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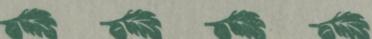
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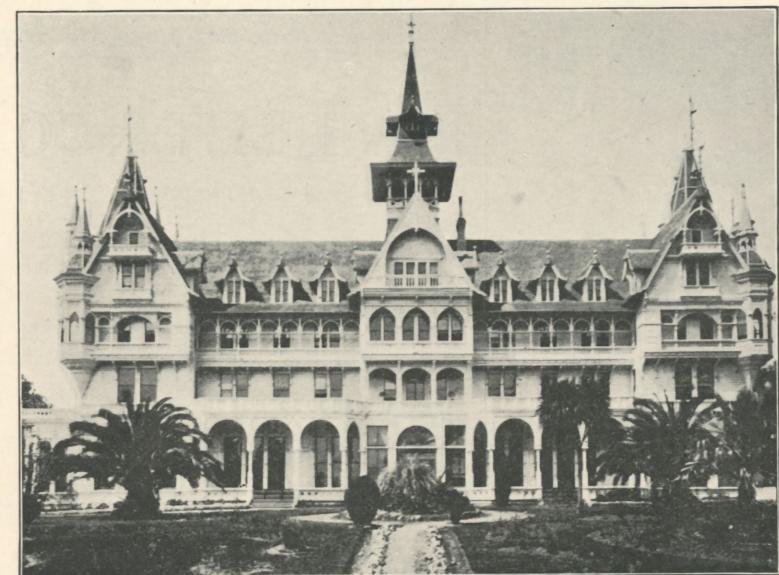
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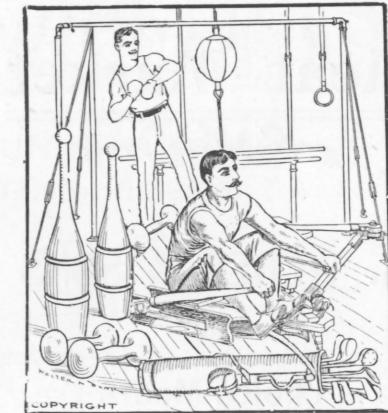
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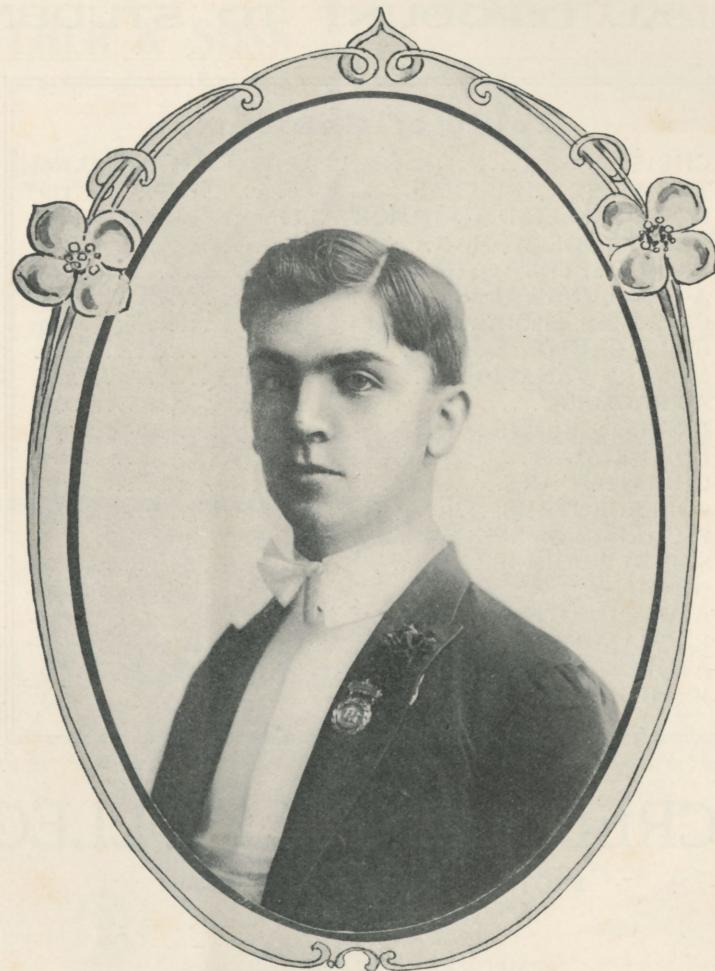
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OAKLAND, CAL., DECEMBER, 1906

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CHRISTMAS

BLEST Christmas, we hail thee, sweet season,
As now to the time we draw near,
When hearts that are Christian give glory
To our infantile God, ever dear.

We'll sing forth Thy praises, loved Saviour,
So humble and meek in Thy ways,
And bless Thee for mercies unceasing,
That wait on us all through our days.

Thou bringest to all Thy dear children
Sure peace and the truest delights;
Thou wilt visit us lovingly, Saviour,
When comes the most blissful of nights.

Thou wilt come to us, Master, in mercy,
Our hearts and our minds to rejoice;
O, let us both, now and forever,
Sing peans with soul and with voice.

The shepherds abandon their vigils,
And come to the grotto to see
The new-born Babe in the stable,
That the Saviour of all is to be.

The ox and the ass at the manger,—
How humble, submissive be they?
How little they know of the Man-God,
Yet ever His wishes obey.

With Mary and Joseph we'll praise Him,
The Angels we'll join in their song,
The Infant-God fervent adoring
Our anthems to heaven we'll prolong.

For God on our earth has been born
To all, their salvation to bring;
O, let us rejoice in the glad time,
And welcome our new-born King.

—H. I.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

BIOGRAPHERS of notable men in the world delight in depicting for their readers the birthplace of the celebrated men whose lives they narrate. The house where each celebrity was born; its situation and its surroundings; its style of architecture and the very room wherein the principal character in the book first saw the light—all are described with a "minutiae" that frequently borders on the ridiculous.

If it is necessary, therefore, that the world should know something concerning the birth and birthplace of its so-called "great men," how much more important and edifying to the Christian must it not be to learn—over and over again—the sweet and consoling lesson taught us by the birth of our Blessed Redeemer!

Let us therefore visit, during this holy season, the sacred spot in Bethlehem where we may see the very corner-stone of Christianity, and thus learn a few of the details of that birth of all births, so that we may give a higher and a holier love to Him whose humble Crib presents to us such a grand lesson of sublime humility every Christmas.

What a wonderful change took place in the world when the heavenly lustre of the first Christmas illuminated the entire earth! The Prophecies fulfilled; the joy of Heaven proclaimed; the long-expected Messiah come at last; man's Redemption commenced, the first scene in the divine drama of our Blessed Saviour's life on earth enacted, and the Son of God a citizen on earth!

A few days before the celebrated choirs of Heaven sang the joyous canticle which proclaimed

"Glory to God in the Highest, And on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will," the chaste St. Joseph and his Immaculate Spouse were peacefully living in their humble home in Nazareth. But Almighty God inspired the ruler Caesar Augustus to order a census of his subjects, so it became necessary for

Mary and Joseph to travel to Bethlehem in order to be enrolled in the city from whence the race of David descended. And thus was fulfilled the prediction of Micheas the prophet, when he said: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the Ruler in Israel, and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity."

Accordingly the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph wended their way towards that city which was destined to be known throughout all ages as the Cradle of Christianity. At length, travel-stained and footsore with their weary journey of ninety miles, they reached one of the inns at Bethlehem and asked for sustenance and shelter. But a cold refusal met the Mother of God and her holy Spouse. Again they plod along through storm and cold, and again they ask to be received as guests. But the crowds who had come to the city to be enrolled had already engaged all the accommodations, and Mary and Joseph could receive neither food nor shelter!

