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George Troy....'19 (Loyola)

Business Managers

Albert J. Murphy....'16 John W. Kegg....'16 Edward F. Madaras....'18

CONTENTS

Volume 1 DECEMBER, 1915 Number 2

St. Ignatius College

West 30th St. and Carroll Ave.

College Courses Leading to A. B. Degree

High School Courses preparatory to the College Course

St. Ignatius High School

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Cleveland, Ohio

The Homage of the Kings

Low in the east hung the quivering star,
  And the night lay peaceful and still;
O'er the snow-clad plains came the men from afar,
  To the hut on Bethlehem-hill.

Rich were the gifts that loaded their train,—
  For the men were kings in their lands.
Far had they traveled, these men of the plain,
  O'er the pathless, untrodden sands.

Their ears caught the lilt of an angel's song
  As they neared the throne of the Child;
A cushion of straw in a manger strong
  Hung round with the hill-grass wild.

Then lovingly near to their Manger-Prince
  They drew with their gifts of gold;
And the heavens glow with their glory since
  And the tale of the love they told.

Look ye! Kings of the modern world,
  Whose highest right is the sword
Pause from the strife into which you are hurled,
  To kneel at the feet of your Manger-Lord!

Raymond E. Craft, '18.

Two Conceptions of Vocational Work

THERE comes a time in the life of every boy, when, lapsing from childhood's golden years, he begins to take a serious outlook upon life. Upon some certain day, he commences to realize that he was put upon this earth for a purpose, that he has some definite end to accomplish. And so he sets about making provision for the future. For some, the choice is an easy matter. For others it is fraught with dangers, with harassing doubts, with vague forebodings. But whether we be of the latter class, or are fortunate enough to be of the former, the choice we must make.

This decision is perhaps the most momentous obstacle that rises up in the path of the care-free and happy-go-lucky youth of today. For upon it depends not only his whole future success and happiness but ultimately, I dare say, his eternal salvation.

Yet oftentimes, on setting out, the one who is to decide finds himself face to face with an altogether erroneous conception of vocational work. By this misconception, I mean the materialistic idea. This view has adopted as its criterion, that the choice of one's life work be made with the fixed and all-engrossing determination of accumulating a vast affluence, entwined of course, with the primary view that this world in which we are passing our mortal existence is debtor to us all in the matter of supplying a living; and the sooner and more emphatically we hasten to exact this obligation, the greater shall be our reputed success. An utter disregard, nay, even a positive aversion I may term it, for work in its intrinsic value, seems to have gripped our citizenry of this twentieth century. Labor, which holds up as its only remuneration the satisfaction to be derived from accomplishing it, and accomplishing it in a creditable manner, lacks the forcibility of appeal, of which it was possessed in days of yore. The almighty dollar is the only adequate compensation with which our endeavors are now rewarded; and our greatest labor is to determine in what manner we may escape with the least possible endeavor in order to acquire this dollar.

Naturally, at the outset, to none but the keenest observer does this opinion appear to fall askew of the *ideal* and *true* conception. To say the least, the employer certainly places a youth under a severe temptation when he departs from some distant point and leaves his employee under the jurisdiction of himself. May we assume the temerity to assert that, in some such instance, the workman, were he not of the most conscientious sort, would be taken up with his labors intrinsic worth to such an extent that he would faithfully and dutifully perform his allotted tasks? Or would he take the other alternative of "slipping something over on the boss?" And again, if a man is proffered a situation in which the duties are less burdensome, and yet the opportunities for advancements are more uncertain than the one which his present employment holds up as the reward of his ability, he will immediately accept and consider himself a recipient of Fortune's favored smile. Little work was pitted against future success, and as is invariably the case, the former was crowned the victor.

These are but two of the many baneful results accruing from illogical and materialistic conceptions of vocational endeavor. If we but pause for a moment and take the time to look about us in the world today, we are impressed, almost weighed down, I may say, by the incessant hurry and confusion, the turmoil, the strife, the vast and all-pervading air of restlessness which is presented to our view. Men, women, children—all, indeed, from their earliest infancy seem to have been imbued with this mad and soul-eating craving for speed, for nervous energy, for excitement. The calm dignity of the elders, the supposedly fickle inconstancies of youth, the gentle tranquility of womanhood—these have merged into the condition of that disposition of which I have just now spoken. The universe is ever on the alert for pleasure, and that pursuit alone seems to absorb the greater portion of its time. Authorities tell us that the two most successful industries or enterprises existent at present are the automobile and theatrical ventures. This fact too obviously stands as eloquent testimony of the depths to which we are rushing with headlong haste, and in what an abyss we must inevitably awaken to our sorrow.

But this is not all! Mistaken vocational pursuits must account for a host of other evils. Did you ever notice the expression on the countenances of that vast army of toilers, whose daily

bread is earned between the hours of six a. m. and five p. m.? The sullen moroseness, the scowling visages attesting to the discontent of their owner's lot in life, the dull hopelessness, akin to despair—as they set out; and as they return, the fatigue, the weariness of body and soul, the cynicism with which they regard all things? And are these men successful? By no means. Their's is an existence fraught with frequent changes, dissatisfaction, and lastly, the lack of that which they set out essentially to acquire, and in which they so miserably failed—money. And do they stop there in the want of success? Sometimes. But not always. For not infrequently, the soul and its eternal salvation are bartered away for their present status in life.

And so it goes. Craving for pleasure, shirking of labor, mental restlessness, frequent changes, dissatisfaction, and danger of salvation are too often the result of this erroneous conception of vocational work.

Yet we cannot dismiss the subject before we say a few words relative to the true conception. For brevity's sake, we might insist that the true idea of vocational work comprises all that the materialistic view fails to include. But we will be more specific.

A vocation in its widest and fullest extent, signifies a calling to expend one's energies in a chosen field or sphere of action. In its more restricted, and generally recognized ideal sense, (and with this we intend to deal for the present) it entails the labors of our sojourn here on earth, not primarily for any pecuniary remuneration, but for their manifestly intrinsic value. To illustrate. A certain skilled mechanic in the shop toils day in and day out. Each passing month finds him nearer to perfection in his labor than the preceding month. He loves his work; he rejoices in the intricacies which it presents to him for unraveling; he even spends his leisure hours in evolving ways and means of accomplishing a greater output. Yet at all times, the consideration of his reward in dollars and cents is but a secondary one. From this, we would have nobody infer that he seeks no recompense whatsoever, and as a consequence, fails to appear at the office on pay day. Far be it from such. But the mental satisfaction he derives, coupled with the pleasure he experiences in performing his duties, have combined to push into the background, as it were, all thoughts of his pay envelope. Restlessness

is a thing unknown to such a character. The empty trappings of pleasure are beyond his sphere of endeavor. Why should he be taken up with the theatre, the dance, the continual round of gaiety, when his employment affords him the diversion and recreation necessary to the sustenance of buoyancy and brightness of spirit?

And so it is with the various other trades and professions. There is no flightiness, no fickle inconstancy, no being wafted about by every vacillating whim. Contented they are with their lot, even though that lot be beset with harassing difficulties and fronted at times with almost insurmountable barriers. And invariably their labors are crowned with success. Success, in this, —that the sharers in it have accomplished their purpose here on earth; success, in that they have brought out and cultivated all their noble points of character. And success, in that they have been assured of eternal salvation.

To conclude. We have seen, I believe, not a few of the dread results accompanying the misconception of vocational work. It is my honest opinion that a large part, nay, one half of the evils in this world today, are caused by an immature and too hasty decision on the part of our youth, setting out upon their life's work. On the other hand, we may judge of the diametrically opposite effects of a cautious, careful, and determined choice. The matter rests entirely upon our shoulders. So let us choose wisely!

A. J. Murphy, '16.

The Vigil

The night loosed its shadows with gentle hand,
  And buried both friend and foe;
While a soldier brave, on guard did stand,
  O'er a little niche in the snow.

For there, in the midst of that fatal field,
  Was the Giver of life enshrined.
No golden vessel did service yield;
  To harbor the Lord of mankind.

But He dwelt in a hollow of blood-stained earth,
  Wrapped but in a linen cloth,
No more than He wore the night of His birth
  When the word of His Father was wrought.

The soldier, who knelt at His lowly throne,
  Was thinking of many things,
Of friends, in a place he knew as home,
  Ah! 'Tis then recollection clings!

But above all else, the knowledge sweet,
  Of the presence of God nearby,
That he knelt in prayer at God's very feet,
  Filled his heart with courage high.

No more he feared the mortal strife,
  The dread of death had fled.
For had not Christ promised better life,
  For which His blood was shed?

Walter Fowler, '18.

"Not Mentioned in Despatches"

THE roar of the guns ceased and the crackling fire of musketry died away into silence. Timidly, one by one, the stars began to show themselves in the heavens, and the moon shed her soft beams over the plain.

'Twas Christmas eve, and a tacit truce had been declared between the hostile armies until the morrow. A smile curled the lips of many a sleeping soldier that night as he dreamed of home and Christmas joys, and a tear dimmed the eye of many a mother far away, as she thought of her soldier boy. It was Christmas eve, and many a soldier was preparing to celebrate Christmas by receiving his Lord in Holy Communion on His natal day. A little dug-out, low and damp, served as a confessional. Here sat the chaplain, consoling, cheering, admonishing. One by one came the soldiers as sheep to the shepherd, for help and consolation. One by one they made their humble confession and departed, their faces irradiating joy and peace.

At last the penitents have all departed and the wearied priest arises. There is no rest for him, though he is ready to drop from exhaustion. He must be up and off to cleanse other souls before the dawn. When the soldiers see him ready to depart, they are filled with dismay. How can they go to communion on the morrow if the priest is not there? So, a mournful little deputation approaches him. Large-eyed and sorrowful the spokesman pleads, "My father, could you not stay with us to give us communion to-morrow? We had so set our hearts upon receiving our Lord on His birthday; and now, if you go, we cannot." He pleads with all the ardor of his French nature.

