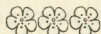


Christmas

When o'er the plain the blanket white
Its virgin splendor casts;
And jewels left by precious night,
E'en until noonday last;
This is the season of the year
When youth and age rejoice;
The sleigh bells' ring, the children's cheer
Ascend as one grand voice.
But yet a pause,—a calm within,
Creation seems to say:
Celestial choirs chant once again,
The King is born to-day.

—Anonymous.

**Can We Believe ?**

I. V. Walsh, '39

Strange, mysterious and awful are the stories about the future. When a man writes of future things, his work is regarded as fiction and read as a novel; its background is entirely disregarded. The strange things he writes about are thought impossible; people do not believe such things can happen. But if some person can put the things of today together and get the things of tomorrow, why should we not put some faith in what he says ? Therefore, when he says that man will be doing this or that, will have this or that kind of machine in a few centuries' time, can we not believe him ?

In the eighteenth century people lived in what we consider a more or less barbarous state. Yet the people of that time were happy and contented because they did not believe that there could be such things as aeroplanes, motor cars and radios. But a few doubting Thomases experimented; today we enjoy the results of their inventions.

Today we cannot understand how anybody in the eighteenth century could doubt these things; but we are in the same position as they were. They were told of things to come; they did not believe. We are told of things to come; we do not believe.

Lest, perhaps, many be unaware of the things which future man may achieve, an account is given of two gen-

erations. The narrative, therefore, will place us in the twenty-second century; will give us the doings of father and son.

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Man does not have to leave home, except to go to church. At home he sees and enjoys as much as people in the twentieth century did by travelling. If he wishes to communicate with a friend, television is used. The friend is taken to his home, yet remains many miles away. When he wishes to see a moving picture or attend an opera, he does so by sitting in his parlor and using his television set.

But a more astounding fact about him is that he does not have to work. When working hours come—two hours a day—he substitutes his mechanical man. This radio-controlled individual is directed by him from his home. It can do office work or common labour just as well as the man himself. Its owner hears and sees whatever it hears and sees. Through it he can speak to others; through it others can answer him. It goes to stores and buys supplies from other mechanical men. This man also fights for its master in time of war.

Man had long admired the beauty and wonderful order of the universe; he said to himself, "surely God in all His wisdom would not place man on such a speck as this and leave the other planets uninhabited." Therefore, he sent mechanical men in space ships to Mars. By this means, he learned the manners and customs of its people. When men were able to understand the language they went themselves. This event was as celebrated as Columbus' discovery of America. It had the same result: The people of Mars, like the American Indians, were conquered.

Soon Mars was governed, as was the Earth, by a League of Nations. An international Emperor was chosen from the people on Earth and sent to Mars as King and head of their League of Nations. Soon man invaded Venus. At first the tales about Venus were not believed; but when many men went there, these stories became popular. Venus was found to be a better land to live in than the Earth, nearly half of whose population later moved there. From Venus, Mercury was easily reached. Mercury, however, did not receive man's approval. Accordingly, it was made the jail of the Universe. From

the three planets men were sent there as prisoners; but very few were actually sent there, because crime was scorned.

When man reaches the age of fifty, the life-limit, he leaves behind an immortal machine. By means of this, his children can see him as he was in life. When people of previous centuries looked on pictures, they saw the person in length and breadth only. But when his sons look on this picture, they can see him in length, breadth, and thickness; they see him move, they hear him speak. Before he dies he gives one of these to each of his children and one to his wife, if she outlives him.

His son has by this time a college education. But the college he attended is not the same as the ones his ancestors attended; it is up to date. It has all the modern twenty-second century improvements. The college is a large building with about one thousand rooms. It has no campus, no dining-room, or no recreation hall. It does not need them. The son was never inside the building in his life. Here is how he went to college. When he reached the age of reason, the government gave him a mechanical man, for by law everybody could have one for use in the ordinary affairs of life. His father placed this mechanical man in the college. The son stayed home and studied. When class hours came, he turned on his mechanical man who attended lectures given by the professor's mechanical man.

When he graduated he was free to take his machine out of college. But by law, if he did not graduate, he could not have his mechanical man. In this way the government made sure that the people were well educated.

But when he was in college he talked, as we do, in class. After a time he was found to be on pretty good terms with a pretty owner of a mechanical co-ed. Soon this friendship grew into love. By means of television they talked to each other by night, and by means of mechanical men they talked to each other in class. The subject of marriage was brought up, and on the day of their graduation they were married.

"Living on the old man" is not done as it was in the twentieth century. The son, instead of taking his wife home or going to her home, builds a house for himself. This house has all the twenty-second century conveniences. It is made from Lingaferre imported from Mars. This Lingaferre has the combined properties of wood and iron.

