers. At three o'clock when the Mulch mail was due, and the fact was made plain by the blast of a horn out on the mountain road, nearly everybody on the street made for the postoffice and waited around the door with faces of more or less anxious expectancy.

Mrs. Lee, the postmistress, was quick at sorting the letters, and when the two postboys' bags were duly filled there was no time lost in dealing out the letters to the people who were in the habit of calling for them in person.

On the outskirts of the crowd among the late-comers that Christmas Eve stood Nora Kiely and her daughter, Mary. Nora, blind and intent on nothing but the hope of getting a long-expected letter from her boy, Johnny, who had "gone sojering" eleven years ago and had never been heard from since, paid no attention to the greeting of Rose Ellen Doyle, the fish woman, with her "Happy Christmas!" Mary was less absorbed.

"The same to you, Rose Ellen," she said. "We're waiting," she added with a kind of rueful smile, "for Johnny's letter."

"Oh, dear, help us! Isn't it out of the poor mother's head yet?" said Rose Ellen pityingly, as the two of them stepped away, out of hearing.

"It never will be, I'm thinking. Oh, an' would that be any wonder? Her fine boy—"

"Fine boy!" repeated Rose Ellen indignantly. "What was fine or good or gracious about him. A rogue of a fellow that was his mother's sole dependence, and he to run away an' leave her an' you on the waves o' the world. Yes! how fine he was! And there ye are,

to gratify the poor old woman's wish, dragging in from Waldo every Christmas Eve like this an' never a letter from the villain."

"'Tis wearing her to a shadow," sighed the daughter, "an' every year she takes it harder an' harder. She has nothing only heartbreak for 'tis always in her mind. But whisper, Rose Ellen," she said, moving closer to the fish-woman and lowering her voice still more, "I thought of a little plan. There'll be no letter, as usual—"

"Indeed there won't," said Rose Ellen with conviction.

"So what did I do last night but write one as if it came from Johnny—"

"Well, then, that wasn't a bad thought," cried Rose Ellen, well pleased. "'Twill comfort the creature and take the strain off her mind."

"It will, and there is nothing else to do it that I can think of. I'll go in to the post-office and leave mother here with you, an' I'll walk out with the letter in my hand."

"Very well. I'll keep talking to her, an' you won't be long."

"But listen again, Rose Ellen. Johnny used to be promising her a shawl long ago before he left, and she has that in her mind still—a shepherd's plaid shawl with a black border. Well, I want her to have a real happy Christmas this time, so I'm going to get a post-office order for ten shillings out of the two pounds I made at the harvest this summer, an' slip it into the letter—Johnny's present for the shawl—"

"A whole ten shillings for an article that she don't want? Sure 'twas only last winter you knit that fine warm shawl for her—"

"Ah, but it wasn't Johnny's shepherd's plaid! There's a difference, Rose Ellen, don't you see?"

"I see that by every sign and token there's a hard winter before us, an' you without a bit of turf or coal, an' with only that thin screed of an old jacket that one could shoot straws through. Girl, dear, have sense!"

"Say no more, Rose Ellen," said Mary, "but stay with Mother while I'm in the post-office."

She made her way through the lessening throng and stood at the counter until Mrs. Lee was free to attend her. When her turn came, the busy woman handed her a letter with a pleasant "At last, Mary! A Happy Christmas!"

Strangely enough, no joy mingled with Mary's surprise at the arrival of the long-expected missive. Instead of any eagerness to

open it, she felt an unaccountable sickness of soul, and a reluctance to read what Johnny wrote after his eleven years' "sojering."

She asked Mrs. Lee for the postal note, and while the good woman was attending to her she found courage to break the seal of her brother's letter. It was dated from Johannesburg three weeks earlier.

"Dear Mary:" it ran:

"I am writing these few lines in the hope of finding you and my Mother in good health as this leaves me at present. But I am in great trouble and there's no one in the world I can go to for extrication out of it but you and Mother. Drink was the cause of the destruction that is before me. And destruction it will be if your help fails. I can't tell you the whole story here for 'tis a long one, and the mail is on the point of leaving. And to think that all this ruin and disgrace must be mine if I haven't a mere thirty shillings to face my accusers with on the 17th of January next. Mary, I ask you in the name of all that's dear to you to send me this small sum in time for the day I mention."

The signature and latter part of the letter had a shattered look that added force to the wretched words.

She took the little old leather purse into which she had mechanically put the postal order that the post-mistress handed to her a minute ago, and took out the sovereign and a half that remained of her hard-won harvest earnings. There would have to be two orders for the thirty shillings but she had some pennies to pay for them and for a stamped envelope. There was no time to write any message with the orders for the outgoing mail car was waiting, and so addressing the envelope and closing it carefully over its precious enclosure, she left it with the post-mistress and went out to join her mother and friend.

She was shaking with nervousness and when she attempted to answer her Mother's excited inquiries and complaints at her delay, that her voice was so tremulous and unsteady, and she found it difficult to read the "Letter."

"'Twas such a surprise, Mother," she said, "an' I looked over it and the good news was so good, that it shook me a bit."

"Dear Mother," she read:

"I hope and trust you will listen to my sorrow for not having since I left, sent one word of the love that is always and ever in my heart for you. Although I never wrote I was never without thinking of you and remembering every good advice I ever got from you and always saying to myself: 'I'll be telling everything and explaining all to the best of Mothers when God will give me my happy freedom, and she will understand that it wasn't love that was wanting in me.' Dear Mother, I always wanted you to have a handsome shawl and I am now sending the price of it. Get a good one and with love to Mary,

"Your fond son,

"JOHNNY."

The old woman was speechless with joy. Tears ran down her face and she kissed again and again the letter which she took from Mary's hand.

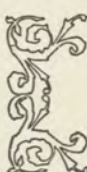
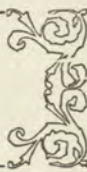
"Oh, God bless him! God forgive him and forever bless him, my heart's child! To be thinking of me always like that, his poor Mother. Ah! Rose Ellen Doyle, is there anything in the world like a loving son? Just see, with one noble dash to send the price of an undoubted splendid shawl. The sons, Rose Ellen, they're worth everything. There's no comparison at all with the daughters!"

Rose Ellen was going to say something, but Mary made a secret imploring sign to her for she knew that the fisher-woman's words, well meaning as they always were, had sometimes a startling plainness in them.

"Ten shillings, though," Rose Ellen persisted in saying, "is an awful lot to spend on what isn't actually needful. There's Mary, now, and if she had some kind of a warm garment—"

"Is it to spend the poor boy's money on anything but what was in his heart for eleven long years?" cried the Mother indignantly. "Indeed, then, Rose Ellen, 'tis easily known you never had a boy on your floor. Come down with us to O'Hearn's an' help me to choose a real good shepherd's plaid."

"Yes, come, Rose Ellen," said Mary.



Xmas Happiness

JOHN OBERLANDER, '16

WHAT day in the year, what occasion, what festivity is anticipated more than Christmas Day? What day brings more joy into the world than Christmas? The word itself is an inspiration to us. Nay, it is a day of mirth and tranquility which no other day or occasion can surpass. Heaven and earth are full of glory and happiness. This earth is a world of music on that feast day. Men of the world with the Angels in Heaven sing with loud acclaim, "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." Christmas is a day on which we can read happiness in all beings and things. From the chimes of the church bells, the jingling of the sleigh bells, the merry laughter

of children, the pleasant smiles of youth, the satisfied looks of the aged, to the solemn services of the church we can learn the lesson of happiness on Christmas Day.

Wherefore all this joy? Whence all this happiness? Many do not understand, and yet, they enjoy the fruits of this day. Why? Just because Christ the Savior was born,—the God of peace, of consolation and redemption. He came to make us happy; He came to confirm the laws of His heavenly father; He came to show us the means for gaining eternal happiness. The process is simple, the rule is easy to observe. It is, "Love thy neighbor as thyself, and above all, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." No man can have a higher ideal in view than the observance of these laws. He who abides by them will abide by the Will of God and such a man can look forward to the promised reward. Such is the purpose, origin and cause of Christmas.

Christmas Day is a day of happiness. All of us seek it. Those of us who can ought to impart it to those who are unable to find it. We were made happy in a general way through the birth of Christ. We should, therefore, bring happiness to those in particular who need it. Often times the homes of certain people lack the happiness of home life. They lack the innocent laughter of children, and yet, they do not look for something that will bring this family joy. Many an orphanage today is crowded to its capacity with buxom little boys and girls. No one volunteers to adopt them. Our society people would rather breed poodles and bull pups than fill their homes with the happiness that it lacks. Such people ought to relieve the orphanages. They would not be doing more than making themselves very happy. And, for the child—what greater gift, what greater joy could be given to the little orphans? There is nothing more pleasing to a child than the motherly love and fatherly care. We would have but few divorces and many happy homes; we would have a better government and more happy children. The people, performing such acts as this, would be acting Christ-like.

There are many other roads to choose. If we are unable to perform such works as are mentioned, there are other ways to be making Christmas a real one for ourselves. Charity branches off into many paths which we can follow. The field is big and there is plenty of room for its pursuit. Our cities are crowded with helpless people. Full many a home is poverty-stricken and the fathers and mothers will be weeping on Christmas Day, perhaps because they lack supplies or because they cannot bring Christmas happiness to their lit-



A Christmas Idyl

Sleep, O Infant-God, sleep!
And rest thy little head
Upon thy virgin-mother's breast
While cherubs sing a cradle-song.
Soon thy mother will weep—
When on the rude cross-bed
Thy tortured limb will find us rest
In suff'ring for man's sinful wrong.
Sleep, O Infant-God, sleep!

—J. T.



Christmas Morning

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

tle ones. Our Charity Ball Associations cannot meet the demands of these people, because balls are more of a show than help. It is up to those that can, to help those that are unable to help themselves. There is sufficient room for practicing works of charity. We would be performing duties that we should perform; we would abide in the spirit of Christ. We cannot gain a better gift than the prayer of some impoverished soul that we have helped, or rather, that we made happy.