Here again we find the Sacred Word of God verified throughout in the beautiful expression of the Evangelist St. John, when he tells us that our Blessed Redeemer "came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Wearied, disappointed, cold and hungry, the two illustrious pilgrims journeyed on to the outskirts of Bethlehem where were located the stables for beasts, and they came to one of these crevices cut in the rock. Then, as St. Alphonsus Liguori informs us, Mary said to Joseph:

"There is no occasion to go any farther; let us go into this cave and remain there."

"What!" replied Joseph; "my spouse, dost thou not see that this cave is quite exposed; that it is cold and damp, and that water is running down on all sides? Dost thou not see that

it is no lodging for men, but it is a shed for beasts? How can you stop here all night?"

Then Mary answered: "It is nevertheless true that this stable is the regal palace in which the Eternal Son of God desires to be born on earth."

Continuing this most edifying narrative St. Alphonsus says: "No sooner had Mary entered into the cavern than she began immediately to pray; and the hour of her delivery being come, she loosened her hair, out of reverence, spreading it over her shoulders; and behold she sees a great light, she feels in her heart a heavenly joy! She casts down her eyes; and, O God! what does she see? She sees before her an infant, so tender and beautiful that he fills her with love; but he trembles, he cries, and stretches out his arms to show that he desires she should take him into her bosom: "I stretch forth my arms to seek the caresses of my mother," according to the revelation of St. Bridget. Mary calls Joseph. "Come, Joseph," she said, "come and see; for the Son of God is now born." Joseph comes; and when he sees Jesus already born, he adores him in the midst of a torrent of sweet tears: "The old man entered, and, prostrating himself, wept for joy." Then the Blessed Virgin reverently took her beloved Son in her arms, and placed him in her bosom. She tried to warm him by the heat of her cheeks and of her bosom: "Pressing him to her cheeks and bosom, she warmed him with all the joy and tenderness of a mother's love."

While this sublimely impressive scene was passing within the grotto, the Hand of the Eternal Father was guiding the Star of Bethlehem to its place in the heavens where it was to guide the Shepherds who watched their flocks by night to the birthplace of that Messiah prophesied by Jacob. And as these humble men consulted among themselves concerning the extraordinary brightness of the wonderful star, a divine light encompassed them and—in fear and trembling—they saw before them the form of the Arch-

angel Gabriel, who calmed their fear and restored their courage by addressing them in the beautiful language recorded in the gospel:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people."

For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

Scarce had the last word of the Angel's message fallen upon the ear of the eager-listening Shepherds when they were ravished with the sight of legions of angels whose voices—blending in heavenly harmony—proclaimed the birth of Christ for the greater glory of God in heaven and the greater peace of men on earth!

When the astonished Shepherds had recovered from the miraculous events which they had witnessed, they found themselves suffused with that sanctifying faith in God which cometh to the humble of heart. Without a moment's hesitation they resolved to go "at once" to the sacred spot designated by the Archangel—not merely to "see" if the Son of God was there—but in the full spirit of divinely-given Faith—"to adore the new-born Saviour!"

As they entered the rock-hewn abode of an Omnipotent God, these first believers in the True God Incarnate prostrated themselves with awe and reverence before Him. They gave Jehovah thanks for teaching them to have faith in Jesus, and again and again they thanked God from the fullness of their surcharged hearts for sending the Word made Flesh so that heaven might be opened to all the Just!

Proud of the celestial prerogative which God had granted to these humble Shepherds, of being the first representatives of the human family called by the voice of God to adore the Infant Saviour, they bodily proclaimed their faith to all the people they met during their return journey to where they left their flocks. And "the glad tidings of great joy" thus proclaimed

from the lips of both angels and men, nineteen centuries ago, has been annually echoed and re-echoed by the Catholic Church throughout each year as it descended into the grave of the Past!

Let the conduct of the Shepherds on the night of the first Christmas ever be to all generations of Catholics an example of the living, practical faith they should have in God and the certainty with which they should visit His Crib and adore Him at Christmas. The Catholic Church is the Archangel of all ages. She it is who tells us to "Fear not;" she it is who brings to all the faithful "tidings of great joy;" she it is who proclaims the consoling doctrine—"this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord!"

Outside the true Church of God Christmas has no real religious meaning. Empty forms of religious error is not the Manger in which the Son of God reposes. In the Catholic Church alone is the Infant Saviour adored, the

Mother of God and St. Joseph venerated! To separate the Son from His Mother at the very moment of His birth, may satisfy the cold, cruel and unchristian creed of Calvinistic sects, but Christmas has lost its heavenly life when Mary the Mother and Joseph the Spouse are excluded from the scene in the Stable of Bethlehem!

Let us Catholics, therefore, whom Almighty God has enlightened in the true faith—as He did the Shepherds of old—imitate them in their humility, their eagerness to see God, to know Him, to love Him, and to worship Him. Let us also be courageous in proclaiming our holy Faith before all men—even as the Shepherds proclaimed their joy at beholding the Infant Saviour; and thus, like these first worshipers, we too can share in the angelic joy which comes to every pure and undefiled soul when it meditates upon the glorious miracles which marked the first Christmas in the world.

T. M.

WISDOM IS ALLIED TO IMMORTALITY

TO be allied to wisdom is to be allied to immortality. Once heard within the sanctum of the soul this word, Man is from sin, and sorrow, death, set free, And though on earth his realm's eternity. The pearls of wisdom by his choice preferred, Reveal to him the sophistry averred, That slavish sense is man's felicity.

To be allied to wisdom is to walk As Adam did in Eden old with God— To hear His voice, His burning words, and trace In them as He familiarly doth talk, The wondrous ways, mysterious, and odd, Which lead to unveiled vision of His Face.

HEROISM OF WOMAN

IN every walk of life that leads to honorable fame, in art, literature, and even in the science of government, woman holds an honored position. But

"Man's due desserts each reader may recite—

For men of men do make a goodly show;
But woman's works can never come to light;

No mortal man their famous acts may grace!

It is, however, by her gentle, retiring, modest, loving disposition that she makes those conquests that keep society together, and showers the blessings of Heaven on mankind. Nothing more outrageously barbarous was ever conceived in human thought than that the family circle was but a mere outgrowth of political society. Nothing but an insane Communism, which recognizes nothing on earth or in heaven except the individual and the state for the individual, could ever give birth to such a thought. No! the family circle is of Almighty God. He has endowed it with rights and privileges which are superior to political society, and upon which no human law is competent to pass judgment. And over this sacred little kingdom, hallowed by all the happiness that man can enjoy upon earth, He has made the Christian mother the august queen. Behold the model He has set her—the blessed among woman is Queen of Heaven! What a noble mission is that of woman! She is the guardian of the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the moulder of the affections. Her power extends to all the realms of sorrow and suffering, and her ministry of love is the warmest color in every picture, from the cradle dream to the sealing of the sepulchre. Heaven has endowed her with two gifts, which, in some particulars, raise her superior to man—pity and enthusiasm! Through pity she sacrifices herself; enthusiasm ennobles her, and self-sacrifice and enthusiasm are the soul of heroism.

Naturally more impassioned, more sensitive and more loving than man, she identifies herself with her whole heart with that which surrounds her. Hence, her firm and ardent love for her family, her country and her God.

