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October, 1906

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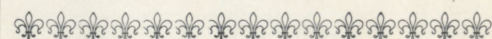
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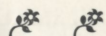
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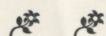


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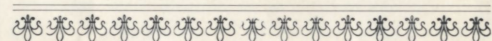
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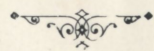


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VOL. IV

OAKLAND, CAL., OCTOBER, 1906

No. 1

AUTUMN FANCIES

LO! the autumn's thousand torches
Have been lighted in the wood,
Where the poison vine is dripping
With the summer's reddest blood,
And the glades are brown and barren
Where of yore the wild oats stood.

In the marsh amid the willows
White and purple flowers shine,
And the golden rod is lifting
Chalices of amber wine—
A libation to the goddess
By the ancients deemed divine.

And the shadows of life's autumn
Gather round us thick and fast;
Youth's bright joys, like summer's leaflets,
Flutter downward on the blast,
And the sunny skies of friendship
By drear clouds are overcast.

But God grant that through life's autumn
Flowers of Faith and Hope may bloom,
And the golden light of Charity
Its darkest hours illumine,
Till each moment in perfection
Glow with Love's celestial bloom!

—M. A. F.

POLITICAL HONESTY

THE end of every good government is to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." It is the function of all government activity to secure these ends. A civil government is established for the benefit of all its citizens and not in particular for any privileged class. Its motto should be, "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." Civil authority is of divine origin, for, as St. Paul says, "There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God."

From this fact we can readily understand that a grave responsibility rests upon public officials. The exalted character of the authority with which they are invested does not shield them from the weaknesses of human nature and the temptations of venality. They are, on the contrary, more exposed to wrong-doing, and their influence for good or evil is so much the more powerful as their position is more exalted. In a republic the importance attached to the honesty of officials is truly fundamental. On it depends the stability of popular government. "As the motives which determine individual conduct are not always reasonable motives, so it is clear that what men naturally do is no sure test of what they ought to do, or of what they ought to be allowed to do." In these words of the Duke of Argyll is clearly set for the necessity of laws, and of custodians of those laws.

Justice is the fundamental principle of all good government. It is the cornerstone of our own republic, whose existence began with the declaration against British tyranny. It is with pride that we point to that handful of colonists who, with hearts burning with the noblest of sentiments, took up arms against the most powerful nation in the world. What a contrast there is between the selfish, pleasure-seeking men of the present age and those self-sacrificing heroes of '76, who fertilized with their own precious blood the vir-

gin fields of America, that the roots of justice might strike deep into her soil, and establish what the world had yet to enjoy, the home of liberty. Justice was the demand of the colonists, and they proved the sincerity of their demand by adopting the Constitution of the United States, an instrument without an equal for promoting the peace, prosperity and happiness of nations. And yet there are too many among those who take part in the dispensation of justice under its laws whom venality renders unfit to perform the exalted duties of their office. A great number of our public officials seem to have absolutely no appreciation of the price that has been paid for the justice which insures their freedom, nor of the dignity of their sacred trust.

The scale of justice is rarely at a balance in this age of industrial progress. The love of gold transcends every other affection. The dazzling brightness of the "almighty dollar" excludes the light of justice and blinds men to all sense of honor. "There is no city so strong that I cannot take with a mule loaded with gold," said Philip of Macedon two thousand two hundred and fifty years ago, and though, thanks to the influence of Christianity, we can boast of many men who would be able to withstand the mule and his precious burden, the number is not so great as the progress in civilization would warrant us to expect. Trusts and mergers are the fruits of grasping intellects which plan the accumulation of immense wealth at the expense of the comfort and happiness of their employes and of the public. Their nefarious schemes for wholesale robbery are aided and abetted by officials who attach a greater value to the monetary compensation they may receive for their votes than they do to their honor.

The one prevailing aim seems to be the attainment of means for the gratification of desires, regardless of the justice of the means, or of the virtue of the desires. Public funds are ap-

propriated for private use; gaming resorts and dens of vice are permitted to convert promising youths into gamblers and moral lepers by the payment of stipulated regular allowances; and government officials join hands with merchants and contractors to rob the country whose laws they have sworn to faithfully execute. We see in the columns of a daily newspaper a prominent servant of the people lauded to the skies as possessing every quality that is to be admired in man, and perhaps in the next issue of that same paper his name appears reeking in the filth of a dual life. Is it any wonder that our streets and highways are infested by footpads and murderers? Need we be surprised that virtue is treated as little more than a myth when our legislators and executors of the laws exhibit such examples for emulation? when some of our most prominent officials are the greatest robbers, and others are summoned before tribunals of justice because of the most flagrant violation of the laws of purity? It matters little what the law may be if the spirit of the law is not reflected in the character of its custodians.

When a public official performs an act that is greatly conducive to the welfare of the people, or when he opposes some corrupt measure proposed by a fellow-official, his praise is sung throughout the land. Such praise is superfluous. He is doing no more than justice and integrity demand of him. When the people elect him to office, they confer a great honor upon him, and it is his duty in return to exert all his energies to promote their interests. Moreover, he is liberally compensated in a material way for the time and energy spent. Dr. Balmes, in his "European Civilization," cites, as a proof of the low standard of public conscience in ancient times as compared with that of the age in which he wrote, the praise of the ancients for Scipio because of his respect to the wife of Mardonius at the taking of Carthage. But praise for the faithful discharge of duty indicates a public conscience as far inferior to what it ought to be as was the public conscience of the ancients compared with that of the present age.

It was recently stated by one of our prominent State officials that education will make good citizens. This statement was evidently made with but little, if any, serious reflection. Intellectual culture is not necessarily allied with virtue. In many cases instruction serves only to produce polished scoundrels, as our own notorious Geo. D. Collins. On the other hand, we know by experience that there are many among those who enjoy scarcely any educational advantages that live most virtuous lives. We find knowledge among the rich, but wisdom among the poor. A pure heart and a keen conscience alone make a good citizen. Pope Pius X has said in a recent Encyclical, "The doctrines of Christ unfold for us the true nobility of human nature." These doctrines must constitute the foundation of the educational institution that is to fit man for his higher destiny, and for the proper discharge of his duties as a citizen.

Political honesty will be wanting so long as public offices are filled by men who have not a proper conception of their relations to their Creator. Such important functions as devolve upon the servants of the people should be performed only by men who fully realize the source of their authority, and whose conduct is influenced by knowledge of a future state of existence. The conscience must be cultivated to such a degree of sensitiveness that contact with the slightest injustice will be repulsive. This can be accomplished only when the Church is permitted to continue unmolested in the work which raised the human race from a state of barbarism to that of civilization. It is reasonable to suppose that the one great power whose kind and chastening influence softened the hearts of the barbarians, and converted them into God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, is the only power that can raise morality to its proper standard. There can be but "one fold and one shepherd." If we will have a truly moral people, we must draw the inspiration of our lives from the institution established by a man-God for the rehabilitation of human nature.

M. P. FERRY.

SOCIALISM A MERE THEORY

WE are living in an age of Socialistic tendencies. This drift of modern thought has been so decided as to become a problem of general interest demanding the consideration of every lover of civic, religious and domestic liberty. The aim of Socialism is to gain universal political power so as to substitute collective for private ownership, to bring about an equal adjustment of all wealth, to abandon domestic for communistic relations, to urge universal obligatory suffrage, to monopolize the right of education and to install absolute freedom of speech and press. We maintain that such a system is impracticable and cannot exist other than in theory, since it is incompatible with all the natural rights of individuals. Socialism progresses in proportion as utter disregard for the natural law advances among the masses. What makes the solution of Socialistic problems so intricate arises from the fact that their conclusions are the evident and logical sequence of their premises, but the application of these principles is impossible; they are theoretically safe, but practically unsound. Bishop Spalding tells us that "the measure of the worth of any institution, political or religious, is its power to bring to men the knowledge of truth and the practice of fraternal love." With this definition as the pivotal center we shall apply the searching lamp of analysis to the doctrines of Socialism and see whether or not a Social Democracy can ever be realized.

Socialism is primarily deceitful, for it conceals from the people its true character, and appealing to the dominant strength of the age, materialism, and to some of our strongest inclinations and passions, it asserts itself with terrific power, and rolls on in its career of destruction with a force which many men do not fully realize. It flatters the people by telling them that "the human will is nothing but attraction and man should do as he pleases." It would tend to undermine the moral

foundation of the social edifice. We must beware not to dip too freely in the cup of Socialistic inclinations lest we be made to drink it to its poisonous dregs. The Socialists have rejected the fundamental and safe doctrines held sacred by all civilized people with regard to the family, government and property. They see no relation between their principles and the unhalloved consequences until it is too late; until their hearts are transformed to stone; until atheism has replaced the Christian zeal; until they have lost the last blessing of man—hope. The man who has been reared in the practice of religion, content with knowing and doing what is sufficient for his temporal life in anticipation of a final reward, is never an incubus to social progress, but the Socialist is ever at variance with organized society; is never at peace in this world and looks only for complete annihilation of self after death.

The most radical error of the tenets of Socialism lies in the assertion that individuals are specifically equal and that they can attain nothing but in proportion as they gain the co-operation of the commonwealth. They propose to equalize men in every respect. Such a school can never accomplish its purpose, for so long as men exist there must be order in the universe and necessarily there must be inequalities among men, physically, mentally and morally. Socialism would deprive men of all ambition and fetter industrial enterprise. Inventive and literary genius would receive mortal blows, since the strong motives which impel a person now to act would be in conflict with the fundamental ideals of a Socialistic state. Self-interest and individual right are the mainsprings to human exertion and morality. These motives stimulate energy and bring into play all the faculties. And yet, Socialism would discourage, aye destroy, this spirit of initiative by making men subservient to the state. The man who succeeds in life by his own

personal merits is always honored and respected, and as long as man is human he will die in the struggle for industrial independence rather than live a life of leisure at the expense of others. The very fact that men are so exceedingly unequal in their faculties, in the strength of their desires and in the vigor and determination of their characters has made a Socialistic state impossible since it was founded, and will hinder it from becoming a possibility in the future. In all organized society the specially talented few must govern the many. Now a Socialistic state, without ceasing to be Socialistic, could never offer these favored few sufficient motive in the shape of reward to induce them to develop and apply their talents with an energy equal to that with which they apply them now. Take the motives away, as Socialism would do, persuade men that by superior work they will not receive superior compensation, and you will remove the very stimulus in the production of the world to-day.