Throughout the year, it often occurs that people quarrel with one another,—sometimes they are friends, other times relatives and again, closer kin. These troubles arise over trifling affairs. Many times the best of friends sever their intimacy and continue living in enmity throughout the year. Nearly two thousand years ago the Prince of Peace offered Himself for us, that we might become friends of God. To be friends of God we cannot be enemies of our neighbor, for, said He, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christmas day, then, is the best day for renewing our friendship or our love. It is the best occasion for bringing happiness into a disunited home, because Xmas day is a day of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

Christmas Day is, then, the opportune and acceptable time for the performance of good works, for the avoidance of evil, for bringing about peace, for making the world a paradise for the living. How many people will we make happy on the coming Christmas Day?

The Christmas Spirit

J. W. EVANS, '16

WE are again approaching the greatest of all days, the coming of which keeps the whole world in joyous expectation, and its passing leaves memories so pleasant that they are rarely forgotten. This season of love and good cheer influences the whole world, permeates through every nation, every clan and class of God's creation. This season of peace and good will satiates the mind of every individual, regardless of nationality, vocation or condition in life. This season alone, of the various seasons of the year, ignores all worldly barriers and as Irving says, "It makes the whole world akin." This is naturally so, for the Son of God, whose nativity we now celebrate, came into this

world for the salvation of each and every individual, and it is but natural that the influence of this feast be felt by all. It is an annual reminder of one's duties to his God, to his fellowman and to himself.

This holy season is celebrated in as many different ways as there are classes of people, each in the spirit characteristic of its moral standing. For some it is a season of prayer, for others a season of giving and forgiving, for others it is a season of joy and good cheer. For all it should be a season of peace and good will, and it will be such only to him who celebrates it in the true Christian sense, for Christmas is primarily a religious feast, and all the various joys follow according to the natural law.

Christmas is essentially a time of prayer and adoration. Each year, in order to behold with bodily eyes and comprehend the significance of this great feast, we, like St. Francis, come to the Crib and in child-like love and earnestness pour forth our love and adore the Infant Jesus. We try to realize our insignificance in contemplating the humble conditions which accompanied the birth of our Savior.

Prayer betokens love, and Christmas is the annual celebration of God's message of love to man. It was the love of God for mankind that prompted Him to send His Divine Son to earth to bring about the salvation of all. It naturally follows that Christmas is a season of love, one towards another. For this love, social barriers and class distinctions are ignored and all become one in Christ.

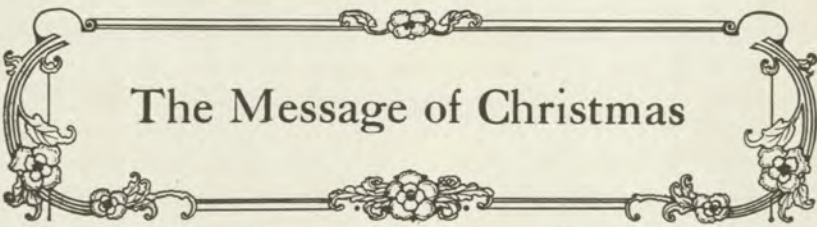
The spirit of gift-giving naturally follows love. On the first Christmas day God gave His greatest gift to man, His only Son. For His sake the rich give plentifully to the poor in commemoration of the Nativity of the King of kings, and the humble conditions which accompanied it. And the poor receive with the same spirit of love and thanksgiving as the Shepherds received their God on that memorable Christmas morn. On that day, shepherds knelt side by side adoring the new-born King. Now rich and poor moved by the same spirit of faith and love, worship the Infant Jesus on Christmas morning. So now we keep up this spirit of gift giving, actuated of course by the same principles of love and good will towards our fellowmen.

Unless this spirit of giving, however, is encouraged by true Christian principles, namely, charity and love, we cannot expect to experience the joy and happiness which the act of giving should bring. What is more edifying than the exchange of presents between two persons related by bonds of love? But still more worthy is the act of giving when done for charity. How much joy and con-

solation there is in the thought of having helped a fellow-being, by making his burden lighter and bringing happiness and comfort into his life. In our spirit of charity and Christmas giving, it is well, therefore, to give for the sake of helping others, and to give to those who are most in need, and who will most appreciate it. By this spirit of giving we fulfill the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Again, Christmas brings the spirit of forgiving. Hard-hearted, indeed, is the man who understanding the significance of this feast, passes it by and remains at enmity with his fellowman. He lives in direct opposition to the spirit of love and in open defiance to his God Who during His whole life preached love of our enemies, and whose dying breath was a prayer for His tormentors. Even now we behold over half the world in deadly conflict, and the holy season of Christmas approaching. Yet we must remember that this unnatural condition exists not because of the message of Christmas, but in spite of it.

While the frivolous and worldly see only the material and ostentatious phase of Christmas, and never a thought of the spiritual side, let us not, as practical Catholics, forget the object of Christ becoming man. With a humble, pious and thoughtful heart, let us approach this season of Christmas with a smile of love for all, with the spirit of charity for the poor, and thus we will better prepare ourselves for the reception of that annual message of God to man: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."



The Message of Christmas

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17

I HAVE heard a wonderful message. It thrills and stirs me to write my happiest thoughts. I have grasped a portion of its wondrous charm as it hastened on a world-wide mission to men. Now, it has entered the realm of echoes to roll from soul to soul. There, it will grow forever and forever. Sorrows and repinings will flee from the warmth of this message. Sinners will weep and repent; saints will pray; rushing humanity will stop to re-

joice and sing praises to God. We wonder "whence comes these tidings of joy and of good things?" Hark! a tiny voice bids welcome to our thoughts! We draw near, and lo! it is the humble Babe of Bethlehem.

The message we hear carries us back to a weak Babe in the manger. It is an old, old story, but yet so sweet. We tell it every day. We love to dwell in thoughts of the first Christmas morn. The Creator of the world lay as an infant on a bed of straw. It was, indeed, a celestial court of humble surroundings. Joseph and Mary gazed at the Savior Child and wept with joy. The patient ox and the despised ass stood where the kings of the world did not deserve to be. The world was buried in slumber; it was deaf to the call of the Word of God; it did not hear the whirl of angels' wings nor hearken to their joyous tidings. The shepherds of the hills heard all. A bright light exposed these humble men of the fields in great fear. But they heard the same message that you and I hear today. The same thoughts entered their uncultured minds as the angels sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!" It was the first message of Christmas.

Centuries have passed since that first message of peace to men of good will. Angels have carried the tidings of life's Redeemer to the hearts of all men. Emperors have schemed to wash it away with the blood of martyrs. Human lives were sacrificed on the altars of pagan gods. But all in vain, for the message was already implanted in the souls of men. Rugged men had carried it to barbarious tribes and nations. The Celts, Visigoths, Britons, Angles, Lombards and the Franks responded to the message of Christmas. Kingdoms were founded; laws and constitutions were written. Emperors and kings knelt down to receive the message of love and justice. Christopher Columbus devotedly carried it to the Indians of America. European civilization nourished and guarded the precious message throughout the forests of colonial days. The old Liberty Bell rang the tidings of freedom throughout our republic. Today, we point with pride at a constitution that allows freedom of worship. All these things have happened since the hills of Judea echoed with the joyous tidings of the angels. We are happy, today, because men have heard that message. We commemorate, we sing praises, as the message of Christmas leads us to the Crib of Bethlehem.

Have the monarchs of Europe spurned this message of peace? Has Christianity failed? These objections enter your mind and tear asunder the happy meditations of Christmas joy. "Glory to God in

the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!" Oh! why do they ignore the sweetest story ever told? Will they not listen to the sobs of the saddest of Mothers, or to the constant pleadings of the Prince of Peace? Why are men cutting each other's throats and shooting at each other's hearts? Do not blame the soldiers. Each one would willingly die for his country and a cause that seems just to him. What patriotism is warmer than that? Who, then, is to blame for this mighty mockery of the message from the Christ Child? Even though I do heap the graver guilt upon a greedy Lion, I dare not mention her race. My sense of justice rebukes me.

Alas, this deathly struggle for earthly honor and selfish power is destroying the noblest part of creation. The very thought of it clouds our dreams of the message of Christmas. How different was it, then, when the humble shepherds knelt before the crib of their Savior! I would that angels could sing hosannas and drown out the clash and cry of battle—just so the message of Christmas might cheer the little hearts of war-stricken Europe. Truly, there is no joy, no laughter so pure and fervent as the child's prayer for Christmas tidings. You and I have outgrown those days, but we see it in our homes and on the streets. Watch the child and long for the message of Christmas as fervent.

I was distracted a moment ago. I thought of the modern homes where the smile and the chattering of a child is unknown and despised. I recalled the many silent mansions of luxury and the palatial flat-dwellings where children are forbidden to dwell. I pictured the silent halls and vacant nurseries of those abodes of modern society, where the man and wife seldom greet each other. I wondered if the just and true message of Christmas would be heard in glittering drawing-rooms where society whirls and forgets. Is it not rather a mere social event to them, a stunning feature for Christmas week? It is true, the wishing mistletoe adorns the chandeliers; the shrubby cedar and graceful palms mutely look on; costly gifts are carelessly strewn here and there. Everything points to material splendor and to formal happiness. I wondered if the message of Christmas was heard and welcomed there.

My thoughts suddenly rebelled, and I drew, in my vision, a picture of purer and more lasting colors. Yes, the message of Christmas was there, abounding in the hearts of a happy family. I imagined that I could see it expressed on happy countenances. It is not difficult to find such a home. You need not enter the slums where poverty is king, although the Stable of Bethlehem was the home of

our Christ Child. The commonplace household of the God-fearing man gives the heartiest welcome to this wonderful message. There it thrives and radiates from heart to heart, carrying with it the same warmth and token of humility that glowed in the bosoms of the shepherds of Judea. Truly, the message of Christmas brings joy and humility to all who accept and cherish it. As the hills of Judea rang with the hosannas of angels, so let your hearts throb for the message of Christmas: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

Bud's Christmas

CARL J. RYAN, '16

BUD COHAGAN was a typical "Mick," red-haired, freckled face, generally smiling, and with a ready tongue. Three days before Christmas he sat at a table in one corner of the circulation room of the Times. Before him was a list of names, and going down the list he placed a number after each name. Unmindful of those around him he was saying to himself:

"There's old Judge Potter, he's good for a dime. And Mrs. O'Hara she'll gimme a nickel. "Old tight-wad Brown, one cent—if he don't stand me off. Mayor Johnson, gee! a quarter, sure. And Lawyer Jones, another two bits." And so on down the list.