But there is still a more exalted sphere than the domestic hearth in which woman exhibits her sublime heroism. It is that in which the cloister becomes the family circle, and the virgin heart is consecrated to the Incarnate Word. It is here, bathed in the sunshine of divine love, that the life of woman becomes a living act of heroism. Prompted by the inspiration of holy religion, she veils herself from the world, that she may become the medium of the benedictions of heaven to man.

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves midst the vapors of death;

Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.

How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!

How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him."

What in the highest flights of poetic imagination more sublime than that pure, tender, timid virgin despising the terrors of pestilence and death? What more beautiful, more noble, more heroic character can be found? What has fortified her gentle soul against the terrors before which men—strong resolute men—armed with all the discoveries of science fail? Ah! she is a Sister; she is the almoner of God's mercy and charity; and in dispensing it she knows no fear. What cares she for the rigors of the season or the contagion of the pestilence. Her mission is to cool the burning brow, to soothe the aching heart, to take the bitterness out of the tear of misery. Is there in

all the phases of human life an act that so well illustrates the grandeur and nobility of the human soul, as well as its sublime destiny, as to behold this sweetest, purest being on earth enter the neglected lane, climb the dark and creaking stair, and in some dingy apartment, like a ministering angel, to speak the kind word of consolation to some stricken child of want on his passage to eternity? Are not such acts a living proof of the divinity of that religion which moves the soul to such heroism? In the awful times of plague and panic, anguish and death, when the nearest kindred forsake one another, the noble Sister, the heroine of religion, with calm deliberation and gentle haste performs her works of love, and, amid scenes of sadness that would unnerve the heart of a soldier of a hundred battles, the demonstrative pity and sympathy, so characteristic of woman, becomes a superhuman firmness, tempered with all the love and tenderness of a mother. Whence this sublimity? Whence the strength of the young virgin? It is the heritage only of her who by consecration has become the mother of the motherless; only of her who offers herself a willing victim on the altar of charity for suffer-

ing humanity. California has been bountifully blessed by the number and zeal of these pioneer heroines of a refined and Christian civilization. They braved the perils of sea and land, not for the treasures of the Golden West, but to plant the sweet influence of Christian charity, and Christian education in our beautiful state. Their triumphs behold around us in magnificent temples raised to Charity, Mercy and Education! Their trials and sufferings, and indomitable perseverance are best known to our noble pioneers who have ever extended a generous hand to the mother of the orphan.

Happily our state has been blessed with a number of these angels of mercy; daily may they be seen in the streets of our cities on their mission of love. Unostentatiously is their work performed, seeking not recognition from man, but laboring for God and expecting their reward hereafter. Their panegyric is their pupil's prayer, their epitaph is the reformed one's memory, and a path to their graves will ever be kept open by the tread of orphan feet. Such is the ambition and such the fame of the heroines of religious love.

A. T. SHINE.

FROM DEPTHS TO HEIGHTS

THIS sweet to idly roam through Mem'ry's Hall,
And with those dear ones that we love so well,
To be again; to hear their voices tell,
In accent true, what we too well recall;
To live the days that to our lot did fall
In happy past—'tis joy; but, is it well?
Ah! better far is it beyond to dwell
In thought of future day, than to recall
The past. Arise! my soul, and dreaming leave,
To strive from depths, to reach the heights of life
Sublime. Thou couldst not enter nobler strife.
Enlarge thy view, expand thy thought; believe
In powers within thyself. Then life will hold
Of blessings rich, a number all untold.

—B. C.

A HERO UNAWARES

“WAAL, Petey boy, you're a-lookin' pretty rocky this a. m., an' I'm ready to bet a hoss that you don't feel a great sight better'n you look. Kinder thought there'd be an onsociable buckeroo in the outfit this mornin' when I heerd you a-strugglin' with that 'Pinto' song 'long about midnight. Nice little inebriate, ain't yuh?”

A snicker flew round the bunk-house and the “ineebriate” paused in pulling on a boot. “Now, see here, ‘Hose, you just cut out that ‘Petey boy’ an’ the rest of it. I guess I don’t spend any of your blame pay-checks when I hit it up a little. What are you a-butin’ in fer? If it’s any of your blame business I’d like to hear about it.”

“Hose” lighted a thick cigarette before replying: “Wa'al, course, as you say, 'tain't none much of my affair, but the ole man's a little shy of help just about now, an' some fine mornin' when you've got the same kind of a 'head' you've got now, that there 'Pizen' hoss is goin' to get just as mean as you, an' he'll maybe pile a fool buckeroo into a bunch of rocks an' maybe a fool neck busted.” By way of conciliation, he added: “An' you can ride better'n some mahalies I know of.”

“Huh, any time one of these here rockin'-chair hosses of this outfit kin pile me up in a bunch of rocks I'll be sure glad to have my neck bent some. Anyway, what do you know about havin' a 'head'? You never took a drink in your life—you samm-singin' ole gospel sharp!”

“Hose,” whose name was a contraction of “Hosanna,” and who had been so entitled by reason of what his fellows considered overwhelming sanctity, received this blasting accusation without perturbation, and replied:

“Now, ‘Petey boy,’ don’t get to slingin’ round no such statements as that. As ole Jedge Pike uster say, ‘Allers be sure of yer preemees before minglin’ in verbyal altercation.’”

These ponderous words checked the flow of subdued but comprehensive “cussing” that the repetition of “Petey-boy” had unloosed, and Hose went on:

“You fellers know that I hate the sight of booze worse'n pizen, but I am forced to admit, which I blush to do, that once, only once, I was as beestly inebriated as a human man can get without dyin’. In fact, I was drunk.”

“It’s rather a peculiar tale, an’ as it’s a-blizzin’ some outside, the ole man allows that there ain’t anything doing till after dinner; so I’m a-goin’ to hand out the story fer the ben’fit of this here Petey who’s gettin’ to be a reg’lar human tank. I hope it will incalculable a great mornal lesson into this ‘bon-vivant’ bronco-squeezer.”

Petey scowled resentfully and strolled over to the window, where he stood critically regarding the whirling flakes as if trying to determine whether they would not be preferable to the old-timer’s story with its threatened moral lesson. A gust of more than ordinary fury decided him against the out-doors, and, with a snort of intense disgust, he returned and stretched himself on his bunk.

Hose observed this with a show of satisfaction and, having rekindled the thick cigarette, proceeded as follows: “I guess most of you fellers has heerd tell of ‘Loco’ Hazelwood, the millionaire Britisher that bought the Bar E. ranch way back in the 70’s. He was an ord’ry common ass, but he had several barrels of money and started in ranchin’ just to amuse himself. He didn’t know no more about a hoss ner a beef than I know about algebray, but the Lord was good to us Modockers in them days, an’ partic’lar good to ‘Loco,’ an’ so fer a long time everything was fine as a fiddle. He hadn’t fergot his old sassity ways an’ now an’ then he’d tog himself out in some awful foolish lookin’ clothes and fill up on wine, just to remind him of old times, he said. Ev’ry year or two he’d have what he used to call a ‘house-pahty.’ He’d hook

up four of his best hosses to a big top-heavy wagon that he called a 'tally-hoe,' an' that came all the ways from London or Paris, or somewhere, an' off he'd breeze to the railroad—over two hunnerd mile in them days—to meet a bunch of friends from the East. He'd be back in ten days or so an' then the house-pahty'd begin. It shore was a pahty. Fishin' an' shootin' all day; eatin' and drinkin' an' music an' dancin' all night, an' us buckeroos not lab'rin' very hard. Every three or four days there'd be a fox-hunt with some 'pore yappin' coyote fer the fox, an' away they'd go a-streamin' across the hills an' come back in the evenin' makin' onfriendly remarks about the coyote. Then, sometimes, it'd be up to us to amuse the folks an' we'd bust a few mean bronks an' the wimmen'd scream an' say 'Mercy' an' the men'd kick in with 'Rippin' clevah! Bah Jove!' an' other fool talk like that."

