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The Holy Night

“And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus; that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrenus, the Governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea; to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife; who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock, And behold, an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, 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. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will.”



Christmas Customs in Foreign Lands

By Paul H. Kurzynski, '23

Christmas tide has ever been a season of universal rejoicing, feasting, license, and revelry, for there is no doubt that the majority of the most characteristic of our Christmas customs and observances are pre-Christian, and pagan in their origin. These customs and observances have been hallowed, however, by the roll of the centuries, which has invested them with definite Christian associations and significance, but whose source, nevertheless, is to be traced back into the dim past of pagan myth and festival.

The connection of the pagan Saturnalia with the festival commemorating the Nativity of the Christ was probably similar to the way in which other observances of paganism became attached to or associated with other celebrations of the Christian year. The Catholic Church, in the beginning, met with extraordinary difficulties in dealing with the old world pagan customs, and especially with those associated with the great annual feast of Saturn.

We find that, among the early Christians, Christmas was not celebrated as a principal feast; in fact, it was not until about 380 A. D. that the feast of Christmas, or the birth of Christ, was celebrated at all. But since that date, there has grown up in the Catholic Church certain traditions and usages, which hold all throughout the world today. While primarily we are to discuss the customs of many lands, we will first examine the customs prevalent in the Church, because they are universal.

Until very recently, Christmas Day was the sole day of the year on which three masses might be celebrated by the priest. The origin of the three masses is very interesting, and carries with it quite a bit of Church history. The first, or mid-night mass, commemorates the watch of the Shepherds at Bethlehem; the second, or the Aurora, was a special mass, said in the imperial chapel at Rome, on the patronal feast of this chapel, that of St. Anastasia, which also occurs on the 25th of December. The prevailing thought of this Mass, which should, if possible, be celebrated about dawn, is this: that the Infant in the manger is a gift to us, that Christ is born in time to be Our Savior, Our King and Father. The third and last mass on this day symbolizes the completion of the mystery of the Incarnation. It is celebrated

at full daylight, and it expresses the further fruits of this miracle, the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth, the indwelling grace of the great Angel of the Council.

Throughout the world the customs of the Universal Church prevail; but each country has special observances peculiar to it, which are the main features of its celebration of Christmas. English customs are perhaps the most famous, rather, the most widely known; Germany, too, is famed for its observance of Christmas, for it is here that St. Nicholas is made memorable and his name attached to the feast. Each country has its own sacred and inviolable tradition as to what is fit and proper to the Feast of the Nativity; and we will endeavor to pass in review on these various customs, and their historical and legendary background.

The present Christmas gatherings are chiefly confined to family parties. Many of the old customs have been done away with, but, *Deo Gratias!*, we have still the fare which is nowhere as grand, as wholesome, as tasteful as at Christmas. Christmas cheer, after all, need not be made indigestible. When it is looked at a little in detail, the analysis is decidedly reassuring. A fine plump turkey presents a noble figure, and two or three good slices from the breast are almost as easy of digestion as an oyster or a sweetbread. Even the goose, if it has been well-cooked and eaten with apple sauce, can be disposed of without qualms, by the fairly healthy stomach. The very plum-pudding of modern times, though not less rich than that of our grandmother's day, is so deftly compounded by the modern cook and so thoroughly boiled that dyspepsia itself will be content to try a helping. Then the apples and the nuts, the raisins and the almonds, the oranges and the wine (cider now)—what are these but light and cheerful aids to that beaming and happy frame of mind in which digestion proceeds as merrily as the song of the lark, when he rises from his bed of primroses to greet the dawn of a lovely spring morning?

Merry-making is a fine amusement. Nobody knows how many incipient illnesses are cut short, how many breakdowns of physiological energy are prevented by the brisk holiday, the good eating, the cheering fellowship, the "go" and "abandon" of Christmastide. This is true, as everywhere, in England, and we will try to give an outline of English sports, pastimes and feasting at Yuletide.

ENGLAND.

Among the viands peculiar to English feasting at this season are the plum-pudding, mince pies (otherwise known as shred pies and Christmas pies), the boar's head and roast beef.

In the mixing of the plum pudding, the entire family join, each mixing in at least one of its many ingredients, at the same

time making a wish, which is certain to be fulfilled at Christmas. Besides the spices and divers other ingredients which go to make up the actual pudding; it is also customary to place therein some gift, which goes to the person who receives at the Christmas dinner that portion of the pudding containing it. The seekers after the theological *raison-d'être* for the plum pudding contend that on account of the very richness of its ingredients, the plum-pudding is emblematic of the costly gifts of the Magi.

The custom of eating the Boar's Head is still preserved at Queen's College, Oxford, where the steaming head, weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, and variously decorated and gilded, is brought into the hall by three bearers, whose entry is announced by trumpets. A procession of the provost and fellows precedes the entry of the honored dish, whilst the pereentor chants a carol (the first verse of which follows), the refrain of which is taken up by the entire company of students:

The boar's head in hand bring I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, masters, merry be,
Qui estis in convivio.
Chorus: Caput apri defero,
Reddens Laudes Domino.

Customs which are traditional as having their growth in England are those of the Yule log, the wassail cup, carols and waits. The first named of these consists in bringing into the house, on the first day of the Christmas celebration, a huge log, which is burned from that day, generally the eve of the feast, until the twelfth day afterward. This log is a tradition descended from the ancient Druids, and it represented to them the wheel log, of the sun; for with them, as with the Romans, the Saturnalia was a great feast. The drinking of the wassail cup was the drinking from a huge cup which was filled with wine, by the master of the house, and each member of the family sipped from this vessel, pledging thereby his loyalty to the master for the forthcoming year.

Mummers, though no longer existant in England, have a survival in the various pantomimes, given during the Christmas season, which, in spite of modern developments, maintain their popularity and are eagerly looked forward to by children of larger and smaller growth. The decorating of the house with holly and mistletoe are practices of ancient birth. The mistletoe is placed on high, and the kiss under the mistletoe is given (or taken!) as a sign that the mistletoe, since it no longer touches the earth, and is no longer an instrument of mischief, is a plant of peace.

The singing of carols at Christmas time is very general in England, but modern carols have now supplanted the ancient

traditional ones. The custom is a memorial of the hymn sung by the Angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem, the "Gloria in excelsia Deo" being the first Christmas carol. The "waits" are musicians who play nightly, several days before Christmas, terminating their perambulations generally on Christmas eve. The origin of the name is uncertain; whether it pertains to the musicians themselves, their instruments, or the special circumstances under which they play, there is much dispute. They, with their vigorous caterwauling, are a supreme lesson in the indestructibility of the Christmas spirit, caricatured and satired as they are.

IRELAND.

In Erin, the Christmas season begins with December 24, and ends on January 6, or Little Christmas. Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, St. Stephen's Day and Little Christmas, or the coming of the Three Wise Men, are all celebrated. Christmas is primarily a feast of the home, and it is decorated with holly and evergreens. In each window of the house is placed a candle, a large one to represent Our Lord, and the others, smaller, to represent the Apostles. Christmas Eve is spent in visiting the neighbors of the village; later in the evening, the family gathers together to receive the blessing of the father of the family. All the members of the family then repair to the parish church, where Midnight Mass is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and terminated with the singing of the "Adeste Fideles." The greeting given one's acquaintance is "Happy Christmas."

On the following day, all the perfections of the culinary art are exhibited on the festal board. At the conclusion of the meal, a fruit cake is brought forth, which had been baked some two or three months before; and a bowl of punch is brewed, of which all partake.

The festivities extend all through the days following and terminate with January 6. Carols are sung throughout the season by bands of men and boys in each town and village.

SCANDANAVIA.

Going farther North, we come to Norway, where thirteen days of Christmas are observed, full of sleigh-riding, snowshoe running and all kinds of winter games. On Christmas eve, at seven o'clock, tea is handed around to the family. The Norwegians also begin their celebration of Christmas with divine services, after which they enjoy an appetizer for the Christmas repast. This is a pipe of tobacco given to each man and boy present; and they smoke while the feast is being made ready. One of the pretty customs of these occasions is that each guest, on arising from the feast, turns to the host and hostess, who remain seated at either end of the table, and, bowing to each, expresses his thanks for the meal.

In Sweden, as early as the first of December each housewife starts her preparations for the great day. There is the preparation of the different kinds of breads, cakes, drinks, cheeses and pies. The festivities proper begin with the dressing of the tree, the day before Christmas. In this all of the older members of the family join, preparing paper flowers with which to bedeck the tall evergreen tree, which reaches from floor to ceiling. The chief dishes of the Swedish festival are: the Christmas mush, which is rice boiled in milk and variously seasoned, eaten with cream; the Christmas fish, which resembles a cod; and last, a Christmas pudding, made of salt herrings, potatoes and eggs, baked and served hot. Christmas morning opens with an early service in church, to which the older members of the family go in sled-parties of from forty to fifty sleds, drawn by one or two horses; these sled parties are an especial feature of Christmas time. There are four legal holidays at Christmas; the day itself, the day following, Twelfth Day, and the twentieth day. Another pretty custom, besides that of the Christmas tree (or "Julgran") is that of each family placing in the yard a pole with a sheaf of grain on top for the birds Christmas dinner.

RUSSIA.

Turning southward to Russia, we find that here many of the traditions of the sun-worshippers are retained, which shows us that here, too, the season was once observed in honor of the renewal of the sun's power. The singing of the "Kolyada" or carols is one of the general customs of the country. A maiden, dressed in white and drawn on a sledge from house to house, represents the goddess of the Sun, while her retinue of maidens sing the "Kolyada." Here again we have the ancient custom of gift-making, for the maidens who attend the goddess expect to receive gifts in appreciation of their songs.

On Christmas eve it is customary to fast until after the first service in Church. But, after services, it is wise to hasten home and to bed, for, according to Russian authority, whatever dream you have that night will come true. On Christmas day, the priest visits every house in his district, accompanied by boys bearing a vessel of holy water; each room in the house is blessed, and thus each home is sanctified for the ensuing year. The greeting of "Merry Christmas" is not heard, the usual salutation on this day being "Greetings for the Lord's birth," to which is replied, "God be with you."

GERMANY.

In Germany there is greater hilarity than in the "cold Russian land," and, as England has enjoyed the merriest Yule-tides of the past, certainly Germany enjoys the merriest of the pres-

ent, for in no other country is the day so fully and heartily observed. It is the great occasion of the year, and means much to the people. The most important feature of the celebration is, of course, the Christmas tree, which is generally supposed to have its origin in mythological times, and to be a vestige of the marvelous tree, Yggdrasil. The tree is so important that there are societies to provide them for those too poor to buy them; most families require two, ranging in height from two to twenty feet.

The whole month of December is one grand prolonged season of merrymaking, with the Yule-tide festival proper opening on the eve of the feast of St. Nicholas, Dec. 6; for in Germany, St. Nicholas has a day set apart in his honor. This saint was accustomed to seek out the poor children on Christmas eve and give them a feast and presents, and from this has grown the custom of St. Nicholas going around on Christmas eve and giving presents to the children who have been good during the year. In some parts of Germany he is known as Kris Kringle, but we know him as Santa Claus.

On the day itself, the day before, and the day after, little or no business is transacted, and even the newspapers suspend publication. Though the poorer classes usually buy but little meat, they all indulge in this extravagance at Christmas; and everyone endeavors to purchase some plant or flower for the feast. The churches, strange to say, are not decorated, nor made up in any special manner; but throughout the Yule-tide, there is a deep spirit of devotion noticeable, and never for an instant is the significance of the occasion which they commemorate forgotten.

The day before Christmas the mother of the family prepares the tree, and no other member of the curious and expectant family is allowed to enter the room in which she prepares it. Tables are provided for holding the gifts, as every one in the family is expected to make a gift to every other member; besides the gifts, there is the ever present Christmas cake, whether in the form of "Pfeffer-kuchen," "Weinacht-kuchen," or any other of the numerous shapes and sizes in which they appear. Christmas eve the family assembles early, and at six o'clock a signal is given for the door of the mysterious room to be opened. With the distribution of the gifts, the fun begins; each person is expected to kiss every other person present, and help make the occasion a lively one. Holy Night, or, as the Germans call it, "Weinacht" (the night of dedication), is the time of family reunions, fun and frolic.

Many sections of Germany have customs which are peculiar to them. Thus, in the Tyrol, the peasants enact the medieval Miracle Plays in a most primitive manner. In other parts of the Tyrol, they go about singing carols. In Lorraine, the people burn the Yule log. It is also customary, in Bavaria, for the peo-

ple and their animals to fast before Christmas; and it is believed that the cattle kneel at midnight, that they are at that time possessed of the gift of tongues. Further, there are places in the German Alps, where, tradition has it, the Blessed Virgin Mary, with a company of angels, passes over the land on Holy Night, and so tables are spread with the best of good things, and candles lighted, that the Blessed Mother and the angelic visitors may find abundant food should they chance to stop on their journey.

FRANCE.

One would naturally imagine that such a pleasure loving people as the French would make much of Christmas, but instead of this, we find that with them, excepting in a few provinces and places remote from cities, it is the least observed of all the holidays. In order to enjoy a veritable Merry Christmas, one must seek some house of ancient date, where the family keep the customs of their ancestors. There he will find the day devoutly and solemnly observed, and legend and superstition concerning every observance of the day. The weather of the twelve days before the feast will influence the twelve months of the New Year; sitting on the Yule Log will produce such pain as will prevent the partaking of the Christmas dinner; placing one's shoe beside it at night will fill it with candy; the ashes of the log will serve as a protection against lightning and bad luck; grain planted on St. Barbara's Day, Dec. 4, in a little dish, if it comes up and is flourishing at Christmas, predicts flourishing crops for the next year; all these and many more there are.

The children build the "creche," a representation of the manger, with bits of laurel, holly, bright berries and pretty lichens which they have gathered. Their labor is accompanied by the singing of one of the pretty "noels," or carols, of the country. Family feasting, exchanging of gifts among friends, and merrymaking, are features of New Year's Day rather than of Christmas in France, though children delight in placing their sabots, or shoes, on the hearth, for the Christ Child to fill with gifts on Christmas eve.

ITALY.

Now to Italy. Here preparations for the great feast are begun already in November. During the Novena before Christmas, in some provinces, shepherds go from house to house, asking if Christmas is to be kept there; if it is, they leave a wooden spoon to mark the place, and later bring their musical instruments and play before it, singing one of the sweet Nativity songs.

The Praesepio (or crib), is the principal feature of an Italian Christmas. It is a miniature representation of the birthplace of Christ, showing the Holy Family and the Infant Jesus in the

manger. As in other countries, there is a Yule log, but this only in those provinces where it is cold enough. During the twenty-four hours preceding Christmas, a rigid fast is observed, and there is an absence of Christmas cheer in the atmosphere, for it is strictly a religious feast, rather than one of a social nature, like that of northern countries. But the feast does come, at early twilight, and it is made as elaborate as possible. Fish forms the important item of the food; then follows the capon, stuffed with chestnuts, which is considered indispensable. Macaroni is, of course, the ever present dish, on all occasions throughout the country; and various sweetmeats are abundantly provided. Flowers, either natural or artificial, are used in place of evergreen in the trimming of the church or the home.

At sunset on Christmas Eve the booming of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo announces the beginning of the Holy Season in Rome. Papal banners are displayed from the castle, and crowds wend their way toward St. Peter's, the object of every one's desire, who is so fortunate as to be in Rome at this season. Fortunate indeed is that person, for he has much to see; there are the the relics of the crib in Santa Maria Maggiore, the child preachers at the Ara Coeli, the veneration of Il Santo Bambino at St. Peter's, the singing of the "Te Deum" at the Gesu. All Rome is en fete; the colleges and universities are closed; the students of the various colleges are all free; and the Eternal City is a veritable pageant of Christmas.

SPAIN.

In Spain the season is rigidly observed in the churches, but otherwise it loses its spirit of devotion in that of wild revelry. But everywhere throughout the land, Christmas is the day of days,—the great church festival observed by all. The "Noche Buena," or Good Night, preceding Christmas, finds the shops gay with sweets and fancy goods suitable for holiday wear, but not with the pretty gifts such as circulate from home to home in the Northern countries, for here gifts are not generally exchanged. Every one dressed in gayest clothes, hastens out to enjoy the fun that prevails in every street of every town in Spain on Christmas Eve. A good deed must be done to some fellow mortal before the bells announce the hour of the Nativity; and the image of the Blessed Virgin must be illuminated with a taper.

The brilliantly lighted streets are crowded with turkeys, awaiting purchasers, and every other available spot is filled with golden delicious fruit, golden oranges, sober-hued dates, and the indispensable olives; and scattered among these are cheeses of all shapes and kinds, sweetmeats of all sorts, the choice candies that are brought from various provinces, and quaint pigskins of wine.

After attendance at the midnight mass, dancing is the program, till early morn. It will probably be late in the morning before the singing, dancing, thoughtless crowd turns homeward to rest, and although it is certainly a crowd intoxicated with pleasure, it is never in that condition from liquor. In some places, Nativity plays are given on Christmas Eve, or Christmas day. While Spanish children do not have the Christmas tree, they do have the pretty Nacimiento, made of plaster and representing the place of the Nativity.

Among many of the old families, only blood relations are expected to eat and drink together on this holy day. At Yuletide, the Spaniard has many delicacies peculiar to the season. Among these are preserved fruits, the famous almond cake, almond soup, truffled turkey, or the most desirable of the season's delicacies, sea-bream, which is brought from Cadiz, especially for Christmas use, and which is eaten at Christmas in accordance with the old time custom. Rich layer cakes of preserves are frequently sent from friend to friend for dinner. In Seville, a minuet is performed by ten choristers and dancers, termed "Siexes," before the high altar of the cathedral. The "Siexes" first sing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, beginning "Hail, O Virgin, most pure and beautiful." This is a very impressive ceremony, and forms a fitting close to the Spanish Christmas, which lasts two weeks.

We have seen the customs of other lands; our own we know. And in all of these, one fact is evident above all others; the home is the center of all joyous celebration. Christmas is pre-eminently the festival of the home, in recognition of all that has been done for home life by Christian principles as well as by the example of the home at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, at Capharnum, and at Bethany. The memory of the Holy Family must do something to stem the disintegration of home life, and the abnegation of parental responsibility. Christmas, is, too, a time when parted members of a family should do their very utmost to re-assemble, around the parental hearth. But there is yet one other and deeper teaching of Bethlehem.

Which, of the lessons of the Nativity, is more obvious than that of the sacredness of childhood? Christmas is especially the festival of the children. On this day the Savior of the world is thought of as a child, and it is natural to Christian people to do everything they possibly can to make the children happy in honor of Him Who was Himself an infant, and Who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I wish I were a golden bell
That I on Christmas Eve,
Might waken notes of happiness
In hearts that sit and grieve.
I wish my tongue were silver toned,
I'd jewel anthems sing,
Around the world I'd trill my song
The message of the King!

If I could mould in masters art
Cathedral arch and spire,
A fane I'd build up to the sky
To reach my soul's desire.
Yet worthier deed for Him I'll do;
My heart will be His shrine,
I'll make of it, a Christmas Crib,
A Crib for Christ Divine.
—J. A. W.





The Promise

Rev. J. A. Williams

For many days the tiny town of Bethlehem of Judea, with its narrow winding streets and tiers of snowy white dwellings, had thrilled with excitement. The speeding hours were bringing nearer and nearer the appointed time, set by the Caesar of Rome, for the enrollment of the whole world. The high roads of Palestine had long been choked with the caravanceries of Jews flocking each to their native city, that the whim of the ruler of the world might be satisfied. Mingled hatred and longing burned in the hearts of the children of Abraham, as they returned to the seats of their ancestry, for never since their forefathers had hung their lyres upon the willows of Babylon and wept had such degradation befallen the unhappy race. Never before had Bethlehem, the least of the cities of Juda, welcomed such a gathering within her walls, for never before had they received such a command since the golden age of the mighty king David, who caused the census to be gathered and who was summarily punished for his unjustifiable pride, by the great Jehovah.

Serious minds wondered. Would the justice of God strike the census taker, Cyrinus, the Syrian, as it had fallen upon their king—would the cruel and voluptuous Herod feel the vengeance of God? Ill days were at hand and the hearts of the Chosen People were heavy with discontent. Rome ruled with a rod of iron, and a proud people, smarting under the lash of subserviency, longed for the better days when Jerusalem would stand again, free before the world. Though hate surged in their breasts their lips uttered many a fervent supplication of desire, that the advent of the Messiah might soon come and restore the former splendor of the nation.

All day long Eli-bar-Simon, the keeper of the most pretentious inn in Bethlehem had busied himself, with the various bands of pilgrims. His hard nature cared little for the former glory of Israel or for the long expected coming of the Immanuel. He rejoiced and was glad that at last he was to reap a harvest of gold. The lust of gain was in his heart, and he was satisfied that the whim of the hated ruler would pad his purse. To his hostel, from afar had come the rich merchants of Smyrna, opulent money-changers of Ephesus, from Egypt and different ports of the Mediterranean, came the rich and poor alike, for the scions of the royal line of David had been scattered far and wide—and now for

the first time were returning to the city of their fathers, the city of the "House of Bread."