It was "carriers' day," the day when all the newsies were given their papers free and allowed to keep whatever they made. Bud was just estimating what he would probably receive from each of his customers. He was much like the usual newsboy we read of, except that he didn't have a widowed mother and several smaller brothers and sisters to support. His father was always able to provide the necessities of life. But the little luxuries that were expected at such times as this had to be supplied out of the earnings of Bud.

Bud was the eldest of three children. He had a sister, five years old, and a brother, seven. They were looking forward to Christmas with eager anticipation. He was no less anxious than they, and planned to buy all manner of toys, candies, nuts, and whatever the Christmas season demanded. He had already made a tour of the

stores and shop windows and marked down just what he was going to buy and where he was going to buy it.

When the papers were distributed, Bud was one of the first in line and was soon making the rounds of his customers. A slight snow was falling and the air was crisp but not uncomfortable. As he was going down the street Bud saw a crowd of four or five urchins gathered near a building. He approached near and saw little Eddie, a diminutive newsboy, backed against the wall holding his papers tightly against his breast. The biggest one of the crowd, about Bud-die's size, stood face to face with him. Bud caught a glimpse of Eddie's face, and from the harrassed countenance saw that the little fellow was in trouble. As Bud drew nearer, Eddie saw him. "Hey, Bud, these guys wanna take my papers away."

Bud sized up the biggest one of the crowd scornfully.

"Well, whatcha gonna do about it," the other fellow asked Bud.

"Gwan away and leave him alone—or I'll cave in a couple of your slats," commanded Bud.

"Aw gwan. Me and me gang'll clean up on youse," came the reply.

"Ye will, will ye?" flared back Bud. "Say Ed, watch them papers."

Bud dropped his papers and started after the fellow. The leader's expected help failed to materialize, and whatever intention the rest had of helping in the fight were dispersed when they saw how Bud landed rights and lefts with stinging accuracy.

"Hey, Bud, a guy's stealing your papers."

Bud was so busy he failed to heed the warning. But Eddie's incessant calls attracted his attention. Looking around, he saw the smallest member of the gang just scampering around the corner with a bundle of papers. He looked for his papers and they were gone. Without a further thought of the fight or the rest of the gang, he started across the street in pursuit of the youthful pilferer. He had hardly left the curb when he was startled by the shrill blast of an auto horn. Looking sideways he saw a machine rapidly bearing him down. Bud stopped and turned sharply. In trying to avoid him, the driver turned the machine towards the middle of the street, but the wheel skidded on the slippery pavement and the rear wheel and mud guard struck Bud a hard blow. He was thrown to the street unconscious.

When Bud awoke he found himself in his own home, surrounded by the family and the doctor. He was somewhat bewildered for a

time, but soon wanted to know what all this meant. The doctor assured him that he was not badly hurt, but that his knee would be stiff for some time to come. This meant that he would have to give up his paper route—a real calamity. Throughout the next day, his little brother and sister kept asking him numberless questions about Christmas, and whether Santa would come or not. Each time he assured them that Santa would not forget them, but he felt guilty of a cruel deception. At times he drew his head under the covers and cried bitterly when he thought of the cruel disappointment their little hearts would soon experience. During the day, little Eddie and some other newsboys came to see him and cheer him up. But these bright moments were soon dispelled when he chanced to overhear the little ones planning for Christmas.

The day before Christmas was a sorrowful one for Bud, and towards evening with a wearied brain he fell asleep. But shouts of glee and laughter soon awoke him. He sat up in bed rubbing his eyes, when the door burst open and his little sister came rushing in.

"Oh, Bud, look what Santa Claus brought me,—a doll and a baby cab and—and, oh the candies and nuts."

"Gee, Bud, look what I got," cried his little brother dashing through the open door,—“a sled and a football and a drum. You just oughta see what you got,—a great big sweater. Golly, it's a peach."

Bud was so overjoyed that he could scarcely realize what it all meant, nor could his father give him any information, where it came from. Later in the evening little Eddie came in, and from his beaming countenance Bud could tell that he knew something about the affair.

"Say, Eddie, what does all this mean? Where did it come from? Come on and tell. You know all about it."

"Why, sure I do," replied Eddie. "It came from the bunch. When they heard how it happened, Mac gave us each twenty papers to sell for you, and golly, we got over ten dollars together."

"Oh, say Ed, do you think anybody'll get my customers when I'm sick?" asked Bud anxiously.

"Get nothing. Skinny Martin's gonna take half your route, and I'm gonna take the other half till you get well. And gee, Bud, the bunch is comin' up to see you tonight, and believe me they aint a-comin' with empty hands."

"Golly, Eddie, this is some Christmas, and I sure didn't expect it either."

Christmas in Europe

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16

WE, in these United States, blessed by the Almighty with internal peace and prosperity, are looking forward to the season of Christmas with the same eagerness as of yore. Those at home and those away are waiting in anxious anticipation for the joyous home-coming of the holidays, when father and mother, brothers and sisters will enjoy once more the happiness of a reunited family. The people of this country are enjoying, as it were, perfect happiness compared to the hell which is now raging in Europe. What, we may ask, will be the Christmas joy of the unfortunate inhabitants of the nations now at war? What of the joyous home-comings that were wont to take place in the fair countries across the Atlantic? Will fathers and mothers and children meet in good cheer around the Christmas festive board? Because of the condition of Europe at this time we can easily infer that this will not be the case.

In our present prosperity we are very prone to admit to our minds only thoughts of our own happiness, but perhaps in reviewing the prospects of the Christmas joy of our very unfortunate fellow-men, the people of Europe, we may appreciate so much the more our own blessings and thus give heartier thanks to the Giver of gifts for His infinite goodness toward us.

While we will see Christmas in the same light as in former years, what message of peace and good will shall the birthday of the Prince of Peace bring to minds burning with hatred and envy? What meaning will the words of the angel have for men gone mad with the sight of blood? What symbol will the example of brotherly love, shown by Christ's entrance into the world, have for beings whose all-present motive is the desire to kill their enemies? What, we finally ask, will be the Christmas joy of the poor wretches in the trenches? None at all, and indeed if there could be such a thing as Christmas sorrow, it will certainly be the lot of these unfortunate men. Instead of the almost heavenly happiness of Christmas, these soldiers of the trenches will have hell—hell in all its frenzied maddened horrors. Instead of the joyous hopes arising from the contemplation of this feast day, these soldiers, converted into demons by the lust for blood,

will vent curses of despair as a death-dealing bullet causes their life blood to flow slowly but surely from a mortal wound. This, this will take place on Christmas Day, the day blessed by the Incarnation of the Prince of Peace, when we in peace and happiness will be offering Him thanks for the benefits we are enjoying.

What of the joyous home-comings that were wont to take place around the Christmas festive board of the happy families of Europe? Will war-ridden Europe resound with its usual gaiety and cheerfulness on this occasion? Indeed, not. If some members of a family are together, their accustomed joy at this time will be turned to sorrow because the place of a father or a brother, or perhaps a mother or a sister, is left unfilled. Who of the number that survive at Christmas will not be weighed down with a feeling of utter lonesomeness because of the impossibility of coming together in joyful reunion? What a contrast will be presented on Christmas day between the happy united families of our country and the scattered families of Europe!

Our own joy cannot be complete with the absence of a near relative at Christmas time, and certainly an absent member of a family who will never return will lessen what little joy a family affected by the war will have. What of the millions who are entirely homeless because of the fate of war,—fathers separated from their families, brothers from sisters, and sweethearts from each other? Will Christmas hold out any good cheer to them? Very little, if any at all, for their sorrow will be borne with more difficulty because at this time of the year more thought is naturally given to loved ones who are absent.

If war was hell, as General Sherman characterized it some fifty years ago, then what must it be today when hundreds of new and more terrible death-dealing instruments have been invented and are now engaged in destroying the fairest men of Europe? If the Civil War was hell, what must be a war which includes almost the entire European world? If the sufferings of former wars are indescribable, we cannot estimate those of the present conflict where the thousands of past wars are counted by millions in this great world-war. And all this suffering will be increased by the thought of those former Christmas joys when Europe was at peace. Indeed, this day of days will have little of its former meaning for our fellowmen across the eastern sea. Europe's Christmas day will turly be a day of sorrow and despair. While we are enjoying the peacefulness of the occasion, war and its frightful consequences will be gripping Europe in its

jaws. While our thoughts are raised on high, the warriors of Europe will be bent on taking the lives of their enemies. Instead of the usual happy family reunions many faces will have disappeared forever; some will be in hospitals suffering untold agonies from the effects of battle; others as prisoners of war will be in foreign lands where the homelike celebration of Christmas cannot be enjoyed.

We who live in this country, removed as we are from the terrible scene of war, and not sharing in the untold suffering of Europe, are blessed indeed. This Christmas, as never before, ought we to thank the One whose birthday we will celebrate, for our present peace and prosperity. While the lion of war is accomplishing his fearful devastation in Europe, the dove of peace hovers quietly over our land. During the season of Christmas, especially, ought we to ask the Prince of Peace to grant us unending peace in these United States, and earnestly pray that the frightful carnage of Europe may soon come to an end.

Christmas in Childhood

L. V. MONTANUS, '17

CHRISTMAS with its joy and pomp appeals to each one of us. It has attraction for grown-ups, but it has more for children. Christmas for them is the sun of feasts, eclipsed by none, save, perhaps, by an exceptional birthday celebration. But what is so attractive to a child, only a child's heart can tell. We were all children, so after a moment's reflection, will you not agree with me that Christmas enthusiasm hinged on just two things, Santa Claus and the Babe of Bethlehem?

As children are naturally credulous, we eagerly accepted the mysterious existence of Santa Claus. We accepted it because that element of mystery suited us, for the things we liked best were those which we could not fathom, the things we could turn over and over in our minds and on which only Mother could throw any light. What she would tell us, then, about the big-hearted toymaker we would treasure more than the prettiest stone we ever found. We would review this treasure again and again, but especially around Christmas.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," so Santa Claus must be a very tall man, for he casts his shadow over a whole page of the

calendar. And his shadow is an invaluable instrument in the hands of judicious parents, since in his mysterious nocturnal excursions his eye is sharp and his memory bright. You can well remember how Mother succeeded in getting us to do a chore without grumbling, under the pretense that Santa was around taking down observations in his notebook. You can remember how diligently you studied your primers in the evenings preceeding Christmas, fearing the awful glance of St. Nick, the Peeper. And you have recollections of how you went off to bed with "Go right to sleep" ringing in your ears, and never moved an eyelash after being tucked in, lest the hoary accountant of good and bad deeds decrease your credit.