"Wa'al, just before this time we'd gathered up a bunch of cattle off of the range an' there was about two or three hunnerd head of calves to be branded, an' one morning' Loco, he gets a losid idee into his head, which same was quite an adventure for him, an' thinks it'd be plumb intrustin' to his house-pahty folks to see a real ole rip-snortin' ropin'-an'-brandin' contest. He puts the matter up to ole 'Scotty' McCarrin, the foreman, an' the result is that me an' Lazy Pete, the Injun, is paired off agin Squire Baggett, also Injun, an' Joe Davis, now runnin' the X L outfit. At that time I was some younger'n I am now, an', I tell you, boys, there wasn't none of 'em had it on me any, either ridin' or ropin'."

This last remark brought a contemptuous grunt from the irritable Petey, who broke in:

"Can't you tell the blame story 'thout hangin' bokays all over yourself? We all know you're a boy wonder."

Disdaining reply, "Hose" went on: "This here Squire Baggett Injun is the villyun in the case an' he shore was one always a-nosin' 'round fer trouble an' as mean an' pizenous as a blind rattler,

but sech a good hand we couldn't infloence Scotty to ditch him. Wa'al, fer the sake of our solemkoly friend over on the bunk there I'm a-goin' to get this story right down to bare facts. On the mornin' of the doin's we has fifty of the biggest an' meanest lookin' calves sep'rated even in the two big corrals, which was built right next to each other with a platform fer the spectators set up between the two on the top logs. Up on this here platform was the house-pahty in full bloom; also, a big tub full of bottles of this champagne, which, as you will see, was afterwards the cause of my first an' only appearance on the 'level with the beast,' as the Deacon says. When we was all ready Loco gets up an' makes a little talk, sayin' the prize is ten apiece to the winners, then he lets off his 'forty-four' an' we starts to work. Me an' Lazy Pete got right down to it, a-pullin' an' haulin' an' sweatin' an' cussin' to ourselves, an' the men an' wimmen a-bettin' green an' sorrel money like it was corn-shucks. Loco himself havin' personally cut down the contents of the wine tub by two, was a wavin' a small bale of money in the air an' implorin' the others to give him a chance to bet it on the Squire an' Davis, which makes me some sore. All this time Lazy an' me is a-workin' like two hyeeners. It was swoop, swoop, neck an' hind feet, flop, sizz, an' a whole lot of blattin' an' we was one nearer to the ten-spot apiece."

Here Petey tried to throw a few obstacles in the path of the narration and interrupted "Hose" to ask him if they ever took the ropes off a branded calf, in them days, but some impressive frowns and more impressive language on the part of the other auditors showed clearly that his course was not popular, whereupon he became gloomier than ever.

"Wa'al, we finally wins out, but it was so blame close that they was just ropin' their last calf when we was a-puttin' the iron on our'n. The folks up on the platform did quite a little hurrayin' an' a long-eared galoot who

grabbed most of Loco's change in the bettin' constitoots himself a commity on entertainin' the victors an' presents both me an' Lazy with a bottle of this champagne wine. I was jest about to start to work on mine, when, all of a sudden, there was the orfulest rumpus up on the platform. A few of the wimmen a-yellin' and the rest fainted away, an' Loco a-standin' up in the middle with a big gash over his right eye, an' blood all over his face, an' all the rest of the men-folks a-strugglin' to get behind each other. How it come so is this: It seems that Loco gets a little sore at Squire Baggett fer losin' his money fer him, and they palavers some over it an' gets to bandyin' some pretty oncompliment'ry terms, which indooces Loco to grab an empty wine-bottle an' heave it at the Injun. The Injun rounds up the bottle an' passes it back at Loco, crackin' him squar' over the eye. It was a belt that would have busted any head but a wooden one, but it didn't even put Loco down. Right here one of the house-party gents deems it proper to exterminate the Injun, so he lets drive with another bottle an' the next minit the Squire's huntin'-knife is a-twangin' in the hand-rail in front of him, headed direct fer his innards. By this time the Injun's blood is shore up an' he starts a-runnin' fer his gun-belt, which he'd left hangin' over a post before the brandin' commenced; but almost before he gets started little Joe Davis ropes him around both hoofs an' piles him up on top of his head, as neat as I ever see done. Right there, Mr. S. Baggett seveers his connection with the Bar E. Me an' Davis an' Lazy is instructed to see him off the ranch, which we does with much pleasure. We gave him the run without much resistance to speak of, but the way he cussed Loco was anything but slow. He cussed him in American, Spanish an' Pitt River fer ten minits straight without repeatin', an' also directed some flooent remarks at Davis. He wound up by promisin' to pay us all a visit some night, but this we considers as a huge bluff."

"Wa'al, as we ambles back to the ranch-house fer dinner we discovers that neither me ner Lazy has parted with our bottle of champagne wine an' we proceeds to open them, which is some difficult, as they is tied up with rope, wire, tin an' other things. The cork out of bottle number one come out like a young cannon-ball an' took Davis plumb in the mouth an' it was some time before we could make him believe that Squire Baggett hadn't come back an' assassernated him. When we finally talks him back to life, we goes after the wine. It is 'Extra Dry' an' we is in the same fix, as it is a pretty warm mornin' and we has done a little work, so I plumb fer-gets my preevous c'reer of temprance an' tries to out-swaller all the others. The wine lasts pretty quick, but Lazy Pete is there with a substitoot. Bein' an Injun, he always has a little flask hid away in his jeans an' he prodooces this an' we all has another swallerin' contest. Soon thereafter I succumbs. I remember thinkin' fer a while how beautiful the medder-larks was pipin' an' there wasn't one within two hunnerd mile of Modoc; then I commenced to rec'lect what a fine, brave, han'some human bein' I was an' how I loved Lazy Pete an' Joe Davis an' every one but Squire Baggett. Then pretty soon all creation started off like a big cart-wheel a-goin' full speed, with me a-standin' on the axle, an' after a while I kinder lost interest in everything, even the medder-larks an' Lazy an' Joe.

"After a while I finds myself at the ranch-house an' I hunts up Loco an' repreaches him fer bettin' agin me but I tells him how I loves him an' shows that I'm not angry at all, by leanin' over on him an' weepin' a few tears on his shirt-collar. He gits plumb annoyed at this an' gives me a roast fer getting' drunk. This riles me up consid'rable, cause I knows I'm dead sober, so I repreaches him some more about his ongratitude an' the house-party folks a-coming up at that time is shore entertained ther'by. The

dinner-horn breaks in before I'm half started, so I volunteers to come round when they're done eatin' an' finish up the speech fer them, but they is so plumb enchanted with me that they insists—all but Loco—that I eat with them an' tell 'em the rest. So I goes upstairs with them an' sets down at the table in the comp'ny dinin'-room. My, but the lay-out of fancy grub would sure knock you off the Christmas tree, but I was too busy a-roundin' up my sermon to pay much attention to anything else, so I goes right ahead an' deals 'em Scripture on the subject and I am just telling 'em the story of the seven wise Philipeens a-keepin' their lamps on the fatted calf when I drops off into a gentle doze with my face in a bowl of salad. After a while, it seems that my snorin' gets some obnoxious and I is histed out on the verandy, where my slumbers is resoomed. This verandy is all fenced in with these honey-sucker vines an' a del'cate railin' of fancy wood-work. It is built right over Loco's sleepin'-room, which he does so there won't be no one walkin' 'round over his head at night an' disturbin' him. He won't sleep nowheres unless it is downstairs an' allers sleeps in the front of the house, so that he gets out easy in case of fire, bein' once nearly cooked. Now, all of you understands the situation? Wa'al, in the middle of my peeceful slumbers I has a dream about bein' pursooed by a grizzly about twenty hands high. I run about fourteen miles a-trying to make my get-away, but Mr. Grizzly fin'lly reaches out an' grabs me. I fite like a demon to sep'rate myself from him, but he finally gets his rope on me an' brands me. Then he gives me a big swing an' let's me drop into the neck of a champane bottle over a mile

deep an' about fifty yards across. That's all to the dream."