From the portico of the inn, which nestled against the highest crest of the hill, Eli-bar-Simon gazed toward the setting sun. He scanned with envious eyes the several highways, which like ribbons of red, wound in and out among the clumps of fig and olive trees, which shielded from the bitter blasts of the wintry season the weary traveller—byways which wound in and out until they were lost in the fertile plains which lay far to the westward. Greedily he rubbed his palms together as his mind conjured up visions of bags of Roman coins, for hurrying along the dusty highways, the dustier pilgrims toiled on that they might reach the gates of the city ere twilight would fling its purple pall athwart the portals of the day.

He was aroused from his reverie by the painful cry of his only child who, running to greet his sire, had fallen upon the flagstones of the portico. With a stifled imprecation on his lips and a leer on his countenance Eli-bar-Simon descended the stone steps and laying an angry hand upon Dismas, for such was the name of the child, shook him reprovingly saying "Where is thy mother, my son, and why is it that you have ventured into the lanes of the city against my bidding? Where is thy mother? Speak."

"My father, I have not been a disobedient son; it was with my mother that I went forth into the streets—with her I have been beyond the walls of the city, where we had taken food and wine to the poorest pilgrims who are encamped beyond the eastern gate, and how glad they were to receive it; many had not as yet broken bread, and it was far past mid-day. But here is mother now."

Eli-bar-Simon made no reply to the answer of his son, but glancing down the lane, he beheld Rachael, his spouse. Approaching at her side, was an elderly man dressed in the tunic of a humble artisan, leading a beast upon which was seated a young woman, fair to look upon. If Eli-bar-Simon was enraged at the conduct of Rachael in giving of his substance to the poor, he was likewise surprised at the group approaching, for it was not customary in Palestine that a woman should ride while her sire walked. Still his wonder grew when Rachael approaching said, "Sir, they seek lodging and we must prepare a place for her," pointing to the woman, "for the fulfillment of her time is at hand."

With eyes that would have melted hearts of stone, Mary, for such was the name of the maiden, gazed into the face of the inn-keeper, and in that depraved look read his answer.

"We have searched," pleaded Joseph, "far and near and we have not found a place, will you take us in?"

Eli-bar-Simon was in no mood to deal with pilgrims who

were not blest with this world's goods and silently shook his head in reply.

But the gentle artisan continued, "I will pay whatsoever I am able that my spouse may bring forth her first born."

"I have a place for him who can pay the price," sneered Eli, "but your price is not enough."

Joseph, who had stood with anxious heart, heard with sorrow the knell of his high hopes and as he turned to go heard the merciless words which he had heard so often during that weary day, "There is no place for you here."

Avoiding the noisy lanes with their jostling crowds, Mary and Joseph silently made their way toward the Eastern Gate of Bethlehem. They heard not the pitiful cries of Rachael and her child as they crouched in pain beneath the fiendish blows of Eli-bar-Simon. He among all the sires of Israel was one not to suffer even the slightest breach of his command without satisfying his preverted heart that the injury was repaired. Nor were they mindful of the jeers of the children whom they met and who cast pebbles at the beast because Mary rode and Joseph walked.

As they reached the outer gate Joseph finally spoke, "Mary, my beloved, I recall that there is a cavern beyond this clump of olives, and here I will seek a place of shelter for us. Our provisions are gone, but I will go to the city and obtain those things which you will need."

"It is well," answered the maiden, "and forget not that our faithful beast must be given his portion."

As they neared the cave on the mountain-side, Joseph in the bitterness of his thoughts remarked, "I would that the fulfillment of the decree of Augustus had been delayed, lest perchance some ill befall thee."

And Mary, remembering the message of the angel, sweetly answered "It were well that the law were fulfilled, my worthy sire, for it has pleased the Almighty, and here it is that His Will has decreed that my time be accomplished."

The darkness of night soon descended and fell like a benediction on the weary travellers, and the silent stars looked down with love upon the stable on the rugged mountain side.

But all the scions of the Royal Line of David, rested not with the benediction of the Most High upon them. The inn of Eli-bar-Simon was filled at last to overflowing and the spirit of reveling sounding high and long, floating on the wintry air even to the very gates of the city. Eli, the flush of wine upon his brow and the lust of gold in his heart, had been acclaimed again and again the most popular host of all, and had taken no little part in the merrymaking. For hours he had stood by the gaming tables where he had lost, and lost heavily. Just as he is about to retrieve his losses, a breathless messenger arrives with

an ominous message. To the querries of those crowding around him he said, "Have Ye not heard the news that has been whispered in the city?"

"What news?" burst from a dozen throats. And he continuing, "Have ye not seen the sign in the sky?"

"Tell us!" they pleaded as nearer they crowded about him, and to the anxious listeners he makes known to them what he has heard and seen. "I have seen a sign in the sky, like a brilliant star, and I have heard the singing of angels, and they said," before another syllable had passed his lips the crowd laughed him to scorn and Eli-bar-Simon himself, with a curse, cast him forth from the portals of the inn. But the merrymaking was at an end. The patrons spurred by anxious desire, one by one depart and passed into the lanes of the city. Strange whisperings are heard on every side, of stranger happenings that have taken place without the Eastern Gate in the rocky cavern hard by a sheltering clump of olive and fig trees.

A holy hush has fallen over the peaceful city. Filled with awe are the minds of the people who have gathered in neighborly groups to conjecture the meaning of this portentous sign. One has said, "Is it the sign of the Emmanuel, as was spoken by the prophet of old?" And another "Is the visitation of the Great Jehovah to fall upon the ruler for numbering the Children of Israel?" And yet another "Can it be that the Messiah has come?" For may we not believe the message of the angels 'Fear not for I bring Thee good tidings of great joy which 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 another who had been silent, weighing these things in his heart, "And the sign which the angel has given, is it not full of meaning? 'You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger for there was no room for him in the inn'." But their conjecturing was to no avail, for the most learned of them all was to dispell their doubts.

"It can not be that the Savior of Israel will be born in a manger rather it is a devil who has preverted the people and those who have spread this report shall be punished by the governor for starting a tumult among the people. When the Promised One cometh he will come with a conquering array to restore the glory of our nation. Vah! Let us away to the inn. Time will prove my assertion."

Such, however, was not the case with Rachael, the wife of Eli-bar-Simon, for long since had she followed the light of the star. Together with Dismas she had sought the Gallilean maid and her spouse. Pity urged her to seek out the cavern on the eastern slope of the hillside and there in the secluded hill-cave, in the midst of the lowly beasts, she found Joseph and Mary.

Wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in the manger she beheld their first born.

To Mary she spoke not a word. Yet the instinct of motherhood in her pitying heart bespoke more than words could tell. And she, the chosen daughter of Israel, she, who had heard from the lips of the shepherds the wondrous message of the angels, laid her hand upon the head of Rachael, as she bent above the manger crib and gently said to her, "Thou hast been kind to me this day and my son shall not forget, some day thee and thine will know that thy deed of love has been rewarded."

* * *

Fleeting years have passed o'er the little town of Bethlehem, the splendor of the midnight star and the sublime anthem of the angels have been forgotten. Rachael of the tender heart has long since been gathered into Abraham's Bosom. The most pretentious inn of the city knows Eli-bar-Simon no more. Cursed with the lust of gold, he long since has fallen from the grace of his people, degraded among those who had once sought his friendship, he has sworn hatred against his kin. He has forgotten that the Decalogue of Moses commanded that no one should appropriate unlawfully the goods of his neighbor. An outcast, he has cast his lot with robber bands that infest the hill country about the City of Jerusalem. Long since the mark of Cain has been stamped upon his brow, the price of Roman Gold has been offered to him who might apprehend him. And Dismas, deprived of a mother's affection, has followed the footsteps of his father. Yet, no more, like a vulture will he prey upon the unsuspecting pilgrim of Judea; no more will he filch of the weary traveller his horde of wealth, no more will he plunder and steal and kill, for Dismas the boldest, has been apprehended by the upholders of the Roman law, and the sentence of death is upon him.

It is the time of the Celebration of the Passover in the Holy City and those who have journeyed from afar to eat the Paasch with their brethern, are to witness the execution of the most notorious band of robbers Palestine has ever known.

The streets of Jerusalem are filled with the crowds of worshippers intent upon the ceremonies to be enacted in the magnificent temple but in the Antonine Tower there rules not the spirit of peace for word has just been given to the keeper of the dungeons that the robbers are this day to pay the penalty of their ill deeds. Upon hearing of the latest command of the governor, Alpheus, the keeper of the keys, hastened to the dungeon in which Dismas and others of his band were awaiting their call to Judgment. He has become attached to the stalwart young thief, who seemed so out of place among the degraded fellows with whom he had cast his lot and found that though his hands were defiled with blood that some spark of decency still glowed in his heart.

Thrusting back the iron panel in the dungeon door way, he called Dismas to him and said, "I have received, this hour, word from the palace of Pilate, that the hour of execution is at last appointed."

Dismas received the messenger in silence whilst Alpheus continued, "But, Dismas, there may yet be a chance for release."

Grasping the bars of the aperture the prisoner replied: "Would that it were so—were I once more free I would defy the brigendage of which I was a part—I would try to undue the evil which I have done."

"Do not despair—for this day was betrayed, by Judas, one of his own, He who called himself the Messiah, He who was born in Bethlehem of Judea. He is to be crucified also because he has blasphemed against the God of thy people." The prisoner, who had heard of the wonders of the carpenter's son, called the Nazarene soon expressed his wonder in words. "But what has this to do with me? I have done evil, but I have heard that he is gentle and kind; that he has traversed the land, teaching and preaching a new doctrine of love and forgiveness. It is said that he has given sight to the blind and commanded the dumb to speak; that he has cleansed the lepers and has even raised the dead once more to life."

"Have you met him then, this Messiah that was to restore thy nation?" asked the earnest jailer.

"No, but once when I and my evil companions had followed his band—thinking perhaps that they might have received an offering from the people for thousands had gathered to hear him by the sea of Gallilee. As we were about to pounce upon them they stopped by a wayside well to rest. We would have robbed them had it not been for the mothers of the adjacent village, who brought their children to him that he might lay his hands upon them in benediction."

Alpheus, who had heard much of the strange Gallilean, impetuously interjected, "I must obtain leave of the warden, for I must see this wonder-worker, if only to be present at his execution."

Dismas seemingly deaf to the words of the guard, continued, "And when I saw that he took them into his arms and caressed them I recalled the days when I too was innocent; to the days when my mother would fondly embrace and caress me." Stifling a sob in his heart, Dismas turned his face from the keeper of the keys and bowed his head while Alpheus continued to make known the information which he had received.

"You may yet have time to undue thy evil deeds, for the Jews themselves have condemned him to death and it is known that at least one malefactor is to be released in his stead. The Nazarene must die."

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of several Roman guards into the dungeon. Stopping before the grate the warden in a loud voice, uttered the sharp command, that was to release some fortunate offender, against the law of the mighty Caesar, "Barabas, thou art this day granted thy freedom, by the command of the Governor of Palestine and by the will of the people. Make ready." Whilst Barabas was being led forth the officer of Pilate continued, "And Dismas, thou and thy companion are to be crucified for having offended against the law of the Emperor. Make ready."

As the condemned were led forth into the streets of the city they were jostled and jeered by the populous. The Place of the Skull was to be the scene of the execution. As the Roman guard rapidly led the condemned toward the gate of the city, they were joined by a howling, maddened mob, who screamed in fiendish glee as they hissed and struck the Nazarene, who weariedly carried the instrument of his execution on his bleeding shoulders. Only one glimpse did Dismas obtain of the object of such rage and he shuddered at what he saw. He scarce recognized him, whom he had seen, gathering the babes of the Children of Israel to his breast—crowned with a cruel crown of thorns, bleeding from many wounds, bent low beneath the weight of the heavy cross, the object of pity and of hate.

If the Nazarene groaned no one heard above the tumultuous jeers. "Away with Him for he made himself the Son of God, and he was only the son of a carpenter. Put him to death for he has blasphemed the Jehovah."

"Hail Barabas! Hail Barabas! But cursed be He who called Himself the Son of God!"

Dismas, with pity in his breast and trembling with apprehensive fear at last with the others to be crucified reached the place of execution. The instruments of death were ready and soon all would be over.

As he hung upon the gibbet his feelings numbed by the potion of wine mingled with myrrh, Dismas groaned wearily upon the cross. His own plight, however, was almost forgotten when he beheld the unspeakable agony endured by him whose inscription read "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Jesus uttered no word of complaint and only once did Dismas hear him break the silence which seemed to have sealed his lips.—"Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Louder the mob jeered him and laughed at him for they too had heard the prayer from the lips of Jesus. They wagged their heads and railed at him saying, "Vah thou who destroyest our beautiful temple and buildeth it in three days, save thy self and come down from the cross." And the High Priests, who stood near by chuckled among themselves, "Let the Christ, the King of Israel now come

down from the cross that we may believe and be converted; let Him save Himself if He be the Christ of God." And the soldiers who had cast lots for his garments also mockingly reproached Him; "If Thou art the King of the Jews save Thyself. He saved others, yet Himself he cannot save."

Meanwhile turning his face towards Jesus, Dismas read in the eyes of the King a meaning that sent a tremor through his weakening frame so that those who stood beneath his cross once more pressed the sponge to his parched lips. Whilest the other robber, seeing the look of Dismas, and who had been loudly cursing his own fate, addressing the Christ, said in despairing voice; "If thou art the Christ, save thyself and us." But Dismas with the last effort, rebuked his companion saying: "Dost thou not even fear God? Seeing thou art in the same condemnation and we indeed justly for our many crimes, for we receive the due reward for our deeds—But this Man hath done nothing amiss." These words Dismas could scarcely utter, and to him it seemed the light of day was creeping away from his fast failing sight. Soon the penalty of his crime would be paid in full. Yet with one last effort, he turned his face upon the Christ and said; "Jesus, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And Jesus, looking into the blanched face of the repentant robber, spoke words scarce heard by him who had sought forgiveness; "Verily I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

And Rachael, the mother of Dismas, from the midst of Abraham's bosom, together with Mary, who stood with sorrow pierced heart beneath the crosses, knew that the Christmas promise had been fulfilled.



The Christ of the Rappahanock

John J. McEnroe, '24

Perhaps Americans are too prone to divorce what they term "Mediaevalism" from the events and occurrences that make up our history. Our country, so new, so diversified in faith hesitates to recognize the true character of events that, in nations wherein the Faith has been longer established, would be recognized as miraculous. We Americans, unadorned by the romance that the age-long accumulation of national legends and folk-lore naturally confers upon a people, are too apt to drift to Superstition's opposite extreme, and regard supernatural occurrences

with frank disbelief, or else disregard them altogether. Perhaps it is this, our national lack of interest in things spiritual, that prevents our highways from being dotted with the crosses and shrines that cheer the European wayfarer, and not a paucity of supernatural manifestations to inspire them. Perhaps it is the national spiritual blindness rather than a lack of such things worth seeing, that prevents the following tale from being a thing of national prominence. A similar visitation in a country older in the Faith, would be the inspiration of a stately cathedral and the object of shrines innumerable.

Our legend chronicles the event that marked the Christmas of 1863. At that time, the Army of the Potomac, after its terrible ordeal in the Battle of the Wilderness, was encamped upon the banks of the Rappahanock. It was a region famed for its beautiful scenery, the land of poetry and chivalry—that playground of the poet's fancy, "Where Rappahanock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's breast. But the mailed fist had robbed the scene of that beauty for which it had been previously noted. The hills surrounding the camp were covered with the snows of early December, save where the cannons had seared their jagged brands in the pure white of the hillsides. The surrounding woods bespoke horror and desolation in every fallen and rotting log; each broken tree, each smashed and withered branch, presented mute though compelling testimony to the terrible deeds of the previous weeks. The charred and blackened ruins of farm buildings, the broken fences and demolished roads, all seemed to tell a story of a once beautiful land blackened, broken, and laid waste by the blind hate of brother against brother. Alone intact, amid all the surrounding devastation, there stood a huge bridge spanning the river. It was a point for the possession of which, thousands of brave men had given their lives in the past few weeks, yet there it stood, the property of no man. Neither side had destroyed the structure, each army intending to capture it intact. The Union Army was encamped before it yet dared not take possession, for, somewhere within that shell-torn forest were encamped the foemen, somewhere upon the crests of those scarred snowclad hills were the Southern cannon trained upon the bridge, everywhere in the fields beyond the river were Confederate scouts keeping a never-failing watch upon the movements of Meade's men. The only means of gaining the objective was by surprise—an unexpected sortie. And so, during the early weeks of that December, the two armies lay encamped, waiting for an opportune moment to strike, each narrowly watching every movement of the other. Like two lions they crouched, while the frost silvered the mutilated forest and the kind snow charitably tried to efface the ugly evidence of man's inhumanity to man. Christmas

drew near, and the armies still waited and watched—watched and waited.

On the morning of December 24th, General Meade went into conference with his staff. Plans of an important nature were being discussed and the Conference Tent was surrounded by a special detail of pickets. At noon, the conference broke up and a spirit of suppressed excitement suffused the whole Union Encampment. Each officer hurried to his command, and special orders were given to the cavalry. The army was to move on the bridge so as to arrive there at dusk. The conference had conjectured the "Johnny Rebs" would celebrate Christmas in the old Southern fashion, and in consequence, would (to some degree at least) lessen their watchfulness. The Union cavalry was to charge the bridge, while the unexpectedness of the move and the prevailing dusk would momentarily confuse the enemy. The artillery was to remain behind, and in the event of the cavalry succeeding in the attack, the bridge was to be shelled immediately after they had crossed. Should the dash fail, the bridge was to be destroyed and the project abandoned.

In grim silence the men went about the necessary preparations. Arms, mounts and equipment were subjected to a rigorous inspection. Finally, in lieu of the braying bugle's "Boots and Saddles," the verbal order came, the men mounted and the cavalcade was set in motion. Gradually the cavalry trot merged into a canter, and then broke into a wild gallop. Swift as an eagle's flight the long blue arrow of the North swept over the snow. The thunder of a thousand hoof-beats, the jingle of bit-chains, the clash of brandished sabres, the sharp-barked words of command—all constituted a rude dissonance with the peacefulness of nature and the sanctity of the season. Every hoof-beat roared a hymn of hate; every naked sabre shrieked a sibilant demand for blood.

Suddenly a strange sight met the eyes of the charging men. From the slopes on the opposite shore, in wild surrying disorder, flew a host of gray-clad horsemen! Shouting, cheering, in the reckless daring of the dashing South, they bore down fiercely upon the bridge. The Blue and the Gray would strike the bridge at the same time. The Southern officers had conceived the same plan of attack as had their Northern foes.

In an incredibly short time the muffled roar of the thudding hoof-beats changed to a sharper resonance as the iron hoofs of both armies struck the planking of the bridge simultaneously. But a few short yards separated the spurring, shouting horsemen. In another instant the opposing lines would smash into a welter of slashing sabres, rearing mounts and trampled flesh. In another instant, hate, unleashed, would work its ghastliness among brothers. But that moment never came. Midway be-

tween the opposing armies was an object that was, in every detail, the antithesis of its surroundings: a toddling infant. The sight of a helpless child in such an incredible and dangerous position produced a magical effect upon the hardened veterans such that no other apparition could possibly have effected. Soldiers of both armies instinctively drew rein, and the maddened horses, checking their headlong rush, were violently thrown back upon their haunches to the indescribable confusion among those pressing behind the front ranks. On either side a melee raged, the struggling horses and men partly obscured by the cloud of dry snow particles that the maddened horses kicked up. And in the center stood the beautiful child gazing at the armies in wonder and enjoyment unalloyed by a shade of fear. Gradually the spray of snowy mist settled, the plunging steeds were quieted, and both armies stood, motionless facing each other.

The tableau was striking in its novelty and compelling in the sermon that it mutely preached. The fair-haired, blue-eyed child, dressed in clothes that rivalled the snow for whiteness, toddled back and forth between the two armies. His weakness, helplessness and innocence contrasted strangely with the might of the armies, the champing war-horses and the battle-scowls of the warriors. Here were thousands of men, marshalled for the purpose of killing, imbued with an implacable and consuming hate for each other, and they were brothers of a common land, of a common tongue, children of the same Creator, and beneficiaries of the same Redeemer. And there stood the child, smiling at the soldiers as though they were come as playmates for him.

Slowly the hard lines about the faces of the men relaxed. The foes raised their eyes from the child and looked upon each other, not with hatred burning in them, not with the bold stare of defiance, but with the side-long glances of shame and the downcast eyes of contrition. Stern warriors thought of little ones at home whom they hadn't seen for years, whom they might never see again, and more than one blue tunic, more than one gray uniform were beaded with tears wrung from the remembrance.

The soldiers of both sides dismounted and gingerly approached the child. Forgotten was their late strife, they thought only of the child, and shuddered at the thought of that soft and innocent flesh trampled beneath the feet of their horses. They picked him up and fondled him, and he playfully tugged at the grizzled beards of both Union and Confederate soldiers with admirable impartiality. Long they remained there, contending in friendly rivalry for the child's favors. And as they jostled each other for a sight of the baby, slowly a change crept over their hearts. A sense of the sanctity of the time, of the love that

should reign upon the Day, pervaded the assembled multitude. The baby fingers had touched their hearts, a childish prattle had made their souls reecho to the burden of the Angelic Hymn: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will." The truce, brought about by this apparition, continued during the following day in honor of that Child, who, in ages past, had come for the salvation of all men.