Socialists advocate strongly the right of collectivism. They maintain that the earth was given to the entire human race and brand private appropriation as robbery. The absurdity of this theory is manifest from the unnatural dependence in which man would be placed. They fail to recognize the fact that the right of private property and dominion springs from nature itself and that the centralization of power is a declination to paganism. All jurisprudence proclaims the axiom, "Res clamat ad dominum." "The possession of property," says Plato, "is by right individual and exclusive, hence by the moral law that which has not already been occupied becomes inviolable." Instinct and reason cause man to provide for himself and posterity. By supplanting collective for private ownership, Socialism would sow the seeds of universal discontent and be the cause of irreparable mischief to society. The change from our present system would be at least radical, surely purposeless and ultimately ruinous. In a society based wholly on collectivism, if such were possible, we would see the most kindly and gener-

ous of virtues disappear. There could be no benevolence, no self-denial, no gratitude, aye, no deeds of heroism, for man would be bound by no ties to his fellow-man. The gratification of self would be man's sole aim. The better faculties of his nature would wither for want of encouragement. A collectivist state would lead to those very inequalities which the Socialists now wish to destroy. To command submission to a law which restricts a man from applying his energies in a particular line for his own well-being; to preserve equality in the distribution of property and products so as to satisfy each individual would require a body empowered with authority. But how in such a society where all are equal should any one class be preferred to another? There can be no rulers in a Socialistic state, else there will be inequality. Society, considered by the Socialists, is omnipotent and infallible and being so, it of necessity excludes personal liberty. Let the government reside wholly in the state, considered as a solidarious body, and the individual will be placed in the most complete form of slavery. As a necessary consequence we must affirm that a Socialistic government is absurd, since the idea of personal liberty and the idea of government are correlative. By the very fact that individual liberty and enterprise would be discouraged, the channels of wealth would dry up. The public conscience, which is the basis of institutional life, would disappear, since there would be an open conspiracy against justice and honor.

Fourrier says: "The passions are of divine origin, the virtues of merely human institution." To be more concise he should have stated that the passions are salutary and the virtues degrading, for this is the evident consequence of the Social leader's enthymeme. We must believe then that the supreme end of Socialism is to create a new moral atmosphere in which the passions will rule. What is accounted sin by us would be their fundamental basis for the upbuilding of an ideal Utopia. The Socialist will maintain that all good, and incidentally all evil, have their origin in society, but we

hold that, since the individual is the unit of society, there can be nothing in the society that was not previously in the individual. We must consider the individual in all our solutions. Socialism proclaims the absolute independence of sovereignty of human reason. From this notion follow three important negations—the negation of revelation, because revelation supposes the partial dependence of reason; the negation of grace, because grace is opposed to the absolute independence of reason, and the negation of God, for God is opposed to the complete sovereignty of reason. We may frame these three negations into one—the denial of all relation between God and man, for if man is not linked to God by revelation and grace, he is not united to Him at all.

These self-styled reformers would uproot all government and religion, and without these factors a democracy is a non-entity. "Every one who puts his hands on me to govern me," says Proudhon, the most logical of Socialists, "is a tyrant and a usurper, and I proclaim him my enemy." Then he goes on to urge that "the first duty of an intelligent being is to tear immediately from his mind the idea of God, for God, if He exists, is essentially hostile to our natures and we depend on Him for nothing. He is the murderer of our reason and the spectre of our conscience." What can we think of an institution fostering such ideals? Do these principles tend to promote truth and brotherly love? By the application of such pernicious doctrines Socialism would let loose tempests of immorality that would convert society from its present civilization into a state more shameful than that of pagan days. It is absurd to imagine that moral advancement can be promoted in a state where material well-being is the chief aim of life.

The family likewise is a preposterous absurdity to the Socialists. They believe firmly in the rehabilitation of women and the dissolving of all matrimonial and parental rights. What a civilization! Women brought back to the days of degradation and shame from whence Catholicity emancipated

her; that is what Socialism would do for our mothers and sisters. Men, guided solely by the inclinations of their passions, would rear about them a brood of bastard offsprings. Such men forget that Christian motherhood is the highest ideal under heaven. They would make women free; free to vote, free to work, free to love, to-day free to mate, to-morrow free to go. The authority of a kind father and the supreme love of a mother would no longer guide the youth to noble ends. The son would not know his father, and his mother and sisters would be herding in a manner that would put to blush our modern system of divorce. Oh! the mothers would yearn for the days of yesterday when home meant happiness and the care of her children was her joy; and the summer winds would no longer be burdened with the lullaby that a Christian mother croons at the cradle of her love. And the old father, whose love for his son outmeasures the sands of the seashore, would go bent and decrepit to his grave, unwept and unhonored.

Socialism stands condemned before the judgment seat of reason and morality, and will be held to answer before the powerful tribunal of justice. If Socialism were other than theoretic it would establish colonies to demonstrate the legitimacy of its claims. History warns us that every attempt at building these colonies has been a failure. The idea of an all-absorbing, all-controlling, all-dispersing state, as opposed to a free and independent government is a monstrous illusion of the Utopian mind, for the ideas of government, religion and domestic happiness are correlated. The state should strive to encourage and assist private effort; to be the patron of industrial and domestic unanimity; but for the state to usurp individual rights is a rank injustice. Regeneration must come from within, from the heart and the mind of the individual; we must look for the ideal state through the ideal individual, and this accomplished, institutions must rest on the firm and immovable rock of justice and morality.

JOHN F. BRADY.

A VACATION EPISODE

LAST July I was standing on an unfrequented trail about twenty feet above the mountain road in the roughest mountainous county in the State. The day was oppressively hot; the great, deep blue above was cloudless save for a mere blackness in the eastern horizon, which I soon observed was a fading thunder cloud. A white oak with roots projecting from the mountain bank, near which bubbled and foamed a stream of water, afforded shade and relief from the prostrating heat. A lizard edged its way from an aperture in the bank, crossed the trail, basked a moment in the sun, raised its head as if listening, and disappeared in the chapparal below. Blue jays seemed jubilant over something. A thrifty chipmunk, thoughtful of the brevity of life's summers, was preparing himself for the cold and hungry realities of winter, by carrying berries into his home in a pile of chips and withered chapparal. A gray squirrel leaped from limb to limb of the oak tree. I soon felt sleepy, but this tendency was shaken off by a peculiar sensation creeping over me. It was not fear, but an indescribable feeling that sent nervous chills up and down my spine. I leaped from the ground with a rapidity of motion that would have done credit to a scared fawn. My eyes seemed to burn and I felt them protruding from their sockets. Beads of perspiration stood out from my forehead; my heart fluttered incessantly. I felt my pulse. It had taken on an angry and bounding speed. I realized I was growing cold, and to add to the terror I heard a fierce yell, a cry like that of a woman calling a child, a beautiful falsetto, yet with an element of fierceness in it; again the cry—it sounded near, so near that I turned a circle two or three times to see if a hunter was trying to frighten me.

Terrorized completely I sank to the ground; I saw above me, clinging to the limb of the oak, a large panther. I gazed steadily into the fierce face

and imagined I saw my inverted self reflected in those two great green eyes. The fixed stare of the beast made my brain reel. Its great mouth opened, as the beast stood erect, its claws encircling the limb of the tree. It raised its right paw as if to salute some one, uttered another yell, and leaped from the limb into the chapparal thicket. I heard the crackling of the brush below me.

A few moments elapsed and I heard the same cry, but it seemed to come from the far distance. I descended from the trail to the open road. The setting sun's flood of golden rays lingered on the mountains and the cliffs that surrounded me. From the village in the valley came the sound of the church bell. The echo in the hill repeated it; the last note reverberated and died away. It was twilight. The moon was passing through the flimsy white clouds in the eastern sky. Already night had cast sombre shades into every niche of the mountains, and imagination transformed them into gigantic gnomes. The evening breeze sighed as it rustled among the pine needles and gently caressed the bulrushes of the little stream.

I stood on a hill at the foot of which valiant chiefs were sleeping. I stood there for a little while thinking perhaps I had ventured upon grounds where no other save moccasined footprints were ever seen. Suddenly I heard a footfall. The sound came from my left. Fearing a second encounter with the panther, I stood motionless for several seconds, then, fearing the worst, turned right around. An Indian was sitting on the ground. He seemed unconscious of my presence. Suddenly he arose, walked to the edge of a huge rock projecting from the top of the hill, looked down upon the mounds where civilized men had never trod, uttered a wild yell, as if with supreme effort of will he struggled against the impulse to leap over the cliff where slumbered the glory of his tribe. Forcing himself back from

the edge of the precipice, he entered the cave in the left side of the cliff. A clammy perspiration was on my forehead. I felt my sweater; it was wet clean through. I hurried up the hill to the road. I did not glance behind, no, not once, for that day's experience in the mountains had tuned my nerves to such a tension that I feared my own shadow, and dared not look upon the ground, but fairly ran for John Burrow's cabin about a mile distant.

I slept but little that night. Good old John, awakened by my incessant talking during brief intervals of sleep, got out of bed and applied cold cloths to my head, thinking I was delirious. I could not sleep, for as often as I tried and closed my eyes tightly, and counted, and did everything else that Hohn recommends, the fierce panther would appear with green eyes glistening in the dark, with wide-open mouth and bloody tongue. Then I thought of the poor Indian secure within his own cave in the hillside. I pictured his mighty tribe. I thought how the white man came with evil in his path; how the redskin grew sad when the pleasure of the hunt and chase, and pursuit of fleeting deer and barking hound, and the pride of the poisoned arrow's accurate aim no longer pleased his brave heart; how reeled and tottered was his throne of happiness that existed centuries "before the Gringo came."

The next day I remained in bed. John frequently took my pulse, and killed the proudest rooster in the flock and made me eat chicken until I feared my stomach would burst. He even went so far as to suggest going to the village and getting Dr. Bout. I never had the pleasure of meeting the venerable disciple of Æsculapius, but John often told me his name was most appropriate, for he was an inveterate in going on "bouts." His favorite drink was gin. Fortunately the old physician wasn't called, and under John's care I rapidly recovered and was planning another trip to the cliff where I saw the mysterious Indian. I didn't

dare tell John about it; so I awaited my opportunity.