"Next mornin' Loco wakes up in his bedroom under the verandy an' finds the north winder open, which he had locked it himself the night before. This rather sp'rises him, so he takes a look out, an' there on the grass before the winder is your humble sarvent, 'Hose,' still ca'mly sleepin', but all tangled up in honey-sucker vines an' pieces of the fancy wooden railin' preeviously connected with the verandy above. Under him, half driv into the ground, is Injun Squire Baggett, with his neck busted, but still a-hangin' onto a knife a foot long. It looked orful much as if he would've whittled a piece out of Loco's antermony if I hadn't dropped in when I did."

"When the people got wise to the situation I sure was a heero fer the rest of the day, an' fer some time thereafter, but blamed if I could get much fun out of it, fer my ole head was a-buzzin' and bangin' like a 'larm clock.

"After a while I got a-feelin' pretty good again, an' one morning Loco hands me two of them paper-money bills with 'C' up in the corners, an' advises me ter go down ter Reno an' stay drunk fer a week. But nevermore for 'Hose' in the tank business.

"However, I went down ter Reno with my two hunnerd which I deposits with a friend who is casheer in a faro-bank. That's all, Petey."

Hereupon "Petey," who had feigned sleep during the last part of the story, stood up, stretched himself, and said:

"'Hose,' put it there, old pal. I've learned a great lesson, an' it's not to b'leeve a blame word you say. If I could lie like that I'd shore quit buckerooin' an' hire out fer a weather-sharp."

J. P. C.

CHRISTMAS, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS

AGAIN Christmas approaches, and again we are called upon to commemorate the grandest and oldest event in the annals of Christian history. Upon that day we celebrate the anniversary of the Nativity of the Founder of the Christian religion and the Saviour of mankind. It is now nineteen hundred years since that memorable event; since then Christianity has spread over all the world, nations have risen and fallen; the people are of many minds and various opinions, but upon this day all are one mind, and all unite in its celebration.

In order to describe this day properly we should give two descriptions, the religious and the social. In the truly Christian home the pious members commence to prepare for the religious celebration on Christmas eve by family prayer, and cheerful and edifying conversation. Thus they prepare their hearts and souls for the sublime mysteries which are commemorated in the Midnight Mass.

The Midnight Mass, which is the beginning of the religious celebration, still prevails at that hour in some countries, but here it is usually said about five o'clock in the morning, and is followed by two others, every priest being allowed by the rubrics to say three Masses in commemoration of the three births of our Divine Saviour. First, His birth from all eternity; secondly, His natural birth in the stable at Bethlehem, and thirdly His spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful.

As the shepherds of old went in haste to the Crib wherein reposed the Infant Redeemer, and after adoring Him presented Him with offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, so also should we go and adore our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. We should offer Him the pure gold of undoubting faith in His mercy, the sweet frankincense of a purified heart, and the myrrh of our resolution to reform our lives, so that we may hereafter

become more acceptable to God and more edifying to our neighbors.

It is also our religious duty on this day to enlarge our minds and expand our sympathies, to be Catholics in universal love and in the communion of saints. We should be mindful at all times of the suffering dead, of those who fall around us, and of those who long since have passed away. But especially on this festival we should let the pleadings of our faith rise up to Heaven and bring down mercy upon those whom we esteemed while on earth. We should ask that they may rest in eternal peace, that the night of their exile may quickly pass away, and that their purified souls may soon see their Creator in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The social celebration is not so lofty, nor does it arouse such holy emotions, but in our land it is more universal, and is familiar to all. The feast of Christmas is pre-eminently one of joy and gladness. Its coming is hailed with delight by the youthful and the aged, and by all conditions of life, poor and rich, happy and miserable, the bondman and the free—all are alike infused with Christmas joy. As an antiquated rhyme sayeth:

"Let us think of those who have none,
The orphan, the widow, the hungry and
lone;
And the poor hapless ones who sorrowing
roam,
Knowing naught of friends or home, sweet
home."

And it is true that the soul of Christmas is generosity, self-denial and sweet charity. One of the most beautiful and oldest customs of Christmas is that of giving presents, particularly to the children. What grown person of to-day does not remember distinctly the Christmas of his youth, the early waking and well-filled stockings? Though the young first claim our attention, the old should not be forgotten, for all look for little tokens of affection on the Blessed Christmas.

It is now a meet time for each one to see what remains for him to do in order to make it a happy season for others. The retrospect of the past year will, doubtless, be mournful for many. But the past returns not; happy they to whom the recollection of the interval that has elapsed since the last merry bells ushered in Christmas morning is a pleasant one. Let us endeavor to assuage any feelings that

do not harmonize with the holy and cheerful associations of the hoary Christmas tide. If we would all unite in feeding the hungry and comforting the sorrowful, in order that they might share in the mirth and happiness of Christmas, God will give us the greatest gifts in the treasury of Heaven, the grace of final perseverance, a holy life, a happy death and a glorious eternity!

T. P. O'KEEFE.

BILLY CAMPO

HAVE you heard the wail of the widow,
Have you heard her wild, pitiful cries?
Have you seen on the side of the mountain
The agent, his bailiff and spies?
If not, go 'mong the homes of Tipperary,
But harden your heart to the core;
The scenes of eviction, so vivid,
You'll never forget—never more!

There is one little man, Billy Campo,
Who issues his edicts from Caer;
He has lighted some fires on the hillsides,
And glorying was sure to be there;
The rack-rented crops in he gathered,
The cows he ripped loose in the stall,
And raked them all in from Knockgraffin—
The cows, and the produce, and all!

Are the days of Old Foster forgotten,
Are those tyrants who pressed for his laws?
And who thought to smite Erin forever,
And destroy both her sons and her cause;
Who shot down with buckshot the people,
Gave the agent freehand in the fight;
That while Campo salaamed with his left hand,
"Death sentences" shot from his right!

Hic Jacet—those days and our Campo
Down deep in the earth shall be spilt,
And o'er him and his Eris forever,
A travelers' rest shall be built;
And above the big door shall be written:
"You're welcome! Keep green those lone graves,
Shed your tears! Keep them watered forever!
Don't miss!—Be forever their slaves!"

—J. B.

MODERN FANATICISM

TO illustrate the evil effects of religious fanaticism, it is not necessary to recall those historical epochs when a Luther revolutionized Germany and a Calvin invaded Switzerland. We have more recent and domestic examples of the evil to verify our statements. The religious progress of every country and of every age has been retarded by these same fanatics—not even our proud twentieth century can escape the terror. Indeed, fanaticism seems to be a necessary evil and we should not lift our hands in distress because we find it an impediment to our progress. What better example of a fanatic can we cite than that of our modern Dowie? However ridiculous his doctrine may seem, his standard has been championed by a host of admirers. Crime and bloodshed have been the resultants in no few instances. Dowie has been instrumental in degrading the sacred family tie—in estranging the husband from his wife, the father from his son. He has lived in stately style, traveled with all the magnificence of a leader of men, while his weak and narrow-minded followers have subjected themselves to penury and theft in order to perpetuate his wonderful display. He and his followers have received sufficient newspaper notoriety to make their name suggestive, in our day at least, of all that is shameful and destructive.

