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The University of Dayton Exponent, December 1930

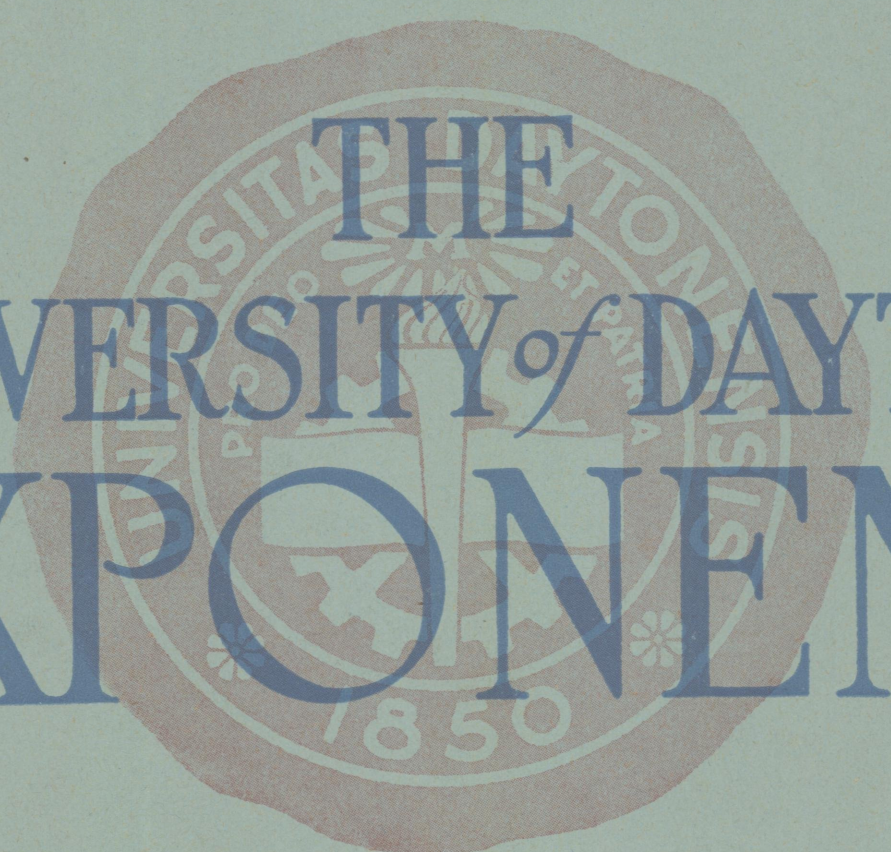
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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light, faded color, serving as a background for the title text.

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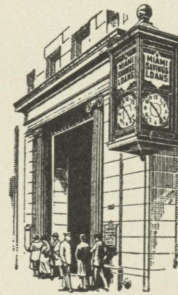
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The University of Dayton Exponent

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No. 3

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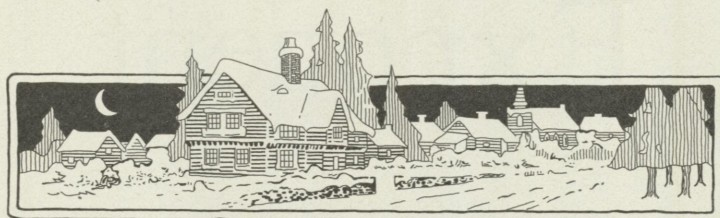
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Carol

By SHANACHIE

*O let us go and see
The Child at David's town;
Thou art a King for me,
Thou Child without a crown.*

*And who shall greet us there
In blessed David's town?
The spouse and Mary fair,
The King without a crown.*

*Ah, how shall we be brought
To distant David's town?
His life a way has bought;
Sweet King without a crown.*

*What gift have we among
The gifts in David's town?
He loves a heart of song;
Great King without a crown.*

*Then let us go tonight
To joyous David's town;
Our hearts a gift full bright
For Him, without a crown.*

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The Shepherd Who Slept

Here Is One You've Never Met Before

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

THE night might have been the twin of any of the 1,460,000 of nights or more preceding it.

It was the typical winter night of Palestine. The day had been indifferently warm. The night, all the more uncomfortable by the contrast, was penetratingly cold. The biting west winds blew in from the Mediterranean, caressing the hills of Bethlehem with a freezing, withering touch. The perennial grass of the land of milk and honey rippled to the breath of winter with no indication of surrender or stunted growth. The sheep, well protected by their natural fur coats, gathered in small flocks, turned their backs insultingly to winter, and grazed unconcernedly. However, the shepherds gathered their scanty tropical garments closer about them, and huddled in various groups, watching their particular flocks. Occasionally one glanced into the clear, starlit sky and examined the course of the "big dipper". They were hoping for the dawn and an end to the monotonous night watch.

It would not have been necessary for all of them to have stood the long vigil. One man, with a half-dozen good shepherd dogs, could have adequately cared for the combined flock. However, they were suspicious of one another. Too many sheep had been disappearing lately. Too many ewes had twin lambs. The quarreling of these simple herdsmen had become the talk of Bethlehem. Once the Roman governor had sent a centurion and a hundred soldiers to suppress a very active feud. Not that the governor cared for the lives of the

Israelites, but when there were feuds, taxes were not paid to Caesar.

"Have you registered yet?" asked Jonathan of the Tribe of Judah.

"Yes", replied Saul of the Tribe of Benjamin. "I think it is an insult to the chosen people of God to be counted by this pagan Caesar."

"Hush", said a tribal brother. "We have enemies. If they should report you to the centurion in Bethlehem it would mean thirty and nine lashes."

"That is true. Why must we be subject to this king across the sea? Our rabbi tells us in the synagogue that our ancestors were the greatest warriors on earth. We conquered the Philistines, the Assyrians, the Phoenecians. Joshua even made the sun stand still until we had won the day."

"The children of Israel are still great warriors, Saul", Jonathan answered him. "What they need is a great leader. He shall come. The scriptures have foretold Him. The Messiah shall come out of the clouds in His power and majesty. Michael shall lead the legions at His right and Gabriel, those at His left. Israel shall rise up and join Him. The Roman legions shall be pushed into the Mediterranean. Then the Romans will have to pay tribute to the Israelite Caesar. Israel's glory will have returned."

"I hope I will be young enough to serve Him", sighed Abner, of the Tribe of Judah, "but who will watch my sheep while we fight the Romans?"

"That is true. While we serve the Messiah, that

thieving Philistine from the house of Benjamin yonder will steal our sheep. When he goes to register I will recover those two lambs I miss. I am sure they are in his flock. I shall take an extra one for my interest."

Elisha, the "thieving Philistine of the house of Benjamin" was sleepy, and with good reason. He had spent the night before stealing choice lambs. He was hated more than usual for a shepherd, because he was more adept at appropriating the property of his neighbor. Jonathan had once been his partner. He had made a peculiar agreement with him under the terms of which he was to get all the lambs that were spotted black or actually black. Since the spotted lambs were usually of a very small percentage, Jonathan had agreed, thinking Elisha a simpleton. Elisha had also agreed to herd the flock. The Israelite, displaying the natural business ability of his race, had segregated the white rams and isolated them during the mating season. The result had been disastrous for Jonathan. All the lambs had been spotted. Jonathan insisted on a reversal of the terms the next season. Elisha reversed the process. Jonathan went bankrupt this time. It was some time before he learned how Elisha had duped him with the historic Jacobian method. All of which explains somewhat why Elisha was disliked.

Elisha realized the minute he took his repose his neighbors would raid his stock. He worked his flock around to the lee side of the hill and then crawled into a cave, leaving the guardianship of his woolly chattels to his dogs. Within the minute he was asleep.

The other shepherds knew of Elisha's cave. They could never rightly guess when the shepherd would be asleep and when he would be awake. He had trained one of his dogs to awaken him when the other shepherds became too familiar with the flock. So, on the first Christmas Eve, we find men suspicious and warring with one another in the shadow of the holy stable of Bethlehem. It was hardly an auspicious time for the Messiah to make His long awaited arrival on this sinful globe. The shepherds waited until two minutes of midnight. They had agreed that Elisha must be asleep by now. Two had agreed to dispose of his dog with their sling-shots while the others stole the choice lambs from the flock. They arose stealthily from their positions on the sheltered side of the hill and prepared to enact their revenge.

The sky was filled with the light of day. The shepherds fell to the turf as only those of guilty conscience can. In fear they glanced skyward. Had Elisha the powers of the devil? They saw at the source of the light a white robed figure, like a man,

except for the enormous wings. As the vision floated ever so slightly on the widespread wings a loud voice said,

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you 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. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Suddenly there was a heavenly host about the speaker. It was perhaps the choir, Seraphim. They were singing. Such music the simple shepherds had never heard before or after on this earth. It was:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will!"

It was fully ten minutes before the shepherds recovered their equanimity. Each found corroboration of the vision in his neighbor. Elisha was forgotten. Their flocks were forgotten. As one man they went to Bethlehem. Some invisible force attracted them to the stable where Elisha kept his sheep at times. They found an Infant, clad in the merest rags laid in a manger. There was middle-aged stranger there in the attitude of devotion before the crib. They found Mary, his wife, attending to the physical wants of the Child. A sort of radiance seemed to emanate from the little straw bed. The other worshippers were naught but a humble cow and ass, both of which belonged to the sleeping Elisha. Strife, material matters were forgotten. They knelt in silent adoration before the Child. He smiled upon them. They did not question for a moment that this was not the mighty Messiah that they had expected. The humble Infant had no armies, no weapons of war, none of the accouterments of a mighty conqueror. The sublime faith of the shepherds was rewarded. The Infant conquered more than a nation. He conquered the hearts of men and will continue to conquer them until eternity. Some of the shepherds departed and brought back their wives and children to receive the blessings of the Divine Babe.

Elisha awoke suddenly. He glanced at once at his flock. He thought at first that it had been raided. Then he opened his eyes in surprise. It seemed actually larger. Foreign sheep were mingling with his own. He got up angrily, prepared to question the laxness of his neighbors. He found that they had gone, leaving nothing but their dogs behind. It puzzled him.

Later they returned and told him of the wonderful occurrence that had happened in his stable outside Bethlehem. Elisha laughed in disbelief.

"Do not jest", he said, "if there is anybody in my stable I shall see that he leaves."