At last it came. John had to go to the village for some provisions, and as he wished to visit some old friend, it would be evening before he returned. I saw my chance. I told John I would remain at home all day. He bade me goodby and started for the village. I watched him until the bend in the road obscured him from me, waited half an hour to make sure he would not return, locked the cabin, shouldered my gun and started up the mountain. It was about nine o'clock. I felt if a thunder storm didn't set in, the day was going to be the hottest of the year. I climbed slowly up the mountain road, sweating, panting for breath, and frequently resting. I arrived at the top of the mountain about twelve o'clock. I knew there was a spring of water some twenty or thirty feet below the road, and, feeling fatigued and thirsty, thought of entering the thicket, but observing a large manzanita bush overburdened with ripe berries, I began to pluck the berries and eat freely of them. I then stretched myself in the shade and began to repeat the little of Virgil I learned at college. Suddenly I felt something prick my hand; I looked and found it was bleeding profusely. I walked to the little spring below the road, washed my hand and soon controlled the hemorrhage. Returning to the manzanita bush I discovered the implement that inflicted the painful cut. A piece of tin projecting from a box almost completely covered with dirt was stained with blood. Taking my knife I unearthed the box. It looked like an old cigar box. My curiosity was now aroused. I lifted the box; it seemed heavy. I opened the lid, when to my astonishment was a folded document stained and sealed. I opened my knife to cut the seal. The manuscript was written in a "clerky" hand. It read as follows:

"I am innocent of the nefarious crime. I am sane, a saner man than those who accuse me. Yet it is averred in this monstrous, this horrible, this

inhuman accusation, that I am an assassin—I will never forget the dream I've dreamed this eventful night. How long I slept I do not know, for my watch was taken from me. When I awoke! Oh! can I ever pluck from memory that awakening! The demon's shriek, the cry of distress, the groan of agony, the sign of abandoned hope—I awoke—my hair disheveled, my limbs trembling, my brain reeling, and in the excitement and agitation I stumbled upon"—

Here the writing was blurred and marked with peculiar characters. Further on I read:

"Be patient, my friend, and listen to the story of one who is innocent. The unspeakable, the indescribable horror that seized me as I beheld my brother bleeding and dying, I experience again—reason tottered from her throne—in my madness I seized a dagger and fought with a madman's strength, fought and assassinated hundreds in my aberration. Think not that I am mad—to-morrow I'll be confined within a dungeon—a week—the scaffold. My reason is confused—I will—I must—confess—but I am sane, as sane as you, my friend. When captured I was besmeared with blood—in my hand I held a gory dagger—the undeniable evidence of guilt. Am I an assassin? Did I commit the crime in sleep? 'Tis absurd. I've reasoned, meditated, thought, surmised, No! No, I am innocent, and men's hearts are destitute of pity. Alas! I am condemned! Love, friendship, every noble attribute of nature is lost. I am lost!"

I rolled the manuscript, gently placed it in the old box and half buried it as I found it. An uncanny feeling crept over me as I left the spot. I began to whistle and succeeded somewhat in diminishing the stillness and awful retirement that seemed to pursue me as I walked down the mountain road. I arrived at the cabin about 3 p. m. Lying on the couch, I pondered upon the meaning of the strange document I had discovered. At last I deduced from my reasoning a conclusion that seemed tenable. The paper

I discovered was written by a madman who was probably in the mountains. But why was it placed in an old box and half buried under a manzanita? What was the motive in writing it? It accused no particular individual. It was simply the cry of innocence against the crime of fratricide. I resolved not to tell John of my discovery when he returned home, but that after supper I would question him about crimes that had been perpetrated in the village.

It was seven o'clock and John had not arrived. I took a walk to the bend in the road, and in the far distance I made out the outlines of the good-hearted hunter trudging along with a load of provisions on his back. I walked rapidly and was able to relieve him of part of his burden just as he was about to cross Evert's Creek. John was fatigued and the brandy and the excessive heat made him a little sullen. He walked quietly along, but seldom spoke. When we reached the cabin I got the old man to lie down and sleep. I arranged the provisions in their proper places, then drew a chair near the bedside of John to study his beneficent old face while in repose. Here, thought I, is the man who can unravel the intricacies of this mystery. But how can I propound the question? The old hunter uttered a grunt and got out of bed.

"Well, Bert," said he, "have you met any more panthers?"

"No. Mr. Burrows," said I.

"Now see here, Bert, you know the folks in the village don't call me 'Mister,' and I don't want you to call me 'Mister' either."

"Well, then, how will John do?" said I.

"It will do exactly, but remember no Mister."

"Say, John, was there ever a murder up here in the mountains?" said I.

John's great eyes seemed to grow larger, his mouth opened, he looked me straight in the face for several seconds and then said: "Yes, Bert, many crimes have been committed up here in the mountains, and for one of these

crimes an innocent man was hanged."

Old John folded his arms, his eyes moistened, and for a few minutes he looked on the floor. When he recovered himself he said:

"Forty years have I lived in this cabin. I remember how we fought the Indians who used to steal our bread and leave us our money, for money is valueless when food cannot be procured." He paused, then continued: "There lived down in the village a man by the name of Hamilton. He was a lawyer and for twenty years a judge. All respected and admired him. Three years ago his brother, Dr. Hamilton, came from England to visit him. He was like his brother, a man of sterling qualities, but quiet and unobtrusive. Several months passed and the two brothers were frequently seen together. One stormy night a shot was heard in the house of Judge Hamilton. The mansion was dark. The minister of the village had just passed the front gate when the shot was fired. He ran back to the gate and as he came up the pathway leading to the house, some one pushed him aside; he caught a glimpse of the man, who, he swore at the trial, was the hermit Indian who lives in the cave."

John paused; a cold shudder ran over me. The old man continued:

"The minister entered the house and struck a light. Judge Hamilton was lying in a pool of blood on the floor with a bullet in his heart. Dr. Hamilton was lying upon the sofa, his clothing stained with blood and a pistol grasped in his right hand. He was in a semi-comatose condition. Restoratives were given; the doctor revived, and, hearing of the brother's death, nearly died of grief. Dr. Hamilton maintained his innocence. His story at the trial, which I believe the gospel truth, was this: His brother was sitting in an easy chair indulging in one of the deep reveries into which he so often fell. The doctor was sleeping on the sofa; the Indian entered, poured a liquid upon a cloth, and placed it over the mouth and nose of the doctor, then shot the judge and placed the pistol

in the doctor's hand. That is my theory, and it is the right one."

The old man paused and then resumed: "The doctor's high-strung, nervous temperament could not long endure the strain. It was soon evident that his mind was breaking down. He was allowed to walk about the village and often roamed aimlessly about, spending much time in penetrating the loneliest nooks and recesses of the mountain. Weeks before he was hanged he wrote many wild things which subsequently he destroyed."

As old Burrows spoke of Hamilton writing wild things, the mystery of the manuscript in the old box under the manzanita was solved.

The next day we agreed to go hunting. We started early and reached the top of the mountain at ten o'clock. Resting near a little pool of water that percolated through the mountain bank, I told the old hunter of my discovery. John said it was what he thought some hunter would find, and asked me to take him to the spot. It was a place not easy of access, and after hours of climbing and cutting rebellious vines we reached the manzanita bush. The box was gone. Footprints of an Indian were in the dust of the road. He had come in the early morning and carried away the evidence.

"Confound the cunning of the redskin, anyway," blurted out John.

"But how did he discover it?" I exclaimed.

"How did you discover it?" snarled old John, "but like a good lad you left it alone. The sneaking Indian found it and carried it away. Now there's the difference between the white and the redskin."

A few clouds appeared in the western horizon. It began to blow. Clouds of dust filled the atmosphere. We felt glad to leave the place. Taking the trail, we reached Evert's Creek. Using some grasshoppers for bait, we caught a number of fine mountain trout. I built a fire, fried the fish, and we were soon devouring trout and heaping abundant praise upon fish. After supper I carried buckets of water

and extinguished the fire, for John told me of the terrible ravages of mountain fires and how the little village thirty years before was partly destroyed by a fire which a thoughtless hunter had started.

"We must find the Indian to-night," said John, as he lighted his old clay pipe and blew a few rings of smoke, which ascended lazily in the air.

As the hunter said "to-night" I felt a chill run over me, but I put on a bold front and said, "Yes, we'll take that fellow to-night."

"I feel proud of you," exclaimed John. "If I had a son like you, I'd be the proudest hunter in the world."

It was growing late; a few dark clouds were hurrying over the top of the mountain and distant peals of thunder followed by bright flashes of lightning filled me with consternation. John looked kindly into my face and said:

"Don't be afraid; this will be only a little shower."

The old hunter's heart knew no fear. On the darkest night when the rain poured in torrents from angry skies he felt secure within the brush. He knew every trail on the mountain and as he paused a moment thinking, I guessed his thoughts.

"What is the trouble, John?" I asked.

"Nothing; I am thinking whether this trail we are on, or the one to the left, will be the shorter way to reach the Indian's cave. Follow closely."

So saying, he darted down the trail; I followed, stumbling, skinning my shins and scratching my face. At last we reached the open road.

"Here," said the old man. The place looked familiar. The same gigantic oak above the road where I made the acquaintance of the panther; two hun-

dred feet below the road I could see the cave where, a week before, I was terrorized by the actions of the Indian.

"Come, Bert," said the old man, "let's go out on the rock and see the Indian burying ground."

I told the hunter that I had been on the very rock a week ago. The place was lonely and the silence chilled me. I tried to speak, but my voice sounded hollow. The old hunter looked unusually solemn. I remember he asked something about the number of cartridges I had. We descended the stairs built of rock, and stood motionless and speechless at the open cave. The hunter lighted a torch and entered. I followed. Suddenly Burrows rushed back to the door with the old box in his arms. The cave emitted a peculiar smothering odor. I asked John if he were ill. He answered yes. I led him to the road. He sat upon a rock at the side of the road, breathing heavily. The light of the torch told me he was ill. His face was deathly pale. I gave him a flask of whisky; he drank and seemed to revive. He laid his arm on my shoulder and said:

"Bert, I came near going that time. The Indian is dead. His cave is filled with a deadly vapor; but we've got the box and its contents; let us start for home."

"But you can't walk that distance?"

"Yes, I can."

He arose, leaned upon my arm and silently walked a mile. John Burrows was ill for many days. I remained with him about a week listening to tales of adventure with the Indians forty years ago. As the two months allotted for my vacation were near an end, it was with sad heart that I bade the old hunter good-bye.