Deeply touched, the priest answered, "I know, my child, of your great longing, but I must go, for I have promised that I will hear the confessions of many others before morning; and I must keep my word. But do not be despondent—your great longing may yet be gratified. Is there not a deacon among your number? To him I will entrust the precious body of our Lord, that he may give you communion in the morning."

At that their countenances, lately overcast by gloom, light up with hope and anticipation. The deacon, a young soldier of

twenty-four, is summoned. He had been within a few months of ordination when the war broke out and had to join the colors. Gladly he accepts his sacred trust. Then the priest gave him his blessing and departed.

Eagerly the soldiers carve out a niche in the side of the trench for a tabernacle. A few branches of pine are found to decorate it and then the deacon places his trust within. All night long two sentinels watched before the rude tabernacle. These soldiers had for a church the open air, roofed by the starry-vaulted heaven; for an altar, the dirt wall of the trench; for a tabernacle, a little niche in the wall; and the moon for their sanctuary lamp; yet their heart-felt prayers were as pleasing to God as many that were offered in magnificent cathedrals with all their gorgeous appointments.

So the night passed. At the first flush of dawn in the east, the deacon stood before the tabernacle. Round about him knelt the soldiers in the cold and mud. Reverently the deacon breathed the "Domine non sum dignus," reverently he touched his consecrated Lord for the first time. He thrilled as he realized what a dignity was his. With downcast eyes and reverent mien, the soldiers approached one by one, and received communion. A short but fervent thanksgiving, and each soldier caught his rifle again, and went to his post. Hardly was every man back in position, when the awful din of battle broke out again. Quickly a rumor spread down the line, "We are to attack!" Soon came orders to confirm the report. Many a soldier grew pale as he thought of the awful task ahead of him, but the deacon and his companions rejoiced. For why should they fear death who had that very day received their dear Lord into their hearts?

A field gun barked, and the artillery duel began. On every side was heard the staccato roar of the field guns, the droning whirr of the automatics, and high above the rest, the rattle and bang of rifle fire. This lasted several hours. Then came the ominous lull that always precedes a charge. And now with a cheer, the deacon and his companions are up and out of the trench, leaping towards the enemy. A leaden hail greets them. They drop like dead leaves before the blast, but still they go onward. A terrible fire is poured into their ranks. It mows them down as the blade of the reaper nows down the grain. But ever

they close up and advance. Flesh and blood can stand no more. They turn and flee in utter rout.

Now it is the enemy's turn. With a hoarse shout they throw themselves on the fleeing French, and in a short while it was all over. Scarcely a third of the French got back alive. In the space between the hostile trenches lie the dead and dying. Close together lie the French deacon, shot through the head, and a blue-eyed Bavarian lad. Both are mortally wounded and in great agony. The deacon is pale and still as though already dead. But see! a gentle shudder shakes him, and he opens his eyes. His glance lights on the German by his side, and a faint smile curves his lips. Slowly he raises his hand to his breast, and draws forth a little silver crucifix, the parting gift of his mother. He presses it to his lips and murmurs, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" and the German adds "save us!" In one last supreme act of charity, the deacon holds forth the crucifix to his enemy. They forget that they are foes, and remember only that they are Christians about to face their Judge. With an agonizing effort the German reaches the crucifix, kisses it, and falls back—dead. The deacon murmurs with set lips, "Requiescat in . . ." and closes his eyes forever.

The darkness grew apace, and mercifully veiled the wild scene of carnage. Heaven's tapers grew to brightness o'er that funeral field, and God's angels sang the requiem that was chanted for the dead.

JAMES BRENNAN, '18.

Afield with Nature

AT THE present day we hear a great deal about Nature. We say that this man is a Nature fakir, another is a student of Nature, and a third communes with Nature. We are sometimes prone to ask what does this name "Nature" include, what are its boundaries, of what does it consist? "Nature" when written with a capital letter, signifies a personification of the great outdoors. It is astronomy, natural history, botany and geology combined. The wonderful cycle of the seasons, the endless variety of animal life, the spherical raindrop and hexagonal snowflake, the beauty of sunrise and sunset, full flowing river and smiling landscape, all these are classed under that mystic and mysterious name. That is why we speak of Nature as if she were some necromancer bringing about these wonderful changes. The humming bird is a gem of Nature's. The beaver is one of her most skillful artisans; the bee one of her artists.

But very many people have the erroneous opinion that one must be a whimsical sort of madman before one can enjoy the natural beauties of earth, and sky and ocean. True it is that a man may become narrow by devoting all his life to the study of some abstruse phase of Nature, but it is also true that Nature-study as a hobby has the very opposite effect. Only a very few of us can become astronomers, geologists and entomologists, but we can all enjoy the heavens, the rocks, and the insects in a popular way. They are as much for the school boy as they are for the man. Often times, we overlook the beauties until our notice is called to them. Is it not true that we said hard things about Latin until some enthusiastic professor pointed out the beauty and power of the language?

But to see the beauties of Nature, we must use both our eyes and have the proper frame of mind. John Burroughs puts it tersely, when he says: "Some people go about with eyes in their heads, and others with only buttons." The eye of the body and the eye of the imagination should work in unison. The former acting merely as a mirror to reflect the images upon the retina of fancy. This, however, is true even in reading. We do not merely read words, we read thoughts as well.

Nature is so vast in extent, so endless in her phases of plant, animal and flower, that there are many thousands of little worlds following their respective paths. No man can hope to know all there is to know. One might spend all one's life in solving one mystery. The most we can hope for is to enjoy those beauties that almost force themselves upon our notice. And one of these is the starry firmament.

I wonder if we ever consider and reflect upon the history written over this great jewel-studded tapestry of night! It is a sublime and awful truth that of all the sights and wonders allotted to mortal man, the heavens alone remain unchanged. They are the only reminders of the deeds, the men, the nations that were born, grew up, and ceased to be. An astronomer with his uncanny science plots the paths of the planets and weighs them. He calls them, as it were, and they come at his bidding. But we are far richer than he, in being able to conjure up all the deeds of the mouldy past. We too call them by name, names rich in the classic lore of the ancients. We follow the course of the world's progress by their rising and setting. Six thousand years they were as they are today; their cold beams fell on the jeweled crown of kings and the dagger of assassins. Adam in Paradise rejoiced at their splendor; Aeneas, storm-tossed and ship-wrecked, gazed at them and steered across the Mediterranean; Columbus, far, far out on the Sea of Darkness looked at the stars and despaired not. How ephemeral indeed are the works of puny man! Where now are the grandeurs and treasures of Rome and Athens? All that remains of their pristine grandeur are a few honored relics strewn over a few acres; but a heaven full of constellations, embellished by their mythology. And yet men live whole lives without considering that the stars were made for them, without drawing a single inspiration from their light. In the skies we see the lyre that Orpheus played so divinely that even the stones and wild beasts were moved.

But we need not go to the stars to show that Nature and Mythology are intimately related. Theocritus in his charming style tells how the boy Hylas was sent to the spring for water. As the lad bent over the mirrored pool, the nymphs took a fancy to him, and drew him down to their watery domains. By and by, Hercules went in search of the boy. He called him by name,

and the boy answered, but his voice was faint, and besides Hercules never dreamed of looking in the pool. Hylas has been crying ever since. In Spring, we hear him with his fellows in wayside pools. His voice even now has a gurgle in it. Although we look and look, we never see him, for he is only a tiny frog.

And surely we all know about king Polyphemus. He was the Cyclops, the one-eyed giant, who feasted upon the companions of Ulysses, until the latter gouged out his eye with a red hot sapling. He is now a big June moth and has such an interesting history that it is well for us to dwell upon it. The first stage in the life of this modern Cyclops is a blotch of whitish eggs on the leaf of some bush. In two weeks little furry caterpillars about a quarter of an inch in length, eat their way to the outer world. Their diet is juicy, succulent leaves, and they grow much faster than their skins, so that they are continually shedding them for newer ones. The process is very much like putting several gloves on the hand and removing them one by one. In September, after eating leaves all Summer, Polyphemus is a big green worm, about three inches long and a helpless and hapless victim to the housewife's broom or the small boy's air-rifle. The big fellow now spins a cocoon about himself. Nature is working behind closed doors now, and we wonder how a man in like circumstances could build a house about himself and have it fit so snugly as this does. All Winter the cocoon dangles from a forest tree. Some bright Spring day, a helpless, wet, bedraggled object emerges from the cocoon. It is about as podgy and repulsive as the green worm of last Fall, but as we watch, a change takes place. The bright sun coaxes the moth into action. The body is drying quickly. Wings are unfolding in some mysterious way. Colors float into our vision. In an hour this base-born Cyclops is a beautiful, breathing, gorgeous colored moth, a creature of brown and blue, and tan and gold. The terrestrial caterpillar has become a celestial flyer, a bird of another world. He sails up over the tree tops, and we turn to enjoy other sights.

It is one of those perfect days when one feels like bursting one's bodily fetters to sail off on the breezes. In the air there is a buzz and hum of innumerable insects. They are hatching from the great incubator of Nature. But their mere number and variety overwhelm us, so we walk on to our favorite haunt.

The picture that had made winter days more bearable by its mere anticipation, is there before us. A pathway through a realm of lordly elms brings us out in full view of the scene. To our left is a semi-circle of green hills with a flock of sheep grazing on their summits. The green grass and white sheep, silhouetted against a blue sky, make an exquisite blend of colors. In the valley a noisy brook comes bubbling out of the woods. It has heard the gossip of fifteen miles of country and is now rehearsing it to the dandelions. Its course is a silvery band across the carpet of pasture. In the background stands a phalanx of forest trees. They are old settlers, so to speak, and by a stretch of the imagination, we can picture the whole landscape a virgin forest, where prowl the bear and the wildcat.

