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THE LIGHTS OF BEAU FRÉ
LE PETIT PIERRE FINDS HAPPINESS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The great cathedral was suffused with the soft light of a myriad candles shining luminously before the shrine of the Virgin and casting on the smiling, compassionate face of the waxen figure an illusion almost unearthly. In the flickering light, the small boy who had come to make his pious offering, felt himself carried out of the world. It was Christmas Eve and each candle meant the devotion of some wretched soul at the shrine of the great cathedral; and, indeed, without seeing these little lights, one might imagine走出去to the heavens. One could almost read in the fluctuating candles themselves the stories of the lives which had been blotted out and gone. Stately candles with embossing of silver and gold, and copes woven with luxury, and the delicate coloring of some of the finest ones were being painted upon them showed plainly the hand of genius. But they were not, all, the same, and their silvery shafts and their gifts of radiance. Many were small and looked weary as though reflecting the worn faces and plodding feet of the peasants who had lighted them there. Truly, they were a goodly sight as they twinkled there on Christ- mas Eve—those shining candles of Beau Fré.

For so many years had the candles shone with this strange brilliance that the so-called "lights of Beau Fré" had come to be very famous and many people made pilgrimages from afar to the Christmas Mass at Beau Fré. Devout women would come before the first time the chanting of the priests; mates raised their new-found voices in the Christmas hymn: blind and broken they might bring, among the thousands of copies, a sacrifice to all sufferers who bring a candle to the Christmas Mass, sung at midnight, on Christmas Eve and the Virgin and casting on the smiling, compassionate face of the waxen figure an illusion almost unearthly. In the flickering light, the small boy who had come to make his pious offering, felt himself carried out of the world. It was Christmas Eve and each candle meant the devotion of some wretched soul at the shrine of the great cathedral; and, indeed, without seeing these little lights, one might imagine走出去to the heavens. One could almost read in the fluctuating candles themselves the stories of the lives which had been blotted out and gone. Stately candles with embossing of silver and gold, and copes woven with luxury, and the delicate coloring of some of the finest ones were being painted upon them showed plainly the hand of genius. But they were not, all, the same, and their silvery shafts and their gifts of radiance. Many were small and looked weary as though reflecting the worn faces and plodding feet of the peasants who had lighted them there. Truly, they were a goodly sight as they twinkled there on Christ- mas Eve—those shining candles of Beau Fré.

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The great church, with its high vaulted dome and massive pillars about which strange shadows played, on this Christmas Eve was crowded with a palpitating band of devotees. The Virgin seemed with a huge white cloud in the scene the candle light was something else as her face was a face, noticeable because of its weariness, shine out; eyes dull with anxiety,once more that she is his soul." "The girls who thoroughly de
deed, and are those who are giving fullness of expression of life." Before the war" continued Dr. Mor-
ris. "the world was faced with hosts of newcomers who started out in life full of hope and energy and yet how their hopes were broken, and they plowed, in the same way. And yet this picture of this situation a delegation was ap-
pointed to make a study of the way young people face life. Dr. Morris said they found that a lot of young
TABLE-TALK OR TALKING "SHOP."

"All they talked about at my table this morning was the Economies quiz," exclaimed a disgruntled Freshman as she passed from the dining-hall. "Heavy, isn't it had enough to study for to take them without it having anything to do with them or our meals?"

The Freshman was one of our senior professors would say—but isn't that so? To be sure, it is an excellent sign that the students are several and interested in their work. But this interest shouldn't be carried to such lengths that we lose our considerateness for everyone and everybody about us. When we go to the dining-hall it is a time to cast aside care and worry, to take ourselves out of the world of work, to associate and converse with those who may not happen to be in our classes. Very rarely do all the girls at a table take the same subjects. If this is the case, how can the Freshman at the end of the day enjoy the remarks about a Tenens quiz which the Three Juniors at the side have just finished? And on the other hand, where the student of mathematics is expected to listen with rap attention to an animal conversation on the subject of a design?"

There is no doubt that if all these discussions could be carried on in general terms, they would be of greater value, but the difficulty lies in the fact that they all tend to deal with particular interests among two or three groups. This does not mean our work is necessary and vital, but that we need a place for everything, and everything in its place."

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Page 3, (Continued)

A gold-fish in a low, flat bowl
Darts meretriciously, say, meekly, it knows me, has it in its eyes.
On a beautiful one evening last winter. The fact that Witter Byner is well known in Norwich, contributes an additional interest. The Greek play given by Connecticut College four years ago "The Trojan Women," is another of the plays of Euripides.