F. J. HART.

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

ALL the blessings which the establishment of Christianity conferred on mankind can be summarized in the simple statement, "The spirit of God renovated the face of the earth." He enlightened the mind and gave just direction to the will, transmuted human relations with the principle of personal love of God for man and of man for God; in one word, He renovated human conscience both private and public. "Public conscience," says Father Balmes, the eminent Spanish divine, "is nothing more than the sum of individual consciences. The public conscience created by the action of Christianity," continues the learned Spaniard, "is one rich in sublime maxims of morality, in rules of justice and equity, in sentiments of honor and dignity; a conscience which survives the shipwreck of private morality and does not allow open corruption to go as far as it did in ancient times."

We find the conscience of a people written in its legislation, its courts of law, its institutions of education and philanthropy, its ethics of trade, and in all the phases of national life which reveal the attitude of the government, the Church and the people toward truth and the dictates of the moral law. Sorry are we to admit that so few nations of modern times can lay claim to the exalted characters of public conscience so luminously set forth in the concise definition of the great Spanish theologian. For the last two hundred years our civilization has been gradually and steadily invaded by a spirit of modern paganism, which caused great havoc in the Christian principles of public conscience.

However, the general complexion of the modern public conscience should not be underestimated. For a just estimate of it, let us travel back through the ages to the days of ancient Greece and Rome, when pagan culture was at its summit; and let us contrast the attitude of that civilization towards moral law with our own. The whole

religious, social, and political orders rested on a false appreciation of man, his dignity and last end. The entire fabric of pagan civilization was material and intellectual; it lacked the conservative elements of a moral code resting upon the supernatural basis of religion. Its attitude towards justice in administration, abuse of authority, cruelty and oppression, personal and public immorality, the degradation of woman, the violation of man's natural rights, the sacredness of the family ties, was one of indifferent or absolute disregard. There were, no doubt, single instances, splendid exemplifications of natural virtue. Scipio, of ancient Roman fame, after the reduction of Carthage, was extolled for his stupendous virtue in allowing the wife of the Carthaginian commander to return to the arms of her vanquished husband. The patience of Hannibal is praised, the moderation of Alexander is historical, and this is because such single examples rose above the generally accepted standard of morality in the public mind. The foulest cities of modern times for whose sins the virtuous blush, in the minds of the most imaginative in pagan times could exist only in the regions of Utopia.

How time and men change! The sublime morality of the Gospel has renovated the face of the earth. Indulgence to vice is no longer openly tolerated. Men in private may be just as vicious as pagans, but they dare not scandalize the public by openly avowing their crimes. Woman has been raised to her proper rank as the constant companion of man, and not his slave. All cruel punishments have been abolished forever. The unfortunate have been succored by benevolent institutions and all affliction has been comforted by timely relief. What grander monument to Christian philanthropy and the elevated character of mankind could be sought than the generous spirit evidenced in the recent San Francisco catastrophe, when

not only the nation contributed immediate material assistance, but the entire Christian world, even half-pagan China and Japan, offered their condolence and aid in the hour of distress. A seed of Gospel morality planted by the Church of the Redeemer has renewed our common human nature and established deep in the human heart on the firm foundation of resolved religion, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

To trace the labors of the Church in the formation of public conscience is to follow the march of Christian civilization from the obscurity of the Roman catacombs to its complete development in the sixteenth century. It was at this time that the evil principles and corrupting spirit of paganism that had never utterly died began to assert themselves. "So it is now four hundred years that the original conflict of Christianity and paganism is again on the stage of life," says an eminent professor of the Catholic University; and it is only in the light of this fact that we can explain the phenomena of political, social, and religious changes that fill the pages of all modern history. However this may be, an enlightened public conscience, moulded with a strong hand and a determined purpose by the Church of the ages, still keeps vigil over the destiny of nations, and stands as a beacon amid the surging tide of public opinion and religious prejudices.

In the measure that the unity and authority, the prestige and social action of the Church have grown weak, the temper and form have become strong in the modern world. Hence we find conflicts arising between individual conscience and that of certain classes of the community, between the individual standard of justice and honesty, of commercial, professional and political ethics on the one hand and generally accepted practice on the other. So great has been the paganizing process of our age that mostly all the higher activities of life present difficulties and conflicts of the most vexatious and perplexing character to

a conscience educated on Christian principles.

The sacredness of an oath, the respect of human life, the integrity of the family, the use and abuse of wealth, the ethics of journalism and commerce have drifted away in the minds of our godless men and women from the precepts of Gospel morality, and even from the principles of the natural law.

On the subject of institutional life, the conscience of certain associations is completely warped and in open conflict with the fundamental nature of Christian civilization. Accordingly, we have to count with communists, nihilists, socialists and anarchists, who are in arms against existing order, and are held in check by no principle of moral law, no respect for human life, no reverence for God, no hope or fear of a hereafter, no qualms of conscience.

"Conscience,
Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish."

Such men are as fit to be the citizens of a Christian republic as the misshapen Caliban to be the mate of the fairy nymph Ariel. Not much above this Caliban-like class of men must be placed the conscienceless grafters. These are traitors to the free state. They frustrate every noble design for the betterment of the nation; they desecrate the sanctity of the altar of liberty; they usurp the functions of right, with the might of money; they are in arms against good government, the prosperity of the country, and the success of legitimate enterprise; finally on their heads lies the curse which the meek Saviour hurled at the scandal-giver.

It is pleasant to turn from the grafter, the political boss, the unscrupulous speculator, and from other corrupters of public morals and falsifiers of public conscience to the men and women and institutions that are banded together for the promotion and maintenance of public morality, the enlightenment and duration of public opinion and the diffusion of happiness,

justice, and prosperity among all classes of citizens. We need not fear for the stability of our free institutions so long as an enlightened public conscience frowns upon evil-doers and malfeasance in high places.

But if in our history crime should

receive the protection of public officials or be screened by ill-gotten wealth, then may we in all sincerity and truth exclaim:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

E. A. O'DEA.

FATE

AS two proud ships, upon the pathless main,
Meet once and never hope to meet again,
Meet once, with merry signalings and part,
Each homeward bound to swell the busy mart,
So we two met one golden summer day
Within the shelter of life's dreaming bay,
And rested, safely anchored from the world,
For one brief hour, with snowy pinions furled;
But when the sun sank low along the west,
We left our anchor with its peaceful rest,
And floated outward on life's tangled sea,
With foam-kissed waves between us, wild and free;
As two ships part upon the trackless main,
So we two parted. Shall we meet again?

—M.

BIEN VENUE

FROM every county's sloping side,
From the ocean's brow,
Gathering, thronging, on they're coming,
Schoolward hastening now—
Hastening to their Alma Mater,
The old boys and the new,
With bounding hearts and laughing faces,
All hail! Bien venue.

How pleasing 'tis to see those faces,
Th' "old boys" in the van,
Beaming full of sunny gladness,
After such a span;
See them gather round in circles,
All much larger grown,
And in such bursts of merry laughter—
Every one his own.

Then around the dear old College,
Up and down and through
All the class rooms, and the "Rampage,"
Seeking something new;
Every spot is close inspected,
High and low again,
To find old Neptune with his trident—
Searching is in vain.

For he is gone, we hope forever,
To the great lone sea,
Among his "Faults" in wild commotion
Ever let him be,
To build himself ten thousand islets
In hundreth of an hour,
For he has left right round about us
Relics of his power.

—IDEM.

EDITORIAL

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WITH this issue of THE COLLEGIAN we begin our fourth year of journalistic life. Our predecessors gave their best efforts to make our journal a success; we hope to be able to continue the work so well begun and so successfully continued. The promises they made have been faithfully redeemed. Our journal is a student paper; as such we cannot hope to avoid what more experienced journals endeavor in vain to guard against. Our popularity is measured by the number of our critics. The aim of THE COLLEGIAN will be to make the cause of student and alumnus a common cause; to unite their individual loves for Alma Mater and make it a common love. We intend, as far as possible, to pursue the policy of those who have gone before us. THE COLLEGIAN of 1907 will labor for the same end as did THE COLLEGIAN of 1904.

To the students we particularly appeal; to them we say: The expenses of College journalism far exceed your estimates. Indeed, the labor is at

times tedious. To have a sufficiency to meet the monthly bills is often discouraging. THE COLLEGIAN is your paper; we are your representatives; therefore your support, financial and literary, is again respectfully solicited. The present staff intend to voice the sentiment of the student body. But do not suppose that we can or ought to do all the work connected with the paper. We want every student to help along by contributing at least one article during the year. We intend to conduct our little business in a systematic way. Without method there is no order; without order there is no success, and success is our goal.

We would advise each and every student to devise a plan by which to govern his studies, so that his College days may be profitably spent. Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd

men in the business of life are always followed with carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his charts, the architect his plans, and the sculptor his model—all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius or even what is called inspiration, can do little except as it works by a well-formed plan. Then every step is an advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port; each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into closer likeness of the model.

Therefore, let every young man at College begin to mature his plans for future usefulness. Before expecting great success, he should be certain that he is prepared to achieve success. The first step in the ladder to success is a practical education for the duties of life. Then, with definite plans and a little resolution, all becomes easy.

We are visited again by an old plague which threatens an epidemic. For years past, almost periodically, agitators have flaunted their ideas of reform spelling broadcast and have made inefficacious suggestions, but at no time has public interest been awakened as it has at present. Scholars and editors have engaged in bitter controversy over the proposed modification. The fact that President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie are the leaders of the new movement is probably responsible for the manifest enthusiasm. The President's order upon the Government printing office is regarded by many as an attempt to impose a pet fancy upon the public. However, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is sincere in his desire for reform, but we are doubtful as to the incentives which prompt the famous financier. He is so desirous of keeping his

name in the public limelight as a benefactor of learning that we fear he may have been influenced by ulterior motives. To be sure, in some instances we have cause to complain of our present system of orthography, which keeps the student in constant use of the dictionary. We are extremely conscious of this, but are prepared to leave "well enough alone," convinced that to attempt a wholesale revolution of the orthodox method would lead to results dire in the extreme.