The one who had slept through the vision gath-

ered his flock and descended the gentle slope toward ancient Bethlehem. He reached the stable and, leaving his flock mill around the exterior, entered. Elisha went in an angry landlord, and an hour later exited, a humble slave. The change had been wrought by the Infant's smile. He had been prepared to deny the miracle. How could the Messiah be born in a stable—and above all "his" stable? The place was hardly fit for his live stock. He, like all other Jews, expected the Redeemer to either be born in a palace, or come out of the clouds in his power and majesty. It is a sublime test of faith that he believed, since he had missed the vision of the angels.

He extended to Joseph the hospitality of his

house. There they lived and intended to live until the Infant was old enough to travel back to Nazareth. When Joseph received word that Herod's soldiers were coming to destroy the Infant, he decided to flee into Egypt. It was Elisha who gave him all his available money and his only ass for the trip.

As recompense Elisha saved his own infant son from destruction a few days later by being warned in advance by the guardian of the many. He and the other shepherds were changed men. In their little community at least there was peace, for they had become men of good will. Christ left His blessing behind on the city of David that first Christmas day.

Bethlehem

By BILL WESLEY

*Mighty Jove is toppling from his throne,
Anxious Satan haunts the stable zone,
Caesar turns in troubled, restless sleep,
Angels, waiting, hover for a peep,
At Bethlehem.*

*He will lead no armies on to Rome,
He expels, not Caesar from His home,
He will seek no shallow, earthly fame,
But the hearts of men, He won, Who came,
To Bethlehem.*

*Human empires rose, then were unmade,
Human Caesars conquered, then decayed,
But the Infant on His manger throne,
Earth eternally became His own,
At Bethlehem.*

Is There Dirty Work?

A Senior Flyer Answers

By JOHN DUCHAK

NOW that the curtains have practically rung down on the current football season, it is an opportune time to discuss whether the sport is always played cleanly. The question seems to go begging in the minds of many followers of the pastime, because of all sports, football gives the best opportunity to play foul. This is so, since it is a game of personal contact involving twenty-two men each of whom has an assignment to fulfill in the short interval necessary for the execution of one play. It is easily seen, therefore, that the chances for unfair play are plentiful throughout a game, but we cannot conclude that because the opportunity is present every player takes advantage of it.

To say that there is no dirty playing on the gridiron is absurd, but likewise to state that the game is teaming with intentional fouls is also ridiculous. We must therefore consider and reason, and not be swayed with the opinion of the mob. Football fans are hard losers and often when players of their team are injured they become prejudiced and consequently always accuse the opposition of dirty playing. In the vast majority of cases this is mere sentiment, yet there are exceptions where fouls are deliberately committed. Those will be spoken of shortly.

Let us consider, first, early season injuries. It is surprising to many spectators that players are so often hurt in the first several games of the season. It may be that the fans attribute this to foul playing, basing themselves on the presumption that both teams are eager to annex a victory, and will resort to dirty playing in order to do so. The fans are right in presuming that both teams are eager to win the game, but they are wrong when they think that this leads to unfair playing. The fact is that the athletes are not in the best of condition so early in the season, and therefore, cannot stand a hard knock as well as if they were in the "pink". Likewise the young men are not thoroughly equipped with the knowledge of how to protect themselves, since it takes time for any coach to teach his players the art of protecting themselves against serious injuries. Such protests of dirty playing must

be discarded, since injuries received due to lack of condition or knowledge cannot be classed under the heading of foul playing.

A trace of dirty playing may crop out in some inter-sectional football contests, so a brief explanation is in order. The average football enthusiasts may be surprised to hear that there is a psychology taught by some coaches which holds that if you tax the opposition with unfair methods, such as fist blows, in the first few plays of a game you will have them subdued throughout the remainder of the encounter. But the psychology reverses itself also, and if the offended team shows that it possesses the necessary "intestinal fortitude" and can "take it" and still play good football, the offenders soon loose heart in their foul methods and proceed to play good, clean, football. Officials soon notice this kind of playing and immediately inflict penalties which prove harmful to the offenders. This type of psychology is not often encountered, but it does exist.

Often we hear that the rules of the game are defiled in closely contested battles between rival teams which possess players, who formerly played together in their High School days. If injuries do occur in such contests the spectators immediately think that the harm done was intentional. Nine-tenths of the rumors about dirty playing in such contests are false. The teams do not play illegal football, but it may happen that the goal of victory is so sweet to some individuals that they sometimes forget themselves and do commit fouls. This is the result of over anxiety for a victory, since interviews with the offended players in such contests are always to the contrary, when they are asked whether the foul was intentional.

Personal experience of many players has convinced them that no team, as a whole, plays unfair football. The fouling comes from certain individuals who cannot control themselves, and thus give way to the brute instinct. This unsportsmanlike type of player is present, if at all, on a team which is losing the game and knows that the opposition is its superior. Then, in order to get a personal satis-

faction he will resort to anything dirty and by doing this he jeopardizes the entire game.

In conclusion let me show you by example the difference between clean, hard playing and dirty playing, and at the same time state how the stands may react to both.

Two evenly matched teams are playing a nip and tuck game of football with neither one of them showing any superiority. Along about the third quarter a player from team A clips another from team B and breaks his leg. We cannot say that he did it intentionally, because his clip was perfectly legal, and in football parlance we must call his clip a "dandy" yet a majority of the home-rooters will call it dirty playing. The sorrow of it is that the player from team B did not have sufficient knowledge of how to protect himself. But now let us continue with the game. Team B scores on team A and there are but a few minutes left to play, and

some individual from team A seeing that the game is lost, revengefully gives way to dirty playing. He tackles just as he formerly did, and the crowd in the stands sees nothing wrong about his play, yet the ball carrier knows differently. This despicable tackler after throwing the ball carrier proceeds to put pressure on some vital member of his body. It may be a swift twist of the ankle or arm, or a good jolt to the kidneys, entirely unnecessary, but done out of pure malice. It is this kind of playing that is intentionally dirty, yet the spectators rarely notice it unless the result is too evident.

Summing everything up, we must take football the same as everything else, precisely, that nothing is one hundred percent perfect. We will find some slight drawback in all sports, just as we do in other activities of life. Yet the good in the game outweighs the evil by such a great difference that the latter is, relatively, almost non-existing.



The Winter Wait

By SHANACHIE

*How long the path that lies between—
How long the hopes that intervene—
Our doubt and thy expectancy:
How shall we bide thy fragrant earth?
Where be when thou hast come again?
We poor who know thy fairest mirth
Is broken in an hour of pain.*

The Month Before Christmas

You've Heard of the Night Before

By BARRY DWYER

"WE do not know how to keep Christmas Day properly", I said to a very dear friend of mine during one of our diversified discussions.

"Not so", my friend contradicted me in his best controversial tone, a tone which he easily adopted; "Not so. We know how to keep the day well enough; but, we do not know how to keep the days preceding and those following. Our Christmas season begins too violently and early, and ends too quickly."

"But", I objected, "that is what I mean. We have no true conception of Christmas, or what it means—

He broke in rudely; "Tut, tut! We do know what Christmas means. All of us who keep Christmas do. The others cannot be brought into the picture at all. They're outside the scope. Most of them are like Scrooge in spirit. They say, 'Out upon Merry Christmas'. But unlike Scrooge they do not act the honest heathen; they rather seek to give a semblance of Christmas spirit with the aid of the colors red and green, and a few yards of tinsel, so that the profits may fit the substantial and generous soul of the occasion."

"Then you would say that all agnostics and unbelievers in the divinity of Christ do not keep Christmas (which many do, in fact) or that if they keep the feast, they are hypocrites looking to a material benefit."

"Again you misunderstand me. You would have me classify all who believe themselves to be agnostics and unbelievers, but who keep Christmas in their hearts, as hypocrites. This cannot be; for, if they keep it in their hearts they are neither agnostic, nor unbelieving, and are hypocritical of nothing save their unbelief. However, I truly say that all who are truly placed in the categories mentioned before, or who give a semblance of keeping Christmas for their own ends, are hypocrites."

I was defeated; but, in order to save a little of my face, reminded the victor that he had wandered from the original point. He suggested with a smile that it was late, besides, we had imbibed so many cups of coffee, and smoked so many cigarettes that it was doubtful if either of us would get any sleep

if we stayed longer. So, we parted. Just as he had intimated, I slept ill and thought much on Christmas and the days preceding, that night. I determined to find the solution to the problem. Answers were found on the streets, in every individual I met, in my mind, on the street cars, everywhere. The thing was there for the taking.

* * * * *

The Christmas season should begin easily and calmly, working up to the climax of the day itself, then gradually fading away, leaving in its exit a mellow and grateful memory. We should begin slowly, making sure of our ground. We should prepare carefully so that nothing of the benefits may be lost, because of lack of consideration.

Yes, we should introduce the season thusly. What happens? We burst upon Christmas somewhere in the first part of November, or before. We are worked into a state of suspense all through that month, barely holding ourselves in check until December. December comes with redoubled efforts to remind us that Christmas is coming. So many shopping days, so many this, so many that. As though we need reminding. On Christmas Eve, after this lengthened siege of buying, mailing, fighting, jostling and despair, we suffer a total physical and mental collapse. Any wish, to enjoy the fruits of our anguish is lost. More, every power to enjoy has been destroyed. Christmas becomes an anti-climax to the arduous months of anticipation. Christmas day is nothing but a day of recuperation for another year's session.

We are placed in the position of a man who looks constantly to the future. He looks so intently that when the future becomes the present, he cannot stop and reap his reward lest he lose sight of the future. Gladly, would we stop to reap the reward, but are not able. So exhausted are we that we must recover on the day of our reward, in order to go out and struggle again for something impossible of realization. Now I would not do away with the possibility of the attainment. No cure lies there. That would be like killing a sick man as a cure for his illness. I would rather attack a few of the goads that spur us on to desperation too early in the race.

No time shall be spent on the special cases, as these of commercial artists who draw caricatures of jolly St. Nicholas of Bari, holly, and candles burning properly and unevenly, in the torrid month of July. We shall merely consider those which most directly affect us. Magazines arriving months ahead of time with a jolly "Merry Christmas", as though vying with one another for the undeniable privilege of greeting us first. Fir trees, cut down months before, which, on being taken into a warm room, disintegrate all over the carpet from old age. Cards, sent for all we know in commemoration of the October birthday, or the September lapse in the magazine policy. Lastly, "jolly old St. Nick", or if you prefer, "jolly, old Santa Claus", multiplied thousandfold on street corners and in stores as early as Thanksgiving Day. He should be home supervising the assistants. Assistants will shirk. Perhaps "jolly, old St. Nick" is suffering from overproduction. Perhaps that is the explanation of this unexpected, untimely visit; however, such a condition is very doubtful.