Barnard—According to the total registration to the date of October 14, thirty-two per cent of Barnard students come from outside of New York State. Thirty-six states and six foreign countries are represented at this college.

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MIDNIGHT MUSICALITIES

DRAMA AND DRAMA

This excess of the freezing child.

To be particularly interested in the realization of his surroundings. The moon had gone down and the night was becoming darker and increasingly cold.

Le petit Pierre looked up. In the distance lights burned and his heart beat within him. With an exalted spirit but a body almost too weak to move he surged forward and after what seemed ages to him, he reached that great square over which towered the capital of Beau Prè."

The streets were alight and gay crowds surged to and fro. The air was filled with the fragrances of the church and street gamins ran in and out behind the big, blond, dimly shining, "Voilà," shouted the largest, seeing Pierre. "What have we here? A dirty cripe. We shall teach you how to get in the way of real people. Take that—and that," and he struck at the child savagely. Then seeing the candle, he shouted, "Aha, now we shall have something to light our way."

Then with a raucous shout he grabbed the candle from the trembling hands of Pierre, and ran off."

Le petit Pierre stood a moment as though paralyzed, then murmured, "Ma chandelle, they have taken it and run away to La Bante Vierge with my candle."

As he stood with bowed head the bells began to ring, and night mass rang out in all its glory. The child as though hypnotized, clasped his faltering limbs on the church square and up the steps until he could see through the open doors. Then was seen the great church filled with kneeling fervently. The organ music and the candles burned with an unearthly radiance. The Virgin, it seemed to lift her睑 toward the darkened church doors and

continued on page 7, column 5.

THE LIGHTS OF BEAU PRE.

Continued from page 1, column 5.

soon the morning light will come. Now, the boy rose obediently and hobbled away on his crutches. Soon the house was dark and quiet but le petit Pierre sat at his window looking up into the clear, dark night. Presently with a burst of determination upon him, he sprang out of the door, the face, the child arose and noiselessly placed his shabby coat about his knees."

Then, pulling over a cap over his dark curls he hobbled out of the room, the door and into the frosty night, the ugly tallow candle shining not unlike his face, known always in his eyes, it is always in the way.

GREEK PLAY PRESENTED AT HUNTER.

On November 30, the students of Hunter College, New York, presented Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris" in the translations by Witter Byner. Connecticut College students will remember that it was the same play which Miss Dorothey Sydney read to us so beautifully one evening last winter. The fact that Witter Byner is well known in Norwich, contributes an additional interest. The Greek play given by Connecticut College four years ago "The Trojan Women," is another of the plays of Euripides.

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continued on page 7, column 5.
WELL KNOWN JOURNALIST TO SPEAK HERE.

Mr. S. K. Radcliffe as Convocation Speaker.

On January 10th of the new year, the College and its friends will have the privilege of hearing as Convocation speaker, Mr. S. K. Radcliffe, who will take for his subject, "The Labor Outpost."

Mr. Radcliffe is a notable London journalist and lecturer who has achieved popularity in this country. From 1903 to 1906, he was the acting editor of "The Callahan Statesman." At the present time he is both the English representative of "The New Republic," and the American representative of "The Manchester Guardian."

Extremely liberal in his point of view, Mr. Radcliffe has interpreted to American audiences vital political and economic problems of the day in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.

Gladys Harris '25.

SENIOR SOCCER TEAM AWARDED CUP AT FACULTY-SENIOR BANQUET.

A bush fell on all as the Seniors followed the faculty team triumphantly into the dining-hall and found their places at the long semi-circular table in the middle of the room. It was the A. A. banquet attended by all who had played on teams during the fall, and several other fortunate individuals, chosen from each class.

During the meal Dorothy Randle, vice-president of the Athletic Association, awarded a silver cup to the winner of the "The Student."

The Seniors. This cup is to be presented every year to the winner, until it shall become their proud possession, "For keep." The applause was unbounded. Miss M'Carty, the Senior Captain, on accepting the cup, pressed the joy and pride felt by all the Seniors, in being the temporary owners.

A table of Seniors at the end of the room, assumed charge of the proceedings, and called upon members of both teams for speeches. Dr. Marshall and Dr. Lawrence, always ready with some witicism, vied with each other in claiming to have won the same for the Seniors. Dr. Wells assured them that honor was solely his, because he was a member of the Senior class and had refused to play on the Faculty side. All of the Faculty and Senior teams responded to the cry of "Speech, speech,", with equal readiness.

Whenever the slightest lull occurred, new songs, written for the occasion, sustained the boundless enthusiasm. The meal closed with the singing of the Alma Mater.