From the branches over our heads, come the sounds of bird-revelry. We look up and see the tree tops a hurly-burly of bright colored songsters. They are a troupe of troubadours from the sunny South, and are sojourning among our woods and orchards, for a few days before departing for their summer homes in the cone forests of the North. Aside from their musical abilities, they are excellent acrobats. They are so restless, and insist upon standing on their heads out on the end of a branch, that one can hardly keep them in view with an opera glass. They wear motley garbs. Some are black and white; others orange and black and white; others still a combination of yellow, and buff, and brown, and nameless shades of blue and green. We pull one down within arm's reach through the "glass" and study his restless movements and his Joseph's coat plumage. He is here today, a thousand miles away in a few weeks, and back again with a message from the Canadas in Autumn.

But chasing these warblers is strenuous work, so we sit down under a friendly hemlock to enjoy our dinner. A-rambling with Nature provokes a healthy appetite. With the sky as our tent, with the grass as a tablecloth, and an old glacier bowlder for a chair, we would not exchange places with an epicure eating caviar at the king's table. Wood etiquette only connives at such blunders as using your fingers for lifting a bee out of the coffee, or for eating bacon with these same fingers.

A pebble-toss from where we sit stands a rugged oak, at its base blossoms a clump of violets, while farther off in the grass

a wild strawberry is opening its flowers wide. We ask if the alchemists of old in their base efforts to change other metals into gold, ever considered the alchemy of Nature. This earth we tread upon appears to be only stuff. We call it dirt. Yet out of this black and bitter earth grows the oak and the violet and the strawberry. For thousands of years this dirt has been mellowing and drinking in the sunshine. Nature drops an acorn into its dark mold and up springs the mighty oak, so regal, that the king of birds nests in its branches. In its shade grows the violet, universal favorite among the wild flowers. Within the tree's shadow, ripens the strawberry, a crystallized drop from the goblet of Pan himself.

But men, many men, never consider these wonders, they accept all the beauties of Nature in the same matter-of-fact way. If a bird sings matins, or if rare flowers blossom, or fine sunsets appear, it is all the same to them. Yet just these sights of Nature make troubles more endurable and life more sweet.

You will forgive us for philosophizing. It comes very natural out in the open where even the stones and the trees have voices. Besides, we always take some Nature writer along with us, to be enjoyed with the after dinner pipe. Sometimes we take a book of poetry, sometimes a book of prose. Just look over our shoulder and see what some of our library friends think of Nature.

Homer was an ardent student of Nature. We find his similes are all drawn from sights we have seen. Hector's son, Astynax, is like a star, the enemy were as numerous as the leaves of the trees, as the snowflakes of Winter, as a flock of birds migrating southward. The old counsellors, on the walls of Troy, talk like the garrulous cicada of summertime. Vergil, the "landscape lover," he who sang: "Wheat and woodland—hive and horse and herd," is everywhere extolling the beauties of the "florea rura." He talks of the stars, of the fields, of the sea. His Georgics are not alone poetry, they are handbooks for the Nature lover as well. When he wishes to portray the zeal and speed that animated the builders of Carthage, he says they were like the bees in early summer, and his "fervet opus" is a slogan and a war cry among his admirers. Then, too, when that trio of romantic writers, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, sing, it is

of sunset and moonlight, star splendor and cloud design, song of bird and fragrance of flower.

If then the poets found Nature so worthy of study, why should we pooh-pooh it all as being sentimental "bosh"? Once we learn to appreciate what is going about us, we will say with Emerson, "He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments is the rich and royal man."

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

An Idyll

I was gazing to-night on the stars of the sky,
That twinkle and sparkle and beam,
And they set me a-dreaming of deeds vague and high
Like stars in the distance agleam.

Will the same star that shines on my boyhood tonight,
As I muse on the dim far away,
Still shine on my path when my hair has turned white,
And my rose-dreams have faded to gray?

Will the God that has made me and kept me aright
To these years of maturity,
Then help me look up to the stars of the night,
And beyond—to Eternity?

Ah, grant that when age breathes its chill o'er my frame,—
Then the stars that beheld all my joys,
Though they gleam on my body all twisted and lame,
May smile on my heart—still a boy's.

Walter Fowler, '18.

A Lesson From the Crib

Look upon the tender Creature
  As He slumbers in the cold;
How resigned and fair each feature,
  Angels' wings about Him fold.

God omniscient is a stranger
  In this melancholy world;
He that lieth in this manger,
  Is from every comfort hurled.

But His love surpasses pleasure;
  He must suffer on this earth,
That He may regain each treasure,
  For He knows our sad souls' worth.

He the Mighty and the Awful
  Has become a little child
That we may ever love the lawful,
  Be more selfless, undefiled.

He will fill our hearts with gladness,
  For His love is great indeed;
And He'll banish far all sadness,
  If His word we do but heed.

And when we in death are sighing
  For our home beyond the grave
He will aid us in our dying,
  Thoughts of Him will make us brave.

Raymond J. Gray, '18.

The Come Home Yankee

IT was sunrise on the twenty-fourth of December, 18—, in Lawrenceville, a small hamlet quietly nestling among the wood-clad mountains of Northern Maine. The air was unusually clear and cold, and small patches of drifted snow dotted the landscape. Now and then a door would open in one of the thirty or forty cottages of which Lawrenceville could boast, to give exit to a workman or, less frequently, to a woman. Many of these stopped for Mass at a little brick chapel; for, strange to say, nearly every inhabitant of Lawrenceville was a devout Catholic, and by their energetic efforts had built and were supporting this humble, though beautiful, temple for their God.

Among these we may particularly notice an old man and woman, Mr. and Mrs. Redner. They were the patriarchs of the village, having lived there since early childhood. The townsfolk esteemed them highly for their honest and pious lives; and also, sympathized with them over the loss of their only child. Not exactly lost, but nearly as bad. For John Redner had been born and raised in the village and was as good a boy as was to be found. But several years ago he had taken a notion to see the outside world and had never returned. Worse still, he had ceased corresponding since last Christmas, and his dear parents were gradually wearing themselves out with anxiety. And thus, on this particular morning, the lonesome parents made their way to besiege the tabernacle of the little chapel with prayers for the return of their wandering boy.

"Tomorrow is Christmas; we will surely hear from him," they told each other, as they left the church. And Mrs. Redner even ventured so far as to say that she felt a new hope springing up within her; but as they scanned the sky, their trained weather eyes prophesied a terrific snow storm, and in their hearts they knew he could never be with them this Christmas. But "God's will be done" was always their motto.

As the day advanced, the signs of the approaching storm grew plainer, until at length the most terrific snow storm that had visited Lawrenceville in years broke forth. In the railroad station, a half mile below the town, the 6:40 local pulled in just

in time to escape being snowbound in the forest. Now, as the advent of a stranger in such a secluded spot as this was no ordinary occurrence, the curiosity of the station-master was naturally aroused when a tall, well-dressed man of perhaps thirty years of age, stylishly clad, and carrying a grip, jumped from one of the cars.

"How am I going to get up to the town?" he asked the stationmaster, in a business-like manner.

"Walk," came the laconic reply.

"No sleighs around here, eh?"

"Not in this storm, stranger; you're likely not to get there for a couple of days."

"I simply have to get there today," and then, after a pause, "I guess I'll try it."

"What! in that storm? Man, you'll die. Why, a few years ago a fellow tried to do it in a less severe storm than this, and he was laid up for weeks. It's harder than you think."

But he could not shake the other's resolution, and lightly bidding the station-master a Merry Christmas, the stranger started on his journey.

The storm was more violent and the snow deeper than he had supposed, but he could not think of giving up. He would surely have lost his way had it not been for his knowledge of the place from his boyhood days. Nevertheless, it was a fierce battle. Where the wind got a good clear sweep, he could scarcely breathe, let alone make much headway. Again, the snow had become knee-deep, and as he plodded on and on, he stumbled now and then, and once fell as he stepped into the ditch by the roadside. Still he kept on. He thought that he was at least half way there, and that it was useless for him to turn back. He began to stagger, and suddenly came face to face with a huge tree, and then it dawned upon him that it was the same tree under which he had often played in the happy days of his boyhood. "I've got about a quarter of a mile left," he muttered. "I've just got to get there, that's all." He started on again. He wandered along in a dazed condition, only dimly conscious of what was going on about him. How long he walked, he knew not. After an age, it seemed, he saw a building looming up before him. "Thank Heaven," he sighed, "shelter at last." And with a last ounce of

energy he staggered up the steps and dropped exhausted on the threshold of the chapel door.

When he awoke, he found himself in a poor, though neatly furnished room. An elderly priest stood by his bedside. The stranger started. "Father Clancy!" he exclaimed in a weak voice.

"So, John, my boy, it's you, is it? Welcome home again. A Merry Christmas with all my heart."

"Thank you, Father, though I am really unworthy. But how are mother and father?" he added in a serious voice.

"They will be here in a few minutes, John and——"

His words were cut short by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Redner, who fell, weeping tears of joy, on the neck of their prodigal son. Their prayer was granted.

But John had not returned empty handed to Lawrenceville. For he had made his fortune in the outside world, and had come to share it with his parents during the remainder of their happy years.

CORNELIUS J. MCLAUGHLIN, Third Year (B) High.

A Winter Afternoon

Flitting and fluttering,
In fitful blasts muttering,
The snowflakes descend on the wings of the air;
Each tree neatly covering
With bright myriads hovering
'Ere at length they drape old earth's bosom so fair.

The bright sun then shimmering,
O'er blue ice-fields glimmering,
Tints them with roses of bright sunset sheen;
While mid the hills mingling
Gay shouts and bells jingling,
The rosy-cheeked, merry-eyed rompers are seen.

James Gallagher, '18.