Take these symptoms carefully, one by one.

The magazine, Yuletide Number, which arrived post-haste, in early November, has as much effect as a fire cracker on June 20th. It startles some, puzzles others, does not have the proper effect on any. Whereas, a firecracker on July 4th, or a magazine within striking distance of Christmas, cause us to say: "Hurrah, it's the Fourth of July. Independence Day!" or; "What a jolly number. I liked that Christmas story by so-and-so." We have an independent spirit rather than the nasty thought that someone has been attempting a homicide; we have a benevolent Yuletide feeling rather than a headache from an overstrained imagination. What effect has a beautiful Christmas illustration when mind and body are torpid from Thanksgiving turkey? What effect an exquisite Christmas verse when we are busy picking an "All America" football team? Let us have our firecrackers and magazines in season.

Turn we now to the fir-tree, cut down in months past and forgotten, shipped, stored, and then sold to some poor dupe. It is questionable which is the worse curse, a feeble, debilitated tree, sold under pretense of youth, or one of those horrible, loathsome depredations, artificially made for people who wish to have Christmas, but who will not trouble themselves for it. Wretched things as much suited for Christmas as a gargoyle for the companionship of an angel. These poor substitutes and ancient derelicts are more depressing than joy-bearing. Christmas is a time of youthful expectation. What inspiration lies in artificiality and decrepitude?

Let us then have our trees young, vigorous, and real, in harmony with the season.

Cards, sent too early, are like guests that drop in several hours before they are due, to throw us into confusion by our unreadiness. Many of our Christmas Greetings are sent haphazardly and thoughtlessly. They appear to have been shoved out of the way as quickly as possible. We have now reached the point where we no longer even bother to sign our names to these greetings. We have our cards engraved. Very nice for the printing and engraving industry, but a bit hard on the heartfelt salutation. We seem to go about the business of remembering friends in the following manner: the card with the least reference to Christmas, beyond the formal greeting, is selected; a list of names of people who will probably reciprocate is made up (subject to change on short notice); cards are slipped into envelopes, and addresses designated; stamps affixed in reckless manner; nearest mailbox receives our worries; forgotten (unless someone else crops up) until the next year. I, for one would much rather receive a hearty greeting by word of mouth. Yes, I know, we cannot go around to see everyone on Christmas; but, we can put a little personal feeling into the written word, too. Would you wish to be remembered if **only** as a nuisance? It amounts to something of that nature. We receive from friendship exactly what we put into it.

Here we are about to consider the untimely appearance of "good, old St. Nick". Imagine the children's feelings in the matter. Brought up to believe (if they are brought up correctly) in Santa Claus and all the other delightful fantasies, they have their credulous young eyes opened to barren reality at a tender and innocent age. They constantly stumble over myriads of Santa Clauses of varying sizes, weights, and complexions. No one could expect them to believe in the creature after so many disconcerting discoveries. I remember when I found that Santa Claus was my elder brother in great rubber boots and false whiskers. Believe me, it is a tragedy, a turning point in a hitherto unsophisticated mind. But if you will not think of the value of a child's belief in the unbelievable, recollect your own feelings in the matter. Avoid if you can the question of Santa's ubiquitousness and omniscience. Is it worth the price in either case? I think not.

"It is all very well" (say you), "to show what is wrong with our keeping of Christmas. Now tell us what you consider the right way of enjoying Christmas."

Well said. I have been waiting for just such a demand. The first thing to remember is that Christ-

mas is a time for the humble of heart, the meek of spirit. It is no time for the proud and disdainful. Let them have the other 364 days if they can get them. Leave us only Christmas, and we can get more from that one day than they can from their many. But wait—they can't have 364 days. Any day marked with the spirit of Christmas is given likewise to the humble. Say the week before and the week following. Give the proud 351 days. Ah! if we could only keep the Christmas heart throughout the year. What a disappointment we should give the "proud and disdainful".

Let us say that we have waited a decent time before starting preparations. Let us say that the preparations have been made. It is now Christmas Eve. Let us say that a new fallen snow lies on the ground. It in all probability does not; but we shall say that it does. The beautiful custom of lighting candles in the windows to guide the Christ Child has been performed. Stars of Bethlehem cast a peaceful glow around the hearts to which peace has come again. You and I are wandering about the streets; soon we shall return to a warm home and pleasant conversation. Now, we come upon a party of carolers. A pleasant custom that appears to be lost to us. Why do we no longer stand on cold street corners and invite colds in the head, while singing inharmoniously one of those lovely songs fit for no other time than this? Are we afraid of the previously mentioned cold in the head, or have we lost our voices? It is a heart-warming, soul-filling, love-inspiring custom, the singing of Christmas carols. In the old days it was a key to hospitality. Have we no hospitality? We have, but we're afraid to use it; afraid of what the neighbors will think. The devil take the neighbors if they don't appreciate caroling, no matter how discordant. He probably will, too, for being mean and niggardly of spirit. Have we become so ruled by the veneer of sophistication that we refuse to be natural? We may do as we wish in all things save the giving off of an aroma of generous pleasure. What a price for freedom!

Let us leave for home, from which place we depart for midnight Mass. Believe me, the Catholics have the better of it in keeping Christmas. They walk into the very place from which the joy of the

joyous feast emanates. Here is the source of Christmas, the fount and the living head. If it were not for the Child whose birth we commemorate, there would be no Christmas. There would be darkness and pain in its stead.

We see the crib, one of the monuments to mediaeval Catholicism and now return to our home for breakfast. What a breakfast! Not in the amount of food consumed, but in the good-will of the consumers. Ho! Hum! And so to bed.

Behold! When we arise in the morning it is Christmas. It was before, but we couldn't realize the passing hours. We shall pass over the gifts and general air of Christmas morning. Everyone knows these; they who do not are to be pitied. Then comes the dinner. A dinner without parallel! What gigantic proportions this feast assumes! The turkey,—done to a noble shade of reddish brown was not stuffed too tightly, nor was the dressing too highly seasoned. It is just right. In fact everything is just right. And even if it were not no one would dare say so; no one would wish to say so. I can not describe this feast to you as I should. Description has limits. So we finish up the celebration, leaving enough for a cold snack in the evening, and lean back to smoke, talk and drink our coffee. Perhaps we have wine? Who knows? God bless good wine.

When we are sufficiently recuperated, what do we do? The only sensible thing, we play games. Yes, but we must. Laugh if you will. You will also enjoy them, unless you are an old stick. Yes, we play blind man's buff and all the traditional Christmas games, hallowed by age. If there's a piece of mistletoe hung in a tricky place, and if you kiss the maid, or your aunt, or your boy friend's best girl (which you do, nothing loath) no one cares, excepting perhaps the boy friend; but he will pay you back in turn. This sort of hilarious give and take is free and is innocent at the same time. How much better it is than a "petting" contest.

So the evening draws on with a rapid foot. Christmas has reached a climax and will now gradually fade away. It will leave us better and more generous in soul. So let us receive it with wide open hearts this year and say with Tiny Tim:

"God bless us, everyone!"

Only An Archangel

Could Lie Like That

By ART FOCKE

JANE O'HEARN was young, but she was as plain as the nose on your face. Just another nurse, and youthful internes requested sponges, or clean gloves, or forceps, without a thought of the fact that Jane O'Hearn was fetching them. There were nurses to whom the internes smiled when they asked for things, but no one ever paid any attention to Jane. If they thought of her at all, it was as a person who was too darned competent to be human.

But Jane was young, as I have said before, and she dreamed the same dreams that the other young nurses dreamed. No one would ever have guessed it, but Jane, slowly writing reports in the small hours of the night, firmly believed that someone whom she mentally named HIM would come walking in some day to dispel the sorrow of Mercy Hospital's receiving ward.

For two years Jane fetched forceps, and sponges, and clean gloves, and the only men who came into the receiving ward were derelicts who fell from curbs into the paths of speeding autos, or smart-alec young police reporters who scented stories in this case or that case, and came in to kid her while inquiring about the patients.

Until the night that a police ambulance crew bore Virginia Lee into the bare room. They had pulled her out of the wreckage of her car, silent and unconscious, but she was delirious when Jane O'Hearn began bathing the gash in her head.

They had identified her by a clipping in her purse. It was from the society section of The Times, and under her likeness: "Miss Virginia Lee, announcement of whose approaching marriage to Gordon Dixon was made * * *"

Romance had walked into the receiving ward. Jane O'Hearn peeked timidly over the shoulder of the police lieutenant who held the clipping, and hoped that the girl—the image of the girl she secretly dreamed of being—wasn't badly hurt.

Jane gasped when Dr. Grayson completed his preliminary examination with a slow, sad shake of his head. The girl couldn't die, she told herself. Things like that didn't happen to people who be-

came engaged to people like Gordon Dixon—only waifs, and poor men, had ever come there while she was on duty. The girl was as beautiful as her name, Jane thought—too beautiful, and entirely too young, to die.

The girl tossed fitfully, and called repeatedly for "Jim". Her eyes never opened—Dr. Grayson believed they never would unless someone could locate this "Jim". Grayson wondered, with a shade of irritation, who Jim was and why he wasn't there.

They made her as comfortable as possible while Grayson prepared to operate. They notified Dixon—and awaited his coming with apprehension. Waited for him to learn, in her delirium, that his fiancée was in love with another man—with someone named "Jim".

Jane O'Hearn, a timid little person to whom nothing romantic had ever happened, somehow knew that something romantic was going to happen when Gordon Dixon walked into that room. She hoped against hope that he wouldn't come, but that was out of the question. Fiancees dashed madly to bedsides in all the newspaper serials she had ever read. And wasn't this the same thing, just like a story.

* * *

When he came he walked swiftly to her side, glancing neither to the right nor the left as Jane softly opened the door and closed it behind him. He knelt beside the cot, one hand holding his hat, the other pressed into her hair. He greeted her softly.

"Jimmy", she cried. "Jimmy, oh, Jim. It's Jimmy, isn't it?" She didn't wait for his answer. "Jimmy, it's you I love. I can't marry him, Jimmy * * *." Her voice trailed off, and Jane looked away, wincing, afraid to look at the young man's face.

There was a moment of silence. Then his answer, low and clear.

"Yes, dear, it's Jim. And I won't leave you, darling."

For the first time in her two years in the receiv-

ing ward, Jane O'Hearn was inefficient. Her fountain pen dropped to the floor with what sounded to her like a resounding crash in the still room.