That night the clear frosty stars shone upon the strange scene of two opposing armies, forgetting for the time, their enmity and joining to praise Him who created all men, the North as well as the South. It was a happy Christmas for the war weary men, a blissful surcease from the terrible everyday world whose primal law was "kill or be killed." Soldiers, who but a few short hours before, were thirsting for each others lives, were now peacefully seated at the same mess exchanging experiences of the war. But when the jovial groups finally broke up, and the soldiers returned to their respective camps, a startling discovery was made. The child was nowhere to be found! Search parties scoured the country in feverish anxiety, but no child was found—nor to this day has there been discovered a trace of the mysterious Child of the Rappahanock.

This extraordinary apparition is believed by many pious souls to be the Christ Child, who came down from his throne above to prevent the profanation of the Day. He had come once before to deliver the human race from the slavery of sin, and it is surely reasonable to believe that the Little Child that led whole armies captive under the gentle sway of his love, was the Christ who came in person to receive the guests at the celebration of his own holy birthday.



Straws from the Crib

THE PROUD EMPEROR.

Of a surety he was great; for had he not conquered Antony, who had the keenest mind of any of the triumvirate? Had he not overcome Lepidus, who was as putty in his hands? His conquests were many; his armies were multitudinous; the empire was the greatest the world had ever seen; arts, letters and sciences flourished as never before. Yet, with all this true, still was he discontented.

He, the mighty Caesar, the first of a proud and illustrious line of emperors, the greatest of them all, Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus, who had added the title of Augustus to his name by

his great achievements. He had found a Rome of bricks and under his guidance it was fast becoming a city of marble.

But just how great was the empire? How many souls did it contain? Were there more Jews than Thracians? Was the population of Illyria greater than that of Spain? He determined to discover the peoples under his rule by a census of the Empire, which was also to be an inventory of his possessions; for in it was to be included the riches of every citizen, his lands, his slaves, his cattle.

This he determined; and his orders were carefully and faithfully carried out. His slightest whim was an order. In an hour there were messengers speeding over the great Roman roads to Cartagena in Hispania, to Corinth in Greece, to Lugdunum in Gaul, to Jerusalem in Palestine; to each of the prefects and to each of the governors, went his message.

Quirinus, the governor of Judea, received his orders with misgivings; for the last census had been but ten years before, when he had first attempted to transform Judea into a Roman province. But he was a servant of the Emperor, the Majestic Caesar; and he gave the orders he had received on to the Jews.

Now they were in the habit of taking an account of their population, not in their place of residence or of birth, but by assembling themselves according to the Family and the Tribe, whence each one had sprung. Hence a muster of Judea was nothing less than a revision of the Genealogical Tables, which were carefully kept and highly treasured by the particular city which was the first fatherland of each family. David was born in Bethlehem; and it was therefore to this town that Joseph must betake himself, "For he was of the tribe and family of the great king."

So then, to inscribe himself in the Public Registers, the carpenter of Nazareth quitted his native hills of Zabulon. His young wife, too, made the journey with him. Everything drew her to Bethlehtm; a secret inspiration from Heaven, as well as her affection for Joseph. Perhaps, too, there was some obligation for her appearance in person at the enrolling, as being the heiress of her family.

And thus they began that journey, at the order of the august emperor, which was to end in the birth of one greater than Caesar, even the King of Kings.

—P. H. K.

THE ROYAL LINE.

It has ever been the pride of notables to boast of their ancestry and the peculiar psychology has drawn the mind instinctively to a strange attraction in those who can boast a substantial family tree.

The Evangelists, St. Mathew and St. Luke, both have given

us the genealogy of the parents of Jesus, not that it was for them a matter of boast but because they desired to prove the fulfillment of the prophecies which spoke of the ancestry of Christ; that he was of royal lineage, a king indeed. St. Matthew who wrote for the Jewish Christians has given us the genealogy of Joseph, while St. Luke has delineated that of Mary. Though the tables of the two Evangelists have several puzzling variations, the main point of their being written was to let men know that Jesus was the descendant of the patriarchal line of Abraham and through David of the royal house. The tradition of the Jews had been that Christ, the Savior, was to be born of the royal line of David and this had been foreshadowed by the prophets of old. It was this tradition that had so filled the minds of the people that they believed that when the Messiah would be announced that He would come in the role of a conqueror, would reestablish the former grandeur of the nation and would rule as a king. So firm was the belief that it blinded the people and the Rabbinical priesthood, that when the Christ really came, as an object among men, born in a manger, of poor parents, though of royal lineage, they refused to believe in Him. A blindness so intense that not even the repeated annunciation of Christ Himself that His Kingdom was not of the world, they repudiated Him, and crucified Him, because as they themselves acclaimed; "He made Himself the Son of God."

—J. A. W.

THE CITY OF THE "HOUSE OF BREAD."

Lying close to the high road that leads from Jerusalem to Hebron, about five miles from that ancient city of Judaic tradition, is the beautiful city of Bethlehem. It is built high on the chalk cliffs, above the valleys that formed the ancient domain of Boos and Jesse, and its rude houses, rising tier upon tier, are crowned at the summit by the Church of the Nativity, built above the spot where tradition says Christ was born, by that regal saint, Helena, mother of the emperor Constantine, who spent lavishly of her wealth to glorify the scenes of the Savior's life with shrines, magnificent. The city, itself, with its rude structures, its narrow street and dusky inhabitants, is not a thing to inspire the devotion of the people, even, is not what we might expect to find in a spot so sacred in Christian idealism. The community is Armenian and the natives dark and slovenly. Their industries consist principally of agriculture and the townspeople bargain for a livelihood in beads of mother of pearl and wooden crosses which are sold from the rickety stalls along the narrow streets and courts. The town itself is picturesque if not beautiful and ivy vines that cling to the rough hewn surfaces, the fig and olive trees that flourish in groves on the outskirts, stand

out in strange contrast to the burned whiteness of the town itself.

Yet, this is the City of Destiny. Here, in the remote ages of the past the beautiful Rachael closed her eyes upon the world; here was found the House of David and here David himself was born and anointed king. It is called the city of David and about it are associated all those beautiful and tragic scenes of his life. Here, too, was enacted that touching idyll of Boos and Jesse and the fertile plains below are still associated with the names of these illustrious characters of Jewish tradition. It is indeed the City of Destiny and though Bethlehem has been called the "least among the thousands of Juda," God has foreseen that out of it should come forth the Savior of the world.

Here at length, was enacted that first sorrowful scene in the world's greatest tragedy, the life of Jesus, the Savior. It was here that Mary came on that chill winter's night to give birth to the God Man. God had enscribed His eternal decree that here, in this obscure village, the eyes of the anointed should be opened upon the world. The houses have not changed since that time ages ago. The lime stone cliffs are the same and it was in one of those caves that we see hewn in the rock and used as a shelter for cattle that Mary sought refuge when she found no room at the inn. It was here that Christ was first presented to the world and it was here that He was first rejected. There is no snow in Bethlehem and we must account for its frequent representation in the masterpieces of artists as artistic license, but the winds of winter are sharp and chill as they first blanched the face of the Infant Savior.

On each recurring feast of the Nativity our hearts turn toward that spot, a thousand times consecrated in the minds of all true Christians, to Bethlehem the City of David; to Bethlehem, the city of Boos and Jesse, of Ruth and of Rachael; to Bethlehem, the City of God, which outshines the magnificent capitals of the world on its festal day and which has become exalted above all the thousands of Israel and from the least of the cities of Juda, has become the greatest in the world.

—J. H. N.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

In appearance, the men were as rough and savage as the gaunt dogs sitting with them around the fire; in fact, tender-hearted and mild; effects due, in part, to the primitive life they led, but chiefly to their constant care of things lovable and helpless. Such were the shepherds of Judea.

They rested and talked; and their talk was all about their flocks, a dull theme to the world, yet a theme which was all the world to them. If in narration they dwelt long upon affairs of

trifling moment, if one of them omitted nothing of detail in recounting the loss of a lamb, the relation between him and the unfortunate should be remembered; at birth it became his charge, his to keep all its days, to help over the floods, to carry down the hollows, to name and train; it was to be his companion, his object of thought and interest, the subject of his will; it was to enliven and share his wanderings; in its defense he might be called to face the lion, or robber—to die.

Yet these men, rude and simple as they were, had a knowledge and a wisdom of their own. On Sabbaths they were accustomed to purify themselves, and go up into the synagogues, and sit on the benches farthest from the ark. When the chazzan bore the "Torah" around, none kissed it with greater zeal; when the shellach read the text, none listened to the interpreter with more absolute faith; and none took away with them more of the elder's sermon, or gave it more thought afterwards. In a verse of the Shema they found all the learning and all the law of their simple lives—that their Lord was One God, and that they must love Him with all their souls. And they loved Him, and such was their wisdom, surpassing that of kings.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or by a jackal's cry far off on the mountain side. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children. He moved towards the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view. He saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone. The light was dropping as from a window in the sky. As he looked, it became a splendor; then, in terror, he cried,

"Awake, awake!"

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away. The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they asked, in one voice.

"See," cried the watchman, "The sky is on fire!"

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them,

"Fear not!" And they listened.

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They had often heard, and, in their simple way, talked, of angels; and they doubted not now, but said, in their hearts, "The glory of God is about us, and this is an angel."

Directly the angel continued:

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord."

Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

"And this shall be a sign to you," the angel said next, "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling colthes, lying in a manger."

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told. Yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light, of which he seemed the center, turned roseate, and began to tremble; then up, as far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison,

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

Long after the herald had gone, the refrain could be heard; and the shepherds discussed his words among themselves. There was but one place in Bethlehem where there were mangers; and that was in the cave near the old inn. Finally determined that the angel spoke true, they left their flocks to the care of the Lord, and went to seek the Babe.

They went through the courtyard of the inn without notice, although there were some up even then talking about the wonderful light, which had been seen from the inn. The door of the cave was open; a lantern was burning within, and they entered unceremoniously.

"We seek a child born this night, whom we are to know by finding him in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger," said one of them to Joseph.

For a moment the stolid Nazarene was moved; turning away, he said, "The Child is here."

They were led to one of the mangers, and there the Child was. The lantern was brought, and the shepherds stood by, mute. The little one made no sign; He was as others just born.

"Where is the mother?" asked one of them.

Joseph took the baby, and went to Mary, lying near, and put Him in her arms. Then the bystanders collected the two.

"It is the Christ!" said a shepherd, at last.

"The Christ!" they all repeated, falling upon their knees in worship. One of them repeated several times over,

"It is the Lord, and His glory is above heaven and earth."

And the simple men never doubting, kissed the hem of the mother's robe, and with joyful faces departed. In the inn, to all the people aroused and pressing about them, they told their story; and through the town, and all the way back to their flocks, they chanted the refrain of the angels, "Glory be to God in the Highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

—P. H. K.

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS SIGN."

The Magi or Wisemen of the East, of which so many pious legends have been written were of that sacred class of Medes which provided the sages, astrologers, priests and learned men who regardless of dynastic changes, always remained the dominating caste. Because of their learning, because of knowledge of astronomy, which enabled them to fortell future celestial happenings, and because of their skill in interpreting dreams, they were very influential in political matters. The fundamental principle of their religion was that of Zoroaster,—they believed that man's earthly self was complemented by an astral counterpart, and that these both developed during man's life on earth, uniting in death. This tenet along with their knowledge of astronomy was the occasion of three of their number finding the Christmas Star.

The three, whose names, tradition tells us, were Caspar, Melchor, and Balthassar, have left no means by which we may tell from what section of the Orient, they came. The Gospel mentions them as coming from the "East," an indefinite expanse stretching eastward from Palestine. However it can be reasonably supposed that they came from some place in the Parthian empire, composed of Media, Persia, Arabia, Assyria and Babylonia, for these countries still had the Magian priesthood at the time the birth of Christ. Many Jewish exiles had not returned after the Babylonian Captivity and at the time of Christ's birth, there undoubtedly lived in Babylon, Persia, and surrounding countries many Israelites, so the magi of these nations were acquainted with the great Messianic prophecies and traditions of the Jewish race. Daniel, chief in the king's favor, had exerted great influence upon the Magi, and he had gone so far as to mark the year, month, and hour of the Messiah's birth. From the magi these prophecies had spread to the people, so that there was a

settled conviction throughout the East that a king was to arise from Judea who should conquer the world. Furthermore there was at the time of Christ's birth, a general unrest on the part of the Jews, an expectation of the golden age, freedom from the thralldom of Rome by the advent of a heaven-sent kingly deliverer, and a reestablishment of the former glory of Israel; on the part of the Romans and Gentiles, a watchfulness induced by the prophecies as the time foretold for the Jewish deliverance had arrived.

Thus the magi were led by such influences to keep a careful watch upon the heavens to note if such a sign, such as was foretold, should appear. The appearance, what seemed to be a star of such unusual brightness and magnitude, was observed by many of the Eastern astrologers and suggested to them the birth of an important personage. But of the number who saw this brilliant constellation in the heavens, tradition tells us, there were but three who, seeing, connected it with prophecies. They knew that the long heralded Jewish deliverer was at hand, felt the Divine urge, acquiesced and set out on the long tedious journey which finally ended at Bethlehem, the little place over which the star of the new born King had rested. The call of the Gentiles had been foretold centuries before, but the star, though undoubtedly seen by Jew and Gentile, was unheeded save by the poor shepherds and the Magi, all of whom answered quickly the call of grace.

When the magi arrived at Jerusalem there was a great bustle and confusion. Caesar Augustus had ordered a census to be taken and the Jews, in obedience to his command, were in the Holy City. The arrival of a rich caravan from the East did not cause much of a stir for they were common, but the questions asked by these visitors did cause comment. "Where is He, that is born king of the Jews?" That and similar queries asked on all sides, but always answered in the negative, soon reached the suspicious ears of Herod who was ill at ease because of his many crimes and who feared just such a thing, that his power would one day be usurped by an alien king. He sent for the Wisemen, heard their story, and concealing his apprehension, summoned the Sanhedrim who announced that Bethlehem was the birth-place of the new born king for the prophecy was, "and thou Bethlehem the land of Juda.....; for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people, Israel." (Math. 2:6.) The King, blinded to the grace offered him and thinking that Christ came to deprive him of his earthly kingdom, employed his usual arts of dissimulation. He pretended an ardent desire to adore the Infant, concealing his impious design of taking the Child's life. He inquired when the Wisemen first saw the star

and desired them to return and tell him where the Child was to be found. He then sent them on their way.

The magi had received little encouragement from the Jewish leaders who knew where the great event was to take place, but were not enlightened enough to go there after hearing the wonderful tale of the Easterners. It is a striking fact that not one of the Jews accompanied the Gentiles in searching for and paying due homage to their King; but the truths and maxims of religion depend not on the morals and fervor of those that preach them but upon God, Himself, The Author of them. The Magi had done all in their power in seeking for the Divine Word and God again aided them in their quest by placing the star again in evidence in the heavens. As soon as they left Jerusalem, the star again appeared in the sky, leading them to the miserable habitat honored by the Divinity. The lowliness of it to their faith, however, was rendered more glorious because of the humility, poverty, and dependency displayed by the All-powerful God. They entered the cavern, and, according to the custom of the East, offered suitable presents to the child as though He were a powerful earthly potentate. The truly wise men tendered Jesus the richest produce their country afforded, gold, frank-incense, and myrrh. Gold, as an acknowledgement of His Kingly Power and as a sign of His Charity; frank-incense as a confession of His Godhead and of their devotion; myrrh, as a testimony that he was come to save the world through mortification, as myrrh was anciently used in embalming as a preservative, and in their use as a present signified preserving the soul from sin by mortification.

After showing their love, adoration, veneration, and homage to the Divine Master, they made preparations to return home. Willing to have others possess the unutterable peace and joy they had secured by kneeling at the helpless Child's feet, they were to return by way of Jerusalem to tell Herod of the event. But warned by God in their sleep of the malicious designs of the Baptist-murderer, they went back by another route into their own country.

Nothing is known of their later life. They passed out of human events as far as the world is concerned but the part they played in the world-shaping drama at Bethlehem had placed them in a unique niche in history which other wiser than they could never have attained.

Tradition narrates that they were later baptized by St. Thomas and labored zealously in spreading the faith of Christ in the far east, where they gloriously won the martyr's crown. Their relics are supposed to have translated from Persia to Constantinople under the first Christian Emperor Constantine, through the efforts of St. Helena. A thousand years later, in

1163, these relics were brought to Cologne by Emperor Frederick Barbarosa, where in the marvelous cathedral of that city they rest in a beautiful chapel especially erected in their honor. Here these venerable relics are venerated by pilgrims from over the whole world, especially on the feast of the Epiphany when the relics are exposed for the special homage of the faithful.

—J. T. S.

THE BASILICA OF ST. MARY MAJOR.

For all visitors in Rome, St. Mary Major is the goal on Christmas eve, for there are preserved what tradition holds to be the manger in which the Blessed Virgin laid the Infant Savior in the stable at Bethlehem. Let us glance for a moment at the history of this basilica, which is known as that of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is in English, St. Mary Major, or the church of St. Mary the Greater.

An old legend relates that during the time of Pope Liberius, there lived in Rome a wealthy patrician named John. As he had no heir, he wished to use his riches in a way pleasing to God. During the night of August 4, 352, he saw, in a dream, the Blessed Virgin, who told him to build a church in her honor, on the spot where, next morning, he should find freshly fallen snow. In the same night, Pope Liberius had the same vision. The next morning the greater part of the surface of the Esquiline hill was white with snow. Liberius and the patrician John saw in this incident a confirmation of their dreams. The Pope then and there drew in the snow the outlines of the Church, which was rapidly built and then consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. From the miracle of August snow, the Church received the name "Our Lady of the Snow"; in memory of Pope Liberius, it was called the Liberian basilica; from the relics of the Savior's manger, that are preserved in it, it is denominated "Our Lady of the Manger," and from its age and importance among the other churches of St. Mary in Rome, comes its most popular title, "St. Mary Major."

Succeeding popes enlarged, restored and further beautified the Church by the addition of a belfry (of which it has the highest in Rome), mosaics, chapels, a marble floor (dating from the time of Eugenius III), and many other ornamentations. Of the chapels, the most famous are the Sistine, built by Pope Sixtus, V, and the Pauline, whose name is derived from that of its founder, Pope Paul V, and which is even more magnificent than the Sistine.

The Sistine chapel has the form of the Greek cross; on the right side, is the tomb of the Pope, with his statue in a kneeling posture. In former times the relics of the Savior's manger were

preserved here in a subterranean shrine; now they are in the confession, built by Pius IX, which is erected in the front of the high altar, whose mensa (or table, a primitive form of altar), is an ancient porphyry basin covered by a baldachin (or canopy), which is supported by four porphyry columns.

The relics of the crib that are preserved were probably brought there from the Holy Land during the pontificate of Pope Theodore (640-9 A. D.), who was himself a native of Palestine, and who was well aware of the dangers of plunder and pillage to which they were exposed at the hands of the Moslems and other marauders. We find, at all events, that the basilica erected by Liberius and the patrician John, on the Esquiline, first received the name of Sancta Maria ad Praesepe under Pope Theodore.

All that now remains of the crib are five rough pieces of board, blackened with age, which were found to be taken from a sycamore tree, of which there are several varieties in the Holy Land. Two of the pieces, which, like the other three, must have been originally much longer, than they are at present, stood upright in the form of an X, upon which three other pieces rested, supported by a sixth piece, which, however, is missing, placed across the upper angle of the X. We may conclude from this that these pieces of wood were, properly speaking, mere supports for the manger itself, which was probably made from the soft limestone of which the cave was formed.

The relics are enshrined in a magnificent reliquary of silver and crystal, standing six feet high, which is carried in procession on the shoulders of four men round the Church on Christmas eve. The reliquary is the gift of the Duchess de Villa Hermosa, a Spanish lady, and was donated in 1830 to replace one carried off by invaders during the wars preceding that date.

There are those who question the authenticity of this venerable relic, because of the lack of documentary evidence for it; but the tradition of ages and the public veneration by such saints as St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Cajetan and a host of others, will go far to take the place of written evidence. When one recalls the number of times Rome has been sacked and given to the flames, he feels no surprise that such evidence on the Holy Manger as well as on many other things is not forthcoming.

In Rome, as early as the Fourth Century, there existed the desire of reproducing in some manner the holy shrine of Jerusalem. When the basilica of St. Mary Major was built, there seems to have been a wish to assimilate it to the Basilica of Bethlehem, and, at a later epoch, when the Holy Crib was brought from the East, it was deposited most fittingly at the church, which was regarded as a sort of second Bethlehem. Carrying out further this idea of reproducing the observances

of the Holy City, it soon became a received practice, if indeed, it did not exist still earlier, for the pope himself to hold station at the Crib in St. Mary Major on Christmas night, thus producing in some sort, the night watch at Bethlehem, which was customary in the first ages of the Church, as we are told by ancient pilgrims and travelers. This midnight, or very early mass, with the ordinary daily Mass sung at the Lateran Basilica, or at the high altar of St. Mary Major, seemed to call for special recognition in the liturgy; and we have the two separate sets of prayers which St. Gregory retained in his mind for the first and third masses on Christmas Day. —P. H. K.