The lights of Beau Pre. (Omititted from page 5, column 1, as she did so the crutches or petit Pierre fell away, he stood straight and then suddenly dropped in a crumpled heap, and the crowd came out they exclaimed pitifully over the small figure, "Petit enfant!"--then"

And no one but the Blessed Virgin and the stars knew why little Pierre went to be a soldier in a greater land with such a smile of happiness on his pinched face; and only the flickering candles could have told of the miracle performed that night by the "lives of Beau Pre."

M. A. TAYLOR '22.

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE TEAM
BRINGS HOCKEY SEASON
TO A TRIUMPHANT CLOSE.

A hockey game of unusual interest was played between the sister classes on Saturday, December 10th. The victorious team, composed of Seniors and Sophomores, opposed a team made up of Juniors and Freshmen. The game was full of fun and frolic and was a glorious lark for both sides.

There was very little team work, but considering that neither team had had any practice as a team, one must, indeed, congratulate them on their good playing.

The line-up was as follows:

Senior-Sophomores: Junior-Freshmen:

D. Barnes - C. F. Chambers - 1. Bigelow
C. McCarthy - L. L. Whitney - J. Damer
M. Duncan - L. L. Whitney - C. Parker
M. Cornellus - R. W. - M. LeVail
A. Hiller - W. M. Johnson
G. Halse - M. W. Ewing
V. Exelton - W. M. Ewing
C. Hill - B. E. Wrenshall
H. C. Stobart - D. Randle
K. Hamblen (Capt.) - C. Pickett
G. Holloway - S. Crawford
I. Levine - H. Ferguson
M. Thompson - A. F. Buel
H. Plagge
Referee-Mrs. Patten, Scorekeeper-Jeanie Crawford, Scorekeeper-Sophomores - Junior-Freshmen.

"READ WITH PRECISION!"

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

Many beautiful, old Christmas carols sung for the European peasants in the middle ages, these songs of adoration please the people of today just as they did then. His third example was his search for details of the life and character of that fascinating King, Charles I of England. Books are the source of all this knowledge. To be able to use them intelligently, we must learn to read with precision.

"EXTEND COLLEGE SPIRIT!"

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

Women have taken life positively, thinking it will be good, bad or indifferent, hoping of course that it will be good. Instead of sitting back and hoping—woman must go out and try to be a part of life.

Formerly woman has been called upon to fill in any gap that might happen in family life, but the time has come when women are taking a prominent part in the world's activities. "Each young woman here," said Dr. Morris, "is a leader; the college woman has a special opportunity in life and therefore a special responsibility."

The topics "Friendship" and "College Spirit" were discussed informally.

A few thoughts stand out particularly as a result of this discussion. "College Spirit which includes consideration for others, in the thing we are living in this minute, and in the thing we must extend to the world at large." Relationships in college should make for the larger development of the individual, and also for the larger development of the whole.

Having once heard Dr. Morris, all C. C. is now as enthusiastic and eager to hear her again as was the delegation who had the privilege of knowing Dr. Morris at Silver Bay.

Grace W. Parker '23.

TAIL LIGHTS.

The opposing ranks at the Faculty-Senior iSoccer game should have made their plans together. What could be more appropriate than to have the band playing on the deck of the steamship?

Never have we heard such sparkling, such effervescent, such saucy, side-splitting wit, as that displayed by our venerable (7) scholars of learning at the Senior-Faculty Dinner after the Big Game. It warmed the very cockles of our hearts. Perforce do we wish that every week the Seniors might have the joy of showing to the world, and one gentleman in particular, how difficult it is to "whip one kind of cream."

For all we can see Dr. Leib's speed was as great as ever, and Prexy's kick fully as vigorous, while the President's Department was on the warpath; and yet the smallest touch on the Senior team made the only goal.

Kismet! It must have been!

Are we returning to the pastoral steps in civilization? One would think so to judge the cattle grazing on our lawns and surveying us from Brantford steps as we pass by to the dining-hall.

Perhaps we ought to ask our neighbor, the Central Vermont, to lend us a cowcatcher.

History has at last explained everything—The Faculty may be whipped cream, but they'll be dagoneen if anyone can make sour cream out of them.

During the Christmas Vacation Miss English Dreickson is planning a ball at which Miss Barnacle, a former English Teacher at C. C., Jessie Bigelow, Caroline French, Margaret Jacobson and Marguerite Lowenstein are planning to be present.

SERVICE LEAGUE
SHAVINGS.

Something to look forward to! The next Children's Movie will be held Saturday, January 7 and will be "The Radleys and the Glass Slippers." Come and he she carried back to the days of your youth.

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