This was Jim, then. Not the girl's fiancée, but her lover. And this was romance. More firmly than ever, Jane O'Hearn, the practical one, believed in the power of the especial Providence which watches over lovers, according to the serial stories. She hoped the same power would keep Dixon away, to spare him a pain greater than the girl would know.

* * *

The unexpected Jim talked softly, soothingly, as one speaks to a child. When they wheeled the patient out to the operating room she was breathing evenly, but her eyes were still closed. Occasionally she uttered "Jim", almost in a whisper.

Dr. Grayson smiled reassuringly at Jane O'Hearn as he closed the door behind the patient who wheeled the cot. The girl, still slightly delirious, had seemed to sense the presence of her lover, and well did Grayson know the psychological effect of a desire to live.

The man called Jim sat down near the side of the room, his head cupped in his hands. Jane sat at her desk and slowly wrote her report. She finished, and a dead silence fell. Eternities seemed to pass between each tick of the clock.

He was the first to speak.

The voice that asked permission to use the telephone was broken, but the voice that gave the number was firm. Jane heard the muffled "Hello" at the other end of the wire. The man at her side began speaking slowly and carefully.

"Jim? It's Gordon Dixon. Listen—come over to Mercy Hospital right away. Virginia cracked up, and they're operating now. She's been asking for you. She—oh, goodbye."

He dropped the phone to the desk, clumsily. He turned, and the nurse stared up at him.

"I'm Gordon Dixon", he said. "Jim will be here in a few minutes. Please—please tell him—what happened—all about it—before they see each other—tell him to play up * * *."

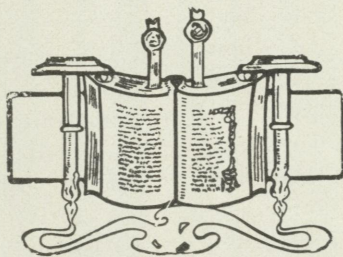
He left the door open behind him. It was still open when Dr. Grayson returned from the operating room. And Jane O'Hearn was still staring through the opening, looking down the corridor whence he had disappeared.

"She'll live", Grayson said. The girl made no answer.

Grayson put his hand on her shoulder.

"Miss O'Hearn, have you seen a ghost", he demanded. "Or an angel, perhaps"? with a smile.

"Neither", she replied without taking her gaze away from the door. "I've seen an archangel."



A Question of Interpretation

An Embellished Anecdote

By J. REGINALD PRICE

IT happened in England in the vicinity of Oxford, when a celebrated foreign linguist was passing through that part of the country. The linguist, who so far in his travels, had not found sufficient scope to air his linguistic abilities, as he should have liked, expressed the desire to converse with some person, in the learned languages; accordingly he was recommended to one of the great professors of the University of Oxford.

The linguist immediately wrote a lengthy epistle to the professor in which he announced his intended visit; the letter was naturally full of personal recommendation. The professor thus learnt the time and manner of his visitor's arrival, and being of a jocund nature, it did not take long for his fertile brain to hatch a nice plan, destined to cause the linguist much pleasure as well as astonishment. To carry out the plan, he requisitioned some of his best language students as confederates; these he disguised as peasants and instructed them to station themselves in small groups at fairly good intervals along the road. When the linguist would pass by, the students were to speak to him in Greek, Latin, German, Hebrew, Italian and other languages, or to answer him in these languages should he speak to them.

The linguist took in the rustic beauty of the scenery whilst he was approaching the University, when, at a turn, a peasant who had been seated by the roadside, came up to him and addressing him in studied Latin, asked him the time of the day. Astonished to hear a peasant speaking a foreign language so well, the linguist paused before replying, but thinking that perhaps this was another case of a man who had had his opportunity and missed it, answered, and went his way. By way of convincing himself that the peasant of the moment before was but an exception, he stopped the next peasant along his route, and asked him the way to Oxford. Imagine his surprise when he was answered in perfect French! A little farther on, he was accosted by a youthful peasant who asked him in excellent German if he were not a certain Von Diss; surprised beyond words, the linguist replied that he was certainly not Von Diss. Before

he had arrived at the University, he had been spoken to in almost all the languages that he himself was versed in.

Arrived at the University, he was cordially welcomed by the professor to whom he expressed his genuine astonishment. "Professor", said he, "I am more than convinced of the superiority of your university. Its good influence has spread so far into the different classes of society that it has even reached the peasant-folk." Thereupon, he recounted his recent conversations. The professor secretly complimented himself at having so easily duped the linguist. They had been conversing for some time, when the linguist as if he had suddenly remembered something that he had previously forgotten, said: "Oh! Yes, professor! I have already heard many languages spoken here but what I would most like to see is a man who understands perfectly the language of signs. He should be able to make himself understood at once, and conversely, to construe correctly, any intelligent sign that one might make to him. The professor not prepared for such an extraordinary demand, was momentarily embarrassed, but answered optimistically: "Certainly, but as the person who I think will satisfy your wish is somewhat far away, you must stay to dinner." The invitation was fully accepted and the two men spent a happy evening. A little before the coffee was served, the professor, remembering the linguist's wish, asked for a few minutes' leave. He left the room and consulted with a colleague who advised him to make use of Henry, a one-eyed fool who lived on the premises of the University and was a sort of "jack-at-all-trades".

Calling the one-eyed Henry, the professor gravely informed him that a certain great gentleman who was passing through England had heard of his one-eyed celebrity, and wished to see him. Flattered, Henry, expressed his willingness to meet the gentleman. "But", the professor reminded him, "the gentleman is extremely deaf and of course understand only signs. So do not fail to speak to him by signs tomorrow when you will be here at eleven o'clock."

Returning to the linguist, the professor informed him that his man would arrive at eleven the next

morning. "Oh!" the linguist was very much distressed. "I had decided to leave at that very hour, but never mind, I'll let the car wait."

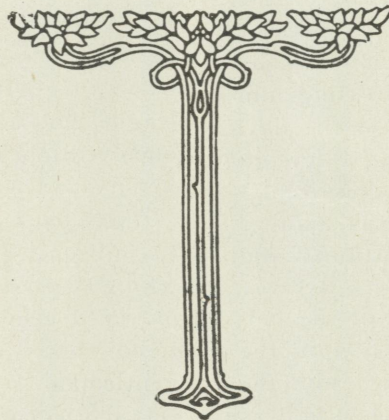
Eleven o'clock the next morning Henry, feeling very much elated, presented himself in the professor's room. He was met by the linguist, who had already prepared his leave-taking. Remembering the professor's remark about the man's greatness, he sized him up momentarily in order to guide himself in this strange interview. The linguist saw him, and looking full into his face, lifted up one finger. Henry looked gravely back at him and solemnly held up two fingers. The linguist smiled slightly and put up three. At which Henry promptly raised his clenched fist and shook it at the linguist. The latter, smiling, took out his watch, glanced at it, and left for his waiting car. But before entering it, he assured the professor of the young man's soundness of intellect and quickness of apprehension. "Professor", he said, "that man was more than I had dared hope for. I am fully satisfied." Then seeing the professor's curiosity aroused, the linguist decided to recount the substance of his meeting.

"Your man came into the room, but as he did not start speaking, I raised one finger to signify that there is but one God. The young man understood me at once, and raised two fingers to signify that there are two Persons—the Father and the Son. Thereupon I raised three fingers to show that there are three Persons—the Father, the Son and the

Holy Ghost. Immediately, he raised his fist as if to say: 'Yes, and I dare anyone to deny that they are but one God and three Persons.' Now, that's what I call a wonderfully intelligent young man. Professor, I am very happy to have met you." After saying which, the linguist took his leave.

The professor returned to his room, to find Henry in a great rage. He inquired of him what the matter was. And Henry almost yelled: "What is the matter! That great man you talked about, why, he was the most insolent fellow I ever met." The professor, totally bewildered asked him what it was all about. The raging Henry then began to wail his complaint: "I came into the room and that insolent fellow, looked steadily into my face and raised one finger as if to say, 'So you have but one eye, have you?' And as I did not like that sort of thing, I was piqued,—but after a while, I raised two of my fingers to mean that he had two eyes. Then the villain deliberately raised three fingers as if to say, 'Sure, that makes just three eyes between us two.' Unable to bear such an insult any longer, I raised my fist to show him that I wasn't standing it. The man looked at his watch and went, and I tell you that it was lucky for him that he did."

The professor, startled by the vehemence of the other's manner, decided that perhaps Lady Luck would look upon him with more favor if he were to follow the dictates of his interpretative mind, and turning upon his heel, made a precipitate bee-line through the nearest exit.



Stranded on the Sixth Moon

An Interplanetary Story a la Jules Verne

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

Reading Time: 14 minutes, 8 seconds.

IT happened in the year of the Lord, 2330. The date was the twelfth of December. The hour was approaching midnight. John Caleb paced his narrow cell. He hated the black hole into which they had thrust him that evening. He hated those that had ordained his solitary confinement. It brought more poignantly to his mind that he was merely prisoner 189,976 at the State penitentiary at Ossining, New York. It was true that he had broken the rules. Indeed he had meant to. His cell-mates had considered it a bit of madness, but there was a method in it of which they did not dream. They wondered how a usually mild individual could suddenly change and become as ugly as the most brutal prisoner in the institution. They had seen him apparently rebel against the poor food of the evening mess, throwing the contents of his plate in the face of the nearest guard. The other guards seized him in the act of attempting to strike the same man. The warden had given him a month in the "black hole" or solitary confinement. The prison pathologist was at a loss to explain why the usually meek Caleb should suddenly shed his gentleness like a man his coat.

Prisons were complex things in those days. Caleb had been sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. It was seldom that a man of his technical attainments was admitted to the institution. He had been made a trusty and put to work in the prison-chemist's laboratory. There they studied the earth of the broad prison farms, the compositions of them, and experimented with chemicals to make the ground more fertile. The prisoners were used in farming. It enabled the state to realize a splendid income from them, though the synthetic food manufacturers howled about unfair competition. Many changes had taken place since three-hundred years before. The prisoners were treated more humanely, except in cases of direct insubordination like Caleb's. They were segregated according to types. Sentences were extremely short. Caleb's sentence of five years was one of the severest in the penal institution.