As a second instance, although at first consideration it may appear as theoretical fanaticism, we are inclined to regard Christian Science as a splendid example of the practical element. The success with which this science has annexed proselytes is astonishing. We dread its evil results. Think of a mother, vigilant over the death-bed of her son, watching his feeble form decay. Picture her neighbors appealing to her, for the sake of Christian charity, to summon a doctor. Yet that mother is unheedful; she relies solely upon the fanatical principles of her doctrine for aid. The child dies. Isn't that homi-

cide? Isn't that fanaticism? The progress of Christian Science would, naturally, make us fear for the future of our country. If diseases are not checked, if medical aid is scorned in times of great danger, then may the population of our country materially diminish, and instead of advancing with the ages, we shall retrograde. Fate may have it that once in a hundred cases, a patient of Christian Science may recover from his illness. Christian Science, with all the boldness of a robber, claims credit for the result.

To further illustrate the influence of religious fanaticism on modern society, we need only mention the names of France and Russia; names suggestive of the evil effects of religious intolerance and persecution. But, to rightly estimate what fanaticism can actually accomplish, we must view it as instrumental in demoralizing business and corrupting politics. The manufacturer refuses to distribute his wares among creditors who manifest an affection for the "faith of our fathers." The respected merchant endeavors to impose his religious convictions upon his employees and politely shows the door to those who refuse to abandon a doctrine to which their heart is attached. A laborer—yes, a plain but honest wielder of the pick and shovel—called to order because he insists, without injury to any one, in making the sign of the cross and keeping holy the Sabbath. Fanaticism most cowardly and ignoble! Indeed, we should not wonder at simple events like these; they are but signs of the times, foreshadowing what the morrow shall bring forth. Why, things have come to such a pass that, to secure recognition on the business calendar, one's integrity and ability are not in question. Are you a Mason? Do you profess to be an Odd Fellow? These are the prime requisites. Raise your standard and an army of proselytes will circle round it. Our successful merchant must be extremely modern in his enterprises; he employs an

Odd Fellow as his salesman, a Free Mason to travel in his interests. Through their combined influences, he is financially benefited.

In politics, the truth of our thesis is even better exemplified. Bearing one of those venerable Irish names, which in themselves connote an upholder of Catholic principles, has defeated more than one aspirant for political honors. Indeed, the political field is practically controlled by these enemies of Catholicism. What is the prevailing sentiment throughout the States? Is it not that a Catholic shall never be President? What will become of our laws if they are to be controlled by secret societies? What protection may the Catholic Church, that faithful guardian of revealed truth, expect from those, who make no secret of their united opposition to her? The Catholic cause may be expressed in the language of our forefathers: "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

In assenting to the foregoing illustration, we will readily perceive why fanaticism is a most destructive element to modern society. Yet, strange it is that so important a factor in our

religious circle may be subjected to a simple explanation. The real cause of fanaticism is to be found in the weakness of the human mind. "Imagine whatever delusion you please," says a noted author, "relate the most extravagant visions, invent the most absurd systems, if you only give to all a religious coloring you may be sure that you will have enthusiastic followers, who will heartily devote themselves to the propagation of your doctrines and will espouse your cause blindly and ardently; in other words, you will have under your standard a troop of fanatics." The human mind of today that gives assent to the absurd theories of socialism is the same delicate and weak mind as that which the early reformers led astray. Fanaticism will not be downed. Those philosophers who have devoted pages to declamation against fanaticism have accomplished but little, because they have failed to recognize in it a natural infirmity of the human mind. They have not profited by the misfortunes of their ancestors, who have learned, to their sorrow, that fanaticism cannot be extirpated.

E. I. BARRY.

A FRAGMENT

ONE evening of late, as I strolled on the street,
When skies were resplendent and mild,
I happened a tattered old fellow to meet,
With roseate hopes like a child;
The world, though it seemed to have treated him bad,
He looked at it all as a joke,
And with voice, I opine, that was meant to be glad,
In tremulous accents he spoke:

"I wish to the Lord, I had money enough
To start, and go trotting the globe,
Or even that fortune would give me the stuff
To buy me an up-to-date 'mobe';
Or that in her bounty she'd give me in time
Some clothes, and good shoes to my feet,—
But lacking such gifts, won't you give me a dime
To go and get something to eat?"

—FRESHMAN.

ENRICO'S VIOLIN

IT was Christmas Eve and the chaplain walked softly along the silent corridor. He had heard the confessions of the students still at the college, and emerged from the chapel into the cool, brisk air of the hall. Slowly he read the last pages of his Breviary, then closed the well-thumbed tome, and pressed it to his lips.

The sable shadows of the night had fallen on the cross, wings and arches of St. Mary's. The young happy lads had repaired to the study hall to write home words of Christmas greeting. Without the northwest wind blew sharp and bitter cold, and edged with a penetrating keenness through the crevice of bolted door and closed window.

The chaplain shivered perceptibly and drew about him a heavy coat. He paused before the descending stairway and listened. Softly, slowly, sweetly came the liquid, mellow tones of a violin. It was the ever beautiful Christmas hymn, so dear to the heart of the native of the green-clad hilled Azores.

As the plaintive wail of the violin rose and fell in the thrilling beauty and sweetness of cadenza and double-stop, the chaplain heard the muffled words:

"Adeste Fideles, laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem."

The last, sweet note of the violin had died away, but the sad tired voice still sang the joyful hymn. The chaplain tiptoed to the front door. The voice was silent. The wind whistled and moaned as it struggled among the arches and cornices of the massive edifice. He tarried a moment, then swung wide-open the heavy door. Momentarily he was nonplussed. He saw naught save the blackness of a December night, and heard but the echo of the elements.

Suddenly someone coughed and the chaplain started. Before him, crouched low and shivering from the cold was the figure of a man, clutching a violin and bow.

"You are cold and ill, good sir!" said the chaplain, as he bent over the prostrate man.

"Yes, Father, I am old, poor, and have wandered far. Tired and overcome by the chill of night, I climbed these steps, and played my Amati, and sang the Christmas hymn. It seems as though I could now die in peace."

"You will not die—come, take my hand and permit me to procure something warm to drink."

The old man slowly rose and offered the priest his trembling hand. The chaplain led him into the soft, mellow light of the hall.

"It is Christmas Eve and, although the winter of life has fallen on you, you should still be happy. It was on a night like this that the Master was born."

"Father, life is touched with sadness. How could I dare smile in a world so largely given over to grief? The shadow of adversity has eclipsed all joy."

"Nothing but the utter extinction of human aspiration could despoil you of all joy. You have life and God loves you. I, an humble priest, have compassion on you."

"It seems as though my feeble heart throbs with loyal beat—but, Father, I am growing weak."

The chaplain led the weary soul to a nearby chair, then hastened down the stairway. Quickly he returned, and the famished pilgrim seemed stronger as he drank the welcome potion.

"Your name?" asked the priest.

"Enrico Bercheretti."

"A native of Italy?"

"Yes—of fair Florence. Well I remember how Arno flows. Again I hear the bells ring out their silvery sounds; once more I see the holy Frate ascend the cathedral steps. Hark! It is the chime of Christmas bells!"

Enrico paused and listened. The chaplain observed his increasing pallor and noted that his breath came fast and shallow.