“VENITE ADOREMUS.”

Devotion to the Christmas Crib has become so widespread among Christian peoples, that the devotion to the Infant Jesus in the Manger, has almost become an essential to the religious festivities of the feast of the Nativity.

Devotion to the Christmas Crib undoubtedly is of ancient origin. However few may know that it remained for “la Poverello,” the humble St. Francis of Assissi, to give us this inspiring devotion in its present form.

St. Francis while visiting Rome in 1223 made known to Pope Honorius, the second, a plan for a scenic representation of the Grotto of the Nativity. The Pope, touched by the simplicity of St. Francis and impressed by this touching tribute to the Infant Christ, gladly assented to his plan.

St. Francis, leaving the eternal city, journeyed to Greccio, where he arrived on Christmas Eve. Together with his friend, Giovanni Velita, the saint constructed a rude rustic crib and grouped about it the figures of Mary and Joseph, shepherds and representatives of the ox and the ass, and the sheep.

At the solemn ceremonies of the Midnight Mass St. Francis acted as Deacon, and tradition tells us that having finished the chanting of the words of the Gospel—“And they laid Him in a manger,” he knelt down to meditate briefly the sublime mystery of the Nativity, and there appeared in his arms a beautiful Child within a halo of brilliance. The beautiful tradition has been given to us in a masterly painting by Giotto, which is preserved in the basilica of St. Francis of Assissi at Greccio.

Since that distant Christmas Eve, devotion to the Crib has spread throughout the Christian world. Yearly on the Eve of the Nativity of the Saviour, until the Octave of the Epiphany a Crib, representing the Crib of the Christ Child is found in all Catholic Churches to stir up in the hearts of the faithful a greater love for the Saviour of the world, and to recall the Gospel story of His Coming.

The ancient church of Ara Coeli, of which the Franciscans have charge, possesses the largest and perhaps the most magnificent Crib in the world. Here on each recurring Christmas the world famous Santo Bambino of Ara Coeli, is exposed until the feast of the Wise Men of the East. It is a figure of the Child Jesus, carved out of wood, which is said to have been obtained from the Holy Land. In the course of ages, it has been decked with numerous and costly jewels, the gifts of grateful lovers of Christ, who have given them as votive offerings.

The "Santo Bambino" is carried yearly in solemn procession, on the feast of the Epiphany in the arms of the general of the Friars Minor, who at the conclusion of the ceremonies solemnly blesses the city and the world from the highest steps of the stairs that lead up to the entrance of the Ara Coeli.

The Crib has ever been the favorite theme of artists, its lessons have been told in the poet's rhythmic art and by the musicians' inspired lyre—but above all the Crib seems loveliest when it becomes a shrine for hearts 'truly faithful'!

—J. A. W.

THE GROTTO OF THE MANGER

The place of the Birth of Christ is, next to Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, of the greatest interest, among the many spots of the Holy Land, made sacred by Christ's Presence. The Grotto or Cave in which Mary brought forth her firstborn and "laid Him in a manger for there was no room for them," was one of the many caverns in the chalk hills of Judea. These caverns were used as shelter for the cattle and sheep. The place of the grotto of the Nativity was on the eastern side of Bethlehem, and was a place of pilgrimage in the very infancy of Christianity.

St. Justin who was born in 100 A. D. mentions it in his writings as does the pagan philosopher, Celsus, fifty years later. In the year of 137 A. D., in order to put an end to pious pilgrimages to the Cave, Hadrian erected a statue of Adonis there and established idol worship in that holy spot.

It remained for that glorious saint, Saint Helena, to build over this holy spot, a chapel worthy of its holiness, but her imperial son, Constantine the Great, erected a magnificent basilica over the Cave and dedicated it to Our Lady of the Nativity. Eusebius speaking of the event says, "The emperor Himself eclipsing even the magnificence of his mother's designs adorned the same place in truly regal style." Many changes have been wrought in both the Grotto and the Basilica succeeding centuries, and many changes and restorations have taken place, due to the ravages of time and war. Little remains today of the "regal style" of Constantine; but here, in charge of the humble sons of St. Francis is a beautiful though simple church, a magnet of de-

votion for the many pilgrims to the Holy Land. In front of the Choir, two pairs of stairs, one on either side, lead down to the Grotto of the Nativity, fifteen feet below the floor of the Church. The Grotto begins immediately beneath the Choir and extends under the main part of the edifice. The place is lighted by thirty-two lamps, which perpetually burn before the spot where Mary brought forth Her first-born. "The exact spot of the Nativity is located between the landing of the stairways, in a semi-circular niche perhaps eight by four feet. The walls are covered with marble and in the center of the floor which is inlaid with white marble and jasper stone is a large silver star which bears the inscription, 'Here of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born!' " Over the star suspended from the table of the altar hang sixteen ornamented lamps which also burn perpetually here.

The Grotto has been in the keeping of the Greek Catholics since the middle of the eighteenth and it is only on Christmas Day that Latin Catholics are allowed to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass in it. A few steps away, is the place where the manger stood, and close at hand the altar of the Adoration of the Magi, which belongs to the Catholics of the Latin rite. In the subterranean grotto are also found an altar dedicated to St. Joseph, the Holy Innocents, of St. Eusebius of Cremona, of Saints Parda and Eustochum and of St. Jerome. Here, too is the cell in which St. Jerome dwelt and labored for thirty years, and here he gave up his soul to the Christ whom he had served so long and so faithfully. In 1873 misfortune befell these Catholic Shrines when the Greeks ruthlessly plundered them of their valuable votive offerings, including a famous painting for the Nativity by Murillo.

—R. H. L.

Winner Take All

Warren Nolan, '26

It all started at the Psi Delta dance at the Terrace, just before the game itself. I was down there with old man Hammond, enjoying a restful smoke and a lecture on modern dancing by that merchant-philosopher, when a loud noise at the entrance to the ballroom attracted our attention.

"The hell I will!" came loudly to us across the open space. Old man Hammond turned red, and was aghast at the spectacle which greeted us when we arrived at the scene of action. Two

healthy youths, formally attired for terpsichorean delight, were deftly dancing to and fro, in and out, in mortal combat. Being a football coach, and seeing my star quarterback in the role of Carpentier against a mammoth Dempsey, I experienced mingled emotions. I delighted in the encounter from my professional viewpoint of fight-instiller; but I shrunk from the effects, with the big game of the season two days off. For be it known Jimmie Archer was the alpha and omega of my football team,—in fact, the team without little Jimmie would have been Shylock without his ducats. Hence the joint anxiety of Messrs. Hammond and “Bull” Walsh, which same is myself.

“The hell I will!” was uttered in the stentorian tones of Mr. James Archer himself. I gathered from his attitude that his opponent, “Boob” Dixon, was threatening my jewel with annihilation if he did not perform a certain act; and that said jewel rather favored the annihilation to the performance.

Lest I have to start the game with ten men and my sub-quarter, who was considerably less than a man, I grabbed Archer from the rear and restrained him from his violent desire to demolish Mr. Dixon, sixty-five pounds his superior in avoirdupois.

“Let me at ’im, Bull! The big cad!” pleaded my stalwart.

“You little runt! Wait till Saturday! You come through center once, just once!” roared “Boob.” And he looked as though he meant it.

As I strolled to the cloak room with young Jim, I asked him what he was supposed to have done. He said that he and Dixon were both in love with Peggy Hammond and that she had made the tactless error of promising them both the third dance, which they jointly claimed. Complications developed rapidly, for the rivalry had begun some months before. One word followed another, until the young gentlemen completely forgot they were such and resorted to the primitive method of settlement—the mortal combat mentioned. Miss Hammond’s efforts at conciliation were fruitless—and I have my personal doubts as to their sincerity. There was nothing to it but a fight, then and there. The immediate cause of the first blow was Boob’s statement:

“You will wait for the fourth dance!”

To which the angry Jimmie replied, as aforesaid,

“The hell I will!”

And then was punched solidly on the point of the chin by Mr. Dixon, ferocious center of the Horton eleven.....

I had my doubts about the outcome of the game right from the beginning, and I confided to Jimmie’s pal, “Snake” Larson, a clever little Irish wit, that I feared he might be put out of play the first time he essayed a sneak through center. Larson averred

as how he'd order a casket for his chum right away. But I noticed he smiled as he left me....

I had Joe Hammond and his fair daughter, Margaret, in the box on the Marshall side of the field, while Clint Harvey, coach of the Horton team, sat on the bench with his kids. I always did make it a habit to stay off the field except when I got the kids together between the halves,—and then I made up for what I didn't say during the play. I always had it doped out that the youngsters would do their stuff better if they were left on their own resources,—and Jimmie Archer was a good field general.

Right from the blow of the first whistle, Boob Dixon was after Jimmie Archer and my kid quarter was right back with him all the way. Horton took it down to our five yard line and the Marshall line held them for downs. Then Archer punted to mid-field. Dixon was rated as a good centre in the conference, but I never saw a man play the position as he did that day. He crashed through for tackles behind the line, he knocked down passes, tackled on punts, recovered a fumble, blocked a kick and otherwise deported himself like an infant prodigy. He was the life of the Horton offense and nine-tenths of its defense. And little Peggy Hammond beamed her appreciation of his prowess. Only once did Jimmie Archer glance our way; and when he saw Peggy smiling at Dixon his face fell and a scowl supplanted his happy look. Slowly a feeling of dogged determination stole into his face and remained there. I could almost see a plot forming in his mind.

Just before the end of the first half I nearly died from shock. Archer punted rather high and to the side. It was a weak attempt at an outside kick and made Jimmie look bad. Willie Merton, flashy little halfback of the Horton team, grabbed it on the run, stumbled as he caught it, and then fell, face forward, without the ball! Like a flash, the players of both teams dashed for the pigskin, but one was before them all,—Boob Dixon. Like a true Paddock, he sprinted for the ball, picked it up on the run, and started sprinting,—for his own goal! Stricken speechless with consternation, Clint Harvey and his bench-full of subs remained silent staring. Not a word was spoken by anyone in that stadium, not a sound broke the stillness. Onward sped the fleeting Boob, onward to the Horton goal line! Suddenly, like a flash from a cannon, a Marshall player emerged from the mass and wildly pursued the brainless center,—Jimmie Archer! I tried to yell, to scream to my boy to let him go, to keep him going, if he could, but my throat was dry, my lips failed to respond to the plea in my heart. I was silent, fascinated by the spectacle. I felt that all the world had gone mad. It was like watching a man diving from a tall building,—and you know no man in the spectator's position has been known to head such a man off.

Together they rushed past the chalk lines. Quickly the gap between them was closed. Then, as the goal posts cast their shadow over the ten yard line, Jimmie dived. Straight and true he shot through the air at the moving legs. And Dixon went down like a log.

I thought I would kick in then and there. Old man Hammond was yelling something in my ear. Peggy was laughing outright at the sad plight of the rivals. And the whole mob was roaring with her. The ridiculousness of the whole business, the real humor of it all grasped the multitude in the first moment of their nervous relief, which came with the tackle. Just when excitement was at its whitest heat, the whistle blew and the half was over.

Straight into the dressing room I ran, mocked and scorned alternately by those I passed. Right over to the corner where Jimmie Archer sat dejectedly, head in hands, I hurried.

"Boy, are you off your nut? Have you gone cuckoo? How come you kissed those two points good by? Don't safeties mean anything in your life, you dub, you?" was what I finally worked out of my frantic being.

"You see, Bull, I saw only Boob. I saw him running like the devil and I lost my head. I thought he was running to our goal. And nobody headed me off!"

Poor kid! I couldn't blame him much. He was right, too. Not a soul in that big crowd even whispered. But he couldn't guess the grip of fascination on us as he ran.

"All right, I'll forgive even that bone, if you'll get me a touchdown this half," I promised the little fellow. I was always a generous guy.

Jimmie looked up, tears in his eyes. He smiled his gratitude and blurted through his gritted teeth:

"I'll do it, Bull. Just you watch!"

As I turned to bawl out Spike McGlone, Jimmie's pal, Snake Larson, came over to him and started to whisper.

My boys went pretty well during the third quarter, though they lost the ball on a fumble when Boob Dixon crashed through and knocked it out of Archer's mitts. But Jimmie opened up with our famous forward passing game in the last quarter and brought the ball to their thirty yard line. Boob dropped out of the line and played a floating centre when he saw pass after pass shooting through the air. He knocked them down by the gross when he stuck up his big paws, waving them in the still November atmosphere rather carelessly. He proved a demon on forward pass defense, too. Finally he grabbed one and shot away for fifteen yards, when little Jim downed him with a vicious tackle. My kid threw all his strength into the dive and hugged

the mammoth center's legs as if his existence depended thereon. The stands cheered for Boob, who had redeemed his bonehead play of the first half.

I was just about chucking up all hopes for my boys when this happened; and for Jimmie Archer, too, when I saw Peggy Hammond, beside me, waving and smiling at the victorious Boob. Little Jimmie saw her, too, and once more his face took on that dogged look.

For four downs Marshall held them and then cut loose on another forward passing rampage. Straight down to the thirty yard line again they came. Another first down was made on a lob pass over the line, just inside of Boob's mitts. Two more long ones failed. A short one netted six yards and another five.

Then it happened. Snake Larson walked past our box and stopped to watch a play before proceeding onward. Jimmie looked over and Snake put his hand to his hat. Jimmie put his headgear on determinedly and snapped the numbers out.

"Twelve-four-six-ten-seven-thirty."

And Snake Larson walked on.

"Ooohhh!" shrieked a girl beside me at the top of her lungs. And I took my eyes off Jimmie, who had just thrown a pass high into the air, to see what was wrong.

There stood, or laid, or sat, what you will, a little mouse, and Peggy Hammond high on her chair, screaming.

Quickly, however, I shifted my eyes, for ten thousand voices around me began to roar.

"Go on, Jimmie! Go on! Touchdown! Marshall! Marshall! Rah-rah-rah!"

And I saw Jimmie Archer walk smiling out, ball in arms, from behind the goal line, beaming toward our box in his triumph. A drop kick added the extra point and my lads had won, 7-0.

When I was finally able to reach my boy through the jam of admirers, I asked him what had happened when Peggy screamed. He held his head and blushed. I asked three or four friends who had been spectators. They all disagreed as to just what had taken place. All they knew was that Jimmie had thrown a forward pass and a wild scramble had taken place; and that Jimmie was on the ball, across the goal, when the whistle blew.

That night in my room at the hotel, Butch Walter, who refereed the game, paid me a visit. He chuckled as he started to tell me the story and then burst out laughing, even before he reached his point.

"You see," he concluded, "when the girl screamed, Boob Dixon glanced her way. So Jimmie just ran through the line

and caught his own pass. He threw it about five yards up and just so it would land in front of the floating center, Boob. I think he had it all doped out. Boob never knew what hit him, 'cause your kid couldn't resist the temptation of butting him in the stomach as he started to run those three or four yards. I think he knocked Boob over in front of him as he crossed the goal!"

Gosh! I thought Jimmie Archer was a bonehead in the first half! But that little Snake Larson, now.....

The End



The Missing Chapter

It was a comfortable little room. In the dimming twilight, the few pictures, save for a whited figure or two, were scarcely perceptible against the dark brown wall paper. The dull red furniture, the varnished floor and dark rug merged well with the coming dusk. In one corner there was a writing desk and scattered on it lay many sheets of paper. A young man sat there writing; but suddenly he jumped up, threw down his pencil, and angrily strode across the room toward the lone window. For some moments he stood there, scowling out upon the street below. His mind was immersed in a sea of thoughts, sad and hateful. Slowly he retraced his steps toward the desk, stopped and stood motionless undecided whether to continue writing or not.

"Christmas Eve," he muttered, "and," his voiced trailed off into silence. Christmas eve, but for him there was no joyous welcome, in that crisped biting air. He returned again to the window. And as he stared at the irregular, sordid buildings, their grimness struck deep into his soul their analogy to his drab existence.

"How like theirs, was his life? His life, like theirs, was just a jumble of incidents, black and grimy. Day after day of toil to pay the price of this existence, for that it was and nothing more." Such were the thoughts that filled his mind.

"If there be a God, why don't He give me happiness like others have?," half audibly he petulantly queried. "Why is my life so like these piles of dirty brick? Why must I live from hand to mouth, why slave in that dreary office producing trash, nothing that is great or noble? Why didn't He give an opportunity to use my ability, to shape my career successfully? Tomorrow, Christmas, and what good does it do me? After all

Scrooge was right. It's just a time of bills and make believe. Christmas. What does that mean? They say that there was a just God born this day. If there was, why don't He give me the chance to make good? Why am I always writing and getting no where? Why am I always in an endless chain of disgust and weariness? Why am I never happy?" His reveries was broken by the cries of three little urchins as they skipped about in their joy over the new fallen snow. How happy were they in the spirit that saturated the air and seemed to rest on every pure, crystal, snow flake. How delightful, joyously rang their laughter, how joyous were they in the approaching time.

"If I were as happy as they," he thought, "If only I could believe and hope as they." But for him there was no belief, no hope. He saw not the beautiful, but only the ugly, the unhappy, the wretched. No hope, no joy could pierce the casement of that heart so devoid of love of God, so enrapt was he in his earthly career. His ambition was to be a writer. He had sacrificed pleasure, he had toiled far into the night, he had spent the best years of his youth, he had risked his life, he had even given up his religion to scale the heights of success, to inscribe his name, Hugh Hamilton, on the scroll of literary fame. All had been in vain. Here he was now laboring as a reporter, earning but a mere subsistence. He had a manuscript there on the desk, but it was not the masterpiece it should have been. If he could only infuse a whole souled reality into that story, his biography, he felt it would surely be a success. Where he had described the flight of man from God as a flight "down the arches of the years," and his hidings "in laughter of running waters," he felt that he had written in a masterly manner. For here, he had ceased, as it were, to live in the flesh, and had become one with his hero. He had depicted his sentiments, his thoughts, his emotions and even his very actions. But there was a part he could never construct. Somehow, the climax, for he could invent no other than the return of the fugitive, was shallow, untrue. It did not possess the strength, the power of the other parts. For this he could not draw upon his experience. He did not think that such things happen. He had read of them, but he had never met a convert. And yet no other finale than this seemed to be worthy of his hero. How he longed to produce that last scene. He had just been working on it, and his inability to depict it had been the cause of this bitter outburst against God, against life. "I'd give anything I have," and then cynically, "that's little, if only I could produce that. Well, I guess I'll go for a walk and then to supper."

It was nearly dark now. Still revolving in his mind the bitter cogitations of his dreary self-questioning, half in anger, and disgust he surveyed the stacked heaps of aging brick and wood, jumbled together in huddled, irregular piles. "How can men

even dream of happiness, living in those ill-shaped, dirty things they call homes?" he imprecated. He fled down the street as down a gauntlet. Each blackened giant cast at him a finger of mockery, each light a finger of scorn. In his anger and hate, he fled from them, twisting he knew not whither. He felt pangs of hunger no longer. Only a dull hate for those buildings, for the people who lived in them and pretended to be happy, who said there was a good God and who trumped up that pretty thing they called Christmas. God, how they lied, there was no happiness in this world. What hypocrites they were. There is no God, there is no happiness in this world, only misery and despair. In vexation and passion, he took no notice of where his footsteps were leading him. Blindly he hastened from these taunting, silent scorners. At last he was free of the horrid, mocking tormenting things.

He had turned into a quiet street. The wind whipping through the open blew the gentle snow flakes against his face. It cooled his heated brow and soothed his violent passion. Gradually he became calmer.

As his irritating thoughts waned, he began to search for some means of discovering where his footsteps had led him. The street seemed strange and yet there was a vague familiarity about it. Anyway one street was as good as another. He might just as well continue walking. His restless gaze flitted hither and thither. It rested on the light flooded windows. Ah, the scene they revealed. There in a cosy chair sat father, his eyes beaming with tenderness. Round about him clustered little curly heads. Up turned angel faces were beseeching and petitioning. He half-imagined he could hear their childish whispers and their joyous gentle laughter. He could almost hear them beg, "Father tell Santa to bring me this and this." A cynical sneer came to his lips. How soon would they be disillusioned of their dream. He perceived not the happiness and joy of these scenes. He saw only how soon the little heads now resting in mother's arms, would be filled with thoughts like his, how soon those little faces sweet with questioning in them, would be lined with sorrow, how soon those prattling lips now begging with innocent eagerness for playthings, would be asking for that which they could not receive. He saw only the future years, and, Oh, The pity. He saw them only as the years he had spent in despair, torture and unbelief. The cold piercing wind, chilled his veins, and stirred him from this endless pessimistic disputation back to the consciousness of his surroundings.

Whence came this slight recognition? He seemed to be faintly acquainted with his surroundings. Some place in his memory, they existed. As he traversed the snow covered walks, each new scene brought a more vivid recollection. Those bare

knarled trees whose great bare arms stood like giant spectres, that great spire in the distance and even that old arc lamp, that swayed in the blast, toward which he was approaching were dimly placed in his past. But when and how were they connected with him? As his footsteps sank in the virgin snow these thoughts rankled in his brain, awakening shadows that were no more. Each new detail, every small item, served to bring memory to a more full, a more complete knowledge. He was in the neighborhood where he had lived his youth.