With this background John Caleb paced the opaque blackness of his little hole. His freedom of movement was limited, but though he had collided

with them with some damage to himself at first, he now knew exactly where the stone walls of his ten by ten were. His reflections were bitter. He was not thinking of the stiff sentence of the warden. His thoughts went far beyond the sordid prison and pierced the outer regions of space. Again he was the captain of the "New Yorker", the fastest and most comfortable passenger space-ship on the Earth-Neptunian Line. Again he was traveling at top-speed, about five thousand space-knots a second, just beyond the orbit of Mars. The supply of navite, a sort of radium fuel for the atomic motors, was getting low. He would have to refuel at Eros. He was entering the meteor-belt. All was content and serene. The passengers, especially those who were venturing into space for the first time, were gazing awe-struck at the display of solar phenomena. It was like the first ocean crossing of three hundred years ago, Caleb's position had been an envied one. Few men become captains of space-fliers at the unripe age of thirty-one years. But few men on the terrestrial sphere could equal his skill in astro-mathematics and spacigation. Then his second officer, Philip Manton handed him an ethergraph. It read:

"Comet Oberon is crossing your path. Its position now is at W. 345.8; Up. 1127.4; Rad. 932.56. You can cross the intersection ahead of it with ten minutes to spare. Proceed at full speed. It will be dangerous to do anything else."

"Ten minutes!" Caleb frowned. It was a long time in space. He strolled to the foot-thick window before the captain's bridge and eyed the nearing comet with a new aspect. He was uneasy. The instinct of danger, inculcated in any who have flown the Milky Way for any length of time, was aroused. He had turned to Manton.

"Bring me the Body-Finder", he had said.

In a minute he was taking accurate measurements of the approaching menace. The instrument worked on a combined principle of gravity and heat emanations. The first two figures of the ethergraph he found to be correct. Then his face paled.

"Manton, they made a mistake. The radius is 931.02. They've misjudged the speed of the comet

terribly. We'll never make it! It means a collision!"

"Impossible! How could the Astro-Board make an error?" Manton replied. He, as most others, believed that body of dignified experts infallible. He looked at the instruments.

"There is something wrong. What are you going to do—take a chance?"

Caleb was silent for a moment. He was thinking of all his passengers. At that moment he saw a gray-haired old lady down on the promenade deck, watching the approaching comet as others were doing. Already the meteor was as large as the noon-day sun. He made his decision, though it was a difficult one.

"Slow down. Head her back for Mars."

By the time this dangerous expedient had been accomplished, the comet was uncomfortably near the "New Yorker". The atmosphere in the space flier became hot and untenable. Passengers collapsed by dozens. Soon, however, the man-made atom of space was safely out of the danger zone and but little later in a Martian space port.

An ethergram awaited them there. The government had ordered the space police to arrest Caleb for direct disobedience to orders. It was a dangerous thing to break schedule in the solar system when the solar system adhered to such marvelous timing herself. Caleb's offense was a grievous one. Manton took the "New Yorker" on to Neptune and appeared back on earth in time for Caleb's trial. Caleb was charged with disobedience and cowardice, something as unpardonable as murder in a space pilot. When he had claimed that the Astro-Board had made an error he was laughed at. Manton was called upon to testify for the defense. He was asked whether Caleb's instrument had registered any variation of the Astro-Board's information. He looked at Caleb and then cast his eyes downward. The spectators accepted it as a sign that he was reluctant. Caleb wondered what the mate would say. He knew that Manton had long hated him, was envious of his position. Perhaps Mitzi Huston, the daughter of President Huston of the "Earth-Neptunian", had something to do with it.

"No", Manton had answered briefly, his eyes sedulously avoiding Caleb's piercing stare.

In the black of his prison cell Caleb again shut his eyes as he visualized the scene of the court in his tired brain. There was a rumble of disbelief; President Huston turned his back; Mitzi Huston's eyes were scornful. Caleb was silent and grim as the Astro-Board found him guilty. He was sentenced for five years in the state penitentiary.

Then he heard the prison gong strike. It was midnight. The time had come. He took out a

small vial from the inside of his dull, grey jacket. It was filled with a clear, colorless liquid that was destined to become known as the most powerful acid in chemistry. Caleb had discovered it in the prison laboratory and had kept the secret to himself. It would eat through anything but certain potassium compounds. The vial which held the liquid was of potassium glass. He took a small glass rod from the same pocket. It was nerve-racking work in the utter darkness. One slip might mean his life, or at least the loss of a limb. Gingerly he uncorked the vial and dipped the glass rod into the liquid. Then he described a circle about two feet in diameter on the outside wall and drew several intersecting diameters through it. He recorked his vial with a specially prepared glass stopper, returned it to his jacket and waited. The wall resounded with a dull thud. The acid had eaten through the barrier. Cautiously he pushed the various pieces outward. Soon the hole was a reality through a three-foot-thick wall! Caleb crawled through. He replaced the various pieces of stone. The breach was not apparent unless it would be examined closely. He expected this precaution to give him about twenty-four hours start. He was in the prison yard. His next problem was to pass the walls. The old-fashioned method of using night guards had been abandoned. The walls were swept constantly with huge searchlights. The metal barriers were wired to selenium cell circuits. The slightest touch on the inward side would start the cells screaming shrilly. Just beyond the deadline on the inside of the walls was a field of force. Many had tried to rush through it but had been electrocuted. Not a prisoner had escaped from Sing Sing for over a hundred years. Night guards were hardly necessary.

Caleb had planned his escape for months. He crept around the prison building to where he found three conduits. They were half-buried in the ground. Few prisoners knew exactly what they were for, but their use was evident to a man of Caleb's ability. The conduits, consisting of concrete and foot-thick steel could not be tampered with—theoretically. Caleb smiled and drew out his vial. Over two of the conduits he made but a single motion of his wet rod. He waited a minute and then examined the work of the acid with a smile. The lights continued flashing but he knew the selenium cells and the field of force were dead. The acid had severed the cables.

He crossed the yard cautiously and in a few minutes had made a hole in the wall. When at last outside the grim metal walls he replaced the various sections in the breach. The miracle had happened. A prisoner had escaped!

As water returns to its level he made his way to

New York. The great metropolis contained about twenty millions of inhabitants and had become a city that had only existed in the dreams of the imagination prior to that century. It possessed twenty levels of thoroughfares and great buildings rose high into the air two-hundred stories and more. On the top of New York the great Space-ships had their ports. These ports resembled the large sea-ports of three hundred years before, though they were on a vaster scale. The adventurers of all nations gathered here. There were tales of untold treasures being discovered daily by explorers of the outer regions. One expedition was being formed for a trip of exploration to Andromeda. They did not expect to return for twenty years—if at all. Caleb, black-bearded and ragged, looked capable. He was taken in as a member of a freight crew on one of the "Earth-Neptunian" freighters. Though the journals were screaming of his escape like so many sirens, he was unsuspected. He gave his name as Jack Leeland and was signed on as such. It was difficult to get good space-men on the slow, dangerous freighters.

Several deaths because of gravitosis, a peculiar disease confined to space-men just as scurvy was confined to seamen of three centuries before, brought Caleb a promotion. He became the mate of the freighter, "Luna", within the year. Then, a certain vice-president of the "Earth-Neptunian", ever eager to raise men from the ranks, maneuvered Caleb into taking an examination for his master papers. The supposed Leeland made some pretense of studying and then passed the test brilliantly—but not too brilliantly. It was like giving Einstein an examination in arithmetic. Caleb commanded a freighter for a month and then, to his dismay, was transferred to the "New Yorker" as third mate.

With some misgivings he reported for duty, Manton, his old enemy, was still master of the beautiful, passenger craft. He was not recognized. Caleb did not realize the change the two years had brought about in him. His old good-nature was gone. He was taciturn and unsmiling. His square-cut beard, a style of the period, efficiently disguised him. His old associates never suspected. They left New York on the sixth of December. Caleb realized with some uneasiness that it was the identical date on which they had left the city on that ill-fated voyage of two years before. President Huston and his family came aboard. He was making his annual tour of his radium mines and space stations. The "New Yorker" sealed her portals and then raised so slowly that the start was imperceptible. Once beyond the atmospheric strata of the earth the atomic motors were slowly speeded until they had reached their normal spacial rate. The

liner left off passengers at Mars and then was beyond the red planet. President Huston and his daughter were on the bridge when the message came:

"Comet 'Oberon' is crossing your path. Its position now is at W. 345.8; Up. 1127.4; Rad. 932.56. You can cross the intersection ahead of it with ten minutes to spare. Proceed at full speed. It will be dangerous to do anything else."

Manton turned green. He was caught in the trap. The trap was the extreme regularity of the solar system. He was facing exactly the same predicament Caleb was in two years before. The Astro-Board had made the same error. They had misjudged the speed of the comet. To go on meant death. He knew Caleb had been right. To admit the truth now would ruin him. He would be punished for perjury and Caleb would be released. His nerveless fingers let the message flutter to the floor. Huston captured it and read it.

"Well now you are in the same situation Caleb was two years ago. Now, Manton, it is your duty to show your honor. Beat that comet and uphold the honor of the line!"

Manton took a wild look at Huston, at Mitzi, his affianced bride, and licked his dry lips. Unable to contain himself any longer he broke down, letting his face fall into his hands.

"Caleb was right. You know what a wizard he was. To go on means death. It's a sure collision! We'll be all burnt to cinders."

The second mate was absent from the ship due to an attack of gravitosis. Huston, considerably disturbed, turned to Leeland.

"Get the location of that body immediately." He glanced in contemptuous astonishment at Manton. Mitzi was holding the back of one hand to her mouth in dismay. Leeland quickly made the error apparent to Huston. Somehow, he felt, while he should be delighted by Manton's downfall, his vengeance was flavorless.

"Turn her back to Mars!" sobbed Manton hysterically. "In a minute it will be too late!"

Huston hesitated. Manton pleaded earnestly with the supposed Leeland. Then the master sprang back.

"Those eyes!" he moaned. "They've haunted me for months. It's Caleb! It's Caleb!"

"I'm convinced", Huston said at last, having no time to be surprised. "Caleb, turn her back to Mars."

The latter shook his head grimly. He pointed to the comet. It was fully a yard in diameter now. "Too late!" he said callously.

"For heaven's sake, man, do something! Think of the women and children!" Huston pleaded.

There was a silent flash nearby. Manton was sprawled on the deck—a suicide by his own electric pistol. Huston was genuinely frightened now. His ship-master had destroyed himself. Caleb seemed bent on wholesale murder and suicide as a revenge. Mitzi Huston interposed calmly now,

"John, remember your little sister Josephine. Well, father adopted her and she's aboard. You haven't seen her because she's in my cabin, ill with a touch of gravitosis."