The problem of reform spelling is indeed an old one. Even while Webster was compiling his famous dictionary the question was agitated freely. He substituted "center" for "centre" and made similar other changes; still, even as yet, they have not been accepted generally. Kaiser Wilhelm I decreed a revised form of orthography, and with the assistance of his ablest philologists it was inculcated rather officiously. If we search we will find that his system died with himself and cannot be traced even in the writings of his immediate successors. France and England attempted revisions, but their efforts failed, and now they ridicule the notion of an Americanized system. We are certain that although the President's messages continue to appear in the revised form, public sympathy will cling to the old. Custom cannot be transplanted in a day or a year. It was only a short time after his election that Mr. Roosevelt conceived the idea that the American race was degenerating. He began his famous crusade against race suicide, but still divorces are more prevalent today than ever. After all the President's word is not autocratic, and it will take the concentrated effort of the majority to overcome a well-riveted custom. We have every indication to believe that the press generally will not depart from the orthodox and this movement, like others of a similar nature, must die as other fads and fancies have in the past.

IDEALS IN LIFE

HUMAN life in its nobler and more perfect activities exhibits the harmonious combination of the ideal and the real—it realizes the ideal and transfigures the real in man—the highest, noblest expression of God's visible creation.

Pure realism and pure idealism are inconsistent with human nature. The man who tells us that all his knowledge is confined to mere sense perceptions, and the man who claims that all his erudition is solely and exclusively due to spiritual intuition, are both in opposition to the fundamental dictates of psychology and of our common humanity.

The ideal, as some very often imagine, is not a mere logical being, a gossamer web of fancy, an imaginary something bearing no relation to the real; it is a model which invites and attracts our nobler aspirations by the beauty and charm of its nature. In all things the ideal directs intelligent efforts, begets devotion and enthusiasm, ennobles social relations, invests the human soul with the bright halo of truth and goodness, and makes life a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The agnostic, who denies and sneers at the metaphysical order as lying beyond the range of our faculties, should in all consistency reject the ideal in poetry, in art, in literature, in religion, in all institutional life, in short, in every sphere of human activity. But both philosophy and common sense tell us that without the ideal order we can in no way account for the real; nor can we explain the nature of those boundless aspirations which weave the golden dreams of youth, spur the exhaustless energies of manhood, and fill the declining years of a well-spent life with a foretaste of heaven. But men who have lost faith in God can have none in the Christian ideals of life.

Without the ideal, Leonardo da Vinci walking the streets of Milan for his head of Christ is the act of an idiot. Without the ideal we fail to understand Bernard Palissy casting to the

flames the furniture of his poor workshop as a last holocaust to his fleeting dream of beauty. Columbus following his glorious ideal from one rebuff to another is an example of that most efficient state of the heart in which it overleaps the poor barriers of space and time, lays hold by anticipation of his cherished object, lives with it and for it, and compels the astonished body like a sturdy slave to outdo itself in endurance and sacrifice.

Faith in Christ, in the Word made flesh who dwelt amongst us, is the never-failing source of ideals of life; in every phase of its manifestation, whether it be in literature, in art, in architecture, in government, in the moral aspirations of the individual or the institutional activity of society, Christ is the real idealized. Accordingly to strive for an ideal is to strive for the truth, goodness and beauty revealed to mankind in the Word made flesh.

In the history of the world, Christ, the Incarnate Word, is the central figure to which the ages look up, the pivotal point upon which turns all life, the ideal man set up as a pattern to all the living. He is ideal in integrity of life—"which of you can convince Me of sin?" ideal in speech and language—"no man ever spoke as He did"; ideal in love of fellow-man—"greater love than this no man hath, that he give his life for his friend"; ideal in singleness of purpose—"do you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" ideal in the concrete embodiment of knowledge, beauty, and goodness—"He is the way, the truth, the life"; in Him alone is the real perfectly idealized.

Humanity through the ages has followed the inspiration of two ideals. Its life has been pagan or Christian. The former is the ideal of a society that believes only in this world; the latter of a society that believes in a world to come. The one is built on the rock of Christian faith, the other on the shifting opinions of men. The an-

tagonism between these two societies underlies the conflicts recorded in the history of the world from century to century.

"The saints, by imitating now one phase, now another, of the life of the Divine Word, became forever memorable as symbols and ideals as summing up in their persons and careers whole epochs of conflict, great permanent interests of religion, immovable principles of conduct and fundamental lines of justice."

The martyrs realized in their confessions of faith His divine fortitude; the Apostles imitated His zeal in their ceaseless quest of souls. His spirit of atonement filled the great army of penitents, and a ray of His wisdom fell upon the Church fathers and doctors. Agnes idealized in her martyrdom the superhuman courage of a child filled with the Holy Spirit, and expressed "the triumph of Christianity over the obscenity and impurity of ancient life"; a Sebastian is our ideal of a soldier who fights bravely for his country and knows how to die in defense of religious liberty. Evangelical poverty became incarnate in a Francis of Assisi, and the love of the poor, under every form of human misery, found an earthly habitation in a Vincent de Paul and his spiritual daughters, whose heroic deeds have challenged the admiration of the modern world.

Social life is lifted above the sordid, commonplaces of our lower nature by these lofty ideals of human intercourse. The most fascinating and enduring novels are those which portray the heroic love of man and woman through the vicissitudes of domestic life. But when idealism vanishes from the home, when the parents cherish their children for their wages, and the children care for their parents for the sake of protection, there is no longer a family, there is simply a collection of greedy, heartless human beings feed-

ing upon one another. When the man cares for the woman because she makes him comfortable and the woman lives with the man because he supplies her needs, marriage then becomes degrading. When the citizen sees in his country only an organized opportunity to make and keep money, patriotism becomes the "last refuge of a scoundrel"; when the Church is used for social or commercial advantage, hypocrisy puts on its vilest disguise; when a man courts his fellow for the profit he can make out of his acquaintance, the sweetest relationship becomes mere bartering.

Are we not unlearning at a rapid rate the old Christian philosophy of life? Are not our Christian ideals being lost in the surging waves of godless thought? The average secular literature of the day is a true expression of human life. But does not that literature bear the earmarks of paganism? Will any man deny that the spirit of paganism is the ideal of the average romance? that periodical literature, biography, history, travel, philosophy and social studies ignore the fundamental principles of our Christian civilization?

The temper and the ideals of the whole people are derived from the attitude of education towards Christian or pagan principles of life. If education robs us of our Christian ideals, of personal life, of family life, of national life with all its complex activities, it leaves us without a soul.

And a people without a soul, writes Bishop Spalding, without a living faith in truth, justice, and goodness, without a noble code of ethics, cannot continue to grow and prosper, but is condemned to perish; for it is only by striving to realize the highest ideals of the soul that a nation becomes and continues to be great and beneficent.

L. J. McCARTHY.

COLLEGE ITEMS

EDUCATIONAL work has been resumed at the College under auspices most favorable. As many of our sister institutions have been seriously handicapped by the loss of buildings and apparatus, resulting from the seismic disturbance and the pitiless flames that followed it, additional accommodations have been necessary at St. Mary's, to provide for the influx of new students. Once more the corridors resound with the busy hum of school work. A general relish for study is evidenced by both Arts and Science students. Determination is inscribed in every effort of the more advanced students, while of those climbing the academic ladder, emulation is the watchword.

During the summer vacation the College halls were thoroughly renovated; the dormitories, recitation rooms, in fact, every room in the buildings, was made to look entirely new; the class rooms and study hall are resplendent in a cheerful tint of soft pea green.

When the old students returned this term, one familiar face was missed by all. Brother Benedict, who for thirteen years was professor of ancient and modern languages at St. Mary's, has been transferred to St. John's College, Washington, D. C. As a linguist Brother Benedict had few equals; besides the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German and Italian languages, in which he was proficient, he was a fluent Gaelic speaker and writer. The former graduates will be sorry to learn of his change, for all had great respect for the Reverend Brother, not only for his attainments, but for the untiring zeal which ever characterized his efforts in behalf of his students. While congratulating him on his appointment, his friends here will sadly miss him. All wish him the fullest measure of success in his new field of labor. His position as Vice-President of the

College is now filled by Brother Fabrician.

Brother Cornelius is a welcome addition to the College faculty; his line of work is chiefly along the lines of modern languages and linear drawing. Before coming to St. Mary's, Brother Cornelius was engaged in teaching at St. Thomas' College, Scranton, Pa. We hope his sojourn in California will be of considerable benefit to him.

The Senior Class election took place last month and resulted in a choice of officers that seems to meet with general approval. By acclamation Charles W. Deterding, of Sacramento, was elected Class President. There was an interesting race for the office of Vice-President, which fell to the lot of Edward I. Barry, of San Francisco. The secretaryship went to W. H. Barringer, of San Francisco, and Harry A. Davie, of Oakland, was unanimously selected to fill the office of Class Historian. After transacting various items of business, the matter of the next class social was confided to the care of a committee composed of Messrs. Barnum, Donegan and Hooper.

Brother Bernard, while motoring during the summer, met with a painful mishap, in which his left arm was badly fractured. The injury, which we are pleased to learn is mending, does not hinder the gifted preceptor from keeping the engineers on the jump.

Professor Quinlan returned to his post rejuvenated by a sojourn at his home in San Jose. The professor, like all true educators, devoted much of his free time to literary pursuits, gathering much useful information, which he will no doubt dispense to his various classes.

That the names of W. J. Fitzgerald, '05; John F. Brady, '06, and Albert T. Shine, '06, had been enrolled among the instructors of the College was

pleasing news to the student body. These worthies should make good as "profs," as each earned an enviable record during his student days. "Dick," "King" and "Bert" were prime favorites, and we hope their pedagogic duties will not lessen their popularity. To the trio, the best wishes of success are hereby extended.

Charles A. Ryan, ex-'03, has wandered back to his first love. His presence recalls the Field Days of a few years ago when Charlie was our crack sprinter. He has with him several medals won on the cinder path in '01 and '02. We hope our old "hundred-yard champion" will soon be able to win additional laurels for Alma Mater.

Aspirants for the Rho Pi Frat were somewhat disappointed at their inability to secure berths in the old quarters. This choice pasture has been put in excellent condition, and 'twill require some keen wire-pulling with the Prefect to have the honor of being numbered with the "rams."

In accordance with the spirit of the age, the old "candy stand" is a victim of the evolutionary theory. Last year it evolved from "pie-stand" and assumed the dignity of "Court Grill"; now the old, old "candy stand" flaunts the name of "S. M. C. Athletic Store." We suggest that for next semester "General Merchandise" be the style and title, and later that it be known as "The College Emporium."