It was here that he had been born. That little house, which had once been gray but now was nearly black with smoke and dirt was his birthplace. There he had spent his babyhood. Yonder in that old red brick school house, (the trees and church hide most of it from view, so that one can see only its upper story and roof.), he had gained his earliest education. There he had learned his A, B, C's. There he had first lisped his daily prayers. There, he had received instruction for his first Holy Communion. Then he had believed and hoped—but now——. They had taught him the truths of religion, they had taught him, too, to love that art which latter had wrought his ruin.

He was now standing before his old home. How changed it was. It was not like it used to be, when he had lived there with his mother, father and sister. It seemed as though it were dead; as if it had been robbed of all light and life, as he had been. He sighed and passed on, drawing nearer the church.

The old home had stirred a train of memories, some painful and others sweet. The old gray church increased these and brought to his mind the most painful of all his memories. In it the greatest tragedy of his life had been enacted; at least, so he believed. Within it had been offered that last sacrifice for his father, mother and sister. From it they had been buried. He had sustained the first two losses but the third had wounded him deeply. When they had borne the coffin of his fair young sister from the hallowed presence of God's house, it seemed to him that they bore with them his faith and his love. When he had stood by her grave, he had felt that first pang of resentment toward God. After her death the old house had become lonely. He wandered listlessly through it, bitterly sighing for that loving inspiration that had been snatched from him. He had begun to brood over his losses; he seemed to lose heart in life, even in his career, (for under her influence, he had been spurred to launch on the ocean of literature.) Brooding had grown to something akin to despair, and despair to dull apathy, towards thoughts of religion and finally in after years, to passive hate. At last he could stand it no longer. He departed and attempted to drown his sorrow in amusement. But amusements failed to satisfy the hunger of that sincere, sorrowing heart. He turned

again to his career, making it the sole object of his endeavors. He forgot, but in forgetting, he completely abandoned his faith. All this passed through his mind as he walked toward the church. He shrugged his shoulders, muttering: "That is what God did to me. He took from me all that I had, all that I loved and then drove me to do what I did."

He was now in front of the church. Mechanically he surveyed its gray outline. In youth it had meant something to him; it had stood as the symbol of a Supreme Being, who loved men and helped them. It had stirred him then, but now he gazed upon it with indifference, no emotion rising in his breast. There was no reverential awe inspiring greatness to it now, as he looked up, as there had been, when, as a boy he had come to gaze upon it. In the twilight especially, it had been so awesome, so religiously appealing to him. Suddenly it occurred to him, as he dismally contemplated the church, that he was in a circumstance parallel to that of his hero in his masterpiece. Just as he was disdainfully beholding the church wherein he had worshipped as a youth, so was his hero, in the story. The mocking words of the story creation flashed upon his mind and took utterance on his lips:

"Let's visit it again." And mockingly, "Perhaps I shall be converted." He crossed the street.

The door creaked and groaned as it swung on its ancient hinges. The silence awed him for a moment. Inside it was like a huge tomb—quiet, dark, chilled. Its very stillness broke through the adamant of his heart and touched memories long faded. It had always filled him with reverence before and now somewhat of that old feeling stole over his heart—but angrily, rebelliously, passionately he cast it from him, rejecting it as a mere sentiment, a delusive emotion. He entered the nave of the church.

He first noted the sanctuary lamp, that ever present guardian and adorer of the Blessed Sacrament reposing in the tabernacle. Its red glow threw rays that dimly glinted on the golden door that held the God, who veiled neath the humble Species, awaits to sooth man's troubles. He hazily recalled its purpose, but immediately sneered it away as mere foolishness. "If it were true," he inwardly queried "Why does He not make me happy and give me a chance?" For the first the thought filtered into his mind, "But why should He give, when you do not?" Troubled, angered, he hastily repelled the thought and continued his listless survey of the church. He stepped forward and dropped into a pew. His wandering gaze rested on the pictures up on the wall; "Stations" he mumbled. "It is awfully dark and still." He shifted his gaze, which was attracted toward two red lights that burned before some object inside the altar railing, on

the right side of the church. He arose and walked towards them, crossing without genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament.

They were vigil lights, burning before the crib. They cast their living shadows upon a small, rough, irregular, open structure that was covered with imitation snow. The rays of the little lights leaped and quivered, lighting and revealing in flashes the tableau. The shimmering reflections seemed to endow the statues with life; the Infant, resting in the straw manger-cradle, silently, but pleadingly stretched its little arms in open welcome; the tender Mother, who rapturously looked on the Infant; the dignified foster-father, in admiration gazed upon the Child and Mother; the shepherds adored; and even the dumb animals stood reverentially near the simple rough cradle. The moving reflections of the lights infused an appeal into that inspiring picture. They seemed to speak inwardly to the heart of that careless onlooker. For a moment he was half impelled to believe, to return to the reverence of his youth, but the next he was asking, "Isn't it strange how the happenings, even the follies of youth can react on our emotions?" A slow, warning creak, as the heavy door was pushed open, prevented further questioning. Some one was coming. He hastily withdrew into a sheltering corner, where he could not be seen but could observe what occurred near the crib.

From the soft patter he judged the ones coming to be children. His conjecture was correct. He watched the great interest of the little boy and girl, brother and sister, as they genuflected before the high altar and then approached the crib. Standing on tip toe, they stretched and craned to see its depths. Vividly he remembered a scene, similar to this, of long ago—but his attention was drawn to the little actors.

"It's a crib! 'Member Sister said she was goin' to fix it to-day." said the little boy.

"Yes. See, ain't the statutes pretty" and very reverentially, "the little Jesus, don't He look kind? Sister told us He was born ever so long ago in a land afar off and nobody would let them in."

"Ours told us, too, that He helped everybody and she said that he gives presents to people and helped them to believe in Him and be good. But He's so good, why should anyone not believe in Him and like Him?"

"Our sister told us that He sent Santy to bring us toys." Then, with childish curiosity, "What's He goin' to bring you?"

"Oh, lots of things. Let's say a prayer like sister said for somebody who isn't happy, and then go."

They knelt before the little crib and in the darkness prayed

to the tiny, sweet Infant for some one who wasn't happy. Then, rising they departed.

When he heard the door slam, Hugh emerged from the alcove. He took the place of the two children. Every word of their naive conversation, as they had spoken in heightened whispers, had been born to his ears. He had heard every syllable and somehow they seemed to strike with unwonted force. They re-echoed and beat upon his mind and wrenched at his heart. His gaze had been riveted on the two, but far away was his thoughts. He perceived not the scene actually before him, but a similar one of long past. The faces, the actions, the very words of the children seemed to stand out with startling clearness and to at his heart strings. How vividly they recalled that scene. It was, he could have sworn, almost a rehearsed representation of it. He tried to dispell that memory, to shut out the picture it conjured up, but he could not. It came to torment him, accusing him of betraying his principles. He felt that if he meditated on it, it would make him return, its reasonings would make him go back. He feared; he drove it away. He would not have it, nor do what it asked, nor listen to its reproaches, its pleadings. Yet as often as he banished it, like some, pursuing, persistent spirit, it returned and gained entrance, urging and beseeching him to do what he would not.

With ever increasing force it suggested and reasserted motives that incited him to yield. Obstinate, blindly, stubbornly he argued and cross-counteracted reasons against acknowledging his error. It was the last great struggle. The years of flight from a God who followed ever after were nearing an end. In one tremendous, momentous conflict (for eternity depended upon it) pride and unbelief were waging a bitter strife against faith and humility. For a time it seemed as if faith and humility, the admission of wrong, would succumb. Pride advanced and affirmed and realleged, over and over again, and when defeated and caught in its own reasoning, squirmed and wriggled and pleaded, and mocked. It might have overcome, if memory had not again come to the rescue. The tableau which had been the cause of the last struggle now returned.

It took possession of his imagination and compelled him to review it. Many years ago, when he was a boy, he and his sister had knelt, here on this very spot, where he now stood, and where but a few moments ago the little innocents had been to pray. It was Christmas eve he recollected, twenty one or two years ago. "It must be twenty two for I'm thirty now and I was about eight that time. Almost, I should think the size of that little fellow." So long ago. How everything had changed, had aged. Here they had knelt to pray for some one who was unhappy and unfortunate. In the midst of that inward turmoil,

he wondered, in a subconscious manner, if it was possible that their prayer was being answered now. "How good she was, God could never refuse such as her "request." He recalled here asking him to pray for her. Then the scene shifted. It was a snow draped plain, the bleak, sturdy pines standing, stern, dignified against the virgin whiteness. There in a grave over which the wind mournfully sighed, she lay; had slept these many years. With pain and remorse, he thought, "How long it has been since I prayed for her. I promised, but now I am unworthy, I cannot pray, I cannot." Despair seized him and with a sob, half of terror and sorrow, he made as if to leave. But some magnetic influence intervened. A voice urged "It is not too late. Return, return. Come, bring your burdens to Me. Enter once more My refuge and pray for that dear one." Conflicting emotions, hope and despair, belief and a dying unbelief entered his heart. But to that heart there spoke the voice of a God who had pursued the erring one all these years. The Lips that had told the story of the prodigal son, were pleading; the Heart that had inspired that story was pouring its grace upon the soul of the fugitive. The prayers of long ago and of a short time ago were answered. A calm stole over his heart. He fell on his knees and prayed incoherently. As he became more composed, his prayer took a more definite form. He pleaded and begged with his God for faith, praying the words of Scripture, "Lord, help Thou my unbelief." It was victory.

In his new found joy he prayed, and before departing made his reconciliation with God. Again, he followed the street by which he had come. Again, he paused before his old home, and then continued his way. But now elation and not despair occupied his heart. He hurried down that gauntlet, not of taunting lights and mocking fingers, now, but symbols of greater hope, and more blessed existence. He saw it all now, as he hastened onward it came to his mind that he could now finish his masterpiece. He planned and constructed, reviewed the events of the evening and prepared them for writing. He entered his den and took up his task. It was only the stars paled, for it had ceased to snow and a brilliant moon and starry heavens had appeared during the early hours, in the coming dawn that he completed his labor.

It was Christmas night. The young man sat before a cheerful fire in a cozy home, (for he had traced the two little children, who had been such important factors in his conversion, and found that they were the children of an old friend and of course he had been welcomed after so long an absence.) How happy he was, because he knew that with a little correction his novel would be a masterpiece; because he felt the joyous reality of

what he had written. He listened to the Children as they related the tale of Bethlehem and fervently reechoed with them the angel's son, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

The End



CLOSING WEEK OF THE YEAR.

At Christmastide we total up the deeds
Of days and nights, of weeks and months gone by,
And garner for the coming year, the seeds
We mean to plant, and hope they'll fructify.

Of high endeavor there is no dearth;
Of good resolve there is a surplusage;
"Good Will to Men—Peace on Earth"
Is felt and echoed by the child and sage.

Frail-structured man yearns to attain the place
He views in visions, tho' his strength is weak,
Seven days in every year inherent grace
Mellows the strident voice and softens proud to meek.

Thus, with our frailties e'er within our view,
We welcome to our midst the cheer of Christmastide,
And cease repining o'er past efforts, for the new,
To win, "Good Will to Men" our guide.

—Robt. Ross.



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The feast of the Nativity of Jesus Christ has ever been celebrated by the Christian World with the greatest rejoicing, because more than any other does it entwine itself into the very fibre of man's being. It is the greatest of all religious festivals and natural holidays, nor is this to be wondered at, for it marks the advent

**Christmas
Spirit**

of Christ the King of our hearts, it marks the realization of Israel's Hope, and the fulfillment of that which was spoken by the prophet and announced by the message of an Angel.

It is fitting and appropriate that all who bear the enviable title of Christians should observe this holy Feast of Christ, their King, and venerate Him who is at once their God and their Savior.

The world has ever had its heroes and these it holds in reverence and esteem, and even centuries after they have bid farewell to things of earth, it celebrates the anniversary of their heroic achievements and observes with deep sentiments of respect and admiration, the birthday of him who was in life a benefactor of his people. It matters not in what field of endeavor his activities lay or in what sphere of life he triumphed over the limitations of the flesh; all alike share the deep gratitude of posterity for the good he has accomplished. No tribe or nation can be found that has not some outstanding noble character in whose honor the wheels of industry are stopped, the marts of trade are closed, banners are unfurled, trumpets are sounded and all unite in festive garb to do honor to him whom they hail as the hero of their country and defender of her name. Athens had her Pericles, her Aristotle; France, her Charlemagne, her Napoleon; Ireland her Robert Emmet, her O'Connell; America her Washington, her Lincoln. Every nation has her heroes, her warriors; her soldiers, her statesmen—men whose memories are ever kept green, whose names live for centuries in the minds and hearts of their fellow-men, as exemplars of the spirit that animates the nation.

As the nations have their heroes, so, too, the Church has her galaxy of glorious saints and Martyrs. At the holy season of Christmas, the Church calls upon her millions of faithful children of every clime and tongue to celebrate the birthday of Him, the divine Benefactor of the whole Human Race, the Son of God who came into the world to bring all to the true worship of the Almighty. The Nativity of Christ is the birthday of all the World into a new and hopeful life. As His birthday approaches, the thought of all revert to the lowly stable of Bethlehem, where in the fullness of time the Christ-Child was born. The Angels proclaimed his coming and announced that He had come to bring "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace to men of good will." This ever-recurring, world-wide observance is a tribute to his divine personality, for it is only the spirit of God which can draw all ages to itself and render forever sacred the place of its advent into the world. Year after year, this sacred festival outshines all others in the spirit and universality of its observance. It is the birthday of the great national hero of the Universe, and

is celebrated as such by all the loyal inhabitants of His country
—His World. —E. J. W.



College spirit is an intangible thing. It cannot be grasped with the naked hand, and it is a very hard thing to take hold of in any way. It is like describing what a boundary line is; we end up by describing what it isn't.

Spirit

Just what does it mean?

In a few words, it means getting out of the rut into which so many colleges fall, of destructive criticism of this, that and the other, without fully realizing why or how one criticizes. It is the forgetting of the individual in the crowd; the remembering that the individual is a part of the mass, that the individual must act with the mass, and not against it. On the other hand, it is only by the action of the individual person that we can accomplish anything. By the concerted action of a few individuals, acting together, great things may be accomplished; but by the divided action of these same persons, nothing.

College spirit is shown in pep meetings, on the athletic field, in academic pursuits; throughout the college. Can we see it? No; decidedly not. But we can feel its effects. And these effects are the way the team plays, the support they get, the amount of scholastic work that is done. The man with the greatest amount of this intangible quantity is the substitute or scrub on the team; for he does his work without any thought of reward, solely and only for the honor of the school, that the men that are better than he can do their part efficiently and can carry the banner of the school to greater fame. He is imbued with the right kind of spirit.

Don't be afraid to do your part, though it may not win great praise; hold up before you the idea that it is for the college; do your best, whatever comes of it. Then, whether your efforts win recognition or not, you can rest assured that you have what is so hard to successfully understand, college spirit.

P. H. K.



In the Middle Ages there was fostered by the Church a device which had as its purpose to bring close to men's hearts the Faith which they believed. This device was, seemingly, not of God, but of the world. The portrayal of the lives of the saints, of the miracles worked by Our Divine Savior, and even of His glorious passion and death. These were the so-called Miracle and Mystery plays; by this means, Our Holy

The
Catholic
Press

Mother the Church to bring the people to a closer realization of the Divine truths, and to inspire a greater piety in her children.

Later still, the drama became the means whereby other doctrines, not alone those of religion, might be taught; whereby other ideas, of the earth earthly, might be displayed before the eyes of the audience; or a clever satire might be staged, to caricature some enemy of the dramatist. Even in the Bard of Avon can we discern this usage of the drama, though characteristically hidden in a mass of plot and counter-plot.

With the spread and improvement of printing, the "News Paper" comes forth. This, too, is a vehicle for the conveyance of thought, but in a different fashion, a fashion wholly its own, deep and subtle. The newspaper gradually became the representatives of a political party or faction, and the defender of the principles which its editor held sacred. There were great and distinguished editors; Horace Greeley, and "Marse" Henry Watterson, and innumerable others.

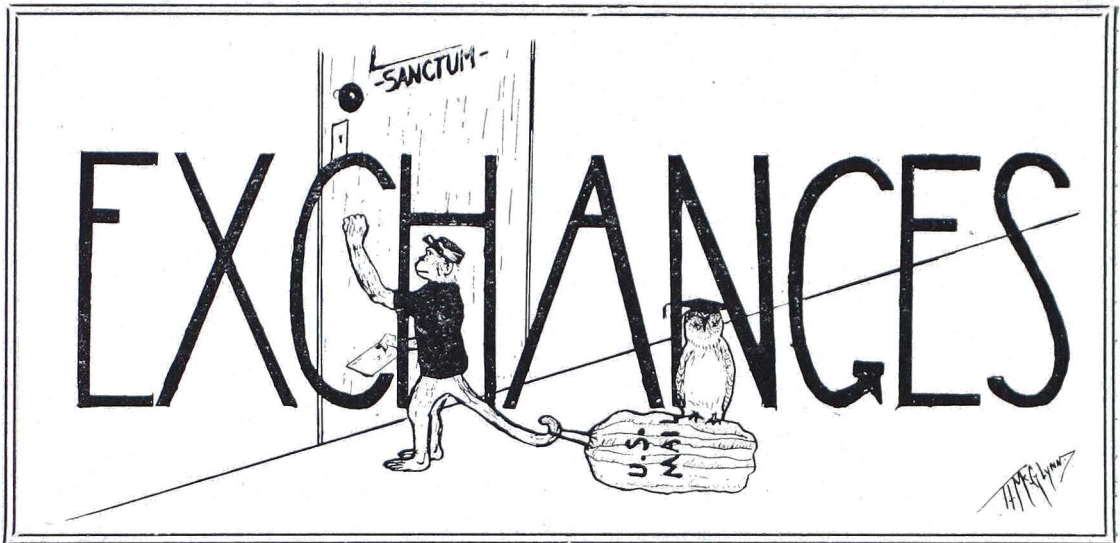
Today all this has changed. The press, in the same manner as the drama, is looked on as a business enterprise which is to serve, by its advertising, as a creator of new wants, and to give the public such information, and of such kind, as to increase the circulation. Advertising is their mainstay, and this they can secure if they have a large circulation. For these reasons, their opinions lack timber and vitality, and, added to this, we have the fact they are listless and unconcerned as regards any question of a religious nature.

Such a course can lead to no other result than that of infidelity and the decay of all Christian belief. Naught but an energetic, vigorous Catholic Press can prevent our Catholic people from being contaminated with this spirit of unconcern in religion and in indifference to Catholic principles. In this busy world, there is little else read but the newspapers, and there is an urgent need of truly Catholic papers, to counteract the poison of the daily press. Let us support those that we possess royally and loyally, and prove to them that they are appreciated, giving them encouragement in their good work.

P. H. K.



The Viatorian Staff on the glorious feast of the Nativity, extends to its friends and patrons the choicest blessings of this glad season. May the Infant Jesus from His Altar Crib shower His manifold Blessings in celestial benediction upon all this day and throughout the coming year.



In the following lines we are to give a few criticisms which we consider just (though perhaps others may not think so), of some few of the college publications which it has been our fortune to review. We regret that we do not receive others of our contemporaries; if other exchange editors receive the "Viatorian" irregularly, or not at all, let us know of the fact.

Bear in mind that our criticism is not destructive, but constructive; Matthew Arnold has some lines on criticism which our readers may recall. Taking the mediate course immortalized by Lincoln, we will endeavor to be as just as ordinarily possible. And now for the nefarious task.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a pleasanter publication than the *Gonzaga Quarterly*. The make-up is excellent, and the style of the articles on the history of the Law School, methods of teaching law, and "The Rise of the Universities" are evidences of infinite pain and endeavor on the part of their authors. Glancing at another of our visitors, however, *The Creighton Chronicle*, which bears a plain but artistic cover, we find it to be filled with articles that are but poorly written advertisements of the university and its branches. Time was when the standards of the *Chronicle* were of a much higher order. The issues of this year are certainly very poor specimens for a university; we would suggest that the editors be taken to one of the far-famed clinics for cerebral treatment.

The Font Hill Dial served to prove that beauty is a joy forever; and congratulations are due those who made its success possible. It is a work of art. Of the two issues on our desk, we much prefer that of January to that of October. Good things do come in small packages; but the first had a much better appearance. Another feminine visitor is the *Marywood Bayleaf*, as sweet and as pleasing as ever; this, the October issue, is dedicat-

ed to St. Teresa, and the work contained in it sheds new light on the life and works of the blessed saint of the Carmelites.

We welcome to our sanctum this month several new visitors, new either to us or to the world of scholastic journalism. One of the latter is the *Sigma*, of Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill., which is proving to be a worthy successor of the Purple and White, formerly published by the students there. The one fault with the newcomer is that J. R. and O. F. S. are doing most of the work. Keep coming, *Sigma*!

The Dial, a stranger for quite some time, visited us once again. The article, "Shall These Dead Bones Live?", is a searching discussion of the appreciations of the study of Latin and Greek in our schools and colleges. "The Rat" is good, but poor in connecting incidents in some places. "Obesity and Genius" was reminiscent of John Kendrick Bangs; and, personally, we applauded the author thunderously. We do not know whether we are of the "great," but—

We wish to advise the editors of the *Exponent* that we are displeased with them on two counts; first, that the index or table of contents, in the front of the magazine, does not "index"; second, that the *Exponent* does not contain anything of real literary merit. Some articles, or at least one would help; anything besides a continual run of short stories!