Caleb had been temporarily insane with the swiftly approaching culmination of a wholesale retribution. He had been condemned to a living death for disobeying orders. Now he would obey the orders of the Astral-Board, which even Huston could not reverse. The government would effectually destroy that august body of "know-it-alls". Mitzi's calmness brought back his senses. He leaped to the controls, kicking Manton's body out of his way. He pulled a signal bell. All passengers jumped into safety belts to avoid being thrown about.

"There is just one chance in a hundred", he told Huston as that person donned a safety belt. "Full speed ahead and through the tail of the comet. Our speed may save us."

It took a master-touch at the power distributors just then. John Caleb possessed it. He retarded the speed long enough for the huge comet to pass by. Then he gave full speed to the powerful motors of the craft. To linger long in that vicinity meant the crippling of the delicate machinery and a subsequent death in space, or being pulled into the comet by its magnetic attraction. The air was intensely hot in the "New Yorker". At five thousand space-knots per second they lunged for the luminous tail of the comet which now obstructed all vision. There was an instant of intense heat. The hull of the "New Yorker" thumped with millions of small meteorites. Then they were beyond the miniature sun. It slowly dwindled into the infinity of space. The "New Yorker" had been severely taxed by the tremendous magnetic pull of the comet..

"Three motors and a dynamo conked!" he said, "there goes the Lyonite system too!"

The space-ship was slowly falling toward Jupiter. Caleb was struggling with the controls.

"What chance have we?" Huston wanted to know.

"Our only chance is to fall on some planet where conditions are livable and await rescue. I'll try to make the sixth moon of Jupiter. I visited it once

in a freighter. It corresponds closely to the earth in size, atmosphere and gravity."

Jupiter and her moons approached slowly as the wounded flier fell. Huston was filled with a great admiration as he saw Caleb perform impossible feats during that long hour. He slowed the fall of the ship by reversing his two remaining motors and managed to get the Lyonite system, for overcoming gravity, into action once or twice. He picked out the sixth moon of the solar giant and was able to time his fall to the fraction of a second. Furthermore, he picked a favorable spot, of which he knew, to land. The ship entered the atmosphere of the planet slowly and landed with a gentle thud. Had not his Lyonite system been working at that moment to some extent the ship would have fallen with the speed of a meteor. They were stranded on the sixth moon.

Caleb also succeeded in quieting the frightened passengers. There was sufficient food for months and in the meantime they would be rescued and the "New Yorker" salvaged. Then he turned at last to Huston, took his sister, whom he had judged to have been thrust into an orphanage, into his arms and said somewhat shamefacedly,

"I'm sorry for the way I acted up there. I must have been crazy. Will you accept my apology?"

"You have more to forgive than I", Huston replied magnanimously. "I think we'll go back and teach the Astral-Board something about astronomy."

"Yes, and what's more, you are going to be a vice-president with twenty-thousand shares of stock." Huston smiled.

The president was earnestly trying to make amends. He offered one of his best cigars to Caleb and began a discussion on astral-mathematics when he received a violent kick in the shins from his only daughter. He glanced inquiringly at her and then wisely took his leave.

Late that day, Caleb with the aid of his technical expert, succeeded in repairing the ethergraph. An S. O. S. was immediately sent to the "Earth-Nep-tunian" station at Mars and a liner was sent to the assistance of the castaways. It arrived only too quickly for Caleb. The days he spent cast away on the sixth moon of Jupiter were among the happiest of his life. Huston and his chief pilot arrived at a better understanding and became fast friends rather than mere business associates. He was reunited with his adoring, little sister, whom he had thought to be lost to him forever, and lastly there was Mitzi.

Only 364 More Days

And Take the Next Day Off

By GREGORY MEIER

I have spent quite some time trying to formulate a good and substantial explanation for the lengthy periods of preparation and recuperation required for the Christmas holidays. This period which is constantly growing and gradually covering a larger portion of the calendar may be compared to the clearing in a commercialized forest, that is constantly broadening as the lumbermen chop their way farther and farther into the wilderness to meet the growing demands of the world. The Christmastide of today may be divided into three distinct divisions, namely, the pre-holiday, the holiday and the post-holiday seasons, if the entire period, beginning with the purchase of the first gift and terminating with the last gift to be exchanged, is to be covered. What can be the direct cause of this? Is it because the Christmas spirit is growing wan?

The term "holidays", it seems, has taken on an entirely new aspect. All of our business men spend the Christmas week keeping late hours in the store and trying to reap a rich harvest from the last-minute shoppers, by taking advantage of their spirit of Christmas generosity and good cheer. About the only followers of the term in its old sense are the schoolboys. The college-men are even too busily absorbed in their forthcoming examinations to imbibe the spirit until the last minute.

When you seated yourself at the dinner table to pay your last respects to the Thanksgiving turkey, you no doubt devoured the tender morsels in a rather abstract mood, while all through the meal you were probably very busily occupied, making the remote adjustments on a Christmas-gift list that would suit your pocketbook, or perhaps you watched the munching faces of your table companions and tried to deduct from the expressions thereon, whether they were really going to give you something useful this Christmas.

Now that the football season has terminated watch the followers of that game of games, "Give and Take" start in for the fall training. "Give and Take" is a new game that has a great deal of ardent followers and has offered unlimited material for many a good story in the last few years. The

object of the game is to try to come as near as possible to breaking even on the exchange of Christmas gifts.

Have you ever stopped to think that the Christmas cards which you have been buying to send your humble message of peace and good cheer to your friends and relatives, have been in the making since the first green sprouts of this year's asparagus crop popped their tender heads forth to devour the nourishing rays of a friendly June sun? The sweet little verse on the card, that you admired so and thought to be the product of a soul inspired by the environment of Yuletide peace and charity, were probably written between innings at the opening game in the bleachers of the home-team ball park. And the artist that sketched the cute little winter scene adjoining the verse, no doubt had to forsake the easel more than once to light a firecracker for Junior.

Just stroll around downtown these days and keep your eyes open, then ask yourself, "Is everything what it seems?" Don't you wonder if the optimistic shopkeeper, who hangs the "**Shop Early—Avoid the Crowd**" signs in his window a month before Christmas, has at heart the convenience of his customers, or whether he, in order to insure a merry Christmas for himself and family, is just trying to persuade the public to shop early so that several installments on the goods sold will roll in before December 25th. Watch the crowds standing before the store windows. Can you be sure that they are all just window shopping, or if you look a little closer can you notice a scrutinizing look on the countenances of some of them and wonder if they aren't getting a line on the place and trying to recall whether they have ever worked it before and wondering how easy it would be to open a charge account there? Are all of the scurrying crowds that tread the streets, in quest of Christmas bargains, or perhaps aren't half of them just making the rounds, paying the final installments on last year's gifts?

After stopping to look, listen and ponder aren't you inclined to believe that the Christmas holidays have become commercialized? The true Christmas spirit is fast waning away. The mailing of gifts is

one great evil that has taken an active part in killing the old-fashioned Yuletide peace and good will. The person who mails a gift to someone right around the corner must do so because he is afraid to be present when the package is opened.

Will Christmas ever mean what it meant in grandfather's day, when Main Street in the old home town was still a prairie and the "one-hoss" sleigh was still in vogue? Let grandfather tell you how the folks would "hitch up" old Dobbin to the good old sleigh on Christmas eve and you made the rounds with a gunny-sack bursting with gifts. And how, as you glided along the glassy road the big, delicious snowflakes tried their darnedest to hop

into your eyes and how the old wind whistled through the bare trees and kind of formed a duet with the jingling of the sleigh-bells. Every now and then you'd pass a cheery little cottage nestling snugly against the white hillside, with its windows aglow with a friendly inviting light, and large holly wreaths hung in full view through the frosted panes, while a wisp of lazy smoke issued placidly from the icicle-fringed chimney and rose to cut a juicy slice off the big winking moon.

Alas! Shall we ever, my friends, witness the old time Yuletide, when a jug of cider made as presentable a gift as a pedigreed Pekinese makes today?

Reaction to a Popular Love Song

By SHANACHIE

*I could have loved you truly dear,
For you were fair;
And more than fair,
You satisfied my vanity;
But have no fear,
Attention was too much a care,
And you were far, too far expensive.*

*I offered you my heart in vain,
But that was naught,
My heart was naught
Compared to my well armoured pride,
Which you have slain:
Yet soon enough I shall be caught,
To sing another ditties pensive.*

Signing Off

The Truth About a Racket

By GRAHAM CRACKERS

W O E is me, or rather woe was me. Many a night long years ago when I was a lad, I used to sit in the darkened recesses of my study and listen to the radio therein. Each time the announcers voice, crisp and clear, was relayed through the ether I made a mental record of the thought I'd so often pondered over; what a snap of a job he has.

Woe is me, or rather woe was me. Now as a sophisticated collegian those tender memories I cherished in childhood days have gone the way all tender memories go—Certainly madam, the memory heap is in the corner room, first aisle to the left—No; I did not become a radio announcer and have my false impression rectified in that manner. It was something altogether different and still worse. I was (note carefully that the verb is in the past tense; that is all important in order that the drift of the story may be gotten, as the conventional snow scene that usually gives that angle is here omitted) a public address announcer. Or should you not be familiar with that dignified term, I'm the lad that babbled into the thingamajig that makes noise come out of the horns in the Payton stadium. Clear? I thought it would be.

Yes, the truth will be out. I must confess I'm the lad. My disguise has been successfully penetrated by a campus sleuth, but I pray you not to be too harsh with me and I will meet your demands. However, I pray you be not too hard with me as I am little familiar with the tricks of this scribbler's craft, and thus you are asked to refrain from hurling "Irish confetti and ripe fruit".

It all came about in this wise. One chilly September afternoon I was seated at the Art-Gravure desk (free ad) in my conference room. The buzzer buzzed. I had the door opened and in walked a portly gentleman, of ruddy complexion and gray thatch. He handed me a gilt edge engraved card. It bore the obese gentleman's name; Hochowalt Whoanwhy, N. B. C. He explained his mission, telling of the vast enterprise his organization had planned. They were in search of young men to become public addressers.

"Gee!!" I thought, "At last a break to crash into

the radio game. Certainly I'd sign the card. Why not?" It was my chance. Why Mr. Whoanwhy himself had said I might become the "Gem of the Columbia" and that's enough to make anybody sign and besides—well, just besides, because that was all they offered me, but rather than chance ruining my amateur standing I refused the monetary considerations. Something also, Mr. Whoanwhy said too, was "Why son, you're bound to be a big hit, you're just like Old Molds endowed by nature for Bigger and Better things."