The last week or ten days before Christmas was a busy time and we were among the busy ones, because if that letter to Santa Claus wasn't put in the chimney, how could he know what we wanted? Mother and father knew, but if they wrote it (and Santa would surely discover it) he might think some grown-up was fooling him and wouldn't bring anything. What we could write was not fit for Santa Claus to see. So what were we to do? But Mother arranged it. She guided and steadied our hand as the pen scratched and spurted around those contrary curves in the letters. We couldn't say all we wanted to say to dear Santa, because he had so many other letters to read, so we simply told him how good we had been and how we'd like to have this and that and that and that, and "don't hurt yourself coming down our chimney 'cause it's awful little" and "everything'll be ready for you."

When we had made sure that the letter had been collected, we thought Christmas Eve would never come,—but it did. That was the night when our eyes nearly popped out of our heads from curiosity, and our hearts were nearly splitting with joy tempered by expectancy. We carefully fastened our stocking (not the first one we ever wore) on the mantlepiece and saw that the fire was out and everything arranged so as to be most convenient for the midnight visitor. But we didn't want to go to bed; we wanted "to see Santa Claus." But "why won't he come unless we go to bed?"

If that night was not as long as any week we ever spent, then I am a poor estimator of time. Our eyes would not stay closed; and our ears—every noise sounded like the jingling of sleigh bells. Out of bed and up to the window we were, only to be disappointed. When the good fairy did lead us up Slumber Hill we were continually slipping backwards, so that we had not far to tumble when Mother called, "Get up and see what Santa Claus left."

We did not allow ourselves to be hampered by conventionalities, but we bounced into the parlor in our "white clothes." And what a sight greeted us! Christmas tree ablaze with candles, garnished with strands and strands of snowy popcorn and ruby cranberries, and resplendent with numberless shining ornaments that reflected the light in a hundred directions! In its shadow was our bulging stocking. We were struck dumb for a moment after our first expression of surprise, and then with a gleeful shout we bounded to the mantelpiece to examine our gifts. It was too bad that washing and dressing couldn't be dispensed with even on Christmas, so we were forced to break away before our curiosity was satisfied. We would have been content that way all day if mother had not thought it proper for us to go to church early that morning.

We were never overjoyed at the thought of going to church, but on Christmas—and then, all of those sweet stories Mother had told us of the Infant Jesus, come back to us: how everybody refused to admit St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin; how Jesus was born in a stable on a wintry night and how His mother laid Him in the manger so the breath of the animals would keep Him warm; how the angels sang so sweetly, and then how the shepherds came to adore Him; of the Magi and the wonderful Christmas star.

In our own childish way we were impressed by them, and in our childish way we sympathized with our Savior. We felt so sorry that he did not have a warm soft bed like ours to lie in; we wished we had been there and we would not have been so unkind as those people, because we could imagine how uncomfortable it would be to lie outside on Christmas night. We wondered whether Santa Claus brought Him anything. He certainly was good enough, and surely Santa loved Him even if He was poor.

Thus our tender childish sympathies went out to our Savior, and thus should our own sympathies go out to Him. This is the true Christmas spirit according to Christ's own desire. And from children we can learn a valuable lesson of simple faith, unshaken confidence and tender compassion for our God made man. He says: "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Certainly we cannot and we are not expected to enjoy the Yuletide Santa Claus; but with pure lively and childlike Christmas spirit, these feasts will mean more to us; we will derive more pleasure from them and we will benefit temporally and eternally.

Xmas in Many Lands

WILLIAM SCHLEINITZ, '16

IT was the Yuletide season of the year. Along the brilliantly lighted streets of the big city the crowd hurried rapidly. Here and there they would gaze into the illuminated windows of the large stores upon the myriad of toys arranged in attractive array. From the sighs of some and the merriment of others, the true American Spirit of Xmas was in evidence. The question of buying valuable and suitable gifts preceded the love that would accompany them.

In the circles of the wealthy there would again be manifested the intense spirit of rivalry in outdoing neighbors in buying presents. Women would again buy unnecessary expensive gifts and expect such gifts, merely as a manner of routine and custom, in order not to incur enmity with relatives and friends. Sons and daughters would again be loaded down with useless gifts, in order to outdo the neighboring younger set. Well-meant and moderate presents would be overlooked in this gay galaxy of varied assortments.

In the homes of the middle classes the ridiculous comedy-drama would again be enacted. The spirit of the "Peace on earth to men of good will" would be probably overlooked and the day spent in thanking friends for their gifts. The sentiments of love, deep feeling and kinship which should prevail throughout the Yuletide season would again be forgotten.

Among the poor, the same contempt for luxurious extravagance would be manifested. Perhaps disappointment, alas, bitter disappointment would accompany their Christmas as they beheld the stockings of the neighboring children better filled.

The poor shop girl would again become the slave of the Christmas shoppers. Working until a late hour on Christmas Eve, she would slowly wend her way homeward through the scattering crowd of the night.

Such are the conditions and customs of the American Christmas. Let us ask the Americanized foreigner of the celebrations and ceremonies of his beloved country stretching beyond the sea. He will tell you the true spirit of the birth of Christ is the dominant feature of the day, giving of tokens a secondary affair.

Germany, the originator of most of our Christmas customs, will

again celebrate "Weinachtstag." The Christmas tree or "Tannenbaum," which was first set up by the Germans hundreds of years ago, will again be placed in the house as the one emblem of Christ's Nativity. Every house, rich or poor, will have a tree on this day. Christmas as before will be celebrated as a holy day. Simple presents will again mark the spirit of the "Weinachts Zeit." Churches will be the scenes of the activities in Germany. Catholics will celebrate their high mass early in the morning with impressive ceremonies, while the Protestants will also hold special services in the forenoon. The most impressive ceremony of the day by the Teuton race will again be the carols and songs on their "Weinachts Abend."

Up in the valleys and chatons of the little Swiss republic the spirit is nowhere better manifested. Among the peaks and lakes the simple folks will celebrate their "Weinachts". The American idea of the stocking will be supplied by the noted wooden shoe, which will be filled by an unknown hand with goodies and sweet-meats. Christmas will be kept as a holy day and no act of debauchery or undue merriment will be tolerated. To church the country-folk will wend their way, and after the ceremonies will proceed to the home of relatives and friends where an annual family dinner is served. Cooking is an art among the Swiss and at no time is it excelled than during the Christmas season. Big brown cakes called "hutzbrot" will feature the dinner.

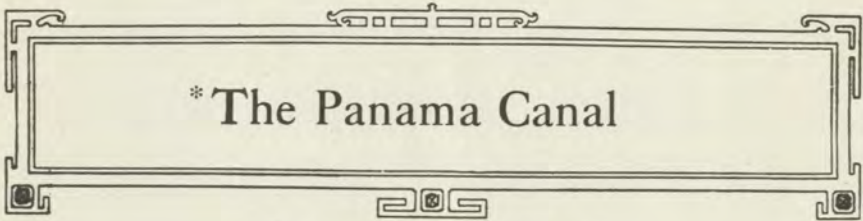
From the little Swiss republic let us go to Sunny Italy. In the sunny southern peninsula the day will start at midnight when thousands will repair to the big cathedrals, and the night will be spent in singing carols and listening to the stories of the origin of Christmas. No Santa Claus will feature the Italian Christmas, but on August 15, the children will hang their stockings on a line across the street. These stockings will be filled with candies and sweets. The chanting of the Christmas carol in the cathedrals and churches will mark an impressive ceremony. Christmas trees will be in every window, which emblem characterizes the occasion.

In "Merrie England" the glowing candles and Yule-log mark the Christmas spirit. The plum pudding and boar's head and games are but customs and symbols of a day of peace. Throughout the entire land there will be the spirit of solemnity mixed with jollification which contrast very much with the present-giving spirit of the New World.

Early in the morning the bells will peal out the songs of Christmas and folks will go to the churches. The remaining day is spent

in games and innocent amusements. The same customs of "Ye Merrie England" of the Tudors' time still prevails. Christmas Eve is the time for jollification. Kris Kingle, usually impersonated by some woman, distributes gifts to the children according as they have been good or bad during the year. The little green mistletoe will again carry with it the superstition of the lucky kiss.

These are the customs and practices of Christmas in other countries, each nation differing in ceremony and practice, yet each country upholding the real purpose of the day, "Peace on earth, to men of good will."



*The Panama Canal

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17

(Concluded from November Exponent)

THE Canal Commission made special efforts to provide for the welfare of the workers. As the Canal neared completion, some men had to be released. The Commission spent its efforts in enabling the men to find employment in the States. They were aided with 84 days' pay after leaving the Canal. This was to arrange that they be strengthened financially to establish themselves again.

The black man contributed about 60 per cent of the brawn required to build the Panama Canal. Most of these negroes came from the West Indies, particularly from Jamaica. Even though the negro was accustomed to the climate, he could not be classed with the American workers. The West Indian negro lacked physical strength; he had no pluck; he was unreliable and shiftless in his ways. In spite of the various weaknesses, he developed, however, into a rather good workman.

"The United States Government paid the West Indian laborer 90 cents a day, furnished him with free lodgings and quarters, and sold him three square meals a day for 9 cents each, a total of 27

*This paper was awarded "The Rev. Bernard F. Kuhlman Prize for American History" of \$25 in gold, Commencement of 1915. The prize is given annually by the donor. See page 38 of Year Book or page 7 of Bulletin.

cents a day for board and lodging. On the balance of 63 cents, the West Indian negro who saved was able to go back home and become a sort of Rockefeller among his compatriots. His possible savings, as a matter of fact, were about two and a half times the total wages he received in his native country" (1).

The Government took the best of care of the negroes on the work during the entire construction period. There were hospital facilities at both ends of the Canal and sick camps along the line. The Commissary protected them against exorbitant prices by the native merchants, and gave them the same favorable rates enjoyed by the Americans. At any rate, the United States Government always must feel indebted to these easy-going, care-free black men who supplied the brawn to break the giant back of the Culebra Cut.