"It is Christmas Eve, Enrico, and it were well that you made peace with God. To-morrow we commemorate the birth of the Babe of peace."

"Yes good chaplain, and let me play once more my loved Amati."

Enrico stooped and raised the violin to his chin. Then as the bow fell on the responsive strings, a flood of melody of ineffable sweetness resounded through the corridors of St. Mary's. The beautiful strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria" reached the ears of the lads in the study hall, and many momentarily forgot home and loved ones, and in imagination were transported to the crib of Bethlehem, over which a group of angels hovered and sang: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

Enrico handed the chaplain his violin and said: "Friend Frate, when I am dead and gone, keep this as a memento. You have sheltered me from the cold of the night. Perhaps this may be my last Christmas Eve."

"None know when the summons will come—watch ye, therefore, and pray."

The chaplain placed the Amati on the chair.

"Frate, I would like to go to confession."

"Enrico Bercheretti come with me."

They slowly walked along the hallway, stopping now and then to rest. The deep shadows of night rested on aisles and pews and the sanctuary lamp was an unsteady beacon.

Enrico sank wearily into the nearest pew. The chaplain entered the little mercy house. Soon Bercheretti rose and falteringly walked up the aisle, and pulled aside the red curtain, and knelt in prayer.

Patiently the priest awaited him to begin. The chaplain spoke, but his voice was unheard. Enrico was silent, and that silence was never broken.

A fortnight later, a summons to see a sick friend brought me near to the neighborhood of Alma Mater. Having allayed the sufferings of one of my fellows, I entered old St. Mary's unnoticed and unobserved. I walked softly along the corridor, passed the study hall, and the music room. A violin with an aspect of age rested on the piano. I examined the richness of its varnish and exquisite workmanship, and tested its round, full, mellow tone. I held it to the light and read: "Amati, Anno 1670, Enrico Bercheretti."

I gently replaced the violin upon the piano, and realized that the touch of my fingers had been a desecration of a sacred relic.

F. J. BENNETT.

Soon comes the day all long to see,
The day when we shall clear out;
Then some will take the old "S. P."
And some will take the "Key Route;"
But while at home among our kin,
Whenever we appear out,
Always let discretion win,
And ever try the safe route.

As long as they like they may say
"Boo,"
But fresh young guys, I warn 'em,
While I am near, none dare cry "Goo"
To our old stand-by, Barnum.

Brady—The manager's signal for the pinch play is taking a pinch of snuff.

EDITORIAL

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F. J. HART, '08

R. J. DORAN, '09

W. L. KIDSTON, '10

WILLIAM H. BARRINGER, '07

BUSINESS MANAGER

THE 1906 Christmas season, with its plentitude of joys and retrospections, is being ushered upon us auspiciously. This season should indeed be a memorable one, as it marks the decline of a most eventful year. How quickly the time goes by and how much and how great are the happenings of a twelvemonth. We have seen a city destroyed and again rebuilt; we have lived through scenes and terrors that we will not easily forget; we have had our joys and sorrows, our successes and disappointments, and through them all we have never failed to discern the guiding hand of Him, the anniversary of Whose birth we are about to celebrate.

The Christmas time is suggestive of general rejoicing and happiness, for the God-man by His coming brought to His children peace and good-will. The hearthstone is lighted to announce the return of a prodigal son, and the old mother's face beams with joy when the family is again united under the holly branches. Then, too, do the angels in heaven rejoice for the sheep that have strayed from the shepherd's care, turn instinctively to the ever-welcome fold;

for being the oldest and most solemn of festivals it awakens in every truant bosom the tenderest and most inspiring associations. The thoughts of home and religion are paramount in the minds of men.

It is a noteworthy fact, and some may not believe it, that the Christmas of today has lost the deep tinge of religious sentiment that of old was its characteristic feature. We still have our church services and our religious rites, but the main purpose of Christmas, that of commemorating Christ's natal day, seems to be ebbing from the minds of men. It would be better for all that more of the old unadulterated piety should enter into the festivities and less of the spirit of materialism be exhibited; then would the true significance of the day be appreciated.

THE COLLEGIAN, appreciating the support rendered it by its benefactors, extends to one and all, students, faculty and friends, sincere holiday greetings.

One little act of the Board of Education in San Francisco has been sufficient to excite the indignation and call

forth bellicose utterances from editors beyond the Rockies and even in Japan. We, of the Pacific Slope, have been unjustly maligned for the stand we have taken opposing the intermingling of the Mongolian and Caucasian races in our public schools. President Roosevelt, alarmed at the importance of the situation, magnified by a few editorial wiseacres, has assumed Federal jurisdiction over the matter by sending Commissioner Metcalf to the coast to investigate the seat of trouble. Mr. Metcalf has returned and we feel certain that he appreciates our feelings in the matter. But one visit is sufficient to convince any one that we are determined to maintain distinctive standards between the races. The people of the East, it appears to us, are manifesting too much interest in this question which we believe to be purely local. People who have never visited this coast and studied conditions here are in no wise capable of passing judgment on the topic. The Federal Government has been too hasty in assuming power where no authority is vested; the authority of a State in such matters should be recognized, and the law of California is very clear and concise in prohibiting a common mingling of the Yellow and White children. We are sufficiently lax enough in opening the doors to the "sons of merchants," but we can never tolerate the idea of harboring the children of the lower grades, the offspring of men who are bound by no sense of morality, and whose ideas of honor are frightfully diseased. The average Japanese thinks as little of betraying a friend as our modern political grafters do of making restitution. We are determined to be independent once and for all on this point; we will not tolerate the Mongolians on terms of social equality, no matter what the morality of it may be. Our Eastern editors have theorized glowingly on the equality of all men, as prescribed by the Constitution; they have tried to force ideas of so-called justice and morality upon us, but still we are firm, for we are practical and

are not to be duped by mere theoretical whims.

The indifference with which many of our able-bodied citizens regard all political matters is well verified in the statistics of the past election. There is absolutely no reason why every one of us, the aged and the infirm excepted, should not exercise his right of suffrage. Too often we hear that feeble excuse, "I forgot to register." It is inexcusable negligence. Strange it is, that we seem to forget our civil duties. To properly exercise our right of suffrage is a duty we owe the State, comprising, as it does, the grandest principles of a republican government. The fact of the matter is, that since this electoral process has ceased to be a novelty, we look upon it as burdensome. Not infrequently do we hear the negligent voter express himself in these words: "Oh, I don't care who's elected; they're all grafters. One is as bad as the other." Very flimsy logic, indeed. Admitting that the several candidates are grafters, he should make it his business to determine who is the least offender and cast his ballot for him. This tendency to regard all political aspirants as equally immoral would naturally help the cause of the self-confessed boodler. In fact, politics have been so corrupt that but few of our distinguished citizens would think of accepting a nomination. We cannot censure them for not sacrificing their reputation to serve what is termed "the public good." If we hope to have honest men in office we must show them that we are prepared to judge an administration for what it is worth. The way to rid ourselves of these daring grafters is to show them that we do not want them.

Christmas, the Feast of the Nativity, will soon again be with us. It is the greatest of Christian festivals, and is associated with all that Christians most reverence. Though the authenticity of the date of the Nativity has been challenged, this is not a matter of import-

ance. It is known that our Saviour was born at Bethlehem about the time of the Roman Saturnalia, and the date of His birth has been determined by ecclesiastical tradition. It is perhaps because its celebration is coincident with that of the Roman festival that Christmas has become in some countries a social as well as a religious anniversary. In Europe generally it has long borne this character, especially in the northern countries. But where the Catholic faith predominates, the observance of Christmas is pre-eminently a religious one. The Christian ideal obtains in Spain, Italy, Catholic Germany, Ireland and France, except, perhaps, Paris, and yearly it is becoming more and more recognized in the United States.