Our thanks are due to the *Loretine* for the story, "Just Larry's Luck." We would almost think that the author had been in the same fix himself (pardon us, that last word was a mistake; Fr. D. would reprimand us for our ignorance). "The Modernity of Cartesianism" and the "History of Local Color"; excellent; but who but an M. S. could have written such as these? Summa cum laude, *Loretine*!

Candidly, we do not care for the new dress of the *Pacific Coast Star*, *The Spokesman*, or *The Prospector*. The writer treasures the bound volumes of past years while he was on the staff; but what value has a daily newspaper in future years? *The Spokesman* is the least offensive in appearance of the three; but the editor must firmly believe that the readers of the paper will tire of articles longer than a page and a half. The humor contained is of the English variety; and the verse is fair, but immature. Where is the verse of yesteryear, *Spokesman*?

The Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly appears in our den but infrequently during the year; yet here is indeed food for thought, "having in itself all sweetness." "The Supernatural in the Writings of Stevenson" is very impressive; but do you not include his essays among his "writings"? Another pleasant visitor is the *St. Mary's Chimes*; and we extend our most cordial greetings to the new exchange editor. We will be looking for some piquant criticisms from the Lake.

The publications in the following list have been received by the Ex-man since September. Our exchange list is much larger, it seems to us; and we would appreciate hearing from the delinquents. The exchanges received follow: Academia, Anselmian, Blue and Gold (Atlanta, Ga.), Blue and Gold (Chicago, Ill.), Campionette, Canisius Monthly, Cardinal and White, Chimes, Collegian, Creighton Chronicle, Dial, Duquesne Monthly, Exponent, Font Hill Dial, Gonzaga, Ignatian, Lakeside Punch, Le Petit Seminaire, Lorette, Loyola Quarterly, Marywood College Bayleaf, Messenger, Morning Star, Northern Illinois, Pacific Star, Prospector, Purple and Gray, St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, St. Mary's Chimes, St. Vincent College Journal, St. Xavier's Journal, Santa Clara, Sigma, Spokesman, Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly, Wabash Record, and Xaverian News.



Alumni



THE BUSINESS-MANAGER'S DREAM

* * *

Word recently received from Chicago informs us that Zolton Fonyo, H. S. '22, is now employed in the offices of Armour & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., our new president, attended the funeral of Very Rev. P. Robert, Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator, who died while visiting the American provinces of his community. Father Robert was laid to rest in the community cemetery at Joliette, Canada, on November 9th.

* * *

From the San Antonio Daily Paper of November 9th, we obtained the information that Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, c. s. v. Ph. D. was one of the principal speakers at the recent conference of the Catholic Hospital Association which was held at the Santa Rosa Infirmary, San Antonio, Texas, November 8th and 9th. Dr. Mulvaney spoke on the "Patient from the Point of View of a Psychologist." Dr. Mulvaney is at present teaching at the Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

John Hogan, H. S. '10-12, is at present enrolled at Armour Institute of Technology.

George Kolgraff, '93, was a recent visitor at the college. This was Mr. Kolgraff's first visit since the fire and he had considerable difficulty recognizing his old school. He informed us that he is now in charge of one of Chicago's parks and is doing his share in making it possible for the city to boast of "the best recreational center in the world." Mr. Kolgraff promised to make up for his neglected visits in the past by being a frequent visitor in the future. Word may reach him at 6134 S. Racine St. Chicago.

* * *

Louis Spinnelli has just returned to America after spending the past two years at Naples, Italy. Louis is now making his home in New York City.

* * *

Adhemar Marcotte, '14, is at present making his home at the Hotel St. Louis, 75 Rue St., Lisle, Paris, France.

* * *

Rev. J. D. Kirley, c. s. v., formerly president of St. Viator, was recently appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Emmitt, South Dakota.

* * *

Faustin Leoni, '12, was one of the Homecoming Visitors from Toluca, Illinois. He informed us that he is now engaged in running a Variety Store in that city.

* * *

Word from St. Louis informs us that the Viator Clubs of Kenrick Seminary and St. Louis University often find opportunities to hold joint meetings in the Fair city. Among the latest to join the latter Club are John Daley, '19 and Ralph Salerno, '21, both of whom are enrolled in the School of Medicine at the University.

* * *

The Anti-Parochial School Law, of Oregon, has found many opponents. We are proud to list among these, Mr. C. A. Marino, '11, who found time despite his many duties as professor at Columbia, University, Portland, Oregon, to give a series of lectures against the adoption of this law.

* * *

Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v., vice-president of the college, recently delivered the sermon at the dedication of St. Joseph's Church, Manteno, Illinois.

* * *

At a sacred Concert held in the evening, Monsignor Legris, of the College Faculty, delivered a touching lecture on Church Music.

Hugh Graham, '09, recently found time from his tonsorial duties to pay a visit to his Alma Mater. We regret to chronicle that Hugh is still suffering from wounds received while doing active service in the late war. Hugh may be reached by writing him at Ludlow, Illinois.

* * *

It is rumored that Eugene "Ziggy" Leinen, '11-'13, who so often delighted us with his histrionic efforts while at school, is to appear soon in vaudeville.

* * *

We recently had the pleasure of entertaining the following clergy: Rev. George J. Blatter, St. Peter and Paul Church, 2940 E. 91st St., South Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. Meyer, Sacred Heart Church, Goodrich, P. O. Bonfield, Ill.; Rev. E. S. Dunne, St. Joseph's Church, 1316 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

* * *

Thomas Van Houten, H. S. '21-'22, is at present studying in Louisville, Kentucky. News will reach him at the Watkins Hotel of that city.

* * *

Edward Schiller, of last year's Academy Department dropped in for a short visit recently. Ed is at present attending Lewis Institute, Chicago.

* * *

On the occasion of the Viator-Valparaiso game, at Valparaiso, Indiana, we had the pleasure of meeting three former students. Mr. Harry Karpen, who is engaged in the furniture business at Michigan City, Indiana.; Mr. Walter Clifford, a construction engineer of Valparaiso, and Mr. Frank Paustys, who is attending Valparaiso University.

* * *

The Champaign Press November 25th, informs us that Mr. R. B. Bradley, '89, Peoria, Illinois, spoke before the School of Commerce, at the University of Illinois, on the evening of November 24th. Mr. Bradley spoke on "Education and Business" before a large audience.

* * *

Father Munsch was pleasantly surprised the other day by a visit from his sisters, The Misses Munsch, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Munsch. Patsy Munsch, Father's young nephew, was also a member of the party. Patsy during his short stay gave evidence of future Academic accomplishments.

* * *

While on their way to Piper City, Ray and James Kavanagh '15, Chicago, Ill., stopped at the college for a few hour's visit with former professors. Both inform us that they are doing well in business.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v., Chaplain of the Local Branch of the Catholic Daughters of America, delivered the memorial sermon at the recent State convention of the Catholic Daughters of America, held at Decatur, Illinois.

* * *

Among the Viator Rooters at the Viator-Lombard game at Galesburg, Illinois, on November 24th, were: Rev. F. A. Cleary, Warsaw, Illinois.; Rev. Joseph Graham, Alexis, Illinois; Rev. T. P. Kelly, and Francis Cromien, Kewanee, Illinois.

* * *

On November 29th, Mr. Lloyd Harrington, '13, and Miss Marie Gardner, both of Chicago were united in marriage. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. T. E. Fitzpatrick, A. B. '18. In the bridal party was Mr. John Cassidy, '13, a classmate of the groom.

After an extended honeymoon through the south, the young couple will make their home in Chicago, where the groom is engaged in the insurance business. The Viatorian extends its felicitations to the young couple.

* * *

The results of the recent county elections in which a number of Viator Alumni were candidated show the election of Henry P. Ruel to the judicial bench of Kankakee County.

* * *

We wish to extend our congratulations to Doctor and Mrs. Wm. Foley on the birth of a son.

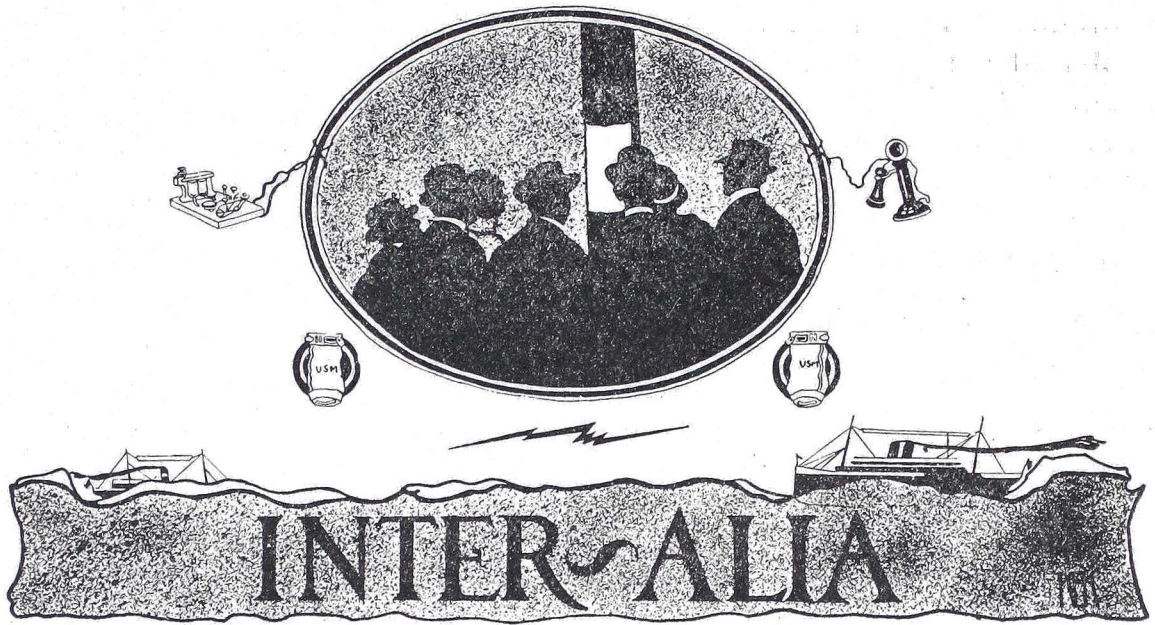
* * *

The account of Shorty Harrington's feat in defeating the college golf stars on a recent visit to the college, which appeared in the last issue of the Viatorian has brought him a number of challenges from members of the Alumni. Koke Gartlant, who claims to be "the best in Kokomo," is particularly anxious to get a crack at Shorty. In the next issue we are going to give you a complete account of the new golf links, at the college, which are to be officially opened next spring. Why not have a tournament for all Alumni at that time? Let's hear from those interested. Write the Alumni Editor.

* * *

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.





Class Elections

The Sophomore class of 1923 met on the night of Nov. 13, and elected the following officers: President, Richard Standaert, Chicago, Ill.; Vice President, Charles Donnelley, Peoria, Ill.; Secretary Edward Farrell, Champaign, Ill.; Treasurer, Charles N. McGinnis, Memphis, Tenn.; Representatives in the College Club Council, John J. Winterhalter, Elburn, Ill, and Charles N. McGinnis, Memphis, Tenn.

As yet the Freshman and Junior classes have not organized but they are to choose their officers in the near future, and with all the classes well organized, the College Club is assured of active members and another successful year.

Quarterly Exams

The First Quarterly examinations for both the College and High School departments were held on November 16, 17, and 18. Both departments enjoying a well-earned rest after their successful culmination. 'Nuf sed.

Loyal Fans

St. Viator College can boast not only of her football team, but also of the loyal fans, who filled with enthusiasm, followed the team on the last two trips. The previous trips were so far away that it was almost an impossibility to follow the team. But when Viator realized that our team needed some cheering from the sidelines, many of the students decided to produce the desired backing, and in quantity. As a result of this spirit, when our team awaited the whistle at Valparaiso, and at Galesburg, a number of rooters stood behind the Viator bench and outcheered the hundreds of fans who cheered for their opponents; too

much credit cannot be given these students for their exhibition of real college spirit. In their endeavors to reach their destination, all and every means of modern conveyance were pressed into service, and the Indiana farmers are inclined to believe that the world's champion walker, the renowned Dan O'Leary, is in danger of losing his crown, after seeing some of the Viator crew manfully trudge the remaining miles into Valparaiso (or was it only Chicago Heights?). These trips furnished the lads with thrills which money could not buy, and we believe that in the future, our teams will have cheering from the sidelines even though the game be played 'way out in Sunny California.

Thanksgiving Vacation commenced on the evening of November 28, and lasted until the following Sunday night. About forty of the borders stayed over during the vacation, and Father Brady had prepared a sumptuous repast for them on Thanksgiving Day.

Gymnasium classes have been organized for the entire student body, and under the tutelage of Physical Director Crangle, they are making great progress. "Jack" has a thorough knowledge of physical culture, and the students are very fortunate in having him as their instructor. These gym classes compel every student to accept physical development, which is recognized as being fully as important as their mental well-being.

During the early part of November, the new lockers arrived, and now the Gymnasium is equipped with modern dressing room, which does away with past inconveniences. The lockers were installed in what was known as the Music Room, and their situation is very convenient and spacious. The Music Room has been moved into new quarters in the old Band Room.

On the evening of November 13, the College Club held its second meeting of the year. Father O'Mahoney delivered a short lecture to the assembled members on the conditions as improved this year in the refectory. Father O'Mahoney is always a big favorite with the students because of his contagious humor, and striking personality, and this occasion was no exception to the general rule. He asked for the co-operation of all college men in the conduct of affairs in the dining room. The College Club pledged themselves to help him in every way possible.

Due to the fact that John P. Farrell and Raymond T. Marvel, who are the student members of the College Council, were frequently away on athletic trips, John Barrett and John Clancy, were elected to serve as alternatives, whenever the two regular members were absent.

The Freshmen of this year, in common with the usual run of Freshmen, seem to be a conceited crowd of fellows, so the Sophomores, backed by the upper classmen, took it upon themselves to instill into the craniums of these verdant specimens, a proper spirit of obedience and respect for their elders. However, the Freshmen seemed opposed to this, and the result was that the third corridor was constantly in an uproar, due to the numerous brawls and battles that occurred.

It is to be regretted that the examinations caused a cessation to the warfare, because the Freshmen were being slowly, but surely, taught the rudiments of politeness, and it was only a matter of time until they would have been completely educated. However, they have been requested, by the Sophomores and the upper classmen generally, to wear green caps after the Thanksgiving holidays, or to suffer ignominious penalties; and this is the way that the matter now rests.

The Rev. W. J. Surprenant, c. s. v., pastor of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, has announced that in a short time the parish is to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary. Further particulars are not available at the present writing and we are forced to wait until our next issue to give full details.

The Choir, which played so important a part in the celebration of St. Viator's Day, is still busily at work. Under the direction of Professor Yocum, they are practising Roswig's Mass, which they are to sing on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8.

"Peg O'My Heart" For Sunday evening, November 19, Father Sheridan had prepared a real treat for the student body, in presenting for them J. Hartley Manners' play, "Peg O'My Heart," Laurette Taylor's famous stage success. It was ably performed by the Vivian Players, of New York, with the following cast:

Mrs. Chichester
Ethel Chichester
Alaric Chichester
Christian Brent
"Peg"
Mr. Hawkes
"Jerry"

Lydia Willmore
Dorothy Conrey
Harry Joyner
William Harvey
Helen Curtis
Ralph Bradley
Bert Pennington Young

This delightful comedy was cleverly acted, most especially the parts of Peg and Alaric, both of which call for special praise. Alaric's "Oh, Mater !," though woefully mispronounced, was the hit of the evening. The play was well attended, not only by the entire student body, but also by about two hundred college boosters from Kankakee. Every one was well satisfied with the production, and Father Sheridan is to be complimented on his securing such pleasing entertainment. It is our sincere wish, that he will provide us with many more such.

At the recent musical comedy given by St. Viator's
K. of C. Council, No. 745, Knights of Columbus, Father Sheri-
Comedy dan and Professor Kennedy, of the College Department, lent their valued services, which helped to make the production a success.

As we go to press, we are informed that Father Sher-
Our idan and our famous orchestra paid a visit to the
Orchestra State Hospital a few nights since, for the purpose of entertaining the shell-shocked veterans who are located there. But when they got there, the cupboard was bare, in that the pianist had failed to bring along his music (as pianists always claim they have forgotten it.) He was equal to the occasion, however, and came through the performance with flying colors. The quartet, improvised for the occasion from among the members of the choir, also did their share in entertaining. Those in the quartet were the following: Lawrence St. Amant, Eugene McCarthy, John Callaghan, and Francis Brankin.

Our football team seemed to be suffering from a lack
Pep of pep in the Columbia game; so on the eve of the
Meetings Valparaiso battle, November 17, a monstrous pep meeting was held in the Gym. The student body roused the village by their concentrated yelling, and proved to the team that they were backing them, 100%, whether they won or lost. Coach Crangle spoke a few words to the team and students about fight, as did also Captain McCarthy, Bro. John Lynch, c. s. v., Father Bergin, c. s. v., Neil McGinnis, J. P. Farrell, and Le Roy Winterhalter. All spoke about the meaning of school spirit, and what "fight" would and could do. The effects of this meeting were lasting, and the team felt that the entire student body were behind them in spirit, even though they were not present in person, with the result that Viator played Valpo to a scoreless tie.

This pep meeting was such a success that on Thursday, November 23, another was held, to inspire the team in its fight with Lombard. Our Very Reverend President, Father Rice and

Fathers Maguire, and O'Mahoney, Coach Crangle and Vincent McCarthy all spoke on this occasion. The result was evident the next day, when the team fought Lombard off their feet the first half of the game, and were defeated in the second only by superior strength. To Brother John Lynch, the amiable business manager of the Viatorian, goes the credit of engineering both of these meetings.

Faculty Changes Professor H. L. Weisel has resigned from the College Faculty due to sudden need in his father's business. Father J. W. R. Maguire has taken over his classes in Investments and Railroad Transportation, and Mr. Joseph Bolger has assumed his classes in Accounting.

Academic League Last week saw the close of the Academic Football League, with Joe O'Laughlin's team winning the coveted flag. The race was close, and it was only after the fiercest struggle of the season that the leader of the league was determined. In these stars of the Academic League, Father Kelly is visioning his future McCarthy, Farrels, and other stars, who will carry the flag of Viator to glory in coming years.

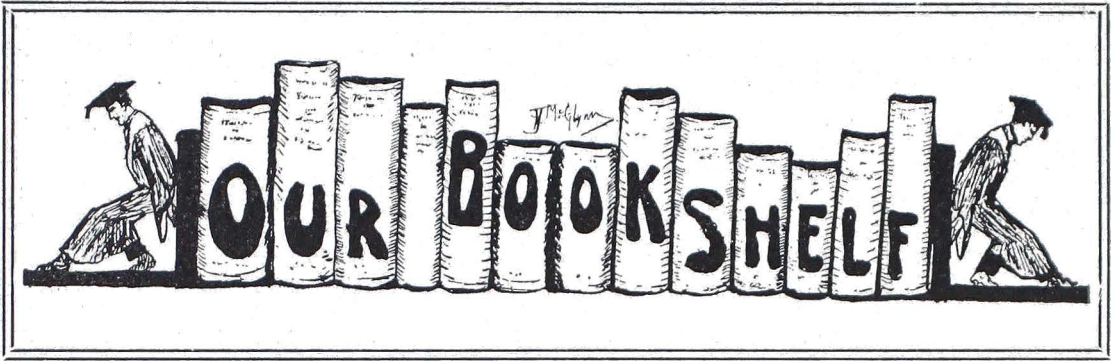
Senior League In connection with the above, the Seniors are eagerly awaiting the first whistle that will start off the Senior Basketball League. We all remember the great battles fought in this League last year, and the games necessary to play off the tie that resulted from the regular games. At this time, this year's league promises to be more evenly fought than last, considering the number of good players that there seem to have chosen Viator as their residence for this academic year.

Viatorian Office Our office has been newly furnished recently and a large cabinet has been installed, which covers one entire side of the room. This cabinet is for the purpose of storing the cuts, bound volumes of the Viatorian, and the other miscellaneous matter that accumulates so quickly in an editorial sanctum. The need of the cabinet has long been felt, and the staff wishes to take this occasion to thank Father O'Mahoney for his generous aid.

SYMPATHY.

On the twenty-fifth of November, the beloved father of Rev. Patrick E. and Peter F. Brown passed to his reward. The funeral services were held at St. Ignatius Church, Chicago.

The members of the bereaved family may be sure that the faculty and student body deeply sympathize with them in their great loss.



No Handicap

We have just finished reading Miss Marion Ames Taggart's new novel, "No Handicap," and it was an unmitigated pleasure, from beginning to end. It is indeed a rare book, one of those books which is seen but once in years. It has an originality that is undoubtedly pleasing, and is supported by an admixture of Catholic principles which is really impressive; while in not having too sluggish or sentimental an exposition, these principles, the guiding rules of the true Catholic, are shown as they should be practiced by every true Catholic. A typical American town provides an intimate and fitting background for the sturdy and unique characters it contains.

The life story of Peter, while not containing any "Pollyannish" philosophy, is splendidly portrayed. An unexpected and truly startling ending brings to a conclusion a novel that will endear itself to any reader's heart.