The house has no windows, nor is there any need of them, for they use a machine which brings the sunlight into the room. This machine, very attractive in its beautiful colouring, hangs on the wall; people of previous ages would easily mistake it for a picture. There is but one door, located on the roof—for no one walks, but travels in his space ship which he lands on the roof as an airport.

He does not have to depend on a city water-supply, for in his basement there is a machine which produces water by combining oxygen and hydrogen. There is also a dynamo to supply electrical energy for his wife's use. By simply pressing switches she can do all her house work, even get the meals, without moving from her chair by the switchboard. Or, if they have no dynamo, they may take advantage of Government-supplied electricity, sent out without the aid of wires. It is from this latter source that mechanical men get their energy.

The air in the rooms is regulated by machinery; he may have any percentage of oxygen he wishes by simply turning a dial. In a similar way, he regulates the room-temperature. In the basement, he has his own garden. In this he can grow anything he wishes, for there has been installed an apparatus which produces wide climatic variations. There is no such a thing as a milkman since milk is very easily made at home.

The landscape is very different from that of former centuries. In the first place, there are no cities, they have all been spread far out into the country. Naturally, since people travel in their space ships there is no need of streets. The houses are all the same distance apart; each is built in the centre of a lot one hundred feet square. The result is very beautiful and may be compared to a well laid-out, well-spaced apple orchard. No street lamps, telephone poles or advertising signs blot out the scenery.

Distance no longer means anything to man, who is able to drive his space-ship at an average speed of one thousand miles an hour; the speed record has already been raised to nearly three thousand miles an hour. The power for the space-ship, as we have said, is drawn from huge plants run by the central government. The concave roof of the plant catches the sun's rays and transforms them into electricity which is sent out in waves through the air.

The traffic laws are very simple. The atmosphere is

divided into different zones. That ranging from one thousand to two thousand feet altitude is set aside for traffic going north; from two thousand to three thousand for traffic going east; from three thousand to four thousand for traffic going south; and from four thousand to five thousand for traffic going west. The heights above a mile can be used for going long distances. In this way a man can go direct instead of cutting his course at right angles.

The government is not complicated. There are only five countries and each is run by its own government, subject to a central government. These countries are America, Europe, Australia, Africa, and Asia, named in order of importance. The central government is constituted by six representatives from each country and the Emperor. Over the central government there is the Inter-Planet Council which is composed of nine representatives—three from Mars, Earth, and Venus respectively. Their term of office is for life, but the members of the other governments are elected for six years with re-election forbidden.

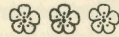
But in spite of their precautions they do not have a perfect League of Nations. The members from Earth, Mars, and Venus seldom, if ever, agree; and usually an argument leads to war. The wars, therefore, are not fought between nations but between planets, of which Venus is at this time the most powerful. War for them does not mean the use of armies or fighting of battles, but rather a race to see which can produce the most deadly weapon and terrify the others into subjection. The most dangerous weapon is at this time owned by the central government of Venus. It is a machine somewhat resembling a large search-light, the rays from which have the power of turning into gas anything they strike. They can do this almost instantly and in a short time lay waste whole regions. The ship which carries it is controlled by radio and television. There will not be any protracted suffering in a war of this nature, for people are either killed instantly or escape all injury. Otherwise there is practically no suffering, for medicine has made wonderful progress.

Doctors have to make a personal appearance when they are called. They are not allowed to use mechanical men; but in an emergency they can attend by television and give instructions through this medium. There is no disease for which a remedy has not been found. Some

men whose hearts were weak are now walking around with artificial ones. Brains of dead men have been successfully placed in those mentally deficient. Such is the advance of science.

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This does not seem impossible, because daily we read of new discoveries, daily new apparatus appear on our market, and daily our knowledge is growing as men continue to experiment. Can we, then, believe; or shall we live happy and contented, satisfied with the present, putting no faith in the future?



Mortuus Est

A. P. C., '37

Chesterton died and great men gathered round with tributes and condolences. Though late, we pay our humble tribute—but we cannot be sad, for who could be sad for one who was so cheerful, who looked on this world with mystic, wondering eyes? For him this was a land of romance, the Romance of Christianity, in which “all things that can't be are.” The best part of life, for him, was the ending; it is just like a serial in a magazine, when we finish this part of it we have the assurance that it is “continued in our next.” He was cheerful because his God was a happy God, not the sad, sour god of the Pagan.

Though a mystic, Chesterton was not an ascetic; he took the simple pleasures of life with boyish gleefulness. He had no use for Puritanic restrictions; he believed in laughter and gaiety. He hated the contradiction called Prohibition because it kept beer from the poor man and gave wine to the rich. He shocked many a strong abstainer with those rollicking songs of the “Flying Inn:”

“And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,

‘ I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.’ ”

These were not the sad songs of a neurotic drunkard but the light-hearted laughter of one who knew how to use and not abuse God's gifts.