It was one thing to employ some 60,000 men and another thing to feed them. Proper food at proper prices must be forthcoming to sustain this army of workers. Thus the Commissary Department was established. With this end in view, a great department store, carrying upward of 5,000 different articles, was built at Cristobal. Branches were built in every settlement of Canal workers. In this way the prices were kept at a reasonable standard. While the American housewife was paying from 26 to 30 cents for porterhouse steaks, from 22 to 26 cents for sirloin steaks and from 17 to 22 cents for round steaks, the Commissary Department sold porterhouse at 20 cents, sirloin at 19 cents and round steaks at 13 cents a pound. One finds the same scale of prices on other commodities at Panama as meats.

In addition to buying and selling products for the benefit of the Canal workers, the Commissary operated a number of manufacturing establishments. It had a bakery using some 20,000 barrels of flour, baking 6,000,000 loaves of bread annually. It had an ice cream plant freezing 138,000 gallons of ice cream each year, a laundry washing 4,250,000 pieces a year; a coffee-roasting plant; and a large cold-storage warehouse. About 70,000 people were constantly supplied with commodities from the Commissary.

In order to meet the demands of all classes of employees, the Government established different kinds of eating places,—a large general hotel (The Tivoli Hotel), a score of line hotels, Spanish messes, and West Indian laborers' kitchens. It was necessary to do this because of the many different tastes for daily food. The American was very particular as to the cleanliness and freshness of his eat-

(1) "The Panama Canal," by Frederic J. Haskin.

ables; the Spaniard demanded his food highly seasoned with pepper and spices, and the West Indian negro had his own peculiar way of preparing his victuals. It was a difficult proposition to satisfy all. However our competent Commissary succeeded very well. A day's ration for Spanish laborers ran as follows:

Breakfast—Roast beef, pork sausage, corned beef, sardines or bacon, one-half loaf of bread, chocolate and milk.

Dinner—Garbonzos or macaroni, roast beef or bacon, hamburger steak, fried potatoes, oranges or bananas, one-half loaf of bread, coffee.

Supper—Rice soup, peas or beans, rancho, one-quarter loaf of bread, tea.

The Government charged the European laborers 40 cents a day for their meals. The American workers fared somewhat better. They paid about 30 cents per day. The marvelous success of the Commissary was marked by low prices, good service and first-class foods. The efficiency and success of this food proposition might be used to advantage in combating the high cost of living in the United States. At least the diggers of the Panama Canal fared as we do at about half the prices that we pay.

People who have not consulted a map are often misled by their own conception of the Canal. The Canal runs from Colon on the Atlantic side, southeast to Panama on the Pacific side. It is about 47 miles long. If we make an imaginary trip through the Canal, probably the big waterway will appear simple in our minds. From Colon we steam directly in through a great channel 500 feet wide and 41 feet deep, which simply permits the Atlantic Ocean to come inland about 7 miles to the Gatun Dam. Here we must have some means of getting up to the Gatun Lake whose surface is 85 feet above us. Here our large ocean steamer is lifted up three marine steps by means of the locks. There are six locks at Gatun, that is, a double row of three locks in each row. One set is for incoming vessels and the other for outgoing vessels. At the Gatun Locks, our steamer is towed by four powerful electric locomotives. After being towed into the first lock, it is filled to the level of the second lock. We are raised in a similar manner in the second and third until we reach the level of Gatun Lake. Now we resume our journey with 32 miles of clear sailing, until we reach the Pedro Miguel Locks. Here we are lifted down $30\frac{1}{4}$ feet in one lock. Then we go on to the Miraflores Locks, a mile and a half away, where we are again lifted down $54\frac{3}{4}$ feet in two locks. This brings us to the level of the Pacific Ocean. Here we steam out through a channel 500 feet wide and

about 8 miles long. It took us just about ten hours to make the trip from Colon to Panama. Of course if we had wished to enjoy a long trip at sea, we could have consumed 126 days in going around Cape Horn. This is only one graphic illustration of the utility of the Panama Canal.

"When Congress decided that the Panama Canal should be regarded as a part of the military defenses of the nation, it became necessary to fortify it in such a way as to make it practically impregnable to naval attack" (1).

The question of fortifying the Canal was one which engaged the serious attention of Congress for a long time. There were two courses to follow. One contention was that the Canal should be made neutral, open to ships of all nations on equal terms. According to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the United States was bound to make the Canal neutral and refrain from fortifying it. However, it is interesting to note that when the United States and England disputed over the tolls, the English Government expressly conceded to the United States the right of fortifying the Canal and to exercise absolute right of sovereignty so far as military considerations were concerned. It was further contended that to allow the Canal to be neutral, would, in case of war between the United States and some foreign power, compel the United States to keep its own warships out of the Canal which its own blood and money had built. Those who advocated a neutral Canal held that in case of war all treaties would be suspended. It required a long and earnest debate for Congress to decide the step. In the face of these arguments, however, Congress determined by a substantial majority to fortify the Canal. England not only did not protest but in its toll controversy notes expressly declared that the United States had the right to fortify the Canal.

The fortifications consist of large forts at each end of the Canal. On the Atlantic side there are: two big 14-inch guns, four 12-inch guns, sixteen mortars, six 6-inch guns and four 4.7-10-inch howitzers. At the Pacific end there are: one 16-inch gun, six 14-inch guns, six 6-inch guns and eight 4.7-10-inch howitzers. On this same side there are three islands: Naos, Perico and Flamenco, which offer ideal sites for heavy defense. The Canal is provided with 14 searchlights of the most modern type. The interior locks of the Canal are likewise being fortified. It will require about 6,000 troops to man the various defenses. We have the affirmations of Colonel Goethals and

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(1) "The Panama Canal," by Frederic J. Haskin.

General Wood as regard the efficiency of the Canal fortifications.

What opportunities does the Canal offer to the United States? It is certain that we can build a large commercial system. A Congressman of Ohio wisely selects a course of action to attain a great commerce for Uncle Sam. "England is recognized mistress of the sea. Yes; England spent some millions in the advancement of its commerce. At the same time we were spending 400 millions for the building of the Panama Canal. And what for? For the benefit of our own merchantmen. I would build it, but I would build it for the American Merchant Marine and I wouldn't care what nation objected" (1).

Our hopes of a greater commerce are strongly fostered when we consider the following advantages: The sea-route from New York to San Francisco, by way of the Canal, is a little more than 5,000 miles compared to the Cape Horn route of 14,000 miles; our Atlantic coast is 4,000 miles nearer to Australia by the Panama route than by the Suez Canal; New York is 5,000 miles nearer to New Zealand via Panama than around the Cape of Good Hope (Southern Africa). Great advantages in shortened trade routes are offered to practically all powers of the world. "Already the United States does a larger coastwise trade than any other nation in the world, and the Canal will give this a spurt that cannot be measured accurately at present. Pacific coast wheat, wines, lumber, barley, hops, wool, dried fruits and mining products may be laid down in the Mexico Gulf and Atlantic ports through the Canal much more cheaper than by the continental railroads. Atlantic and Gulf coast machinery, manufactures, textiles and finished products may likewise be delivered to the Pacific ports at a lower cost" (2).

Geographically, the United States is magnificently situated, facing as it does the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Gulf of Mexico. The neutral flow of commerce will be southward to the Republics of South America. At the present time the United States is subject to a commercial paralysis, but the future can be none other but bright. Now is the time to build and obtain a fleet of merchantmen that will cover all seas. The United States has been too busy farming, mining, manufacturing and exchanging these products among its own people to care whether the Stars and Stripes floated on few or many ships. But now that the Panama Canal is open, a steady increase in oceanic commerce is bound to be developed by

(1) Words taken from Congressman Gard's speech delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of Hamilton, Ohio.

(2) "The Americans in Panama," by William R. Scott.

the United States. Watch us grow! Uncle Sam has spent \$400,000,000 to dig the Canal. He is proud of the "big ditch." He holds the key to a big portion of the World's commerce. The same key was sought by Christopher Columbus more than four hundred years ago. He failed to find the supposed strait. France made a disastrous failure. England looked on with a covetous eye and waited for an opportunity to step in. Where others have failed, Uncle Sam has won by completing the greatest engineering project attempted by man, "The Panama Canal."

APPENDIX.

It is known that the present administration accuses ex-President Roosevelt of fomenting the Panamanian Revolution of 1903, and of mistreating Colombia. During that same year Colombia made an attempt to force the United States to pay a vastly larger sum for the privilege of building the Canal than had already been agreed upon in a solemn treaty. Ex-President Roosevelt sternly resisted this attempt, which he condemned as an attempt to blackmail this government. "The attempt was blackmail then; and to yield to it now is blackmail." But just recently, we learned that the present administration proposes to pay Colombia twenty-five million dollars, and to apologize to Colombia for our conduct in acquiring the concession to build the Panama Canal. Remember that in the terms of the Hay-Herran Treaty, the United States had agreed to pay to Colombia \$10,000,000 cash and \$250,000 per year after the completion of the Canal. The wrangling Congress of Colombia turned the offer down. Then Panama fought for and won its independence from Colombia. Now our Government made the same offer to Panama and as an independent power. Panama accepted the offer. But President Wilson and Mr. Bryan accuse the ex-President of stirring up that revolution in order to prevent Colombia from exercising her sovereignty over Panama, and so that the United States could obtain the right of way from Panama. Consequently the present administration proposes to compensate Colombia for ex-President Roosevelt's act, which President Wilson terms as harmful to Colombia. Ex-President Roosevelt defends his actions with the following words: "No one connected with the American Government instigated the revolution. * * * The Isthmus was seething with revolution. Any interference from me would have had to take the shape of preventing a revolution, not of creating one. All the people residing on the Isthmus ardently desired the revolution. The citizens of Panama desired it. * * * I certainly did refuse to do what Colombia requested,

that is, to use the Army and Navy of the United States against our friends in the interests of the foes who had just been trying to black-mail us. What I did then was as plainly my duty as it would be the duty of the President to act in a similar manner. Panama was an independent republic de facto then just as she is now. If I was wrong in preventing Colombia from making an effort by a long drawn out and bloody war to reconquer the Isthmus in 1903, then it would be a wrong to prevent her from making a similar effort at reconquest now. If Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan are sincere in their criticism of me for preventing such a war of reconquest in 1903, it is their duty to permit Colombia unhampered to make the reconquest at this moment; and to advocate one course of action is not one whit more immoral than to advocate the other. This administration pretends to be for peace. My course has brought twelve years of absolute peace to the Isthmus for the first time in its history, and any other course would have plunged it into bloodshed. The administration stands for a make-believe peace of cowardice. I stand for what I then secured: the real and lasting peace of honor and justice. If there is a moral justification for paying Colombia \$25,000,000, then there is no moral justification for our staying on the Isthmus at all and we should promptly get off. If President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are right in their position, then they have no business to take part in any ceremony connected with opening the Canal; on their theory they would be engaged in the dedication of stolen goods" (1).