On September 8th, the Senior Engineering Class, attired in natty khaki uniforms, went to the Piedmont foothills for their first exercise in field work this semester. It is rumored that Lawrence Barnum was mistaken by several of his old acquaintances for a Filipino scout.

Percy J. Whitton, who was a member of the '06 Class, has returned to College after an absence of two years. Percy was a member of the Varsity ball team of '04; he is now taking a course in the Commercial Department.

During the past vacation ten of the College students went on a six weeks' camping trip to Guernwood Park by the Russian River. "Ye Howl Bungalow," artistically painted on Leo McCarthy's sheet, the only sheet in camp, hung over the camping premises. The ten merry "Howlers" assure us that they had the time of their lives and we have cause to believe them. In fact, during their sojourn, the town of Guerneville was exceedingly lively. "Ye Howl Bungalow" ornaments every tree and fence for miles around. Chef work was managed by Jack Brady, while Davie, Sr., and K. Koenig managed to keep the delf and kitchen utensils in condition. Harmony was the slogan. The merrymakers were John F. Brady, Leo J. McCarthy, Harry A. Davie, Wm. J. Thompson, Jerome J. Koenig, A. J. Koenig, Frank J. Hart, Edw. J. Burns, Reginald R. Henno and Wm. B. Davie.

The Palmer Method of Penmanship as taught in College last year was productive of good results; quite an improvement is noticed all along the line in the handwriting of the students. The method is now taught in six classes—the preparatory and commercial departments. A special class has been formed for the benefit of the Collegiate students who wish to improve their style of writing.

Several of the graduates of Sacred Heart College and of Sacramento Institute have come to St. Mary's to continue their courses. We welcome the new students and hope they will keep up the good record of their predecessors here from the same institutions.

We are deeply grieved to record the recent death of Archie Titza, a member of the Second Commercial Class. He succumbed to an attack of pneumonia at Providence Hospital on September 17th. His affable disposition made him many friends among the students. Fortified with the sacraments of Holy Church, he went to meet his Judge, to Whom we pray to have mercy on his soul.

R. J. DORAN.

OUR FOES

THERE are some who say they have no foe,
 And some acknowledge twenty;
 The sweetest flowers that ever blow
 Have thorns beneath them plenty;
 'Twas through a foe that Adam fell,
 And through a foe fell Satan,
 As foes within ourselves do dwell,
 Then what's the sense in pratin'.

We have our foes without, within,
 Fell Envy—all the seven;
 Then what's to guard us from all sin
 While on our way to heaven?
 We must be careful lest we fall,
 Hold fast—Love walks before us;
 Our Pride and Envy—worst of all,
 The others make the chorus.

On noble wings Ambition flies
 Right upward, onward, ever,
 While Envy follows with her eyes,
 But overtakes him never;
 'Tis thus we see the brainy man
 To one great goal he's tending;
 While indecision never can
 Proclaim a glorious ending.

Who is not envied if he climbs?
 The man that shows the one way
 To higher planes and better times;
 "But what's the use?" as they say,
 The brightest thoughts have bitter foes,
 The purest projects, slighted,
 And greatness, e'en some will oppose,
 In ignorance benighted.

—J. B.

SOCIETY DOINGS

THE S. S. S. S. has already started on its career. The opening meeting was presided over by Brother R. Bernard, the Honorary Counselor. After some routine business, the annual elections were held and resulted in the selection of W. H. Barringer, San Francisco, Regent; Alfred J. Rogers, Alameda, Vice-Regent; W. J. Thompson, Santa Cruz, Recorder; Harry B. Hooper, Los Banos, Custodian. The Engineering Committee comprises Messrs. E. J. Burns, Frank J. Hart, and Lucien J. Faure. The report of the Pin Committee met with general approval, and ere long the 4-S pin will be seen around the campus to mark the elect. The report of the Annual Program Committee met with a hearty reception, but owing to the amount of business on hand was laid on the table till the following meeting. Judging from the enthusiasm of the members, this will be a banner year for the S. S. S. S. Towards the end of the session some of the charter members were called upon to give their experiences since leaving College. W. J. Fitzgerald, '05, Past Regent, spoke at length of his field experience with different location parties and illustrated his remarks with anecdotes that brought forth lively applause. "Dick" was ever a favorite, and his reception proved that the members still have a warm corner for the old war horse. Joseph T. Fitzgerald, '05, followed with personal reminiscences gathered from work in the mountains and insisted on the necessity of character as a personal factor for success. Other old boys on hand were T. J. Ferguson, '05; T. J. Lundy, '05; G. J. Haley, '06. Letters of regret were received from Past Regents W. B. Hinkle, '06; J. J. Rooney, '06, and W. O. Snider, '07.

The ceremonies of installation are scheduled for the next regular meeting. After adjournment the members were the guests of the Faculty, and enjoyed a couple of hours in social chat and music.

President Edward I. Barry, '07, called the A. P. G. U. to order for the initial meeting of the year on September 17th. Naturally there was a big falling off in active membership because of the large graduating class in June. However, three of the "old boys," who are likewise honorary and charter members, were on hand. Messrs. Brady, Shine, and Smith announced that they were pleased to be at home again.

The following were proposed and admitted to membership: Harry A. Davie, '07; E. A. Henderson, '08; T. L. Smith, '08; B. B. Jones, '09; Richard J. Doran, '09; H. A. Taylor, '09; W. L. Kidston, '10; E. R. Guinan, '10; L. Edwards, '10.

Whether or not **St. Mary's Tidings** should be allowed to go out of existence created considerable discussion. The matter was allowed to go over until next meeting. Brother Fabrician in his speech said in part: "**St. Mary's Tidings** was incipient with the society. It had a reason for its birth. While other societies had by long years of useful activity gained prominence and prestige, A. P. G. U. to take its place in the foremost rank had necessarily to employ unique measures. Prominent among these was **St. Mary's Tidings**. Now that A. P. G. U. has grown from a sapling to a tree, the appurtenances of a nursery plant may be removed without injury to the tree. The continuance of **St. Mary's Tidings** means that A. P. G. U. must keep its treasury drained to meet what I now consider an unnecessary expense. With all that I have said, I am heartily in favor of making **St. Mary's Tidings** a permanent College organ, provided the society can see its way clear to secure funds for the paper when present officials have passed on. You know we may be handicapping our successors. Better, as the **Tidings** has done its work, to clear the way for those who in the course of time must follow."

President Barry appointed the following on the Initiation Committee:

F. W. Dunn, '08; W. H. Barringer, '07; R. J. Merrick, '08.

These were selected as Steering Committee: Brother Joseph, J. P. Donagan, '07; H. B. Hooper, '07.

It was proposed and carried to have a general reunion of the old and the new following the initiation ceremonies, which will take place in the near future.

St. Mary's College Sanctuary Society held its first monthly meeting September 19th. The following officers were elected for the following term: F. W. Dunn, '08, President; W. H. Barringer, '07, Vice-President; A. T. Dana, '08, Secretary; H. O. Beck, '09, Treasurer. The following new members were received: T. L. Smith, '08; R. Lennon, '09; D. Sheehy, '10; Leo Nunan, '10; M. Burke, '10; H. A. Taylor, '09.

THE TRUSTS

THEY will corner up the sunbeams
Lying all around their path,
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.
Let them find their chiefest pleasure
Hoarding bounties of the day,
So the poor will have scant measure
And two prices have to pay.

They will capture e'en the wind god
And confine him in a cave,
Then through their patent process
They the atmosphere will save;
Thus they'll squeeze their little brother
When he tries his lungs to fill,
Put a meter on his windpipe
And present their little bill.

They will syndicate the starlight
And monopolize the moon,
Claim royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon;
For right of way through ocean's spray
They'll charge just what it's worth;
They'll drive their stakes around the lakes,
In fact, they'll own the earth.

—J. W. W.

ALUMNI NOTES

HONORABLE Maurice T. Dooling, '80, Superior Judge of Hollister, is a candidate for the Courts of Appeal of the first district of California. It should be a pleasure for any voter to cast his ballot for such a man for such an office. Judge Dooling is the nominee of the Democratic party and of the Independence League; but in judicial matters he is far above partisanship. He is really the candidate of the people; he has long held a position with honor on the bench of San Benito County. So exceptional are the gifts and attainments of Judge Dooling that he is known and admired from one end of the State to the other. His rare ability as an orator has enlarged the scope of his fame; but, aside from this showy quality, he is known as one of the greatest jurists of the West.

Honorable Frank J. Murasky, '83, Superior Judge of San Francisco, is before the people as a candidate for the Supreme Court of California. Our State would honor herself by calling to the higher bench a judge as able and brilliant as Judge Murasky. All would know that on this "world's extreme" was a fine appreciation of judicial honor and that there was here a quickness to recognize unusual talent when that talent is combined with sterling honesty. Judge Murasky is his own eulogy; every man who speaks of him speaks in praise. Now is an opportunity to set this splendid judicial figure upon the Supreme Bench of California; there should be no hesitation in taking advantage of the opportunity.

We congratulate the two worthy judges on their nomination and trust that every alumnus and old student of St. Mary's will work with all possible energy to secure the election of such exceptional candidates.

Rev. O. A. Welsh, '99, C. S. P., formerly of Chicago, has been sent to San Francisco to replace Rev. H. I. Stark, '99, C. S. P. We were sorry that

the genial Father Stark had to leave the coast; we wish him success, and welcome the old popular College athlete, Father "Ollie" Welsh, back to his home again.

The following members of the Alumni entered the matrimonial state since our last issue: Dr. W. J. Walsh, '99, coroner of San Francisco, was married in San Francisco on July 10th; John P. Callaghan, '01, married in Alturas, Modoc County, June 29th; Percy J. Fitzgerald, '03, married in San Francisco, July 30th; Manuel L. Azevedo, ex-'06, married in Sacramento on September 19th.

To each THE COLLEGIAN sends congratulations and best wishes.

B. J. Lachner, ex-'03, lately graduated from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. After leaving the Sophomore Class in 1900, Mr. Lachner took up a four years' course in medicine and surgery at the Jefferson Medical College, the leading medical institution of the country. He is now house physician of St. Agnes Hospital.

N. F. Bradley, '03, received his degree of Bachelor of Law at Stanford University last month; after graduating from St. Mary's, Forsythe pursued a course in law at Palo Alto.