The volume is published by Benziger Bros., (Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York), is pleasingly bound in convenient octavo size, and the price is \$2.15, postpaid.

* * *

A World History

To the teacher of History in the High School, it is not so much that a text give all the facts necessary, but that it have, at the same time, an attraction for the student (if we may coin the phrase, without seeming to be humorous), something that will both aid him in his studying the matter of the work, and also make the work more interesting, by association, in the mind, of the idea of the historical fact and that of the pictorial representation of it.

Such a work is the text recently placed on the market by D. C. Heath and Co., Chicago and New York, which bears the title of "World History," the author of which is Professor Huton Webster, Ph. D., Professor in History at the University of Nebraska. The style of the author makes the book readily understood and easily readable, as contrasted with most of the other texts, which confuse the mind of the average student, and seem designed to serve as a dismal swamp in which all, from

the brightest to the most stupid, are engulfed. There are about fifty full page plates, and more than three hundred smaller illustrations; while the maps are very complete and comprehensive. Besides these, there is an invaluable aid to the teacher in the shape of a fine bibliography.

The work is intended, as the author states in his introduction, to present ".....a survey of human progress, rather than a chronological outline of events;intended for that large body of students who, for various reasons, do not take more than one year of history in the high school. About two-thirds of the book are taken up with the last three centuries; this the author justifies on the basis that this period furnishes us with the immediate historical background of the life of today. Of the wisdom of this procedure it is very possible that there may be quite a few criticisms; but, on the whole, we find the book to be a very valuable aid in the teaching of history, whether of the present or of the past.

Story, Edited by C. S. Thomas and H. G. Paul, publisher
Essay and by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass., the
Verse prosaic title (pardon the pun), of the above volume, would hardly lead us to suspect that such a galaxy of wonders as are revealed therein. Though intended primarily as a text in Junior High Schools or for Freshman College work, it may be taken in hand to while away a pleasant afternoon, or to serve during the passing of a few pipes of Burley.

Among papers of special note contained in the volume are: "The Return of Mr. Squem," by Arthur Russell Taylor, and "A Parable for Fathers," by Julia Frances Wood. Among the stories: "In Belshazzar Court," by Simeon Strunsky, and "A Pack of Gumps," by Robert M. Gay; in the essays: "The Trumpet Call," by Alfred Noyes, and "Only a Matter of Time," by Christopher Morley, of the Verse.

Atlantic This, the first series, edited by Charles Swain
Narratives Thomas, and consisting of extracts from the "Atlantic Monthly," is a volume of modern short stories, for use in college classes studying the short story. All of the stories are modern of the moderns, and we can conceive of no better text than this, unless it be that the volume under consideration contains no references for further study of the style, characteristics, etc., of the authors contained therein. The book contains some of the best of the shorter works of John Galsworthy, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, E. V. Lucas and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, embracing some twenty-three stories, together with biographical and interpretative notes on each.

GREENLAW - ELSON - KECK'S "LITERATURE AND LIFE," BOOK I.

That Scott, Foresman and Company of Chicago are forging ahead and threaten to excel all their competitors as school book publishers we have no doubt. Their latest work on "Literature and Life," is what leads me to say so, for it is one that opens up a new vista on what all educational volumes should be. I say at the outset, however, it is only a Reader, but a Reader it is of an extraordinary kind, a Reader in which there is a true appeal to literature and a true meaning of life, a Reader in which literature is not regarded as an end to itself, but as an instrument through which the pupil is initiated into the spiritual heritage of life.

"Literature and Life," compiled by Edwin Greenlaw, William Elson and Christine Keck, is a Reader, but it is more than that. In the words of Woodrow Wilson, former School and State Teacher, "it is the door to nature and to ourselves; it opens our hearts to receive the experience of great men and the conception of great races."

The book is divided into four parts: The World of Adventure, Legend and History, Man and His Fellows, The World in Which We Live. Careful gradation and organization have been observed in the selections. The range in time is from Homer to the present. Of the fifty or more authors represented, one-half are masters of former times whose works have become classics; the other half are recent or contemporary writers who are recognized interpretators of our own time. To all this material the publishers have given a typographical form that is dignified and attractive. The book, a large 8vo of about 600 pages, is not a school text to be used and thrown aside, but it is worth a place in the permanent library. Price is only \$1.80.





KALAMAZOO 7—ST. VIATOR 0

Saturday, Nov. 4th at Kalamazoo, Coach Crangle's crew lost their second game of the season to the strong Kalamazoo College eleven, 7 to 0, in what was claimed to be the best battle staged on the Kalamazoo field in recent years. Although outweighed probably ten pounds per man the Viator outfit fought the heavier Michigan eleven to a standstill until the final quarter. Kalamazoo kicked off to McCarthy, who carried the ball to his forty yard line. Viator profited on an exchange of punts and the ball remained in Kazoo territory the entire half. Twice the gang had the ball on their opponents ten yard line but were unable to put it over. Kalamazoo's tally was the result of a "break" in the final quarter. With the ball on Viator's forty yard line Kalamazoo was held for downs, and attempted a drop-kick. The kick was blocked but bounded back into a Kalamazoo man's arms. The Kazoo team took a new lease on life and a pass and two runs brought the ball to the Viator two yard line, where two more smashes were required to take it over. On the next kick-off, Mac opened up a bewildering aerial attack that swept Kazoo down the field for what looked like a sure tally. In three consecutive plays Viator carried the ball from their own twenty to their opponents twenty yard line, passes MacLain to Doyle and McCarthy, and McCarthy to Doyle going for twenty yards each. Here the Kazoo line held and on the fourth down McCarthy's pass failed by inches to result in the coveted tally. Captain McCarthy was congratulated by both opponents and scribes on his performance and was hailed as the best quarterback ever seen on the Kazoo field. O'Connor's plunging was a big factor in keeping the oval in Kalamazoo territory the first half. "Spike," however, received an injury near the close of the half which will keep him out of the game for the remainder of the season. Wheel-

er and Emmett Murphy, guards, Best and Lewis Murphy, tackles played wonderful ball in the line, while Doyle and Barrett starred at the end positions.

THE SUMMARY

St. Viator	Pos.	Kalamazoo
Doyle, J. Winterhalter	RE	Zuidema
L. Murphy	RT	Hunt, Fleming
E. Murphy	RG	Fleming, Morse
V. Pfeffer	C	Knight
Wheeler	LG	Harder, Jacobs
Best	LT	Mehring
Barrett, Donnelly	LE	Vanderberg
McCarthy	QB	Vroeg, Voorhees
Farrell, Monte	LHB	Morley
McGinnis, MacLain	RHB	Black, Vroeg
OConnor, E. Farrell	FB	Spurgeon

Touchdown—Morley.

Goal after touchdown—Voorhees.

Referee—Huston (Parson's College).

Umpire—Hasselaman (Connecticut Wesleyan).

Head Linesman—Archbold (Michigan Aggies).



COLUMBIA 13—ST. VIATOR 0

Saturday, November 11th, Coach Eddie Anderson's Columbia eleven defeated St. Viator 13-0, in a hard battle at Dubuque. With all due respect to the prowess and ability of the winning team, the score is not indicative of the respective calibre of the two teams. Crangle's team seemed to lack their usual fight and aggressiveness and on more than one occasion clearly evidenced they were off color. Handicapped by the absence of O'Connor at full and Winterhalter, who played but part of the game, the gang were weak on defense, particularly so on passes. Columbia's first touchdown came in the second quarter when a pass, Blake to Fisher from the twenty yard line put the ball over. Viator made several stands in the first half, runs by Winterhalter and McCarthy threatening to pierce the Hawkeye defense repeatedly, but Columbia invariably braced or recovered the ball on an intercepted pass.

Columbia's second marker came in the final quarter when Blake intercepted a pass on Viator's twenty yard line. Another pass left but two yards to go, Aldera was stopped, but Entringer made the coveted yard and Blake added the point by a drop-kick. The last half was more fiercely contested than the first and Viator threatened three times to shake the jinx and overcome the Hawkeye lead. Passes to Barrett, Doyle and Wheel-

er placed the ball within Columbia's thirty yard line twice during the final quarter.

McCarthy's running and passing, Winterhalter's drives and the smashing of Farrell featured for Viator, while the plunging of Conlin, Columbia fullback was responsible for the victors' consistent line gains. The game was the feature event of Columbia's Homecoming exercises and was attended by about 2500 persons.

Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	Columbia
Barrett, Donnelly	LE	Blake
Best	LT	Oberbroeckling
Wheeler	LG	Cashen
V. Pfeffer, Reincke	C	Kelly
E. Murphy	RG	Nockles
L. Murphy	RT	Galvin
Doyle	RE	Fisher
McCarthy	QB	Entringer, McDonough
Winterhalter, McGinnis	LHB	Wiley
Monte	RHB	Goodwin, Aldera
Farrell	FB	Conlin, Bowes

Touchdowns—Fisher, Entringer.

Goal after touchdown—Blake.

Referee—Bennett (Chicago).

Umpire—Carberry (Iowa).

Head Linesman—McKinley (Coe).

Field Judge—Sims (Kansas Aggies).



ST. VIATOR 0—VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY 0

For the second time in as many years the gang battled the heavy Valparaiso team to a scoreless tie at Valparaiso Saturday, Nov. 18th. The game was played on a soggy field of yellow clay where it was nearly impossible to make any consistent line gains. McGinnis kicked off to Johnson, who was nailed in his tracks and after failing to gain Valpo returned the kick. Viator carried the ball to Valpo's two-yard line on runs by McGinnis, Winterhalter and McCarthy, but were unable to carry it over because of the sloppy condition of the field. Valpo kicked out of danger, but Crangle's eleven again advanced the oval to Valpo's ten yard line where the Hoosier line again held. The remainder of the half was practically even.

Valpo profited by Viator's bad kick which opened the half and took the ball as far as Viator's twenty yard line, where they were forced to attempt a drop-kick, which failed. Two passes to Doyle and Wheeler carried the ball to Valpo's thirty-yard line and runs by Winterhalter and Bud Farrell again placed the ball

on Valpo's five yard line, where Valpo held. "Pat" Farrell was called in to drop-kick but missed by a few inches. Twice more during the half the gang had the ball inside Valpo's ten yard marker, but were unable to score. "Mac" pulled a neat pass off of a neatly faked kick formation, but his heave grazed the goal post as "Winnie" waited for the coveted muddy oval. The entire game was waged in Valpo territory and except for a brief period in the third quarter Valpo never threatened. Valpo boasts of the heaviest line in the West, but Jack's fighting forward wall encountered little difficulty with the Hoosier line.

The game was marked by the fine performance of the entire Viator line, who altho handicapped by weight outfought the Hoosier line at every stage of the game. "Pat" Farrell, the two Murphys, and Pfeffer were too much for the Hoosiers, who failed to earn a first down. The running and generalship of McCarthy, Winterhalter's wing advances, Farrell's plunging and the kicking of McGinnis, all under such adverse weather conditions featured the backfield performance.

Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	Valparaiso
Doyle	LE	Hiltpole
Best	LT	A. Smith
Wheeler	LG	Powell
V. Pfeffer	C	Christensen
E. Murphy, J. Farrell	RG	Kabot
L. Murphy	RT	J. Cook
Barrett	RE	Anderson
McCarthy	QB	Riddle
McGinnis, Monte	RHB	Johnson, Scott
Winterhalter, Neville	LHB	Harris
E. Farrell	FB	Safor

Referee—Brown (Chicago).

Umpire—Ramsey (Hanover).

Head Linesman—Olson (Springfield).



LOMBARD 20—ST. VIATOR 6

Coach Schisslers heavier reserve power proved too much for "Jack's" fighting crew in the final game of the season at Galesburg, Friday, November 24th. With the score 6-0 against them the Lombard eleven came from behind in the second half and scored twenty points. McGinnis kicked off to Lombard and failing to gain Lombard returned the punt. On the second play McCarthy, our star quarter, broke through the entire Lombard team, running seventy yards for the tally, exactly three minutes after the initial whistle. It was a spectacular run and a clever piece of broken field maneuvering. The remainder of the first

half was fought on practically even terms, neither team being able to gain consistently. Lombard attempted a few passes near the end of the half but made little headway.

Early in the third quarter with the ball on the thirty yard line McGinnis attempted to punt, but his kick was blocked, the ball bounding into the hands of King, who raced the thirty yards unmolested for the tying score. This was the deciding break and Lombard soon added another tally on a side line pass to Lamb who ran forty yards to the goal line. An intercepted pass gave Lombard the ball on their ten yard line, where they hammered it over on the fourth down.

McCarthy, playing his last college game, was the pick of the field and afforded excellent example to his team-mates, Winterhalter was a close second to his captain and repeatedly tore off nice gains. The entire line, headed by the fighting example of Best, Pat Farrell and Wheeler, played a wonderfully aggressive game and smashed the Lombard attack time and again. The game marked "Jerry" Best's performance of playing the entire season, 32 full quarters, without a substitution. Barrett and Doyle played fighting games at the end positions and were on the receiving end of some nice passes.

Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	Lombard
Barrett, Donnelly	LE	King
Best	LT	Stetson
Wheeler	LG	Hart, Kaspar
V. Pfeffer	C	Stabler
E. Murphy, J. Farrell	RG	Thompson
L. Murphy	RT	Hart, Siner, Utiner
Doyle, J. Winterhalter	RE	Munson
McCarthy, Neville	QB	E. Murphy, Lamb
Winterhalter, Monte	RHB	Jones, Swanson
McGinnis, Neville	LHB	Hannum, Murphy
Farrell, Jordan	FB	Rainey, Hummell

Touchdowns—McCarthy, King, Lamb, Hummell.

Goals after Touchdown—Swanson 2.

Referee—Eckersall (Chicago).

Umpire—Young (Ill. Wesleyan).

Head Linesman—Millard (Ill. Wesleyan).

Field Judge—McCord (Illinois).





Top Row—T. R. Marvey, Mgr., W. Nolan, E. Murphy, R. Wheeler, F. Pfeffer, V. Pfeffer, W. F. Crangle, Coach.
Middle Row—W. Monte, J. Farrell, T. Jordan, J. Winterhalter, G. Best, N. Reincke, W. McRae.
Bottom Row—L. Murphy, W. Neville, W. Barrett, V. McCarthy (Capt.), C. Donnelly, C. McGinnis, E. Farrell, W. Doyle.

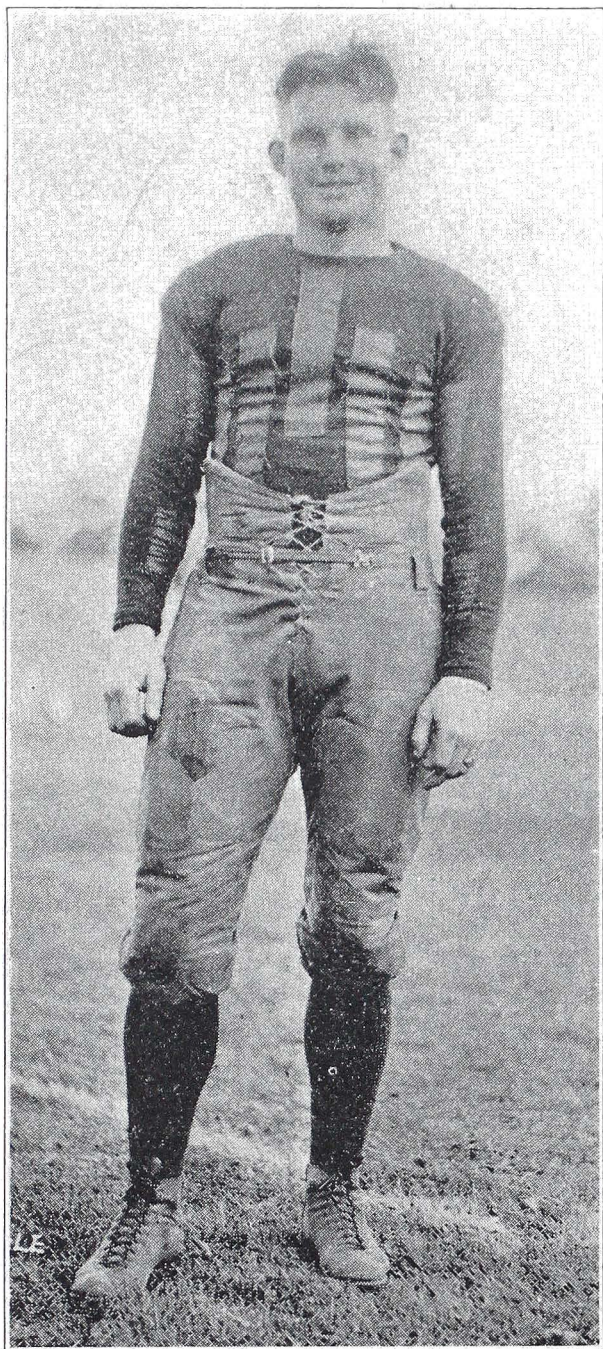
JUST A WORD ON THE SEASON.

We may safely assert that no other college in Illinois was as feared upon the gridiron this season as St. Viator. Every schedule that carried a Viatorian date was uncertain in outcome until after Crangle's Viatorians had come and gone. Crangle's men were wholeheartedly feared and respected. Always outweighed, seldom out-played, they played a fast aggressive game that has made their fight a by-word in college circles in Illinois. Weight, adverse turf, and weather conditions, lack of sufficient reserve power, have turned a score against Captain McCarthy's men but they were never beaten—they never knew when they were beaten.

Coach Crangle made the most of his veteran and green material. Facing possibly the hardest Viatorian schedule in years, he early sent his men into actual training and playing conditions. The October games were little more than supplements to the daily grind of scrimmage and signal drill for all games were won handily despite constant shifts in the lineup and slowing of offense to demonstrate and perfect a standard style of play. A light team, it had to be a forward passing crew of high calibre and high degree of consistency. When the November games were reached Crangle sent on to the field a highly schooled outfit, perfectly balanced and seasoned in scrimmage.

In Captain McCarthy, L. Winterhalter, McGinnis, Neville, and Monty, as a galaxy of backs, trained in passing and receiving, carrying a triple threat, fast and experienced. O'Connor, Jordan, and E. Farrell were full-backs of power on offense and defense. The line was scrappy, aggressive, and, especially in the last game, driving tacklers. Chub Murphy, Best and Pfeffer at tackles, E. Murphy, Wheeler, Nolan and P. Farrell, at guards; Pfeffer and Reincke, at center; Barrette, Donnelly and J. Winterhalter, at ends, were all strong in their departments; inequality of experience and weight making for lack of balance in regular and reserve strength. It was a great team,—clever, aggressive, fine fighters. There might not have been the high measure of success one would call for who did not understand playing handicaps and conditions met with; but they were a game crew and loyal; and they did things against the strongest opposition that teams of this school have met.—that makes them a winning team.





COACH CRANGLE

Jack Crangle has won the hearty respect and admiration of faculty and student body. This season has proven him more than a wonderful player whose name and game have become football tradition—he has established himself as a coach of keen insight into men and of a rare faculty for imparting football knowledge. Face to face with a hard schedule, with light material, many recruits, and important veteran vacancies, Crangle in his first year as coach, forged out of the material at hand a team of high offensive calibre and of dogged defense. He schooled his men in hard scrimmage and gruelling signal drill. In this training he taught his men to meet emergencies and schooled them in outfit teamwork as well as in team teamwork. As a result his men were thoroughly drilled in fight, skill and initiative. His team was fast, adept in the three great factors of a winning crew — interference, defense against the

forward pass, and forward passing. Jack's success in his first year of coaching bids fair of great things to come.

VINCENT McCARTHY '23
Captain, Varsity Football '22
All-State Half-Back, 1922-1923

Vince has played his last football for St. Viator College and his dash and brilliance in his last game has won for him All-State Honors again. And now it is hard to believe that football at St. Viator has lost the service, loyalty, and sportsmanship of such a splendid fellow as McCarthy. Vince is the greatest quarter-back to guide a Viatorian grid machine. In the forward pass, in running a broken field, and in returning the ball into enemies' territory, he has had no equal here. Mac did not carry the kicking threat but he had those of running to a high degree. More, Mac was a loyal, courageous, and gentlemanly leader, one who won the respect and admiration of mate, opponent, and official. His personality in a greater degree than his play is going to be missed in future years. Other men may duplicate the wondering game of his career but with Lombard College in the closing game of his career but with him shall go a something fine and impossible of definition, that we doubt any other will bring to the game. With Vince McCarthy passes "Vince McCarthy," and "Vince McCarthy" is a name that has stood for something finer than mere fine skill and high ability in the game.



BASKETBALL.

The close of the football season has sent Coach Bushnell a full quota of vets and prospects for preliminary drilling for St. Viator's most representative schedule in years. All of the men of last year's squad with the exception of Connor are back on the floor. This group, boasting three men of All-state timbre, are men of finished style of play and veteran service. In Captain Lyons, Clancy, and L. Winterhalter, Coach Bushnell has a trio of fast men, well up in passing, dribbling and scoring eye, and all schooled in Bushnell's style of offense. Vinc McCarthy, MacLain and Barrett are guards of recognized calibre, easily to the front in the class of the Conference, and of long experience in their floor area and the style of play it demands. Donnelly at center on last year's squad won All-state recognition and with a year of valuable experience behind him promises to be one of the most brilliant center men of some seasons. In Langton, J. Winterhalter, L. Murphy, J. Farrell, and E. Farrell there is strong reserve material that cannot but develop formidably as the season advances. Added to these is a field of new men that means added reserve power. McGinnis, Corrigan, Franks, Neville, Jordan, Bowe, Doyle, Mulcahy, Ryan, Slavin, Kresl and Kelly are men of some experience in the game who need only the training of the college game to give their work effectiveness and develop in them a more finished style of play.