In the above passages, ex-President Roosevelt artfully defends and explains his connection with the Panamanian Revolution. He likewise justly condemns President Wilson's and Mr. Bryan's proposed payment of \$25,000,000 to the crafty politicians of Colombia for the supposed wrong and financial harm done to them by ex-President Roosevelt.

As a final supplement to this paper, I deem it appropriate to mention some of the many articles found in the "Permanent Panama Canal Act." This Act was proposed and passed by Congress in 1912. It is very important because our future operations of the Canal and its Zone is governed and directed by the Act.

The Panama Act first of all defines the Canal Zone as a strip of land extending across the Isthmus from ocean to ocean along the line of the Canal, being ten miles in width, five miles on each side of the Canal. The cities of Colon and Panama, being integral portions of the Republic of Panama, were not included in the original

cession by virtue of the treaty ratified February 26, 1904, between the United States and Panama, and are therefore excepted.

All rules in force during the period of construction established for the Zone are confirmed and have the force of law until changed by the United States Congress.

(1) Taken from "The Panama Blackmail Treaty," by Theodore Roosevelt, printed in the Metropolitan Magazine of February, 1915.

The President is empowered to appoint a governor at a salary of \$10,000 a year, whose appointment shall be confirmed by the Senate. He may also appoint minor officials and has full power of removing all Canal officials, including the governor. The governor shall supersede the Isthmian Canal Commission.

The Act provides that American coastwise vessels shall be exempt from the payment of tolls. (However, during President Wilson's administration this exemption clause was canceled.)

The Act authorizes the President to fix the amount of the tolls, but they cannot be changed by him except upon six months' notice given by proclamation. The tolls are based on the tonnage of the vessels. Warships are subject to a different rate of tonnage than ships of commerce. When based upon net tonnage for ships of commerce the tolls shall not exceed one dollar and twenty-five cents a ton. The toll for each passenger shall not exceed one dollar and fifty cents. The tolls are designed to pay for the operation and maintenance of the Canal and ultimately its cost. The President is authorized to make all necessary rules for the actual operation of the Canal and the passage of vessels through it, including the use of the locks, pilotage, and the like.

He may also establish a workmen's compensation ordinance providing for the compensation of Canal employees or employees of the Panama Railroad who meet with injury or disability.

He can also establish wireless telegraph stations, in the operation of which public messages shall receive preference. Dry docks, shops, storehouses, coaling-stations, and other facilities are also authorized.

The Act then makes further provision as to the President's civil authority and that of the governor, and courts, both civil and criminal are provided for. The principal court is called the District Court and appeal lies from it to the Circuit Court of Appeals, to the fifth circuit of the United States and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States.

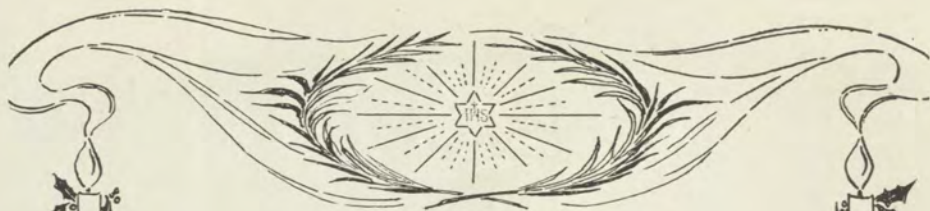
The governor may make rules with the force of penal laws regulating the right of persons to make use of the Canal or forbidding

them to trespass within Canal Zone. Any one tampering with the locks or other parts of the Canal for the purpose of injuring them or obstructing the Canal may be punished by a fine of \$10,000 or imprisonment for twenty years or both. And if such unlawful act causes the death of any one, the person so convicted shall be guilty of murder.

At the end of the Act, are still other provisions which have raised much discussion. The powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission are increased generally over carriers by water. No vessel owned by a railroad competing with the Canal or by any corporation violating the Anti-Trust Act may use the Canal. The Act also permits foreign-built ships owned by Americans henceforth to have American registry provided they are to be used only in the foreign trade and are not over five years old. (Since the exemption of tolls of American vessels has been thrown out by President Wilson, there is no particular American registry, that is, the vessels of all nations are treated alike.)

Included in this Panama Canal Act, there are provisions relating to sanitation. Finally, there are provisions for the protection of the Canal in time of war, and for the proper government of the so-called Canal Zone.





CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Hark! the merry Christmas chime
Pealing forth the song sublime:
Glory to God in highest heaven!
Peace on earth to men forgiven!

Come, ye faithful, rich and poor,
Come, your Infant God adore!
See Him in the manger lowly,
Worship Him, the High, the Holy!

Tell it to the farthest earth,
Ye are saved by Jesus' birth!
God His Son hath freely given,
That ye may be sons of heaven!

—G. M.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Let heaven send forth her legions bright,
Let earth array herself in white;
All din of strife and battle cease,
Tonight He comes, the Prince of Peace!

He comes with meekness of the dove,
His scepter is the power of love;
As silent as the snowy fleece—
The advent of the Prince of Peace!

O Thou, Who stillest wind and wave,
Who comest, not to strike, but save,
Give to this world of war surcease,
Sweet Infant Prince, oh give us peace!

—F. J.

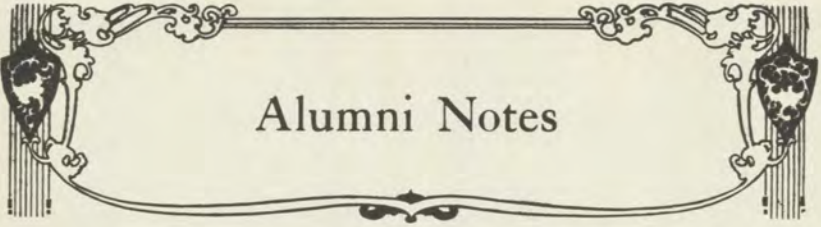


relations with Great Britain since the outbreak of the war. Great Britain has waged war on our commerce as though we were actually at war with her. She has stopped American vessels, searched them and frequently confiscated their cargoes. By stopping an American vessel within three miles from our shores, England has invaded our country as much as though she had landed an army on our shores. Although, outside of sending a few harmless notes, Mr. Wilson has seen fit to ignore these matters, Congress will not overlook them.

The floating of big war loans in this country will certainly be discussed. And no doubt an effort will be made to place an embargo on war munitions. The Lusitania incident may be brought up, but it is hard to see where much good can be done in this matter. These, together with other questions, should furnish material for one of the most important, interesting and heated sessions of Congress ever held. Although Congressional oratory is largely a thing of the past, speeches will be delivered that should find a place among the classics of American oratory.

Small Nationalities

England is in this war for no other reason than the altruistic one: to protect the integrity of small nationalities. We know this because she has told us so. This has ever been the benevolent mission of Britain. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Ireland is one of these; India is another; so is the Transvaal, and Abyssinia, and Egypt and Zululand—only exceptions. The latest one is Greece. Although England would appreciate a little help from Greece, she would never think of forcing the little country to do anything against its will. Stationing a number of warships along the coast line, and cutting off the food supply should in no way influence a nation into taking any certain attitude. Neither could the threats and demands of a powerful nation through its war secretary. In such important matters a nation should be free to choose its own course. This is just the attitude England has taken in dealing with Greece. And now that Greece has apparently given in to its demands, England can fold its hands, raise its eyes to heaven, and give thanks that another small nation has seen fit to place confidence in the erstwhile Protector of Small Nationalities.



Alumni Notes

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Meeting Held The meeting of the Board of Governors was held on November 22, at the Phillips House. The following members were present: F. J. McCormick, '88; Carl L. Cappel, '03; J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06; Bernard M. Focke, '02; Francis C. Canny, '09; Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly; Rev. Walter Tredtin, and Brother Ulrich Rappel. F. J. McCormick was appointed temporary chairman, and F. C. Canny, temporary secretary.

Officers Elected The election of officers for the present year took place with the following results: President, Francis C. Canny, '09; Vice-President, Thomas J. Coughlin, '93; Executive Secretary, Harry F. Finke, '02; Financial Secretary, Carl L. Cappel, '03; Corresponding Secretary, J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06; Treasurer, Bernard M. Focke, '02.

Dayton Mid-Winter Meeting Upon the suggestion of the President of the College, the Board of Governors gratefully accepted to hold the Annual Mid-Winter Meeting at the College on December 28. Final preparations for the meeting are to be made by the Arrangements Committee. The Alumni and Former Students are invited to report at the College in the afternoon, be present at the dinner that will be served at 6 o'clock and spend the evening in the club rooms.

The following committees were appointed for the ensuing year:

Athletics.

J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06, Chm.
Carl L. Cappel, '03.
Alphonse G. Mahrt, '13.

Finance.

Harry F. Cappel, '98, Chm.
F. J. McCormick, '88.
Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly.

Arrangements.

Harry F. Finke, '02, Chm.
Bernard M. Focke, '02.
Rev. Walter Tredtin.

Membership.

Bro. Ulrich Rappel, Chm.
William A. Pflaum, '07.
Richard P. Burkhardt, '92.

Committees are to report at meeting of Governors to be held at the Phillips House, Tuesday, December 14, at 4:30 p. m.

Do It Now! A report from the Subscription Department of The Exponent shows that a large number of Alumni fail to pay the one dollar annual dues, and, as a result, are not in touch with the College through The Exponent. A recommendation was made to the Finance Committee to communicate with the Alumni in view of assisting the Subscription Department of The Exponent in collecting the dues.

ATTENTION!

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS ALUMNI !

Now is the time to arrange for your

MID-WINTER MEETING

Spring it between January 15 and February 15

MAKE IT THE BIGGEST EVER !

NUGGETS

E. F. Neary, Friends of Ed Neary, '13, will be pleased to learn
'13 that Ed is now Manager of the "Kokomo Buick Company," selling Buicks and Auto Supplies of all kinds. Ed did not wait long to get into business by himself. We wish him the greatest success.