Now of course, I'm such a big gazelle that I believe everything that is told me, but I know Mr. Whoanwhy was serious. He was just that sort of a man. So the next day I put myself through a strenuous legal ordeal and signed the documents whereby I became an N. B. C. employee. In case you might be interested in knowing; the N. B. C. stands for No Body Cares; and I ask you isn't that appropriate. Why should anybody care? Thus I was a N. B. C. man. I waited. About a week later a telegram came from the Central office. I was to report "pronto" to Payton, Sohio. Which by the way is a little midwestern city situated in the eastern portion of the United States.

Orders was orders. I wound the cat and put out the clock, and dashed to catch the 5:47 out of Kalamazoo. Woe is me, or rather woe was me. I caught it. So about eight days as the crow flies, after I left Kalamazoo I reached Payton. There was a wire at the Mostofall telegraph office for me. "Work the Payton-Margetown game." That was the order, so I obeyed. Woe is me, or rather woe was me.

It was a balmy winter night, quite different from the usual run of nights, the night on which I became a public addresser. What an eventful night. The game was very ordinary but—. Well, just but. I had been subsidized by a banking firm that night and did I ever tell the cash customers and the newspaper men who slip in, what to do with their money. (Note—Only the first group was interested as the second classification are unfamiliar with greebacks). Well, take it from me I did. Babson himself could not have given sounder ad-

vice. The game was inconsequential; my address had gone over in a big way. The only groups that seemed not to like it were those who were seated in the North and South stands; those in the end zones of the bowl enjoyed it immensely. They told me so. Guess the amplifiers weren't located properly on the North and South sides.

I'd no more reached my hotel when messages of all types began pouring in. Letters, telegrams and phone calls from all parts of Payton. With them came offers for indorsements, the outstanding of this group was Old Molds, who wished to make me a subject for "Little Stories of Great Successes". But with my characteristic firmness I refused even the most flattering offers. I told them time and time again that I had wealth enough, but did this merely because I liked the work. And were they ever disappointed. It made me feel bad to turn down their pleas, but I had my amateur standing to think of. Of the 12,873 letters I received, there was but one that was unfavorable. The writer was a lady who asked if I wouldn't whisper the next time as I had kept her awake half the night. Get a load of that, I'd kept a poor maiden lady awake half the night. Gee, but I felt terrible about that.

There was no doubt about it, I was the "Hit of the Week". Don't get me wrong though, I'm not a paper plate converted into a victrola record nor can I be bought for 15c. Anyway I was wined, dined and feted all week. I was Payton's boy friend, and how—. The week passed swiftly. Before I knew it, it was the day of the Payton-Pestleyan game. The biggest event on Payton athletic calendar. I was to once again entertain the fans.

The game in itself was a thriller, and even if I say it myself, my graphic description of the passing events made it even more so. That was what the Pestleyan co-ed, who had on a green dress with bonnet to match and sat in the 33rd tier in the middle section in the West stand, said too. And co-eds ordinarily know. The real highlight as far as the public address system was concerned had to do with a reference made by the "Babbler" in regard to the officials. Ever since I was a wee whisp of an infant there had been instilled within me a healthy disrespect for football officials, for these necessary evils down my way are placed in the same category as Revenue Officers. Hence if you know my section of the country you will understand my attitude toward them. This particular statement to which I refer elicited much praise from the gallery, and even one of the officials appreciated it greatly. Shortly after I made it, he edged near me and thanked me for the nice things I had said about him, asked me out to meet the wife and children, etc., etc. He really appreciated.

Next to the above highlight was the courtesy with which the crowd received my announcements in regard to means of transportation. From the time I began these timely tips until I had finished them, the vast assemblage sat awe-stricken. It certainly warmed the cockles of my heart. Such a reception, such a reception. Woe is me, or rather woe was me.

These were the outstanding features, but there were numerous others. For your edification I will name a few. First there was the brown derbied gentleman in Section U, Row 14, Seat 8 who continually wished to know how much time was left to play. Thought perhaps I was a mind reader, I guess. Then there was the man who rashly accused me of being a native of "Gawjah". Can you imagine his chagrin when I informed him I wasn't a Corn Cracker. Then lastly, there was the tribute the Payton student body paid me by attending en masse "The Little House", and to cap off the performance they rode the Street Cars. I was really treading on air that evening, it was all so glorious. Whoops my dear.

Then followed another week of festivals in my honor. My popularity increased but I remained a la Lindbergh, unchanged by the clamor of the mob. That week-end Payton played Wigglethorpe. Once again I was the public addresser. Bigger and Better than Ever, as Barnum use to say (Barnum said other things too, but forget them). Well sir, I chilled them at this encounter, I had been reading Elbert Hubbard's Fifteen Minutes a Day Short Cuts to Success, so I had plenty of novelties to spring on the multitude. But the crowd wouldn't give me a chance to pull them. I had pleased them so much last week that they cried for more "Transportation Jokes", so like Chesterfields I had to satisfy, and thus nothing new creped out.

As the events turned out the Wigglethorps contest served as my swan song to a local audience. The next day I received a long letter from headquarters demanding that I speed back to Kalamazoo. I did. When I reached there I was notified that I was too valuable a man to have on the road. Thus I was given an executive post. Salary? Oh! several times that. At present I have under me 3,892 public addressers. Woe is me, or rather woe was me. My childhood impressions have been erased, I know the work from the top up. It's a great life if you don't run out of breath.

So ladies and gentlemen, that is the reason that little Graham Crackers is no longer babbling to the masses at Payton. He is on the last rung of the ladder of success. Woe is me, or rather woe was me.

A Christmas Eve Theatre Party

To Take You Back a Few Years

By LEONARD FEE, S. M.

I must have been dozing, lulled to sleep by the cozy crackling of the huge log fire, and the soft stillness of the twilight hour; for I started up suddenly at the clatter of hooves and the jingle of bells in the courtyard. In the twinkling of an eye I had donned my great-coat, muffler, cap, and mittens,—all before good old Sam, the antique family butler had shuffled his way from the manor-hall to announce that Mista Ben Jonson was waiting upon me. From the window I could see Ben's sleigh with the two mares, white as the snow upon which they stood, prancing in the nipping cold.

As I went out I heard the clock in the nearby church-tower chiming four-thirty,—a half hour before the play should begin. But we were leaving the manor early for the "Blackfriars" was on the other side of London,—a distance of nearly eight miles from Herfordshire.

Mr. Jonson greeted me in his customary jovial manner and assisted me into the sleigh, squeezing me between himself and another equally corpulent gentleman whom he introduced as Sir Humphrey Davies,—a most erudite (not to say learned) scholar, and one-time Headmaster at Langden Hall.

With a jerk and a jingle of bells we were off. I do not know to this day why we three were so happy and jolly—excessively so for three old bachelors. Perhaps it was the biting cold air with the little flurry of snowflakes, or the wheezing of the carts in the busy holiday streets, and, of course, the fact that it was Christmas Eve had a great deal to do with the matter. Or was it caused by the thrill of hearing a little band of children caroling before one of the houses; or was it the brilliant yuletide displays in the shop windows; or was it because we were going to see Shakespeare's popular play, "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark"? As I have said, I could never account for it. All these circumstances and many more certainly contributed a great deal to our joviality.

As we whisked along in the dull, grey dusk, we were passing groups of twos or threes and larger parties, all making their way to the "Blackfriars". For, though the theatre was a private one owned by

mas Eve, his Lordship invited the public to attend a charity performance. Naturally our conversation turned upon the subject of the play. Both of my good companions vied with one another in telling me what I should expect to see, and what I should make it a special point to see. Because, you know, this was the very first time I had witnessed a play, since in Herfordshire, the suburb in which I live, we have no theatre, for as yet they were far from numerous. Thus the party to the "Blackfriars" was a treat I had anticipated for many a day.

Sir Humphrey told me that he had gone quite far in his study of dialectics and the early Classic Drama,—in fact, had even specialized in it for several years. He very courteously informed me that if I would note carefully during the play, I should discover that Shakespeare—with all due apology to his genius—does not observe the "three unities". Whereupon I had to make the shameful confession that I was afraid that I did not know anything at all about the matter. But Sir Humphrey, congenial soul, was more than eager to enlighten me, for he realized, very sympathetically, that most people do not have the opportunity of studying the underlying technicalities of the drama such as he had had.

"The unities, sir", he explained, "are a completeness,—a kind of universal dove-tailedness with regard to time and place—a sort of general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatic unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject,—and thought much." He seemed very well satisfied with himself and with his explanation of so complex a business, and I am quite sure he would have carried his exposition to even greater lengths, had not a sudden jolt more or less completely knocked the breath out of the good man. Which felicitous accident gave an opening to Ben, who was not slow in taking it, either. He immediately pointed out the theatre to me as it stood silhouetted against the sombre clouds some little distance away. It was rectangular in shape, and I remember that it struck me as being an exceptionally low structure.

As we neared it, I could see the little throng of

people at the single entrance, and the groups of pedestrians along the lane became more compact and noisy. In fact, so noisy that Sir Humphrey, having again become plentifully stocked with that all-important commodity—oxygen, began to air his views upon the violation of ordinary good ethics as is always found among the common populace—even in cultured Athens—he very knowingly added. However, the warmth of his cogent argument was most rudely chilled by the swish of an ill-aimed snowball which struck him in the back of the neck. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the icy missile so ruffled him that he completely lost his train of thought, or in any case he did not resume his conversation, and we drove the rest of the short distance in silence.

Upon driving up in front of the theatre a young, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad helped us out and for a few pennies, which he received from Ben, he led the sleigh and horses into an adjacent field, purposely used for bestowing the vehicles of the gentry during the performances.

It was ten minutes to five and the play should begin on the hour, so we wedged our way into the crowd about the tiny entrance, which was, incidentally, quite seriously congested just at that moment. For a very corpulent gentleman was vociferating with his more corpulent better-half,—or to be more exact—he was listening to her with an occasional heroic effort to say something himself. He wished to go into the “pit”, but she was determined to have seats in the gallery, which of course they did, and the entrance was freed from the human blockade. The door-keeper, whom I really believe would have made a better clown, recognizing my esteemed host, made a sweeping bow and politely inquired whether he might have the pleasure of showing us to our seats—for a shilling. But Ben, who was every bit as quick, heartily thanked him and said that he believed we could find them cheaper by ourselves. So we mounted the narrow, squeaky stairs to the balcony, and found excellent seats at the opposite end from the stage, for you know, the galleries run all around the three walls of the theatre, the stage backing against the fourth wall which was, as I have said, opposite us.