With such a large field of experienced men St. Viator looks forward to a most successful season, a repetition of last year's performance, another Basketball Championship. Coach Bushnell has established himself as a coach of fine ability and has established his claim among the best of the coaching fraternity. He has the knack of schooling his men rapidly in fast offense built around the short pass, and the effectiveness of his defensive system is attested by the remarkable work of his squad of 1921-1922 against the class of the Conference.

Manager Marvel has made every effort to advance the school into higher basketball circles this season. His schedule calls for games with such teams as Wabash, Notre Dame, Marquette, Beloit, Indiana Dentals and Illinois Wesleyan. In addition to the games below probably five or six more games will be added, two with Lombard and Valparaiso and probably one or two with Eureka College.

THE SCHEDULE.

Dec. 14—Chicago Technical College.....	Here
Jan. 13—Kalamazoo Normal	Here
Jan. 15—State Normal University	Bloomington
Jan. 16—Millikin University	Decatur
Jan. 17—E. Ill. Normal	Charleston
Jan. 18—Lake Forest College	Here

Jan. 20—	Hope College	Here
Jan. 23—	Millikin University	Here
Jan. 24—	University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame
Jan. 25—	Kalamazoo College	Kalamazoo
Jan. 26—	Kalamazoo Normal	Kalamazoo
Jan. 31—	Wabash College	Here
Feb. 2—	Columbia College	Here
Feb. 5—	Valparaiso University	Here
Feb. 7—	Arkansas Aggies	Here
Feb. 10—	State Normal University	Here
Feb. 14—	Indiana Dental College	Here
Feb. 15—	Illinois College	Here
Feb. 16—	Loyola University	Chicago
Feb. 17—	Beloit College	Beloit
Feb. 21—	University of Detroit	Here
Feb. 23—	Chicago Technical College	Chicago
Feb. 26—	Valparaiso University	Valparaiso
Feb. 28—	University of Dubuque	Here
Mar. 3—	Loyola University	Here
Mar. 5—	Ill. Wesleyan University	Bloomington
Mar. 6—	Bradley Polytechnic	Peoria
Mar. 7—	Eureka College	Eureka



FOOTBALL LEAGUE

The 1922 football Academic season was one of the most interesting in the history of the department. Captains "Chick" Evans, "Mike" Berry and "Joe" O'Laughlin had a field of about fifty candidates from which to select their teams. The material was, for the most part, green and light, most of last year's veterans being graduated to the senior department; but spirit and ability to learn lessened these handicaps. The selections were so well made and the playing ability so nearly equal that each captain had a team that was a contender at all times, it being necessary to play the complete schedule to determine a winner. The race was close, every game being bitterly contested, and no team won a game by a heavy majority.

Berry had the greatest difficulty of the season. Due to injuries or unavoidable absences he was unable to put his full strength on the field, until his last game, being compelled to pit his light scrapping eleven against heavy odds in the greater number of contests. But they proved themselves capable of combatting the odds and were never beaten by more than one tally. In the game that eliminated one of the rag contenders he marshalled his strongest lineup on the gridiron and fought one of the best games of the season. This game was the greatest line battle of the year and it was only after forty minutes of toughest

battling that the heavier line of the champs was able to open holes for the crashing backs to lug the ball to the goal line and crash over for the single tally that meant victory. Shea and Meara were the stars of the line, while "Joe" Sweeney, ably seconded by Bowe and Capt. "Mike" Berry, performed stellarly in the backfield. The team was strong defensively and were able to use both a straight and forward pass attack.



CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

Wandering Jews (O'Laughlin) vs. Flying Dutch (Evans)

The last game of the season was a fine exhibition of the gridiron sport, both elevens being on edge and fit for the conflict. It was a case of the forward pass against the line buck and the behemoths, using their prowess to advantage, won. Captain O'Laughlin's "Wandering Jews" entered the fray at full fighting strength, Scholl playing center; the stalwart "Chubs" Ryan and Colgan, guards; the husky Marzano and Berchstold as the play smashing combine while Mulvaney and "Fat" Mulloney guarded the wings; Lemna called the plays and Dooley, Collins and O'Laughlin completed the backfield. Aylward centered for the "Flying Dutch," "Fat" Tully and Gannon occupied the guard positions; O'Malley and McCardle played tackles and Captain "Chick" Evans and Smith were the flank protectors. Zunkel directed the play with "Red" Daly at fullback and Stogis and Smedley at halves.

The Wandering Jews won the toss and Capt. O'Laughlin elected to receive. Evans kicked to Dooley who returned to the forty-five. Collins and Dooley made fifteen from an unbalanced formation, but were unable to duplicate, "Chick's" light line yielding but a scant seven yards in four downs. Smedley and Daly were nailed behind the line. Smedley advanced the ball around right end but failed to make first down through the line, the ball going over. Line bucks varying from three to twelve yards by Dooley, Collins and O'Laughlin carried the ball to the goal line, Dooley making the final plunge. O'Laughlin's kick for goal was low. End of first quarter.

Second Quarter.

Colgan kicked to Smedley who returned fifteen yards. A succession of passes mixed with end runs and line bucks carried the ball into the Wandering Jews territory. Smedley smeared an almost impossible pass on thirty yard line. The Wandering Jews line stiffened and held for downs, the ball going to them on their own twenty-five. Off-tackle smashes by the behemoth backfield worked the ball down to Capt. Chick's ten yard line

and Dooley broke loose on a line plunge for his second score. O'Laughlin's attempt at goal was wide. End of first half. Score: Wandering Jews, 12; Flying Dutch, 0.

Second Half.

Colgan kicked to Daly who was downed on his forty. A forward pass was incomplete, but a second made eighteen. Stogis was nailed for an eight yard loss. Another forward failed. An onside kick made it first down on Evan's forty-eight. Smedley made five around right end on a fake pass. A pair of passes put the ball on the Wandering Jews twenty-five and gave Chick his first chance to score. Zunkels pass to Stogis slipped from his arms into "Red" Daly's and put the ball on O'Laughlin's fifteen yard line. O'Laughlin intercepted the next pass and ran it back fifty yards before Zunkel forced him into O'Malley's arms. Evans replaced McCardle at tackle and G. Smith substituted for Evans. The Wandering Jews' ball on the Flying Dutch's 35. Dooley plunged five. A ten yard penalty made it second and fifteen to go. Collins advanced it twelve around right end and Dooley added ten through the line. End of third quarter.

Collins and O'Laughlin made it first down on the eight yard line. Dooley smashed for six, then one and a half and took it for his third marker on the third drive. O'Laughlin's pass was poor and Scholl's kick for goal fell short.

O'Laughlin kicked off to Zunkel who made a neat lateral pass to J. Smith which carried the ball twenty yards and a penalty for tackling outside netted fifteen more. The Flying Dutch's ball on the Wandering Jews' thirty. Zunkel in a desperate at-bringing the ball up to striking distance, where Capt. "Chick" tempt to score called on his tricks and used the pass to advantage, Evans, after racing fifteen yards and desperately clutching at the slippery leather, let it slip off his fingers. This incomplete heave robbed the Flying Dutch of their last opportunity to score, the ball going to the Wandering Jews on the twenty where it was when the game ended.

To pick the stars of the game, so stellarly did both elevens perform, is a difficult proposition. Dooley stood out as the best plunger of the fray, his powerful drive advancing the ball every time he was called upon to carry the spheroid. O'Laughlin gained consistently through the line and Collins, the Lexington sensation, made some fine advances, thru the wide openings made by the center piece of the heavy line. Marzano and Berchstold were the best defensive men of the Wandering Jew's forward wall, altho the ends did excellent work. The lighter line of the Flying Dutch played a whale of a defensive game, forcing their heavier opponents to their best work to make the necessary yardage. "Red" Daly and Capt. "Chick" Evans were the de-

fensive stars of the Flying Dutch with Smedley and Zunkel as the chief ground gainers. Zunkel performed excellently as field general and heaved passes into the waiting arms of his back-field and ends with precision. Smedley and O'Laughlin provided the thrills of the afternoon; the former by snaring a pass from the arms of O'Laughlin and Collins and the latter by intercepting a pass and running it back 55 yards.

Line-up.

Wandering Jews (18)	Pos.	Flying Dutch (0)
Mulloney	RE	Evans (Capt.)
Berchstold	RT	McCardle
Colgan	RG	Gannon
Scholl	C	Aylward
Ryan	LG	Tully
Marzano	LT	O'Malley
Mulvaney	LE	J. Smith
Lemna	QB	Zunkel
Dooley	RHB	Smedley
O'Laughlin (Capt.)	LHB	Stogis
Collins	FB	Daly

Substitutions: Evans for McCardle and G. Smith for Evans.



THE BASKETBALL LEAGUE

From present indications the Academic League should be one of the most successful that the department will witness. During the past football season the demonstration of team interest and loyalty to the captains has shown that the department does not lack the spirit to carry on a fighting league. Every team gave its best to make the season a success and every man expended his greatest power to help to make his team a winner. There is no reason why there should be a different spirit in the basketball league and from the activities of devotees to the court game there is every possible hope that the league will be as interesting as the football one was. That is the spirit, the pep, that makes teams fight to the bitter end, to never lose interest, to work the hardest to win. That is the spirit that has always characterized teams and it is the spirit that is to be found in abundance in the Acs. this year.

A good many members of last years teams are yet in the department and with them as a nucleus strong teams should result in the selections of captains. Nearly all the new boys have shown exceptional ability to learn the game whilst amongst them there are some who are skilled artists in the game already. The materials are on hand. Its up to you Acs, to make it a success. Pep, vitality, spirit, loyalty, scrap, you've got. Use it.



On a beautiful summer's night,
 When the stars above us peep,
 When the night birds in the trees
 Their lonely vigil keep,
 On a lovely shaded lake,
 Where the sombre willows weep,
 In a birch canoe, just built for two,
 Oh how I love to sleep.



OUR TWO EXTREMES

Franks 6 feet 3
 Commie 3 feet 6



FOUR MACS AND TWO PAIR OF JEANS

Eugene Mac:—Lain, Fawn, Carthy, Gowan.



CORRECT THIS SENTENCE.

Student: "Dad, get me a book of poems for Christmas. I don't care for a check. I'd only spend it when I get back to College."



IT'S HANDY—

To have a roommate that has a classy overcoat.
 To have only one girl friend around Christmas time.
 To have a good College choir, nuf said.
 Singers, ditto.



A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Russian dancer Klancyz, Professor of Grecian art in

Turkey, is sending his two German understudies, Joe Badore and Cad Kersclops, to dance Irish jigs to the tune of the Marseillais. Our local talent, Duke and Nap, will accompany them on the base drum and suinette. The proceeds derived therefrom shall be given for the benefit of the poor, suffering Belgian Dagoes in Australia who desire to return to their home in Japan.

P. S.—Students are invited to attend.

P. P. S.—Also professors.



WHO GOT THE COAT?

Chicago, U. S. A.

Dear Son:

I am sending by Adams Express your overcoat, but since they charge so much per pound, I cut off the buttons. In the inside pocket you'll find them.

Show me the man that never cussed on the golf course.



FAMILIAR WORDS.

A: How much did you make it in?

B: I had hard luck today, I was going fine when I lost the ball in the hedge and got peeved. I made it in 40.

A: 40 what? Minutes?



FREE STUDY.

Have we got more than a half hour yet?

No, only ten minutes.

Gee, that takes a great "wait" off my mind.



THAT'S A DIFFERENT QUESTION.

The Treasurer: (balancing the books) Duplications are abominations.

Paul: How about twins?



A LOCAL EXPLOSION.

Swenie: Why don't they leave Acs. smoke?

Joe Deiss: Because they have "Dynamite" in their midst.



THERE'S THIS MUCH CONSOLATION.

When we have to bear with a grouch we can thank our lucky stars he was not born a twin.

What's this here "Better Gim'me Five Club."

Fudge parties are all right but pledged members of the Betta Gamma Phi are taking a big chance in exposing themselves.



IS DAT IMPOSSIBLE?

Viator 0 Oh what a suspense Valpo 0

If seeing angels in a vision makes a man a super-naturalist,
does seeing snakes in delirium tremens make a man a naturalist?



SULPHURIC PHILOSOPHY.

Winnie: Do you think there's much difference between this
world and the next?

.....: There's a hell of a lot of difference for some.



NAMES THAT PRODUCE SMILES

Genieve, Marion, Blanche, Estelle, Adelaide, Dot, Margaret,
Dorine, Helen, Cecile, Bernice, Norma, Maria, Dot and Peg O'
my heart.

— Wait till next time.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Leaving pretty pictures in innocent looking library books.

—Dizz. No. 2.



FIGURES.

Stork Legs: I am developing now.

Bunnie Moynihan: What, pictures?

Stork: No. I am taking Physical Torture.



GETTING BACK TO EARTH.

Bro. N.: On what grounds did the Pope claim temporal
power?

Art Hesse: On the Vatican Grounds.



GRAVITATION DEFIED.

Bud: What goes up comes down.

Simp: Once I ate some raw oysters. They went down but—.



OH FUDGE!

Who said Franks couldn't make fudge better than—well
anyway Pat ought to know.

"Will you have another piece of Angel Food cake?"



I have my opinion of a girl that sends a conspicuous love
card to an innocent, bashful student.—G. F. alias W. B.



Bella: Duck, Franks, here comes an aeroplane.



Swede Stogis: May I go into the music room?

Prefect: Don't be kidding the public.

Stogis: But I play a megaphone, Bro.

COLLEGE FABLES.

Can you imagine:

- 1.—Joe Ambrosius on time for class.
- 2.—Father Kelly announcing "general per" every Sunday.
- 3.—Stork Legs McCarthy tipping the scales at 210 pounds.
- 4.—Gussie McNeal going to every class.
- 5.—Johnson, Murphy, McNeal and Company burning mid-night oil, in order to do all their class work for the next day.
- 6.—Nolan saying: "Fellows, I just received a box of eats. Come up to the room and bring your friends along?"
- 7.—Joe Deiss copping the beauty prize.
- 8.—College announcement: Hereafter student's birthdays will be celebrated by a conge (free day.)
- 9.—Benny Mustari forgetting all about Anna.
- 10.—Duffy running around the bull ring.



Ah! It's hard to get up in the morning
If we want to remain where we lay—
And the only incentive to rise,
Is the prefect on a cold winter day!



Keim can't understand why the sun doesn't shine at night,
just when we need it most.



What "Tommie" Wrote on His Geometry Paper in the First Quarterly Exam.

- 1.—A straight line is a line that is not crooked.
- 2.—Geometry is that science of Geometric figures in which most students flunk.
- 3.—A curved line is a line that is not straight (i. e. A jew's nose for instance.)
- 4.—A "broken line" is a line that has suffered a considerable amount of careless handling.
- 5.—A triangle is a "what-cha-ma-call-it" that looks something like a "whosis."
- 6.—A "right angle" is one that is not "wrong" nor "left."
- 7.—A cute angle is an angle that looks very cute when drawn correctly.
- 8.—An oblique angle is an angle that is different than all the rest (of the angles).
- 9.—A complementary angle is an angle dished out with praise.
- 10.—A polygon is a dead parrot (Polly gone).
- 11.—A supplementary angle is a supply or assortment of angles.

12.—A problem is one of those miserable things they hand us in Geometry Exams.

13.—A corollary is a collar of a theorem (under the head).



McKenna: Gosh, I have had quite a bit of trouble with my stomach lately.

Dunne: Yea, how come?

McKenna: I have trouble keeping my stomach full.



TO YOU, OLD PAL.

I like to think of you, my own,
 As the dearest Pal I've ever known.
 A jolly Pal when all is gay,
 A tender Pal when things go wrong.
 A Pal who'll help her Pal along.
 A patient Pal, sweet and kind
 Each day new charms in you I find
 And year by year you grow more dear,
 For you are the Pal of my heart, my dear.



Can you imagine:

MacLain looking for "Detour" on the way to Lombard.
 Steinbach wearing overalls.



SOME CLASSY RESOLUTIONS.

Seniors: To be more sedate and less affected.

Juniors: To play the roll of under dog well.

Sophomores: To be less "sophisticated."

Freshmen: To strive more and more to get over our baby ways.

Preps: To strive and strive from day to day, to learn to live the "College Way."



FACULTY NOTICE.

Father Maguire refuses to teach sociology in the basement.
 He claims he is running a good thing in the ground.



A HORSE ON HIM.

Bro.: Have you got a jockey license?

Victim: No, Bro.

Bro.: Hand over the pony.



HEARD ON THE HANDBALL COURT.

J. J. M.: Wait a minute, I lost my ball.

J. H. N.: You better quit before you lose your soul.

J. J. M.: Oh, that's immaterial to me.

MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

He rode into exams on his pony,
But rode out on his donkey.

**AT THE PEP MEETING.**

J. P. L.: Yell until you can't yell any more and then keep on yelling.

E. C.: All those that can't sing, sing anyway.

J. P. 'O.: Sure we'll win; why shouldn't we; there is nothing but win (d) in the air.

**THE RAVIN' LUNATIC.**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
O'er a magazine entrancing, I had purchased at the store,
As I burned the midnight candle, as I read a tale of scandal,
Someone gently shook the handle which operates my door.
When I opened it, there entered my old friend from twenty-four;
Simply he and nothing more.

He produced two cubes with dots on, which, (as Sherlock said
to Watson),

Should be ivory, (but are not, son), and he rolled them on
the floor.

So, while midnight bells are tolling, we gently started rolling,
rolling

Fearful of the prefect strolling as he'd often strolled before,
And he worried, as we gambled, for we couldn't hear him snore.

Merely that and nothing more.

Grief evolved from apprehension, it were well herein to mention.
For we fell into a panic at a sound without the door.

For the prefect there was tapping—nay (a stronger term) was
rapping.

Entered he and started slapping as he'd never slapped before.
And the chorus, sung by battered me, and friend from twenty-
four,

Is—like the raven's—Nevermore.

—Kernal.

OUR ADVERTISERS

We earnestly request our readers to consider our advertisers when making purchases. The business houses, whose advertisements appear herein, have made it possible for us to publish this magazine. It is a matter of justice and principle that we patronize those firms that assist us. We need their support; they want our patronage. Our list comprises only those firms whose reputation for reliability, integrity and courtesy is unquestionable. When buying please mention the "Viatorian."

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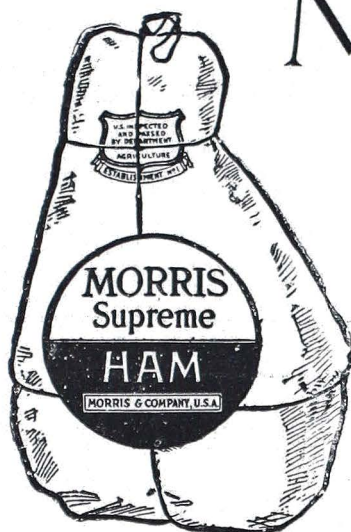
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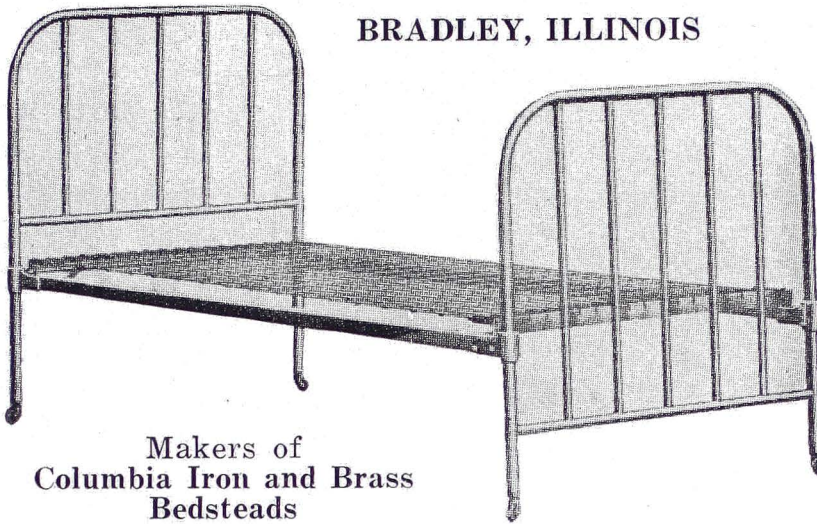
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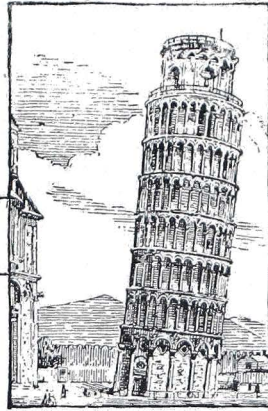
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IPSE DIXIT *and* GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. *Ipsedixit*. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th

century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science, which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

When buying say: "I am from the College."