Thomas William Hennessey, of the First Division, returned
Hennessey, '13 after Thanksgiving Day with the good news that his brother, Thomas Hennessey, '13, had entered into partnership with Mr. Samuel Katz, of Piqua, to form the new clothing firm of Katz and Hennessey. Tom had formerly been in the employ of Katz Brothers, clothiers. Later he moved to Kenton, Ohio, where he was employed in one of the largest stores of that city. Tom will return to Piqua, where he will make his residence with his wife and baby boy. Friends and classmates of Tom will find him located at the corner of Main and Market Streets. The new firm has our best wishes.

Anthony A gentleman called at the College recently and
White introduced himself as Anthony White, formerly of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, now located at Ashville, Ohio,
R. R. 2. Our "Old Boy" found quite a number of changes at the Col-

lege in the long span of years between his last visit and the present one. He recognized his classroom, however, on the second floor of St. Mary's Hall, and it recalled many pleasant recollections of former days. Call again, and let it be soon!

Rev. A. Metz, Father Augustine Metz, '09, wrote to us recently
'09 from Osceola, Arkansas, sending us a postal picture of the interior of his mission church. Father Metz informed us that his parishioners are few in number, and far from being wealthy. He is building a school at Blytheville at a cost of \$2,500, and will be grateful to all his friends for whatever assistance they may be able to give him. We want to recommend this good cause to the charity of our readers, and we hope that Father Metz will be successful in his new mission.

Louis J. Congratulations, Louis. Send around the cigars!
Leyes, '09 The third day of December was an event for the census-taker of Dayton. He discovered a baby girl at the home of Louis J. Leyes, 208 S. Nicholas Avenue. Congratulations to mother and baby.

WEDDING BELLS

Frank A. On November 25, we had a pleasant surprise in
Schmitt, '06 the visit of Frank A. Schmitt, '06 and his wife. They were married the day before at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Chicago, at solemn high mass. Mrs. Schmitt's maiden name was Madeline Gerharz. On their return from their honeymoon, Frank and his wife will take up their residence at 2900 N. Troy, Street, Chicago, where Frank's friends and classmates may send him their congratulations and good wishes. Although still young, Frank has been very successful in business. At the present time he is Secretary of the Witty-Schmitt & Co., Manufacturing Confectioners, 1407-1417 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. Our best wishes to Frank and his bride for a long and happy life.

Aloysius M. We received an announcement of the wedding of
Schaefer, '07 Aloysius M. Schaefer, '07, and Marie Ruth Barr, which took place on Wednesday, November 24, at St. Agnes Church, Dayton, Ohio. We beg to extend our best wishes to Aloys for success and long years of happiness.

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR NOVEMBER

Collegiate Department.

Senior Arts—Raphael Sourd, 92; Joseph Evans, 88.
 Senior Engineering—Arthur Zimmerman, 91; Ralph Wirshing, 88.
 Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Herbert Hook, 90; George Brennan, 89.
 Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Joseph Windbiel, 92; Robert Hummert, 91.
 Sophomore Arts—Lawrence Montanus, 94; George Kinstle, 92.
 Sophomore Engineering—
 Freshman Arts—Law. Weber, 92; Dean McFarland, 91; Willis Lynch, 91.
 Freshman Engineering—John Heier, 95; Jos. Schaefer, 94; Wal. Schmidt, 93.

High School Department.

Fourth High—William Boesch, 96; Emil Kessler, 96.
 Third High-A—Henry Weinert, 94; Ivo Stelzer, 89; Colman Cetinski, 89.
 Third High-B—Thomas Carroll, 90.
 Second High-A—Herbert Abel, 95; Al. Huber, 92; George Kirby, 90.
 Second High-B—Frank Elardo, 94; Edw. Klass, 91; Edw. Sander, 90.
 First High-A—
 First High-B—John Duell, 93; Raymond Helmig, 91.
 First High-C—Alfred Poliquin, 90; Matthew Mackmull, 88.

Business Department.

Second Year—
 First Year—

Elementary Department.

Eighth Grade-A—
 Eighth Grade-B—James McCloskey, 92; Leo Poeppelmeier, 90.
 Seventh Grade—John Holtvoigt, 93; William Janning, 88.
 Sixth Grade—Wesley Meyer, 92; Lathan Brightman, 91.
 Fifth Grade—James Coffield, 92; James Hatcher, 88.

Robert

Parker Miles

Robert Parker Miles appeared as the third number of the College Lecture Course on November 29. This was Mr. Miles's third appearance and he can come again. He is a

born dramatic artist, exceptionally entertaining, free from artificiality, and is all that a committee could possibly hope to book from any bureau of the country at any price.

An interesting feature of the evening was the music furnished by the Hungarian Orchestra. The Hungarian Rhapsody, one of their selections, was so greatly appreciated that the lecture committee has been requested to book the Hungarian Orchestra again in an evening of strictly Classic Hungarian selections.

Mooney Literary Club

The first regular meeting of the Mooney Literary Club was held Monday, November 15. Carl J. Ryan, the president, gave the opening address, and was followed by Vice-President William Schleinitz, Secretary Edward Stuhlmuehler and Raphael Sourd who dwelt at length on different phases of public speaking. Their addresses showed enthusiasm that could not but become contagious. The next meeting will take place Saturday, December 11, and will be followed by another meeting before the holidays. The organization plans to adhere strictly to the purpose of the club, to instruct and perfect its members in the art of public speaking, leaving out social frills and entertainment.

The Dial

The Dial Literary Circle of Fourth High held its initial meeting on Thanksgiving Eve in the spacious First Division Club Room. It was featured by an appropriate address by John Hana-han on the Class Motto, "Through Co-Operation We Advance," the piano selections of Clifford Weis and Edwin Treiber, and a charming Clarinet Solo by Clarence Goldcamp, Clarence Nugent and Joseph Leonard, and a quartette composed of Wm. Nushawg, Daniel Collins, Robert Eckenrode and Clarence Deger, entertained with vocal selections. Among the visitors present were Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M., Pres.; Rev. Clement Wulf and Bro. Louis Reinbolt. In their respective addresses they praised the concerted initiative of the participants in the interesting program and encouraged all present to perfect themselves in public speaking. All the members feel that special thanks are due to Emil Kessler, the wide-awake president of the Circle, and to his energetic assistant, Daniel Collins, for the success of this initial meeting. A committee of four, Walter Archer, James Dwyer, Joseph Leonard and Wilbur Yaeckley, together with the president and vice-president, are planning a holiday meeting of a distinctly literary character.

Bernard Kuhlman Literary Circle

The Thanksgiving Session of the Bernard Kuhlman Literary Circle was held on Wednesday, the 24th. Father O'Reilly was the honored guest of the Circle and, in turn, honored the members with a short talk on the necessity of Elocution and Public Speaking. The following program was rendered:

1. Class History, F. Hook; 2. Meaning of Thanksgiving Day, W. Eslinger; 3. Thanksgiving Story, J. McCarthy; 4. Debate, That Money is more beneficial to mankind than Education, V. Merkle and F. Hook against W. Westendorf and A. Kuhn; 5. Thanksgiving Proclamation, S. Harshman; 6. Selection from "Das Lied von der Glocke," W. Westendorf; 7. Weekly Contest: Irrigation Bill, C. Wassenich; The Liberty Bell, J. Kernan; The Mammoth Cave, P. Hagan; Wireless on Trains, J. McCarthy; 8. Football Story, F. Hook; 9. The Day before Thanksgiving, A. Kuhn. In lieu of music, W. Eslinger rendered some pleasant selections on his "Triton" canoe phonograph.

The Forum Literary Circle

The members of the Second High-B held their election of officers for their literary circle. The following were chosen: J. Murphy, president; C. Sullivan, vice-president; J. Breen, secretary; E. Berghoff, treasurer, and H. Conrad, class historian. Two very enjoyable meetings were thus far held. The first was known as Officers' Day. The president delivered his address. A lively debate as to

which did the country better service, the Army or the Navy, was won by the party defending the Navy. The second meeting was held the day before Thanksgiving. Nearly all the members of the Circle had something to entertain the others. Through the artistic ability of the "artistic five" the room was decorated by appropriate sketches. The meetings were enlivened by the musical numbers of our violinists and guitar player. The prospects for the work are very encouraging.

Sodality

of B. V. M.

On Saturday, December 4, sixty-eight young men and boys of the College were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Reverend President and Director, Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, presided at the ceremony. The assisting clergy were: Rev. Walter Tredtin and Rev. Clement Wulf. John Oberlander, Edward StuhlmueLLer and John Hannahan were the acolytes of honor. Edward Richter and Joseph Leonard were the thurifers, and Gerald E. Dunne was presiding prefect.

The service opened with the "Veni Creator," intoned by the congregational choir of over 200 voices. The President of the College then delivered an appropriate sermon, touching on the aim and object of the sodality, and emphasized the many spiritual advantages accompanying membership in the organization. The sixty-eight candidates entered the sanctuary, where final instructions were given, after which the reception took place in a most impressive manner. The newly received sodalists then retired to their places. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed with the "Te Deum" as the closing hymn. Those who were received into the sodality are:

St. Gregory Branch—Frank Heider, Aloysius Huber, Ludwig Virant, Lawrence Weber, Dean McFarland.

Branch No. 1—Albert Adelberg, Evrard Caluweart, Robert Carton, Louis Favret, John Hackett, William Lepotsky, Fred Martin, John Murphy, James Lyons, John Killoran, John Ovington.

Branch No. 2—Raymond Kirchdoerfer, George Bryan, Walter Sitterle, Eugene McCarthy, Francis Ryan, Edward Dwyer, Joseph Gilvary, Lawrence Daley, Charles Meikenhouse, Edward Laughlin, John Breen, Stephen Maloney, Russel Abele.

Branch No. 3—John Dineen, William Ellsworth, Carl Krug, Alvin Rabe, Carl Suerdieck, Charles Sherman, Elmer Sherman, Charles Spatz, Charles Sullivan, Vincent Westendorf, James Sotkes, Mathew Mackmull.

Branch No. 4—Latham Brightman, Charles Coffits, Thomas Doyle, Edward Hadder, Robert Hayes, Edward King, Louis Malo, George Meyers, Herschel Piatt, Joseph Piatt, Edgar Rodenfels, William Scales, Kenneth Schilder, George Schroeck, Carroll Deery, Norman Gross, Hubert Holtvoigt, John Holtvoigt, Casimir Petkewicz, William Eckley, James McCloskey, Folger Holloway, William Janning, Louis Wittman, Norbert Westbrock, Adam Schumaker, Carl Delzeith.

