

the *Pharos*. "Merry Xmas, *Pharos* !" Now we are on the homestretch and our speed is even greater than before. The huge frame of our air-craft trembles as we fly over the great Salt Lake, across Wyoming, through the Rockies and into Dakota. We bring up at Brookings and two of the *Collegian* editors, at least, are overjoyed to clasp hands with one who has journeyed from Ontario to see them. From Brookings we are whirled northward to the capital of Manitoba, the home of *St. John's College Magazine*. The warmth of our reception here serves to reanimate our almost frozen limbs, and we again move towards the south. Crossing the boundary we are in Minnesota whose most important town, in our eyes, is Collegeville. Fain would our friends of the *University Record* induce us to remain with them, but since that may not be they bid us Godspeed. We pass over Wisconsin at lightning speed, Lake Michigan likewise, delay for one moment at Kalamazoo where dwells the *College Index*, and for another at the home of the *Speculum*. Huron's waters lie, now before us, now behind us, and we are in the capital of our own Ontario, Toronto the Good. A *Varsity* editor is found engaged in smoking his last pipe and arranging his "night-cap," he generously divides the "night-cap" with us and we bid him farewell and wish him a Merry Christmas. Trinity is visited and the *Review* called upon. The buildings of Queen's College loom up in the light of the now waning moon as we approach the Limestone City, and our last fraternal visit is that which we pay to the editors of the *Journal*. Finally at 11:45 p.m., just three hours and thirty-five minutes, M. Verne says, since I stepped from my window to the deck of the ship, I step from the deck of the ship to my window. I express my deep gratitude to M. Verne for the service he has done me, and hope that all the joys of this joyous season may be his. The air ship sails gracefully away, while its captain bows and waves his head—and I wake up to find that my lamp is almost burnt out, and that it is time I should get ready for Midnight Mass.

Brethren of the college press, receive ye all Christmas greeting from The Owl.

SANTA CLAUS AND OUR JUNIORS.

"Yes," said Santa Claus, as he seated himself on the steps that led into the junior dormitory, "these youngsters are getting too precocious by far; they are fast relegating me to the domain of myths, and if this sort of thing continues my occupation will certainly be gone. Why, there're not half the number of stockings to fill that there used to be; and I can't for the life of me tell what's the reason; it seems as if the happy days of childhood were being omitted from the life of the present generation, the babies become young ladies and gentlemen at a very tender age." Santa Claus mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief; and glanced down at the three long rows of beds before him. He was tired, was the jolly old saint; the climbing up of four long flights of stairs is no joke to a man of ordinary energy, and to good old saint Nick, encumbered with his age and the innumerable parcels he bore, the ascent was a task that only his love for the youthful hearts gathered together from every corner of the continent into the large room on the fourth floor caused him to undergo. While he rested himself, he gazed down at the sleepers, all lost in dreams of the morrow and its celebration. The bright moonlight streamed in through the dormitory windows and sprinkled the beds and their recumbent inmates with its silvery rays, marking prominently the nose of one, bringing out in bold relief the ear of another, and again deluging with light the brilliant head of still another. Occasionally some little dreamer would break forth into speech, gesticulate wildly and again relapse into slumber.

At last Santa Claus arose, saying to himself "Well, I must set to work, if I want to get through before morning, and if my eyes do not deceive me very few of the children have hung up their stockings; I expected this, and have come here expressly because I want to teach them a lesson; when they'll wake up in the morning, they'll find out that Santa Claus is no myth. Well, so here goes" With this the good old soul stepped into the dormitory and hunted for the stockings of the occupant of the first bed. He found them at last, and reflecting on the nature of the gift that he should give him,