Needless to say I was quite all eyes, trying to miss nothing, but seeing little of anything. Mr. Jonson begged pardon to go about and chat with his many friends. He asked me to accompany him, but I excused myself saying that I would prefer to look around a bit before the play should commence. I was enjoying it immensely, so much so, that I believe I offended Sir Humphrey who, as far as I could gather, was telling me in a most patronizing way of the improper acoustics. And when he sud-

denly questioned me upon the point, I most innocently acknowledged that, since I had never seen the play, I could scarcely comment upon its ethical or moral value. Whereupon he said that he felt a draft and pulled up the huge collar of his great-coat. But when I next glanced his way he seemed to have forgotten all about it and was carrying on a pleasant conversation with my Lord Bucket of Pails, whose party had seats next to ours. Seeing him thus occupied, I fell to observing things about me.

The “Blackfriars” is unique among theatres in this, that it is entirely roofed. The heavy oak beams were hung with holly and mistletoe, while from the center of the roof, suspended on a chain, which could be raised and lowered, was a chandelier holding twenty candles which a boy was just then lighting. There were other candles already lighted upon the stage.

The two galleries were filled with the gay-frocked gentry, who added much color to the dimly lighted hall. The “pit” likewise was quite well filled. There were tanners, printers, sailors, ‘prentices, beggars, carolers, flippant young blades, in fact every kind of a person who would make up Sir Humphrey’s “common populace”. Though I noticed few women, yet *one* I did notice very especially, for she wore a hat with a veritable forest of feathers bedecking it. And one young dandy, distracted by the waving forest, applied to it a lighted taper and in an instant the whole headpiece was aflame. The rabble shouted and stamped with glee, and the good woman, as was most proper to her sex and circumstances—fainted. As they carried her out, a sudden and deafening blare startled most of the assembly into silence. It was the trumpeter on the stage announcing in this way that the play was to begin immediately.

Then a page, in the livery of my Lord Chamberlain, appeared. He was the prologue. He finished his words and the orchestra,—two flutes and a trumpet, began to blow, I cannot say play, for several minutes. Sir Humphrey of course immediately recognized that the reason for the discord was the fact that the musicians had forgotten their tempo, and said they should play “andante”. Now I am far from being a scholar in music, yet I felt sure enough of my knowledge to assert that I too thought that the piece he mentioned might be more appropriate. And really—do you know that that man immediately sneezed and felt a draft.

After the music the players entered and the play began. However, since it was my first experience, I do not feel that I ought to commit my impressions. I will say this much that I enjoyed it from first to last,—though it was rather difficult to

follow the scenes. For at one time, one must imagine the stage to be a courtyard before some grand castle, which thing was altogether possible with a little good will. But it was most jarring to one's finer sensibilities to have fixed this impression in one's mind, only to have a crier announce that the scene has changed;—it is no longer a courtyard, but the private bed-chamber of Her Majesty the Queen. Which in turn, without any apparent difficulty or hardships to anyone, might shortly change to the barroom of the "Blue Bell Inn", or even to the stormswept deck of a merchantman. But I became accustomed to this business and by the end of the play could pretty well guess what the next scene would be, and was thus a little more prepared for the shock of the transition.

There was one thing that considerably distracted me, until Mr. Jonson enlightened me. I had watched carefully for two whole scenes the eight young dandies, sitting at two tables at the rear of the stage

—playing cards and smoking—and for the life of me I could not see what connection they had to the rest of the play going on front-stage. But Ben relieved me by explaining that the young men were mere spectators who paid a trifle extra for their privileged seats.

All told my experience was a delightful one, and if it was at all possible, we drove back to Herfordshire in gayer spirits than when we had come. Ben was talking in a steady stream on his favorite topic—the young actors—whom, though he thoroughly enjoyed,—yet he believed they were too young for such a strenuous life. While Sir Humphrey was demonstrating how much more powerful the play would be if Prince Hamlet had stabbed the King when he was at prayer. All of which talk was even more enjoyable when we had reached the manor and were seated in the cozy study, with the roaring fire, and good old Sam serving hot brandy together with the traditional plum-pudding.

The Vision

By SHANACHIE

*A dream has seared my coward heart,
A melody has echoed there;
My soul has seen the grail of joy
Pass by in vision down the light,
Slip through my fingers' outstretched grasp,
To hide behind a dusky veil.
Could I the weakest end the quest;
Could I the blinded see the hope
Once more, then could the trumpet's sound
Ring out, call out my countless dead.*

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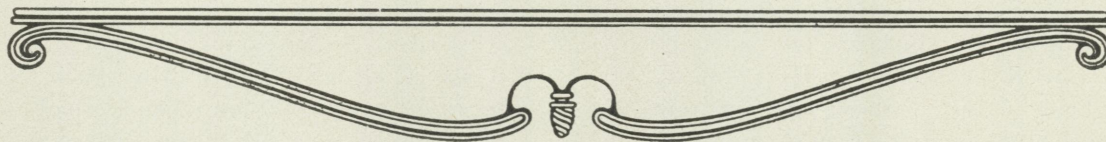
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The Editor's Soap Box Your Editor will not mount the Soap-box today. He is in no pugnacious mood. Rather, he will sit upon the corner of the box and wish you the most joyous and peaceful Christmas which it has ever been your fortune to experience. The entire Staff joins in the wish and adds the time honored greeting: "And a Happy New Year".

We were going to say something quarrelsome yesterday, but one of the more intelligent souls on the Staff headed us off the rocks.

"Editor", said he, "you are a sour, old, persnickity, pig-headed stick-in-the-mud. You think that your opinions are more valuable than other people's; whereas, they are only of the same value as opinions. This is supposed to be an issue in the interests of peace and good will. How can you expect to have the peace and good will of those who do you the favor of reading your magazine, if you insist on telling them that they're wrong and calling them names."

Your Editor asked: "Do you think the readers would like to hear something nice? I always thought the readers were a bit bloodthirsty. I always thought they liked a good one-sided argument."

"Well, you are wrong", said the Staff, "but not entirely wrong. Any man worth saving likes a good fight. But every man, worth saving or not, enjoys a little rest once in a while. So get down off the roost and act as though you were human."

And so here we are sitting on the corner of the Soap-box to wish you a

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and

A Happy New Year"

Page thirty

Since it is forbidden to talk business, let us have a pleasant chat. We would much rather have the informal chat than the dull grind of business, so it is no penance.

The other day two young and serious men were discussing the affairs of the world at large in general, and their own private little world in particular. It is the custom of these young men to break bread together for this very purpose. Sometimes there is an addition of another young and serious man, who regards both of the others in an indulgent light.

This time, however, the third young man happened to be otherwise engaged. This left the two to pour out their inspirations without an audience.

Somehow the conversation got about to the matter of Christmas rhymes. (For both were engaged in writing way, and were therefore cudgeling their brains for ideas). There was a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of certain of these rhymes. The first of the young men held out for an ancient jingle which he had learned in childhood. Without ado he dramatically recited:

"Christmas is a-coming, and the geese are getting fat,

Please put a penny in an old man's hat;

If you haven't got a penny, a half-a-penny'll do;

If you haven't got a half-a-penny, God bless you."

He said that this rhyme embodied all of the elements of Christmas; generosity, poverty, mendicancy, and blessings. Moreover, the thing was doubly gracious, being filled with childhood's benediction. He had, he said, recited the number before an

appreciative and indulgent adult audience, many times.

The second young man said that the audience had need to be indulgent. For his own part, he held a more ancient and timeworthy verse in high repute, namely:

"Good King Wencelaus look out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay around about,
Deep and crisp and even." And so on—

The other looked at him with commiseration.

"Why your poor mutton-head", he affectionately cried, "that is a carol for St. Stephen's Day, the day after Christmas. Of course I don't blame you; very few know differently, and so, it is applied to Christmas."

Words passed back and forth rapidly. Soon, lo and behold, they were discussing the writing of verse. Said one;

"It is a lost art. Few people read when you do write a piece worth while. Not only that, but the majority of readers would rather consume short stories; and it takes as long, and longer, to write a good verse as it does to write a short story."

"There is neither a question of time wasted, nor audience to read, nor amount of words used. The question has to deal only with an emotional outlet which verse alone can give. It takes a well educated intellect to appreciate and understand good poetry. Would you rather be of a high mental standard, or a constant fiction consumer?"

"I think I would rather be ignorant, happy, and never have read anything", said the first; "but I've gone too far now; I've read a few things, and I can't stop. If I do, I shall be the least satisfied of all, the man who has a smattering to constantly remind him of his vast incompetence. There's no rest for the weary."

"You take it too seriously", his friend replied. "Learning should be a pleasure. Something must be wrong with your liver. I once wrote verses for the amusement of my friends on napkins in restaurants, or whatever was at hand. It was good practice."

"Yes, I've heard of your ability at writing napkin verses. What were the subjects?"

"Whatever came to my mind. I remember one was 'An Ode to a Warm Glass of Water at Blank's'. The others were on similar lines."

"That must have been fun. Can you still concoct them?"

"Yes."

At which saying a verse was brewed, which may or may not mean anything to you.

* * *

Thanksgiving Day has come to be associated with zero weather in our minds. For two years the annual football game with Wittenberg has been played under conditions that would make a polar bear homesick for the dear old Arctic Circle. The game was everything in the world that could have been asked for. (Which is colloquial and ungrammatical, but conveys the idea clearly). The day was a success for everyone on the campus, that is everyone but the Band.

The Band was cold; the Band was frozen. The Band came on the field maneuvered in front of the home stands and halted. Mr. Reichard came to the front and prepared to give the signal for the traditional salute. He raised his baton and brought it down. Not a sound. Not a note, not even a sour one. That Band was frozen up as tight as the drums were supposed to be. Everyone of the instruments was locked in the frigid embrace of winter. Meanwhile people were waiting, so the Band nonchalantly stepped off the field to the "Tuk, tuk, tuk", of the drums.

They attempted to thaw out the tubas and the trumpets and the trombones for the half, but effort was futile. There was nothing to do but take the instruments into a warm place. And who had a warm place on that day?

As we said the day was a success for everyone but the Band.

* * *

We now must bid you farewell for the present. When we meet again, the hour glass will have been turned over once more. Time will come back to the beginning of the road. He will be a year older when the clock booms out the last stroke of twelve. You and I may be a year older, too, but a year's of little consequence to us, who are immortal.

Well, immortal or no, there is plenty to do until then. So, put on your hat, and let's go.

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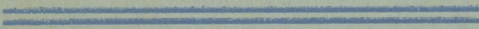
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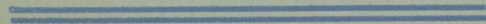
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