Indian Summer

In the month of dun November,
Came a red man from the Northland;
Brown of face and tall of figure,
Came our friend, the Indian Summer.
Came again to pay a visit
To his favorite hills and hollows.
Long ago when redskin brothers
Dwelt in forest, glen and valley,
Came this jocund nut-brown stranger,
Tarried long among his fellows;
Fished with them for pike and sturgeon,
Rode with them on blue Lake Erie,
Smoked and feasted in their village,
Hunted with them in the forest,
In the noisy autumn forest,
For the deer, and bear, and turkey.
Now alas our redskin cousins
Dwell no more upon the margin
Of the picturesque Cuyahoga.
Gone the forests where they hunted,
Gone the bear, and deer, and turkey,
Gone the village and the wigwam.
Still the self-same Indian Summer
Comes each fall from o'er Lake Erie,
Smiles upon his pale face brothers,
Making glad their troubled bosoms
With the soft and mellow sunshine;
Sunshine mellow as the apples

Piled in heaps in fruitful orchards;
With the blueness of the heavens,
With the blossoming of the violet,
With the brown and amber meadows,
With the calm and silver moonshine
Flooding all the earth with splendor.
Yet he mourns his absent fellows.—
They were men of stream and woodland,
Loved to live beneath the heavens.
Were like simple grown-up children.
Stayed to gaze upon the forest,
Clad in garments red and yellow;
Loved to hear the vesper breezes
Moaning softly through the pine trees,
Reading from the book of Nature
All the glory of the Seasons.
Still our friend, the Indian Summer
Softly whispers on the night winds,
"Hark, ye brothers of the city,
Life and Fall are flying onward,
Storm and snows are nigh upon you.
Take new courage in this sunshine,
Breathe in deep the air of autumn,
Life is short and after summer
Comes a bright and fruitful harvest
Of the deeds you sowed in springtime;
All the joys and short-lived triumphs
Bloom again like autumn violets.
In the autumn of your lifetime
You will live a quiet season

Full of softened views and pleasures
Wrapped about with calm reflection
Like the haze of autumn evenings
When the sun of blood red color
Goes to rest beneath the waters,
Painting all the western heavens
Red and gold and deepest crimson.
Then you gaze with eyes uplifted
At this tent of highest heaven,—
See within the couch made ready
Where eternal rest awaits you.
When anon the storms of winter
Whiten o'er the barren landscape,
Snowing on the locks of autumn,
In your heart you'll feel the springtime,
See the grass on hillside growing
Where there is no time but springtime."
As we listened to his message,
Listened to the Indian Summer,
Rose a giant from Lake Erie,
Chilled us with his frosty breathing,
And the gentle Indian Summer
Turned and looked upon our faces,
Said farewell, and hurried southward.

A. A. Bungart, '17.

A Catholic Apologist

IN these troublesome times, when journalism stands for so much which we Catholics despise, when a large number of writers and publications attempt to prove the truth of a philosophy that appeals to animalism more than to common sense, it is really remarkable that a man should come out of Fleet Street and challenge these fanatics and finally vanquish them by turning their very ideals against them. Nevertheless, such is the case, and the man who has this honor is Gilbert Keith Chesterton. The modernists do not like to listen to him, not because they are in a position to despise his manner of argument, but simply because his fierce satire and deadly humor cut deep into their very souls. They see that they are doing wrong, but it is so much easier to do wrong than to do right; for the latter requires an effort, often an almost superhuman effort. It is for this very reason that we have so many free-thinkers, materialists, atheists, and other advocates of man's liberty. It is so hard to do right and yet they know they must do it. An old-time philosopher might simplify the matter by arguing that everything is right, but our modernist goes just a step further. He denies the existence of a right or a wrong. Hence Mr. Chesterton compares him to a lunatic. If a lunatic says that he is a piece of cheese, no one can prove that he is not; and if a modernist tells you that you are just a figment of his brain, that he is the cosmos and you are just a phantom in that cosmos, his argument cannot be refuted. Both are reasonable, but both are wrong; "for the man who cannot believe his senses, and the man who cannot believe anything else, are both insane; but their insanity is proved not by any error in their argument, but by the manifest mistake of their whole lives. They have both locked themselves up in two boxes, painted inside with the sun and the stars; they are both unable to get out, the one into the health and happiness of heaven, the other into the health and happiness of earth."

There is another class of modernist which has tried hard to destroy the idea of the Deity and to set man free. They are called materialists from the nature of their theory—the origin of the earth from chaos. Of their belief Mr. Chesterton says:

"When materialism leads men to complete fatalism (as it

generally does) it is quite idle to contend that it is in any sense a liberating force. You may use the language of liberty if you like about materialistic teaching, but it is obvious that this is just as inapplicable to it as a whole as the same language when applied to a man locked up in a madhouse. You may say, if you like, that the man is free to think himself a poached egg; but it is surely a more massive and important fact that, if he is a poached egg, he is not free to eat, drink, sleep, walk or smoke a cigarette. Similarly, you may say, if you like, that the bold determinist speculator is free to disbelieve in the reality of the will. But it is a much more massive and important fact that he is not free to urge, to punish, to resist temptations, to make New Year's resolutions, to pardon sinners, to rebuke tyrants, or even to say 'thank you' for the mustard."

Mr. Chesterton's satire is of the razor-edge variety. No jagged gash does it inflict, but a clean, deep stinging wound. It makes little show, but strikes the spot at which it aims, and hurls its victim back in confusion. He had expected to have a hand in the combat—poor victim—but a flash came out of a clear sky, and the deed was done, and his soul pierced to the quick before he even realized that the encounter was on. Mr. Chesterton's trenchant wit is clearly seen in the following retort. He observes, "They say of a man, 'he knows his own mind.' Surely, such a statement seems to be an expression of great depth of intellect for the particular gentleman concerned. But," Mr. Chesterton cunningly adds, that the above phrase is equivalent to saying of the same excellent gentleman, "he blows his own nose."

Another indication of his deep sarcasm can be recognized in the following: "I think it wrong to sit on a man; soon I shall think it wrong to sit on a horse; eventually (I suppose) I shall think it wrong to sit on a chair. * * * This drift may be really evolutionary because it is stupid."

Many persons object to Mr. Chesterton's mode of argument, because he is fond of telling the truth in a novel way. All the statements that he advances must be startling, and he brings out facts in a manner much imitated at the present day. In short, Mr. Chesterton is objectionable to many, especially the modernists, because he startles them by the force of his argument. Of

course, there are many persons who deprecate paradoxes, but this is only because they know nothing of the part mysticism plays in life. They are continually demanding pure reasoning. They refuse to accept as true what seems to be a contradictory statement, because they do not know what life really is; nor will they listen to one who tells them. "Mysticism keeps men sane; as long as you have mystery, you have health; when you destroy mystery, you create morbidity. The ordinary man has always been sane, because the ordinary man has always been a mystic. He has permitted the twilight. He has always had one foot on earth and the other in fairyland. He has always left himself free to doubt his God; but (unlike the agnostic of today) free also to believe in Him. He has always cared more for truth than for consistency. If he saw two truths that seemed to contradict each other, he would take the two truths and the contradiction along with them."

In thus discussing the limitations of reason and the need of the mystical, Mr. Chesterton is "well in the wake of Catholic tradition." He may attack and defend things on entirely different grounds from those upon which they are generally attacked and defended. But, as he himself admits, even here he is not alone. In fact, he is the man who discovered England. He is the brave hero "who landed, armed to the teeth, and talking by signs, to plant the British flag on the barbaric temple, which turned out to be the pavilion at Brighton." He discovered something that had been discovered long before. He took particular pains to be a heretic, and after he had framed his new philosophy, found that he was just nineteen centuries too late. Moreover, in trying to be heretical he became merely orthodox. He "had been blundering about since his birth, with two huge and unmanageable machines of different shapes, and without apparent connection,—the world and the Christian tradition." He had found this hole in the world, the fact that somehow one must find a way of loving the world without trusting it, somehow one must love the world without being worldly. He found this projecting feature of Christian theology like a sort of hard spike, the dogmatic insistence that God was personal and had made a world separate from himself. The spike of dogma fitted exactly into the hole in the world; it had evidently been meant to go there,—and then the

strange thing began to happen. When once these two parts of the machine had come together, one after another fitted and fell in with an eerie exactitude * * * instinct after instinct was answered by doctrine after doctrine. Moreover, the same persons that said Christianity was too pessimistic were the very ones who said it was a great deal too optimistic. Again, one moment "it was reproached with its naked and hungry habit," with its sackcloth and ashes. But the next, "it was being reproached with its pomp and its ritualism, its shrines of porphyry and its robes of gold; it was abused for being too plain and for being too colored." The answer to these objections might be that Christianity was in error; but another answer, and the more probable, was that it was in the right. For if some men described a stranger by saying that he is too thin, others by saying he is too fat, others by calling him too short, and others by terming him too tall, he may be a very misshapen creature. But the more reasonable view of the matter is to regard him as normal. For to an extremely stout person he would appear too thin; to a very thin person too fat; to an exceedingly tall person too short, and to a very short person too tall.

Mr. Chesterton found that Christianity was full of paradoxes. "It is this silent swerving from accuracy by an inch that is the uncanny element in everything. It seems a sort of secret treason in the universe. An apple or an orange is round enough to get itself called round, and yet it is not round at all. Christianity not only goes right about things, but it goes wrong, if one may say so, exactly where the things go wrong." For, "if a mathematician from the moon saw two arms and two ears he might deduce two shoulder-blades and the two halves of the brain." But he would have to be more than a mathematician "to guess that the man's heart was in the right place."

Thus Christianity has always avoided the pitfalls that have beset it on every side. To have fallen into any of these would certainly have been simple. "It is always simple to fall. There is an infinity of angles at which one falls; only one at which one stands. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure. The Church in her heavenly chariot goes thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

With these colossal words he sums up the triumph of the Church. He proves conclusively that the Catholic philosophy is the only correct one; and with his whirlwind-like movement almost compels the reader to accept his arguments. His style is so powerful, so full of humor, that the clearness of his statements breaks forth like the sound of the clearest bell. All that he requires is that the reader keep his mind ever on the alert as fact after fact is placed before him, until he is fairly blinded by the clarity and strength of the argument. To say the least is to say that Mr. Chesterton sweeps one entirely off one's feet. He has such an intense reasoning faculty that he never beholds an object but he sees clear through it. And this is combined with an extremely fine sense of humor which preserves his work from becoming too tedious. He has been compared to Macaulay, whom he slightly resembles in his style, but Macaulay lacks the humor which attracts the reader, and he lacks the paradox which holds his attention.