Frank J. Ferguson, '05, the premier twirler of the champion Phoenix of '05, spent some days with us last month. Needless to say Frank was the "lion of the hour" during his few days' visit. His wonderful pitching for three years at the College will long be commented upon by succeeding collegians. Frank is at present working with an engineering party for the Southern Pacific at Salton. He turned a deaf ear to most tempting offers from Eastern baseball

magnates and intends to follow his profession of engineer.

George F. Bigley, '03, paid us a visit lately. George is at present Principal of a public school in Alturas, Modoc County.

Frank M. Silva, '98, was the orator of the day on September 10th at Napa. We are informed by one who heard him that his oration was an elegant piece of word-painting and his delivery called forth loud and prolonged applause. Frank is at present practicing law in Napa, and is the Democratic nominee for District Attorney.

Andrew F. Burke, '04, and George W. Poultney, '05, have proved themselves staunch friends of THE COLLEGIAN; they lately made glad the heart of the business manager by sending a substantial amount of the needful. We hope their example will find imitators among our alumni who are in a position to help us along. Many thanks to Andy and George.

George W. Poultney is, since last June, in Watertown, N. Y.; he is visiting points of interest in New York and Canada, where he will remain until November, when he will return to California.

John F. Brady, '06, and Albert T. Shine, '06, have returned to College; they are attending law school and teaching at their alma mater, and during spare time they are pursuing a higher course of study.

Frank S. Smith, '06, of Sacramento, has also returned to perfect himself in general knowledge before adopting a profession.

Edward A. O'Dea has accepted a position as instructor at the Sacred

Heart College, San Francisco; he is also prosecuting his law studies at Hastings Law College.

Leo J. McCarthy, '06, secured a position in the Auditor's office at Oakland. King Azevedo, '06, intends to study medicine, while Ed Ryan, '06, is in business in Sacramento. M. P. Ferry, '06, is in Washington, D. C., pursuing his theological studies with the Paulist Fathers. Joseph Derham, '06, has not as yet determined upon his future.

The graduates of the Class of '05 in the Engineering Course are certainly losing no time in entering on the road to proficiency in their chosen profession. Within a week after their graduation they had already secured positions with different companies, principally along railroading lines. W. B. Hinkle, '06, is in charge of a party of S. P. men working at the new Klamath cut-off and has made an enviable record with his superiors. John J. Rooney, '06, is with him as assistant, while W. O. Snider, '07, and F. W. Alfs, '07, are with another branch of the service near Lanson, Oregon. George J. Moon, '07, is at Pepperwood, Cal., also with the S. P. The '07 men are so enamored with their work that they hate to tear themselves away from the wilds of the north to finish up their College courses. H. B. Ruebelmann, '06, is busy looking after his father's interests in Idaho, but finds time to keep in contact with the stock and commission markets. For the present, George J. Haley, '06, has elected to serve on the diamond, and has made a very fine record with the Oakland professional team.

W. J. Fitzgerald, '05, has returned to College to continue a course of advanced work in railroading. F. J. Ferguson, '05, of the same class, is with a party studying the problem of Salton Lake. H. J. Corcoran, '05, is in the

field with a Mexican railroad, and his pal, T. J. Fitzgerald, '05, holds forth with the Western Pacific. T. J. Lundy, '05, is with the County Surveyor of Alameda, and superintends many of the improvements going on around the City of Oaks.

Thomas J. Trodden, '04, is at the head of a business college at Lake View, Oregon. "Tommy" is ambitious to see the State and its environs and to teach future stock brokers how to bull the market.

John W. Halloran, Bank '05, just recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis which kept him confined for several weeks at the Providence Hospital, has again been visited by sickness. He is now suffering from an attack of typhoid. While at College "Jack" was shortstop for the champion '05 Phoenix and an exemplary student. THE COLLEGIAN voices the sentiment of the student body in wishing for his speedy recovery.

News has just reached us of the sudden death of Edward J. Dwyer, '84. For several years Mr. Dwyer was an attorney at law in Sacramento. We have not learned of the particulars of his death. To his sorrowing relations and friends we send heartfelt condolence.

It was with sincere regret that we learned of the death of the father of William F. and Donald A. Macdonald, of the Bank of '91. The Evening Telegram of Salt Lake City has the following editorial concerning Mr. Macdonald:

"His death does not signify much to the general reader, but the announcement causes all the burial places of memory to give up their dead to the few old-timers that are left, for

Don McDonald was a part of Nevada for forty-five years. He was on the Comstock among the first; so he was in Austin; he and two or three more owned Mineral Hill and sold it for \$400,000, an immense sum in those days. He had wandered from camp to camp, always with the clearest of brains, always with a heart in him too big for his breast. He had been dying for two years past, but never a 'plaint has been heard from him. With the old serene smile on his face, he looked upon approaching death and the calm in his soul was not much intensified when his heart ceased to beat.

"He mingled with all classes of rough men, but they were never rough to him; the gentleness of his nature disarmed them; he went up against the moneyed magnates and he had his way with them; his high character was his letter of credit all his life. The vices of camp life had no lure for him; mingling with all manner of men in all cordiality, he still walked in a path of his own, and along that path there was never a stain. His world knew that he was a good man, but it never knew how good he was, for he made no pretensions, and did right things and generous things without noise—just as a matter of course.

"With the world filled with such men as was he, there would be no occasion for courts or peace officers, or armies or navies; not much for churches, for, like the Nazarene, 'he went about doing good.'

"He will soon be forgotten among men, for the world does not much note when such men fall asleep, but his record beyond the stars is safe; it is written there all in gold, on a page that is without a spot.

"The desert of Nevada will take him to its breast lovingly and will shade his eyes from the light, and the peace that has come to him will make a pillow soft as down for his weary head through all the ebb and flow of advancing and receding years."

EXCHANGES

IN assuming the duties of Ex-man, one is inclined to become overawed at what will be his difficult and over-exacting task. Some one has said that "critic" and "crank" are synonymous; perhaps the originator of the word that so well matches "critic" was right—but we think otherwise. In approving the correct and condemning the wrong, we are doing our duty, and since "to err is human," we might, through no fault of our own, praise too highly and censure too severely; the praising we know shall be accepted by the party concerned with good grace while the censuring will surely bring forth flings from pens unseen. If our intentions are not lead astray, we will limit our work, not to discovering flaws, but to seeking betterment out of the already good. There is nothing infallible in the critic's judgment. Men differ in appreciation and consequently in the exposition of their views. A literary work is not judged by reason alone, for if it were we would detect more of a similitude in the opinion of critics. Sometimes when reason looks with a faltering eye the esthetic sense acting in a contrary manner sets the stamp of approval.

We have a new field before us; prejudices we know not, thus we hope to do justice by all our fellow-journalists. We would all do well by accepting Matthew Arnold's definition of criticism—"A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

The *Manhattan Quarterly* for July has the form of a prize issue. To one interested at all in education, the deliberations of the National Alumni Association of Christian Brothers' Colleges will prove decidedly interesting. When we view the names of those that addressed the association, we are inclined to feel envious and wish that the Alumni had held their session in California.

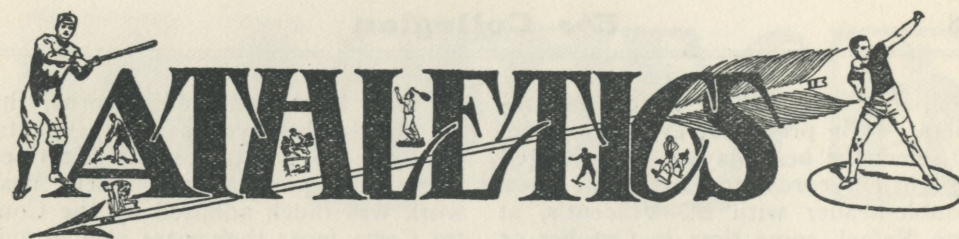
We congratulate the *Manhattan Quarterly* and approve Jos. P. Hart-

nett's motion that it be made the official organ of the Alumni Association. By its July edition it has shown that it is fully capable of bearing the honor the association has seen fit to thrust upon it. The different addresses are masterpieces of style, and produced in full, as they are in the *Manhattan*, constitute a worthy addition to any library.

The *Cornell Alumni News* has made its initial bow to our shelves. Nothing should be left unturned when it comes to strengthening the ties between the "old grads" and their Alma Mater. The *Alumni News* is filled with matter that must surely prove interesting to the many of its old students. The description of the "Brilliant Regatta Week" is of the class that causes the boys to say, "Well, there are good ones to take our places."

The *Exponent* for September is filled with interesting articles. Its editorial on the Barry monument carries the right strain in justly lauding the "Father of the American Navy." Many of our text books ignore Commodore Barry, and heap fulsome praise on Paul Jones. The address of John C. Shea on "The Scope of Education" is well worked out, and "The Tendency of the Parochial Schools to Take up High School Work" is a well-prepared paper read at a meeting of the Catholic Educational Association.

Unpretentious in cover display, the Commencement issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is at hand. Its literary worth is far more impressive than its covering would suggest. We were particularly pleased with the prize essay on "Francis Thompson," the work of a graduate. The author shows a thorough appreciation of his subject and disposes of it in clear-cut and interesting style. The editorials are meritorious. We find the same deficiency in the *Scholastic* as with all commendable college journals—there is not a sufficiency. F. S. SMITH.



THE athletic season of the scholastic year has fairly opened. The baseball diamond, handball, tennis and basketball courts are bearing the brunt of strenuous activities. An energetic bunch of new-comers are following in the wake of the persistent "old-timers," and daily athletic recreations are enjoyed by nearly all of the students. All the fellows, old and new, are anticipating already the big intercollegiate baseball struggles. With the nucleus of the '06 team and new talent there is promised an abundance of Phoenix material. The aspirations for championship are running high and every one feels sanguine for the success of Phoenix. From the present viewpoint, the outlook for athletics during the coming season is indeed encouraging.

The 1906 Phoenix players have been in semi-professional demand during the vacation and all have performed brilliantly. "King" Brady has been playing a great first base for the Stockton State League team, and his batting has endeared him to the "Slough City" fans. "Joe" Joyce was also playing on the Stockton team. His headiness and brilliant playing around third base have made a decided "hit." "Tom" Feeney has been playing a consistent second base for the San Jose State Leaguers and has notably improved in his hitting. "Reggie" Henno has been playing third base for Hayward and his batting and fielding are almost perfect. George Poultney, who spent his vacation in New York, "got on" with a fast team and made his mark in Eastern amateur circles. Frank Dunn has been playing with Pinole, and "Mickey" Thompson has been twirling for the fast Santa Cruz team. McGregor, O'Banion, Haley and Scho-

field joined the professional ranks and in the common parlance of the diamond, have "made good from the jump." McGregor and O'Banion are twirling for Fresno, while Haley cavorts around second for Oakland. Schofield deserted the San Francisco team after the earthquake and has since been located in Nebraska.