Meeting of the Officers of Holy Name Society

The first meeting of the officers of the Holy Name Society for this year was held in the Zehler Library, October 23. Raphael Sourd was appointed as chairman pro tem. The general officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Raphael Sourd, President; Carl Ryan, Vice-President;

Joseph Evans, Secretary; Norman Hochwalt, Treasurer; and Edward Stuhlmueller, Librarian. The Reverend President, Father O'Reilly, gave a short instruction regarding these monthly meetings, the duties of the officers and their efforts to make the branch meetings lively and interesting.

The branch officers who have been elected for this year are as follows:

Resident Students.

No.	President.	Secretary.	Treasurer.
1.	F. Mahoney.	L. Porter.	R. Sourd.
2.	J. Hannahan.	J. Leonard.	W. Underwood.
3.	T. Sunshine.	J. Lyons.	A. Huber.
4.	R. Busch.	M. Heile.	
5.	J. Devereux.	E. McCarthy.	G. Kranz.
6.	J. Slattery.	G. Edmondson.	C. McDonough.
7.	J. Mueller.	L. Menninger.	N. Buerer.
8.	M. Hannegan.	J. Menninger.	Louis Malo.

Non-Resident Students.

No.	President.	Secretary.	Treasurer.
1.	G. Kinstle.	N. Hochwalt.	J. Schaeffer.
2.	D. Collins.	J. Ledger.	W. Yackley.
3.	F. Hook.	J. McCarthy.	J. Kernan.
4.	J. Breen.	J. Hochwalt.	R. Deger.
5.	T. Hagan.	G. Kirby.	E. Oswald.
6.	E. Moosbrugger.	H. Byrne.	R. Helmig.
7.	R. Westbrook.	F. Farley.	W. Fitzpatrick.
8.	C. Delzeith.	A. Hodapp.	L. McBaron.
9.	W. Janning.	J. Holvoigt.	G. Ball.

Third Division The Third Division visited the interesting plant of The Dayton Daily News on November 30. Arrangements are well under way for visiting interesting spots around Dayton as well as manufacturing establishments of the Gem City.

In Memoriam The faculty and students of the College beg to extend their sympathy to Henry Lai Hipp, his mother, brothers and sisters on the occasion of the death of Henry's father. On November 26 a cablegram from Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, brought the sad news that Henry's father had been shot. As yet no further information has arrived. It is probable, however, that he was attacked by bandits as he was on his way to a plantation to pay the laborers. R. I. P.

Exchanges

The Exchange Editor extends to all the friends who have given us such real pleasure by the perusal of the many Exchanges, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We have been privileged to receive the following during the last three months: The Botolphian, St. Angela's Echo, The Agnetion

Quarterly, Villa Cancta Scholastica Quarterly, The Manhattan Quarterly, The Young Eagle, The Viatorian, The University Symposium, The Solanian, The Anselmian, St. John's University Record, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Vincent College Journal, The Redwood, Purple and Gray, The Pacific Star, Niagara Rainbow, The Niagara Index, The Nazarene, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Mountaineer, The Labarum, Loyola University Magazine, The Holy Cross Purple, The Helianthos, The Gonzaga, Fleur de Lis, Duquesne Monthly, The Collegian, The Champion, The Canisius Monthly, Blue and Gold, The Stylus, The Abbey Student, Ariston.

We regret that several of our Exchanges failed to arrive. We were anxious to see their literary selves once more. With the season's best greetings, the Exchange Editor hopes that all will succeed admirably this year and that we may have the pleasure of seeing all our friends appear during the year.

Athletic Notes

V. C. MURPHY, '17

VARSITY FOOTBALL.

One of the most unlooked for defeats of the year was handed the Red and Blue at Wilmington on Thanksgiving Day by the heavy aggregation of that college. When the final whistle blew, the score was 7—0 with the Green and White on the big end of the count.

From the manner in which the game got under way it looked as though the Red and Blue would have an easy thing of it. On the kick-off St. Mary's receiving, the ball was advanced about fifteen yards. Nugent then punted and Mendez recovered the ball six inches from the goal line in the first minute of play. But the Saints lacked the punch and lost the ball on downs. Again in the third quarter, after a long pass from Rabbitt to Mendez and a neat end run by Nugent, the Saints were again in striking distance of the opponent's goal, but were again held for downs.

The Wilmington team outweighed the Saints almost twenty pounds to the man. This gave them a decided advantage as they were able, through the agency of the heavy forwards to gain much ground on line plunges and bucks.

The Saints were at a disadvantage in having Captain and quarter-back Sherry out of the game, due to injuries. But Rabbitt at the pivot position ran the Saints in great style, and his handling of punts and throwing of the forward pass were excellent, and these assets together with his open field running, left little to be desired at his position.

Much credit must also be given to Nugent. His wonderful ability to pick holes, skirt the ends, and on skin-tackle plays, gave the Saints many neat gains. He is also a high-class punter and a good tackler.

Virant and Gable also played brilliant football. Much credit must also be given to every man on the line, for though outweighed many pounds to the man, the Saints' forwards held well at all stages of the game.

VARSIITY BASKET BALL.

The initial contest in the winter sport will be played on the Saints' court on December 10, when the Red and Blue tackle the aggregation from Yellow Springs. The Red and Blue have always managed to grab the big end of the count in the games of past years with this team, and should have little trouble in doing it this year.

The squad has been hard at work for the past three weeks, and both Coach Mahoney and the players are enthusiastic over their chances to come through the season with a clean slate.

With Nugent, Hochwalt, Rabbit and Roth, forwards, going at full speed, it will be a difficult matter for Coach Mahoney to make a choice of these men. Krusling at center, playing a wonderful game, but Virant will keep him hustling to hold his job. Capt. Sherry, Windbiel and Hess form a trio of guards which will make the defensive Saints of the past look like amateurs.

RESIDENT STUDENTS.

Juniors Under the able leadership of Clarence Nugent and Joseph Evans, the Juniors turned out a team that more than upheld the Junior reputation in sports. The following are the scores for the games:

Juniors 26.....	Seniors 16
Juniors 14.....	Seniors 6
Juniors 9.....	Monitors 15
Juniors 12.....	Lyceums 0
Juniors 0.....	Seniors 0
Total 61	37

The following are the members of the team: R. Busch (Capt.), Carrol (Mgr.), Devereux, Eilerman, Kegg, Heile, Masterson, Shearer, Massing, Fleck, Genard, Brinkman, Mahrt, Punch, Grote, Ryan, Mayerhoefer, and Timothy. This team represents the classiest bunch that the Juniors have had for a long time.

Regulars The Regulars of the Third Division would up their season by defeating the Miami Midgets 25-0. This gave them a total of 133 points to their opponents' 13. That is some record for any team. They lost not a single game. Hipp at end was a great strength to the team. McFadden at center, surprised every one by his hard playing, often breaking into the opposing line and spoiling their play. Sullivan also shone every time he broke into the game. Having made such a great record on the gridiron this year, the Regulars intend to make things hum on the basket-ball floor. A try-out has already been held and we feel sure that Coach Underwood will put out as good a team as represented the Regulars last year.

ST. MARY'S CADETS.

The Cadets closed their football season with a record of but one defeat. The heavy Panhandles of Columbus did the deed with Mahrt out of the game.

Had the brainy quarter been on the job, we believe his keenness could have more than offset the muscular beef of the huskies from Columbus. Two local teams, the Miamis and the Wolverines aspired to get the City Championship, but the results of the games proved conclusively that they are not in the Cadets' class.

With the basket ball season near at hand, we can count on the Cadets covering themselves with laurels.

Xmas Missile Throws

WHAT THE "BIG BOYS" WANT FOR XMAS.

Ryan: A chance to congratulate the Kaiser personally.

Crowley: Lettered building blocks to play solitaire with big words.

Lause: A copyright on, "I'll say so!"

Engineers: The Botany Cradle Infants kept out of the Engineering Department.

Schleinitz: Campaign speeches at Fourth and Main during the holidays.

Wirshing: A signed contract to boss a telephone exchange after graduation.

Wagner: The assurance that Ollie is studying.

Dunne: A pair of "lamps."

Behrer: The novel, "Bonita or How He Lost \$250," and an "European Atlas."

Janus: A book on parliamentary law for engineering meetings.

Moehring: A book on Theoretical Mechanics.

Baker: More trig. tasks.

Ohmer: More calendars.

Basket Ball Team: Blankets for their bare knees.

Freshmen: Two more trig tests before Xmas.

Engineering Society: Two muzzles for Red and Janus. Dog catcher, please take notice!

Porter: A Steele pennant for memory's sake.

Murphy: A book of signed-up permits.

Windbiel: More tone to use when reading "papers."

Steve: A treatise on murders and assassinations.

Senior Arts: A waste basket.

TOOK HIM LITERALLY.

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young passenger approached the captain and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired:

"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just now told me it was Greece."—Selected.

THANX!

Lause: "Behrer, there's a dog following you."

Behrer: "Why don't you **keep up** with me."

COME BACK, SWIFT.

A Dayton youth stole a hundred and thirty cars of a certain make, concerning which stories are being constantly related.

He said his object was to sell them and buy an automobile.

EXPLAINED.

Windbiel: "Farm products cost more than they used to."

Hummert: "Yes! when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising, and the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

AS WARRANTED.

"Say," said Behrer as he entered the "Metropolitan," "I bought this overcoat here less than two years ago, and it is rusty looking already."

"Well," replied Mr. Margolis, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"

AT THE ACADEMY!

"How useless girls are today! I don't believe you know what needles are for."

"How absurd, teacher," protested one girl. "Of course I know what needles are for. They're to make the graphophone play."

CAR THAT KNOWS NO MASTER.

Stanton—"I understand you like your motor car. Does your father leave you drive it?"

Lause—"No; nobody drives it. We coax it."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Five thousand two hundred and eighty sausages, each a foot long, would, if placed end to end, make a line of sausages a mile long.

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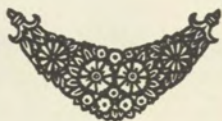
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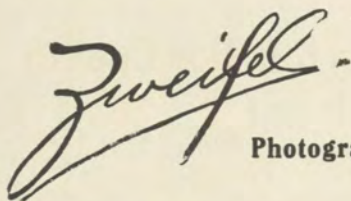
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