RAYMOND J. GRAY, '18.

A Tale of the Trenches

THE date was October 29th, 1914. The location was a region well known to the English speaking nations under the name of "The Champagne District." Let us direct our gaze upon a trench,—nay, better, let us take a stand beside one of its occupants who half stood, half knelt with his knee against the side and clutched his rifle convulsively. His complexion and uniform bespoke him as French, but his infuriated appearance was not one common to such a cheerful and vivacious race.

The atmosphere was rent with the crashing and screaming of shells, and the rattle of Maxims might be heard some distance away on the left, where doubtless an advance was on. The onrush of the Germans had just been stopped and the tide was beginning to turn. The troops were all eager for the advance signal, for they felt that France was saved, that the retreat from Paris had begun.

The man crouching in the trench was Henri Maubreuil, and he had come from Lyons as a volunteer. He had been assigned to a regiment leaving for the front, and in the hurry and confusion of the first few weeks had taken little notice of his companions. For the last two days, however, they had occupied this same trench and Henri had made an unpleasant discovery. One of the men had, each morning and night, called upon them to pray, and pray they did with a fervor which caused Henri to display much contempt and much hatred.

His father had believed in no God and Henri was not going to demean himself by so doing. He was not going to break the custom of his family and become like that pack of women who fought with crosses and medals; at least, so his father used to say, and Henri implicitly believed him. That dignified looking man,—despite his hatred, Henri was forced to admit that he was dignified looking,—who seemed unaccustomed to the uniform and rifle he carried, was a priest. So he had heard, and it made him feel worse than ever. Here was he, a staunch atheist, in the same company with a crowd

of Catholics; worse still, he was the only non-Catholic in the whole trench, and to cap the climax, a priest led the prayer every morning and night. Henri smiled grimly as he soliloquized: "This is not a trench; this is a Church."

It was a beautiful morning in the beginning of December. But heedless of the beauties of nature, for two days the French cannon had roared and the Germans answered sullenly in the distance. From all this the French knew that an advance was being planned and, sure enough, on the preceding night the captain of Henri's company had received notice that on the morrow, precisely at eight, they were to charge the German position. It was now nearing eight.

The little company were at this moment receiving communion from the hands of the priest. Henri watched this with a scowl as he had watched the soldiers confess in an obscure corner of the trench.

Presently it was eight and the signal was given. The soldiers produced no medals or crucifixes, much to Henri's surprise. Neither did they hang back, and in the terrible half-hour which followed he saw many die with a smile on their lips, followed by the name of their Redeemer. Their bravery was superb, for they feared neither death nor wounds. They dragged fallen comrades from under a scathing fire without flinching and rushed on almost certain death, but they captured the trench, and at noon, with strange and new reflections, Henri took his old posture, half standing, half kneeling, with his rifle clutched in his hand.

It was Christmas eve and the trench which Henri stood in had been changed many times by as many advances, but most of his old comrades still remained. The missing? Ah! some lay unburied under the black winter sky, torn with wounds. Some, too, had received burial at the hands of their fellows with a few short but devout prayers. Henri had seen them die; but all had died bravely and he scoffed no more at the prayers and devotion of the survivors. His long association with their piety was beginning to take effect, and he was growing curious to know what might it be that caused such bravery. He more than half suspected that it was their religion, the object of his former contempt and derision.

One of the soldiers had made a rude Christmas tree out of a broken branch and they all laughed merrily as they decked it with uncouth presents for each other—penknives, cigarettes, and such little trifles which they had in their possession. Even Henri was not forgotten and his heart warmed towards them as he began to take part himself in the fun. Strict regulations forbade lights, but as one remarked, "Bombs and such like things give light enough." Towards night the priest —he was a captain now—came to his little band of former companions and spoke a few words of comfort, to which Henri's ears were not closed. And in the prayers they said towards the end, his was not the least fervent, though it might have hesitated and stumbled a little.

That night,—a magical night, in truth,—he had a long talk with his captain and before it was over he decided that he would become a Catholic. Great was the joy of his company when they heard the news, for now they were all brothers in the Faith. Henri no longer wondered why they were always so cheerful and self-sacrificing and brave. He knew now that it was innocence of heart, a clean conscience, a desire to live and die well.

It was Christmas morn and the ground sparkled white under the morning sun. The soldiers noticed something peculiar and none of them could tell what it was, until Henri cried, "The guns have stopped!" And so they had. The men had grown so accustomed to the noise that they missed it, yet scarce knew what they missed. Suddenly there was a lively hail from the German lines, which they, nothing loath, returned with right good will, and springing over the edge of their trench they clasped hands with their enemies, who were scarce thirty paces away. It was the Christmas truce and the officers tacitly refrained from restraining them, for they, too, were filled with good will. At night there were farewell hand clasps, and in silence they returned to the cold and damp of the "burrows."

All night long no gun was heard. It seemed as though both sides were reluctant to begin. Just as the morrow's sun burst on the scene the guns of both sides opened with a mighty crash and the terrible struggle began its second year.

Henri now prayed and chatted freely with the rest. They were all ready to teach him little lessons of his new found faith, and a more cheerful listener could not be found. His devotion increased day by day and soon he made his first communion. His happiness was complete and he told a comrade that he could now die without hesitation or fear.

* * * * *

Summer passed and September came again. The two armies, locked in an iron grip, had remained in virtually the same place. One gained a little here, the other advanced a few paces there, but it amounted to nothing. About September 15th the French were informed that an advance was to be attempted all along the line. For three days the guns roared unceasingly. For three days the ground shook and quivered and the sky was veiled with smoke. For three days the captains could scarce restrain the men from leaping out to the charge.

On the morning of the fourth day at the appointed time the French line swept forward, led on by their captains. A terrible fire from the German ranks mowed them down, but they still pressed on. Henri, one of the first, saw the captain, the priest who had received him into the fold, fall wounded to the earth. He rushed forward and began to drag the wounded man back to the shelter of the trenches when he felt a sharp blow on the chest which staggered him. He put his hand to his chest and withdrew it, covered with blood. Weakness overcame him and he sank down beside the priest's body and lost consciousness.

He was aroused by a hand feeling at his forehead. He was weaker now and could hardly turn his head, but he made an effort, and saw the priest lying beside him, also apparently mortally wounded.

"Father," he whispered, "I'm dying and would like to make my confession. Are you able to hear it?"

"Yes," answered the priest. "I was afraid you would not regain consciousness, but, thank God, you have."

"Amen," said Henri, weakly, and then he confessed and received absolution from the hand which was rapidly failing

in strength. Then they prayed together until oblivion swallowed them up.

The charge had swept the French forward about a mile, a great gain on a front where feet are disputed. The two bodies lay cold and still throughout the night. Henri's face, now drawn in death, wore a smile and the priest's was calm and serene. No more would they fight against their fellowman, sad though they might be in the doing. Their souls had passed the gulf from where there is no return, and one might fancy them to say: "It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Thus does the slaughter continue. Thus do thousands go down to their death with a whispered prayer and perhaps a thought of repose. Dare we hope that good may arise from the carnage of nations? Dare we hope that such little dramas, founded on fact,—yea, on hundreds of like facts,—may be taken to heart by peoples bred in bigotry and scepticism, and may be the means of their salvation? Our hopes are not unfounded and truth is stranger than fiction.

THOMAS J. DORAN, '18.

To the Dawn

Hail, ruddy Eos! On thy chariot red,
Thou art borne aloft like some fair queen of old.
Thy roseate rays the firmament o'erspread,
And darting hither all our earth enfold.

Darkness is banished by thy magic wand,
And night's celestial wanderers fade from view,
Sinking a while into the Great Beyond,
To leave thee mistress of the smiling blue.

Yon mountain-peaks flash brilliant in thy beams,
And e'en the vales a brighter tint assume;
The lakes are molten, pearly are the streams,
When thou at matins dost our earth illume.

Queen of the morning! At thy first faint blush,
New life's infused into this sleeping earth;
Nature awakens at thy quickening touch,
When thou arisest at each new day's birth.

Louis A. Litzler, '16.

Editorials

A Merry Christmas

Christmas will soon be here. Christmas is unlike any other day in the year, for there seems to be an indescribable, nameless association which springs from the first Christmas. Time has turned back its hands on this day. Although the words: "Peace on earth, good will to men," were uttered almost two thousand years ago, yet we still feel their magic power. It was a rebirth of mankind and at the same time the birth of its Saviour. And such an anniversary will always be a day of joy and good will. Earth and heaven for one day in the year seem to be whispering to each other as we stand with the shepherds around the crib on Christmas morning.

Christmas gains half its exterior charm from the setting of its season. There is usually a white world on Christmas day, and often the jingle of sleigh-bells wax and wane on the ear of the listener. The cold drives us to the congenial fireside, whither we have transferred a miniature evergreen forest; then there are hoards of nuts, and candy, and new books and games to be admired. The children, who, for two weeks have lived in a state of hushed expectancy, are enjoying the fruits of their waiting. Blessed be the man who invented Santa Claus! That blessed nonentity has made more hearts glad than all the heroes of fairyland. The grown-ups are the deceivers, the children the believers, but both enjoy his presence and love to hear his reindeers sweep by in the gale.

Christmas develops the spirit of winter in its highest degree —the spirit of good will and friendship. For one day the sordid world has wiped its pen and laid its pick away. Good will fairly over-bubbles in its eagerness to show itself. This manifests itself in the gift-giving custom, which, although overdone, is a blessed habit. As the odor of the Christmas tree pervades all the rooms, so the spirit of Christmas diffuses itself throughout the whole winter season. May the rays from this brightest star in winter's diadem shed a ray of gladness into every human heart, and espe-

cially in the hearts of the readers of "LUMINA." "Merry Christmas to you all," says LUMINA. A. A. B., '17.