The announcement of the athletic managerial personnel for 1906-07 created quite a stir all around. Everybody seemed pleased because the horizon, which for some days fogged, suddenly cleared with surprising brilliancy. The list of baseball magnates is certainly representative. Here it is: John F. Brady, '06, manager of the Phoenix, and Thomas Feeney, '08, captain; Brother Leander, manager of the Independents, and Arthur Dana, '08, captain; Burnett Sheehan, '08, manager of the Imperials; Harry A. Davie, '07, manager of the fourth team; Brother Paul, manager of the Midgets. Brother Joseph will assist the managers and the captains. Frank Hart, '08, has been chosen athletic secretary, while Robert Moore, '07, will be official scorer. Mr. William Fitzgerald, '05, has tendered his services as yell leader and incidentally as official umpire. Russell Deterding, '10, will act as temporary Field Captain.

A four-team league has been organized. The idea is to keep tab on the players and according to their records to select material for the third and fourth teams. Every one will be given ample opportunity to show his worth. These temporary teams are being managed by Brother Paul, Brother Leander, Thomas Feeney, and Burnett Sheehan. Harry Davie is the official scorer, while Brother Joseph and Mr.

William Fitzgerald are the official umpires. It is proposed, even promised, to select the best players, as adjudged by their records, to participate in a double-header with St. Vincent's, at San Rafael, some time in October or the early part of November. So work hard, all.

John F. Brady will organize the Phoenix, for preparatory stunts, during November. In the meantime, the Independents will hold the attention. This team had necessarily to be changed somewhat. The line-up for the present will be something like this: Burns, catcher; Thompson and Krause, pitchers and left field; Dunn, first; Whitton, second; Dana (captain), short; Hallinan, third; Jones, Hooper, Lennon, and Donegan, fielders. Frank Hart has been appointed scorer and secretary.

T. B. Sheehan promises to outdraw, as well as outshine, all competing magnates. "Tommy" has always shown exceptional executive propensities and we naturally expect much from him. The ovation tendered the announcement of Mr. Sheehan as manager of the Imperials made the other managers, Brothers Paul and Leander and Messrs. Brady and Davie, twitch with that peculiar grin that savors of—well, a little jealousy. And while popularity is sometimes dangerous, Mr. Sheehan has long since shown that he can withstand the popular gaze.

"Charley" Ryan, the old crack sprinter, has returned to College. He was incapacitated by sickness in 1903, and has returned to finish his College course. Few will forget "Charley's" great sprinting during the seasons 1901 and '02. His favorite feat was the hundred-yard dash.

"Harry" Krause, formerly of St. Peter's, San Francisco, has entered College this season. He has been pitching gilt-edge ball for amateur teams in San Francisco during the last year, and is promised a chance to make good on the Phoenix.

Frank Hart and Eddie Burns, the battery of last year's Independents, were in the points for the Martinez team during vacation. Their neat work was much admired by the Contra Costa fans; they were also in evidence at Yountville, Napa County; most of the games were won by their excellent work.

Harry Hooper is now the king pin in College handball circles. There had been considerable discussion regarding the relative merits of several players, but Harry dispelled all dissenting voices when he defeated Frank Dunn 21 to 20. This game was the deciding one of last year's tournament, which was left unfinished at the close of the term. The victor was presented with a gold medal by the Athletic Association. The victory likewise carries with it the 1906 championship. Consistency more than brilliancy won the title for Hooper.

With a view of developing players for the several teams, a baseball league has been formed consisting of four teams to play a series of games for a trophy. The teams are named from the burghs whence emanate the respective captains. The teams are:

Gilroy—Burns, c.; Hart and Abbott, pitchers; Faure, 1 b.; Mullen, 2 b.; Deterding, 3 b.; Feeney, s. s. and captain; Starrett, l. f.; Edwards, c. f.; Parker, r. f.; Miller, extra.

San Francisco—Dunn, c. and captain; Henderson and Grayson, pitchers; Rogers, 1 b.; Krause, 2 b.; Sheehy, 3 b.; Dana, s. s.; Hayden, l. f.; O'Connor, c. f.; Kidston, r. f.; Dunnigan, extra.

Hayward—Lennon, c.; Hooper and Fields, pitchers; Miller, 1 b.; H. Davie, 2 b.; Christin, 3 b.; Hallinan, s. s. and captain; Watson, l. f.; Budd c. f.; Graham, r. f.; Hughes, extra.

Santa Cruz—Jones, c.; Thompson, pitcher and captain; Barnum, pitcher; Barry, 1 b.; W. Davie, 2 b.; Whitton, 3 b.; Donegan, s. s.; Guinan, l. f.; Martin, c. f.; Sculby, r. f.; Brown, extra.

F. J. HART.

JOKES

DAVIE—Prof. L. is proud of being prematurely gray; he thinks that kalsomine effect over his ears makes him look poetic.

Thompson—Well, it does remind me of a poem.

Davie—What poem?

Thompson—"When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin."

Prof.—Where is Japan?

Bernie—On page 23.

Dana—What is the city council wrangling about?

Astrue—An ordinance to suppress disreputable saloons.

Dana—Sort of a "joint" debate, I suppose.

Prof. Q.—"And it came to pass that the king rent his garments." Explain the word "rent."

Lennon—I suppose it means that he hired 'em out.

Dr. M.—Yes, sir, I've had twenty cases of appendicitis.

Infirmarian—Did you lose any?

Dr. M.—Not one; they all paid up.

Tony (the barber)—Beg pardon, but this is a bad quarter.

Barnum—Don't mind, Tony; it's no worse than the haircut you gave me.

Barry—Well, how are you feeling to-day, Jerry?

Donegan—Oh, rather stitichy.

Barry—How so?

Donegan—So, so.

Davie—Why don't Tommy Sheehan get a mascot for his team?

Field—Barnum would make a good one.

Faure—Why, Barnum would make errors even in packing the bats.

Smith—I wonder who wrote "Down in a Coal Mine"?

Dunn—One of the minor poets, of course.

Doran—I suppose now you wish you had taken the straight and narrow path.

Biggy—G'wan! dat's what I did take. If I'd only dodged inter the hallway, the prefect wouldn't 'a ketched me.

Senior—Don't be afraid, little Freshie; I wouldn't hurt a flea.

Freshman—I daresay you wouldn't—it takes a clever man to hurt a flea.

Prof. Phelan—Spell "fail," Theodore.

Davie—I can't.

Prof.—Why not? It has only four letters.

Davie—There's no such word as fail. I heard a Senior say so the other night in his speech.

Barringer—Say, Eddie, what's the best way to get fat?

Burns—Go to the butcher's and steal it.

Donegan—Congress will never be composed of women.

Deterding—Why do you think so?

Donegan—Can you imagine a house full of women with only one speaker?

Prof. Phelan—Name ten animals to be found in Africa.

Edes—An elephant and nine tigers.

Faure—I hear Stacy Haskell has a bad attack of colic—they say he ate too much watermelon.

Dick—Quite "meloncolic," isn't it?

Lennon—Did the Prefect ever say anything to you about me?

Doran—Not one word. If the Pre-

fect can't say something good of a person, he doesn't say anything.

Hart—I see that they have fired another bomb at the Czar and he had a close shave.

Rogers—Well, a close shave would not hurt any of those Russian whiskerinos.

Brady—Now that you've graduated from College, don't you miss the outdoor exercise?

O'Dea—Not especially; you see I'm serving subpoenas for a law firm.

O'Connor—They are always trying to invent a bottle that cannot be re-filled.

Guichard—They ought to invent a ring that cannot be re-given.

Thompson—May I go down town to see my "cousin"?

Prefect—No; the deer season closed when school opened.

Smith—Quite a number of people from Wales have visited Frisco since the big disaster.

Faure—I haven't noticed that.

Smith—Surely you must have read about the "welchers."

Feeney—I know a good scheme to avoid danger from earthquakes in hotels.

Ryan—What is it?

Feeney—Rent the rooms to nobody but floating rumors.

Field—I don't like to run the rod when Barnum is running the level.

Dana—Why not?

Field—Last Saturday he wanted me to hold my finger on 11.4 ft. while he took a sight.

Several engineering students were speaking on the relative qualities of surveying boots.

Burns—I believe the kind I have are as good as any.

Mickey—I know a boot that for wearing and waterproof qualities can't be beaten.

Barringer—What is the name, Mickey?

Mickey—The "Oregon Boot."

Prof. Phelan had asked for several examples, and nearly always the one sentence was used. At last he said: "Why do you boys use the same sentence so often; the first thing you know you will be going through life with the one sentence."

Dillon—Like some men in San Quentin, huh, Prof.?

Rodgers—An Alameda man woke up the other morning and found himself famous.

Hart—Well, wasn't that enough to make him famous?

Hooper—Do those boots give?

Deterding—Yes; they give corns and bunions.

Barry—Where is the "Widows' Home"?

Dowie—With her second husband as soon as she can get one.

McKinnon—What happens when a man's temperature goes down as low as possible?

Dodd—He gets cold feet.

Brady—He is a versatile youth.

Shine—What is his long suit.

Brady—His swallow-tail.

Guichard—I understand they are selling liquor at the skating rink now.

O'Keefe—I suppose, then, one must go to the bar to get his skates.

Prefect—Get away from the fire, Tommy. The weather isn't cold.

Tommy—Well, I'm not warming the weather; I'm warming my feet.

Prefect—Get away or I'll warm your hands.

Dunn—I hear that Thaw, the Pittsburgh murderer, has escaped.

Henderson—How did he effect it?

Dunn—He thawed out.

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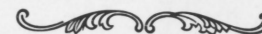
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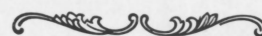
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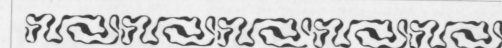
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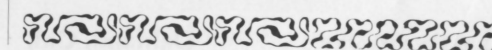
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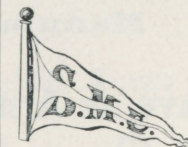
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