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Good Reading The winter months are approaching. We have already felt the nip of Jack Frost, and the opportunity of broadening our intellects, together with the added advantage of avoiding idleness, is presented to us in many a pleasant hour at the fireside. Perhaps some of us think that we are well read already, or that we derive no advantage from reading. To the former I will say: Consult your professor for advice in your reading. It will surprise you to find out what there is good to read which you have not read; and, we venture to add, that not even one season of reading will be sufficient to compass it all.

When we confront the second class, we pause, at a loss for words. Their supreme effort in literature is the newspaper, or Rex Beach, or Ty Cobb's batting average. Who can convince them that good literature is pleasurable, that it is profitable? If we could only persuade them to begin, half the task would be accomplished. If we could dragoon them into reading the "Black Arrow," or "Oliver Twist," or "Ivanhoe," we could rest assured that they were well on the way. The books mentioned were chosen because they combine the advantages of good literature and interesting reading. But the literateur will tell you that the first term implies the second.

Some might find a more appealing, but less worthy, reason in the fact that they are expected to be able to converse on books, and that it behooves them to be prepared. To the consideration that reading of itself gives pleasure they reply that in their own experience they have found this to be false. They would do well to withhold their judgment until a more mature experience prompts them to make a different statement.

Some base their objections on the argument that their time is limited. Is their time for vaudeville shows or card parties limited? Do they disclaim the club or the sensational periodicals? If they do, we grant that they labor under difficulties. But to them, and to all others, we say, "Husband your time like a miser. The less time you have, the more reason for spending it prop-

erly and profitably. If you have time to read and to amuse yourself, all the better; but if you cannot do both, abjure useless amusements. When you read, read the best. The classics, the good essayists, the masters of fiction, present a wide field for your enjoyment. Avoid the harmful and the trivial, and be mindful that intellectual pleasure is the greatest of all pleasures."

T. J. D., '18.

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Christmas: A Contrast In a few more days, the great feast of Christmas will be once more upon us. Soon we shall be in the midst of that happy season, and naught will be heard save words of cheer and kindness. And rightly so. For the motive, the very mainspring of the feast, is love. "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son."

To us, however, Christmas bears far greater significance than it does to one outside the Church. A decorated tree, an exchange of presents, a feeling of good will toward the world in general and of gastronomic satisfaction in particular,—and the average man has had his Christmas. But not so with the Catholic. Not that he despises these welcome and conventional adjuncts to the greatest of all feasts. Far from it. For what would Christmas be without a tree, and presents, and the usual savory "turk" in his place of honor on the festal board? Deprive most people of these delights, and for them Christmas ceases to be Christmas. The reason is evident. Feasting and all earthly joy, which finds its greatest expression each year at Christmas tide, have come to be associated with Christmas in an eminent degree. But feasting and mundane happiness are merely accidentals which help to make Christmas happier; they are far, infinitely far, however, from being the essence of that great feast. And it is just in this point wherein most men err. They mistake the accidentals for the essence, and thus make feasting and jollity the sole object of their Christmas.

But thanks to the influence of the Church, among her members, it is different. True, they feast and enjoy themselves along with the rest, but there is a something else, a something nobler, which makes that day for them a real Christmas and not merely

the 25th of December. And the source of that something else is,—their religion.

Watch the crowds that every Christmas fill our Catholic churches to overflowing; observe the multitudes that on that day approach the Holy Table and receive our Lord in Communion. Is it not an inspiring sight? With hearts bursting for gladness, they kneel in silent adoration at the feet of their infant Saviour, their spirits tranquil within them because they possess that peace "which the world cannot give because it has it not." These people are happy in the true sense of the word. First on that glorious day,—their God; then, and only then, do they let their thoughts turn to the good things that await them at home,—to the feasting and rejoicing in the family circle. Such a Christmas is ideal. True, for all men Christmas is a day of peace, and joy, and kindness, and all men are gladdened by the presents given them by friends; but on this morning none is happier than he who first sanctifies the day by Communion with his Lord.

Thus do men spend their Christmas. Some in *mere* feasting and merry-making, others in feasting and merry-making—after first spending a few hours of prayer in the house of God. Both on that day enjoy themselves and are happy; both spread the festive board and rejoice; both celebrate Christmas; but one *also* celebrates the birth of his Redeemer.

Louis A. Litzler, '16.

Alumni Notes

Be it known to all alumni and former students of St. Ignatius that LUMINA is eagerly awaiting any news of them that is available. Don't wait for your friends to send in a word or two about you. Do it yourself.

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James Laughlin, A. B. '15, is studying law at Harvard.

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Walter Daly, A. B. '15, is studying law at Western Reserve.

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Joseph Brady, Farrell Gallagher, Raymond Schraff, '15, are studying medicine at Western Reserve.

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George Gafney and Frank Doran are studying medicine at St. Louis University.

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John Szabo is studying dentistry at Western Reserve.

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Peter Kmiecik and Edward Novotny are also at Western Reserve Medical School.

* * * * *

Gerald Murphy has been added to the teaching staff at the college.

* * * * *

St. Ignatius still continues to furnish its quota of laborers for the Master's vineyard. Of last year's graduating class, Thomas Gaffney, John F. Gallagher, Owen L. Gallagher, William L. Newton, are at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester. Also George Dennerle, Thomas Connell, John Ziska, Roman Bacher,—all ex-'16.

Joseph P. Hurley has, after a few months' delay, joined the ranks of his classmates at Rochester.

* * * * *

Alfred Gallagher, '15; Sherman Latchford, ex-'16; Chester Burns, Clement Fuerst, Seth Walker, ex-'17, are at the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant.

* * * * *

To all LUMINA sends heartiest Christmas greetings!

The Old Gym

They say that long ago,
When we all had less to show
    Than today,
You were filled with buzz and din
Of the students full of vim
    Young and gay.

'Tis said you were a school
Where strict order was the rule
    Well applied,
And the fact that Greek was hard
And that Homer was a bard
    Not denied.

Alas, scholastic sage,
You had lived beyond your age
    Standing there,
For the boys that used to be
Are now sailing life's dark sea
    Everywhere.

You used to be our gym,
And the battles fought were grim
    With the foe.
And the din and clash and roar
From your portals did outpour,
    Well we know.

You stood there all alone,
And mayhap you heaved a groan
    In your grief.
But when your doom was nigh
There was heard a mighty sigh
    Of relief.

The sight that thrilled the eye
When a batter knocked a fly
    O'er your head
Is one we'll see no more,
For the cold earth drank your gore—
    You are dead.

A whiskered man came round
And he tore you to the ground,
    Limb from limb,
And the funeral pyres blazed
O'er the spot where you were razed,
    Dear old Gym.

There is now a vacant spot
In that corner of the lot
    Where you stood.
There was glory and pure gold
In those timbers that were sold—
    Kindling wood.

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

* * * * *

The Oldest Ford Story

No more, no more, will the pony be mentioned in connection with the w. k. expedition of Xenophon. Never again will the piebald little equine trot obediently out at the summons of the would-be Athenian. The reason is given herewith:

There is a little motor from Detroit, U. S. A.,
    That has raised a lot of ruction in this very modern day,
And even though among us, it hardly has a lover,
    Old Xenophon, of pony fame, was glad one to discover.

In the greatest that he's written, of his famous memoirs
    He lovingly makes mention of these most berated cars,
For while he was retreating from the Persian bulls that gored
    His former fellow-generals, He came upon—a FORD!

No, he didn't pay Four-ninety bucks—he didn't have a red,
But he and his jumped straightway in, and on their way they sped;
Right through the rushing deep they sped, up the Carduchian wall,
And the wonder of it all is this, they didn't stall at all.

When back to Greece they safely got, old Xenny up and went
Up to the old Acropolis, and there to heaven sent,
A fervent prayer to Zeus he sent, for a certain Henry Ford,
And he lived to see that personage proclaimed a demigo(r)d.

L'ENVOI.

And now you'll know, if e'er you go
To Greece of bootblack fame,
Whene'er you see, by th' Aegean sea,
A FORD, how there it came.

—EDWARD A. MCDONNELL, Fourth High.

* * * * *

Here you are, boys! Just what you've been longing for. You don't need to rack your brains trying to find suitable Christmas gifts for your loved ones. Our expert little gift-giver, E. F. Madaras, has compiled the following list, which you can consult with the assurance that the presents you select will be useful as well as ornamental:

For Father—Chest protector, pair of ear-muffs, perfume atomizer, electric curling iron, silver tatting shuttle.

For Mother—Motorcycle, safety razor, walking stick, box of perfectos.

For Grandpa—Skating cap and scarf to match, carpet sweeper, Japanese kimono, box of water colors, enameled vanity case.

For Grandma—Tennis racquet, pocket tool kit, mechanical building outfit, microscope, catcher's mask.

For Big Brother—Electric range, automatic clothes wringer, golf bracelet.

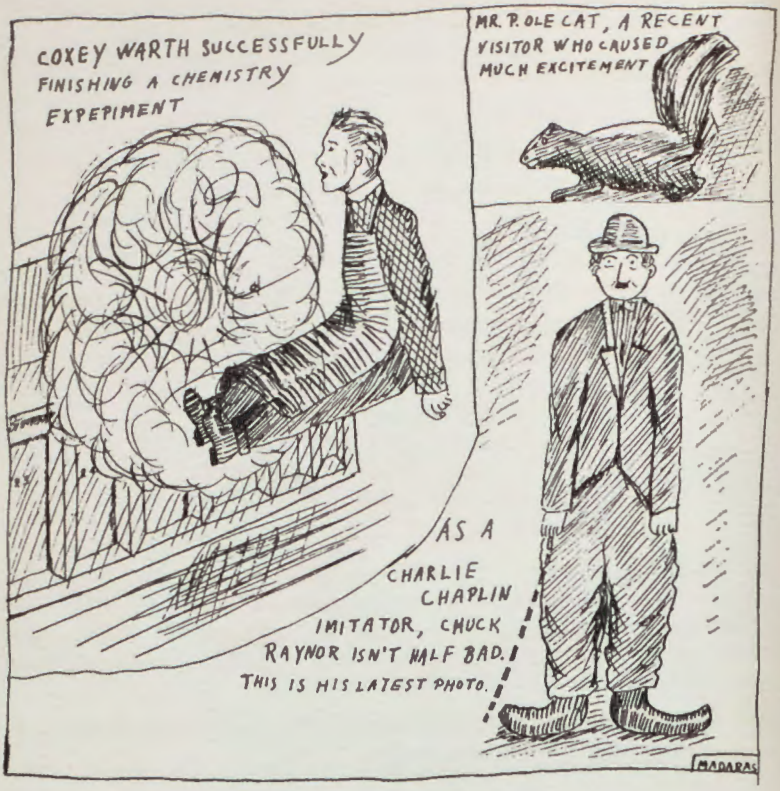
For Big Sister—Football shoes, monogram belt, mustache cup, set of dice, set of carpenter's tools.

For Little Brother—Work basket, treatise on psychology or philosophy, full dress suit, surveying instruments, meerschaum pipe.

For Little Sister—High power roadster, running shoes, ash-tray, rhyming dictionary, glass-cutter.

For Baby—Swimming trunks, Colt automatic, headache powders, pocket knife, camera, camping outfit, cuspidor.

Now go and do your Christmas shopping early.



An exceedingly clever chicaner
Is a freshie, by name C. A. Raynor.
Though frequently late,
He slips by the gate
Of the prefect, who's some sharp detainer.

* * * * *

Light as the heavenly air is
The necktie e'er worn by Madaras.
The colors are awful,
I doubt if they're lawful,
For the rainbow they always embarrass.

Heard in the Corridor

"What was the fight about?"

"Oh, Coxey Warth was praising his friend, Bud Bungart, by saying Bud was leading a righteous life. But Bud heard that Coxey was passing the word around that he was leading a riotous life. Ergo pugna."

* * * * *

Trying to write a Christmas Pome the night before the magazine goes to press, while the Victrola in the flat above breaks all speed laws. (As experienced by Ed Madaras.)

Silvery snowflakes, softly slipping
From the airy, fairy sky.
"Baby when you're skipping, tripping
To that raggy melody."
Here you take a firm hold on yourself and begin once more:
When the earth was wrapped in whiteness,
And the stars looked down on high,
"There's nothing can equal the brightness
Of the light in my lovey dove's eye."

Then you get sore and swear that if you're side-tracked again, you'll quit.

Peace and quiet reigned supreme,
Nineteen hundred years ago,
"O my colleen, she's a queen,
And I love, yes, I love her so."

Perfectly satisfied that you have an excellent reason for quitting, you do so.

College Notes

Freshman Class Charles Raynor, President of the Freshman Class, called a meeting on Friday, November 12th, and proposed that regular members of the class should visit the Chapel daily. The idea received universal approbation, and arrangements were instantly made to carry it into effect.

The annual class banquet was also discussed, and preparations are on foot to make it a success. Note, the Treasurer is Ralph Gallagher. Freshmen, please copy.

* * * * *

Lumina Banquet On Wednesday, October 27th, the members of the LUMINA staff terrified their class-mates and Professors by their emaciated visages. The few who were in the secret knew that they were foregoing all food in anticipation of their banquet, which was to be held that night. And truly it was a wonderful affair. The lights were beautifully shaded and cast a subdued light over all. (For further details, consult Robert Chambers or Laura Jean Libbey). The dimness of the light, however, could not conceal the avidity with which our heroes fell upon the viands. We have Ed McGraw's word for it, that he never fared so well and Ed is regarded as somewhat of a connoisseur. Banquet yarns were "swapped" and even Father Rector himself related some amusing anecdotes. He also expressed his approbation of the good work done, and pledged his hearty support to the enterprise. The versatile Madaras then dragged a camera from nowhere, and shot the banqueters. The result showed an aggregation of highly pleased young men making a dreadful effort to look intelligent with varying success. This terminated the festivities of the evening.

* * * * *

Glee Club Caruso has demanded a raise in salary. Why? Because the College Glee Club has been reorganized. But how does that affect

Caruso? Well, he is looking out for the rainy day when he shall be supplanted by a graduate from the Glee Club. Most everybody has joined, and the rent of all residences within two blocks of the music room has been increased 50%. Anybody and everybody who has not joined will be impressed in the near future, and colds are not accepted as excuses. Hurry on board boys, before the boat leaves the harbor.

* * * * *

Orchestra When the musical talent of the College was allowed to bloom forth in the Orchestra, our fondest hopes were realized, nay, surpassed. We sat entranced while the throbbings and pulsations of

music crept through our being. As the last note died away, we sat silent for a space, and then we rocked the walls of the gym with repeated applause. The individual efforts of the musicians had been moulded into one harmonious whole by Father Winters, and the reception accorded to the result of his endeavors must have amply repaid his labor. Like the miser, we long for more.

* * * * *

Rooters' Club The Basket-ball season is on our threshold, but we are prepared for it. "If," says Franklin, "we don't hang together, we'll hang separately." And mindful of this warning, the Rooters' Club is busy in the study of "organized but uncontrolled noise, and its psychological effects on the enemy," by Mr. D'Haene. Lectures free of charge. All that is required is a VOICE. If you haven't got one, bring something else to make the air vibrate. Of course, games held at night will taboo sleep in the vicinity, but we can imagine a neighbor shouting to his family, with intermissions: "Well,"—smash—"but for the"—rattle, bang, "orchestra and"—zing, boom, boom, "the Glee Club"—rah, rah, rah, "I think we would"—bang, wow—"MOVE." Prolonged crashes. Anyone who thinks that the efforts of the Rooters' Club will be in vain, is requested to watch the scores of the games.

St. Ignatius 460.....Yarvard 2

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Scientific Academy A no insignificant feature in college activity during the past two months was the inauguration in the college of a Scientific Academy which at present bears on its roster the names of nearly forty members. The initial meeting of the Academy was held on the 8th of November, for the purpose of electing officers for the first term. The following officers were chosen:

President, Aloysius A. Bungart; secretary, Raymond J. Steiger; treasurer, James S. Deering; censors, George P. Novak, James Brennan; custodians, Edward W. McGraw, Edward J. Hodous.

A number of the members have already volunteered to give lectures, and some very pleasant entertainments are anticipated. Among the subjects to be treated might be mentioned the following: "The Louisiana Sulphur Deposit," "The Panama Canal," "The Moving Picture," "Indian Relics," "Glaciers," "Geysers," "The Aeroplane," "The Submarine," "The Evolution of Illuminants," "Fermented Liquors," etc.

Judging from the interest and enthusiasm manifested by the members we believe we are safe in predicting a very happy and successful year for the Society.

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Quarterly Exams Scylla has been safely passed, Charybdis still looms ahead. Scylla, you all must know, is the first of the quarterly exams and Charybdis the mid-year's. On November 13th, the premiums were awarded to those who came through the first ordeal with

honor. Our large and promising College orchestra made its debut on that date, and helped to enliven the occasion by rendering a very pleasing program. Enthusiastic applause greeted every number. Edward Madaras and James Mally gave pleasing elocution selections, and then the honors were distributed. This ceremony over, Reverend Father Rector addressed a few words of commendation and exhortation to the students. The leaders of the various classes were as follows:

Sophomore, Thomas Chambers and Aloysius Bungart; Freshman, Raymond Craft; Fourth High, Edward Hodous; Third High A, Walter Dorsey; Third High B, Cornelius McLaughlin; Second High A, Donald Adams; Second High B, Raymond Matousek; First High A, Richard Walsh; First High B, James Maher; First High C, Clarence Matousek.

* * * * *

College Play Rehearsals are in full swing for the long-hoped-for play. Its name is to be "For the King Eternal." It is a Roman play in five acts, and the scene is laid in the time of Diocletian. The College and High School are both represented in the cast. Enthusiasm is at fever heat, and with the hearty co-operation of the students, Father Hendrix, the director, hopes to make the play a brilliant success.

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Sodality The Sodality is now well entered upon its work for the coming year. The various sections, Catechetical, Frequent Communion, Charity, Catholic Truth, have been organized, and are busily at work. The Catechetical Section, under the leadership of Charles Hill, president, and George Warth, secretary, is doing good work in teaching Catechism to children who would otherwise have no opportunity of learning their religion. It augurs well for the success of the Sodality, that so many have volunteered for the various sections, for without sections the Sodality is dead.

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

High School Notes

By Dan Gallagher, 4th High

Fourth high class was brought to its feet the other day by a sudden commotion in the region of Jerry Hanley's seat. Jerry had nodded off for the Greek period and was going great when the disturbance arose. In his dream he thought he was at the opera. Being a fairly good Caruso he began to sing, "God Save the King" in a mumbled tone. The class was hushed. Just then St. Mary's clock struck the three quarters and instinctively Jerry reached for his shoe, which luckily was tied fast to his foot. A sigh of relief went up when our hero, after a tough struggle with his major toe, was finally conquered. We had all sorts of visions—broken glass—broken heads, etc. Jerry must not do a thing to that alarm clock in the morning.

* * * * *

We next pick on Walter A. Dorsey. We are anxious to know why Walter rushes home right after class, does his studying and then dolls up for the evening which he spends away from home: Answer one at a time please.

* * * * *

The following conversation passed between Ed. Carney and Emmet Riley.

Carney: Say, Emmet, how do you get so fat and chubby?

Riley: Why, I eat what's right. Let me ask you how it is that you're thin, Ed?

Just then Emmet interrupted and said, "I suppose you eat what's left —Go out."

* * * * *

"Sad Scenes"

Same Jerry Hanley waking up from his afternoon siesta.

Joe Feighan trying to speak in a subdued tone.

Red Shannon talking confidentially with Steve(enson) Bojosko.

Ed. Hodous and J. Harold Traverse playing cow-boy.

Connie Patton trying to finger a cello with a boxing glove.

Familiar Fads

Elmer Caldwell: Quoting Shakespeare.

Jim Cozzens. Physics experiments.

Tom Cozzens: Raising a pompadour, and holding it down.

Chink Mahoney: Singing, "When the war breaks out in Mexico I'll be on my way to—Montreal."

Bill Clyne: Being custodian of the gym—calling Vay Gallagher a scamp and a bold hussie.

Paul Tepas: Looking for someone to take a job over to the undertaker's "Playing dog under the ambulance."

* * * * *

Here comes Eddie McDonnell—Anvil Chorus, "Late Again"—We wish he would cut out singing, 'Why take a sandwich to a banquet."

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St. Ignatius and Loyola have certainly established their prowess on the gridiron. The East and West side boys put up two scrappy battles during the past season, which will not be easily forgotten. The same old rivalry was evident in the games, at times too evident, but in general, interesting. The first encounter was staged on the rocky mountain Gordon Park grounds, and was a thriller from whistle to whistle. The first half was a hair raising affair, ending in a tie with neither side being able to score. Things took a change for the worst for the St. Ignatius boys in the second half. Two very costly fumbles paved the way for Loyola's victory. The final score was 12 to 0.

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The second game of the series brought the two teams to Edgewater Park. It is needless to dilate further upon this game. We leave it to those present and will wager that they pronounced it a cuckoo. Well St. Ignatius was on the long end of a 7 to 6 score. It was in this game that our captain, Jim Cozzens, encountered some hard luck, in sustaining a broken collar bone. Jim showed his true colors in staying the limit, after becoming hurt in the first two minutes of play.

* * * * *

The High School basket ball squad have taken the floor and are speeding things up a bit. We have with us again this season the Hon. Chink Mahoney, who after a siege of boarding school life, of a week's duration, packed up and hurried back home and to St. Ignatius again. Walter Dorsey finds a little time to come out for practice, aside from his domes-

tic duties, studies, and—. Emmet Riley is working off some of that superfluous avoirdupois, and Red Shannon is "waiting for something to turn up."

* * * * *

The orchestra, composed mostly of members from the high school, gave an excellent account of itself at the recent reading of marks. Father Winter has rounded the boys into fine shape, in the comparatively short time he had. Steve Bojosko is the latest addition. The latter is a musician of note, and can juggle that violin with both hands. John Schaefer has volunteered to play the bass fiddle, and says it is a job of not a little work.

* * * * *

Since the new hand-ball courts have been installed there have been some lively contests. Tom Lavelle, Bud Walsh and Whelan, of the first year contingent, have shown the best promise.—"Same to you, and many of them."

Loyola High School Notes

Loyola inaugurated their 1915 football season with a victory over the clever Cleveland Heights eleven, by a score of 6-0. The boys of the L. H. S. dished up an unbeatable brand of football, both on offensive and defensive play. After several forward passes that failed, Daley, with a forty-two centimeter plunge, went through the Heights line for a forty-five yard romp, clear to the goal posts. That was all. Cleveland Heights had no more show after that than a snow-ball in Mexico.

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Loyola, outweighed thirty-five pounds to the man, was beaten by Spencerian, 27-0. The scribes had two or three all-star men in their team, and the surprise of the game was their low score.

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The Juniors and Seniors engaged in a battle for gridiron honors, about this time. Owing to the two wonderful runs of Daley, the Seniors were walloped twelve to nothing. Two future Varsity stars were unearthed in the game, McNamara and Gafney.

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The Loyola eleven grabbed the honors of the next fray, by a score of 12-1. Later in the season, however, the defeated retrieved the bacon by a score of 7-6. Yes, it was St. Ignatius High.

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The curtain was rung down on the 1915 football season, at Painesville. Owing to the lack of submarines, Loyola could not win, but did the next best thing, 6-6. Gafney pulled a forward pass out of the air for a touchdown, the first score of the game. Painesville tied it up in the third quarter, through the line hitting of Root. The Loyola rooters went down fifty strong in their special car, and if cheering could have brought victory, Loyola would have walked away with Painesville's goat.

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The BIG EVENT of the football season was the banquet given the squad, Wednesday, December 1st. Gilbert Daley was re-elected Captain for 1916. Our congratulations to Mr. Conron and to Captain Daley for their excellent work.

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We're not going to wax prophetic about the Loyola basketball team. Loyola has won fame at putting surprises. Watch your seismograph for eruptions in the vicinity of the East Side.

Loyola High School was recently honored by the first official visit of the Reverend Rector. It was on the occasion of the quarterly distribution of ribbons. After the excellent program prepared by L. H. S. the Reverend Father Rector gave the colors to the honor men. In his brief address, following the reading of the notes, Father Rector infused a new spirit into the student body, by his vigorous and cheerful remarks. He praised the excellent school spirit displayed on all occasions by the students, and gave us fair promises for the future. His visit was enjoyed by all, and we hope to receive a call from him soon again.

* * * * *

The Third Year suddenly came to the conclusion that a class without leaders was like a home without a mother. So they elected their guiding stars. P. J. McGibbons was given the presidential chair; A. Carey, G. Daley and W. Randel are his worthy assistants.

* * * * *

The new literary society is holding debates over here at Loyola that would make even the Senior Debating Society raise their eyebrows. Beware, St. Ignatius.

* * * * *

The Newman Literary Society held its first banquet of the year at Wohl's on the evening of October 27th. In spite of its being the first affair of its kind to be held outside of the school, it was deemed a success by all. After dinner a somewhat lengthy program was presented by the members of the class, who showed a great variety of talent.

Father Wilwerding, the Moderator of the Society, addressed his pupils, urging all to strive for success in the year to come. Mr. Conron, the Athletic Director, concluded with a few remarks on High School sports, praising the excellent example shown by the Senior class in all College events.

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By the Way

Although our Glee Club is in an embryo condition as yet, we have a man here at L. H. S. who manages a mouth-organ like an old master.

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The Junior Class studies History. On being asked what was the principal event of 1781, a youth replied: "The War of 1812."

* * * * *

In the Prohibition Debate recently, the affirmative speakers never used a man's full name.

—George W. Troy, '16.

Athletic Notes

By Ralph A. Gallagher

Prospects

The campaign is opening and old Ignatius is again in the field, ready to cop the college basket ball championship of city, state and nay, even country. These are our aims and the hopes of their accomplishment are by no means half-hearted or meager. For never before in the history of this fair "sedes sapientiae" has there been such favoring prospects of turning out a champion five. Under the able tutorage of Coach Savage the team, though crude and stiff at the start, has developed into the classiest quintet of brain and brawn that has ever donned the blue and gold. Now, for instance, there is Captain Murphy, and Sommers, and Deering of the last year's team, three Mercury-footed hotspurs, who serve as the nucleus of this year's flashing five. Then there is Kegg and Harks and Hayes and Dorsey, a quartet of young Hercules, who, by their looks alone, ought to entrance and stupefy their opponents. Then last, but by no means, least, is Ray Ripton, that lusty youth with the wistful look in his eye, who hails from the fair port of Leroy, N. Y., who is determined to put above said "burg" on the map, or else die in the attempt.

So we'll drink to you, the team of '16, and may it be the cup of victory from which we sip our sparkling Bacchus. And now, you rooters, let it go with a Bingo! and a Bango! and a Bingo! Bango! BOOM!

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We have to congratulate our hardworking manager for the excellent schedule he has provided:

Dec. 8—Niagara University, at Niagara.
Dec. 9—Canisius College, at Buffalo.
Dec. 14—Baldwin-Wallace, at Cleveland.
Dec. 23—Kent Normal, at Cleveland.
Dec. 29—Campion College, at Cleveland.
Jan. 7—St. John's University, at Toledo.
Jan. 11—Cedarville College, at Cleveland.
Jan. 12—Kent Normal, at Kent.
Jan. 22—University of Detroit, at Detroit.
Jan. 26—Heidlberg University, at Cleveland.
Feb. 7—Niagara University, at Cleveland.

Feb. 12—Hiram College, at Hiram.
Feb. 18—University of Detroit, at Cleveland.
Feb. 26—St. John's University, at Cleveland.
Mar. 4—Hiram College, at Cleveland.
Mar. 7—DuQuesne University, at Pittsburg.
Mar. 15—Akron University, at Cleveland.
Mar. 20—ALUMNI.

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The Minims Football team opened up with eight teams: Greeks, Captain Jordan; Romans, Captain Ahearn; Spartans, Captain O'Donnell; Persians, Captain Andrews; Trojans, Captain Gara. The games played at Edgewater Park were fast and furious, and placed laurels on the heads of not a few of the miniature warriors. Gara's Trojans, by winning three straight games toward the end of the season, succeeded in landing first place. Besides the Captains, the following deserve special mention for their excellent work on the gridiron: Sullivan, Weber, Corcoran, Gross, Smith, Walsh, O'Brien, Turacek, Gallagher, the Celts' Captain, Montague, the Captain of the Goths. A Minim Basketball League, comprising sixteen teams, will be formed before the Holidays. The preliminary games played during the noon hour are showing forth much classy material.

Exchanges

"World War Days in the United States," is a remarkable article appearing in the December "Campion." It is a story in which the foreign spy system is a principal element.

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One of the more interesting, though short, articles noted in our exchanges, is a heart to heart talk on "Ideals," in "Canisius Monthly." The author handles his subject well and proves that the more practical our world becomes, and the less rich in imagination and poetry, the less happy and less bearable life will grow.

"The dreamer lives forever, and the toiler dies in a day."

* * * * *

We wish our many visitors the best kind of Christmas, a holy and happy one, and hope to be able in our next list to acknowledge a few other exchanges besides The Campion, Canisius Monthly, Niagara Index, Xavier Athenaeum, Tamarack, Holy Cross Purple, Loyola University Magazine, Marquette Journal, Dial.

—John E. Kane, '18.

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