While we would fain class Christmas as a time devoted to things spiritual, when men temporarily suspend private affairs and lift their hearts in praise, adoration and thanksgiving to the good God, we are indeed pained to acknowledge the purely materialistic aspect with which its celebration is wont to be associated. How different was that first gladsome morn which marks the beginning of the Christian era! How strikingly the fervent adoration of the humble shepherds, and their loving welcome of the Infant Saviour, con-

trasts with the cold religious indifference which characterizes Christmas in our enlightened era. And yet men claim that they are Christians.

As we cast a retrospective glance down the fading centuries, and illumined by the light of faith, betake ourselves to the humble manger in the shepherd's cave, cold and uninviting, and behold wrapped in swaddling clothes, laid on a bed of straw, the Infant Child, helpless and shivering, how our hearts must melt with compunction when the searching rays of truth, turned upon our inmost selves, reveal the base ingratitude the long-pampered flesh, the illegitimate seeking after things earthly,—all of which extinguish the fire of heavenly charity which the Saviour of men came on earth to enkindle.

For the majority of men, the general interpretation of Christmas finds expression in the exchanging of gifts, and in the spirit of good-will and social equality that pervades all classes. Happy and blessed are they who, not too much engrossed in the worship of Mammon, can appreciate the fulness of grace conveyed by the angelic messengers on that first Christmas morning, when they announced: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Mangan—I don't like my seat in class.

Guichard—Why not?

Mangan—Well, I sit between Red Rogers and Brick O'Connor, and it makes me feel like a piece of mortar.

Smith—A fellow named Murphy had several square inches of skin grafted on his hand today.

Shine—What is the technical name for that?

Smith—A Murphy patch.

Doran—The faculties of all the leading colleges seem to favor the new game of football.

Donegan—What has the mental faculty to say about it?

CHRISTIAN ART

LOOKING through the gray mists of morning the encircling hills tower among the clouds with an unwonted grandeur and magnificence, filling the soul with delight and wonderment. Thus, looking back through the mists and shadows of the past, the shadowy splendors of antiquity are magnified into brilliant realities and the deluded spectator cries out in enthusiasm: "Beauty perished when Mythology fell."

But when, in the clear, calm light of truth, we gaze upon antiquity with the unerring eye of right reason, how little of all that appeared so grand and beautiful is left to admire! Memory fails to recall the Naiads of the stream, the Nymphs of the sea and the Sylphs of the woods. Even fancy rejects these fair creatures it had moulded, and judgment writes over each Pagan temple "vanity and delusion."

Nothing is grand or beautiful in Mythology but its yearning after God, which had its source in the instinct of worship. It was unaided reason struggling with the passions to express conviction in outward forms, and the result was a religion of contradiction, the handiwork of man. Art is the daughter of Religion, and the fine arts of Paganism catching their inspiration from Mythology could only foreshadow, like their parent, the ingenuity of man.

The works of man are subject to decay, so Mythology, like some fair image of a dream, was passing away into the shades of oblivion when the Star of Christianity heralded the rosy dawn of a new civilization. She sprang from the bosom of Eternal Truth, and while beauty strewed her path with the flowers of purity and love, all Nature awoke to new loveliness and harmony as if in joyful reception of the coming of the "Queen arrayed in splendors."

The AEolian harp was no longer heard in the forest; Jove no longer controlled

the thunders; and the fury of the waves refused to obey the trident of Neptune; and while the tempests of the sea and of the land, and the lightnings and thunders proclaimed the power and awfulness of God, the ocean and the sky shadowed forth His immensity and the boundlessness of His mercy, and the productions of earth affirmed His goodness.

The moment Christianity appeared, the fine arts released from their earthly fetters, at once assumed supernatural grandeur and magnificence. A natural love seemed to have sprung up between her and the fine arts. They went to religion their terrestrial charms, and she conferred on them her divinity; "Music noted down her hymns; Painting represented her in her mournful triumphs; Sculpture delighted in meditating with her among the tombs; and Architecture built her temples, sublime and melancholy as her thoughts;" and all acknowledged her as their Mother.

It is in music, the sweet voice of feeling, that we find the genius of Christianity employing all its power. In those soul-stirring hymns with which the Church has invested her ceremonials, Religion has shown her knowledge of the human heart—its joys and sorrows, its admiration and terrors. We are wrapt into ecstasy at the ravishing beauties of Heaven's Queen, as portrayed in the "Regina Cœli." Admiration becomes boundless as the glories of God are chanted in the "Magnificat." In the "Te Deum," we are reminded of our duty and obedience to our Creator, while we are struck with awe and holy fear as the "Dies Irae" sounds forth the terrors of judgment; whilst, in the "Miserere" our heart is melted to penitence and sorrow. It is the joyous sorrow with which reclaimed virtue pays its tribute of gratitude to the God of clemency. It is sorrow without despair, joy without levity.

Architecture, which has been defined as frozen music, Christianity impressed

with her divine beauty. Throughout all antiquity Paganism has left us no such monuments of architecture as those that bear the impress of Religion. The religious ideas among Pagans are the inventions of man—the artist could not go beyond the human sphere. Imagination was only kindled at the fire of intelligence, and the form could not transcend the idea. Their temples, palaces and theatres were proofs that their only object was to please the eye. The ancient architecture of Greece and Rome, displayed in the Pantheon, shows that it received its inspiration from the Pagan idea. The beauty of it consisted in its huge proportions and low massive pillars. "That Pantheon which was the thought of the age of Augustus was afterwards only one of the thoughts of Michael Angelo." Looking upon it, he said, "I will raise the Pantheon in air," and the dome of St. Peter's is poised in the heavens, "revealing in every detail the divine idea and the upward tendency of the regenerated heart of the Christian man." Such is the architecture of which Christianity is the mother.

In Painting, also, the Christian religion has far surpassed that of antiquity. She has furnished to the artist

the most sublime subjects, and inspired his pencil with her own divine beauty. If the grandest picture that antiquity could furnish was that representing Neptune rising from the deep and calming the infuriate waves by a word, what must be thought of a religion that unites in one grand picture all the sentiments of terror, tenderness, love and grandeur? "An ill-fated vessel is about to be engulfed by the abysses of the ocean. Already the billows, raising their dismal voices among the rocks, seem to begin the funeral dirge. Suddenly a ray of light bursts through the storm. Mary, the Star of the Sea, the Patroness of Mariners, appears in the midst of a cloud. She holds her child in her arms, and calms the waves with a smile." Charming religion! that opposes to what is most terrific in nature, what is most lovely on earth and in heaven! to the tempests of ocean a little infant and a tender mother! Who, then, could be so dead to every feeling that can elevate and refine man to every sense of beauty, to all the inspirations of genius, as to inveigh against a religion to which he owes all the blessings of liberty and civilization, all the grandest discovery of science and the sublimest monuments of art!

J. F. BRADY.

COLLEGE ITEMS

REVEREND Brother Clementian, Assistant to the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, is at present visiting the several establishments conducted by the Brothers on the coast. His visit is an official one, and St. Mary's will be his headquarters while he remains in California. It is now seven years since he has been here before. We welcome the distinguished visitor and wish him a pleasant stay in our Western land.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Bro. Bernard, who for the past month was confined to St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, is now rapidly recovering and will soon be able to resume his work at the college.

The Spanish-American War was the theme of an illustrated lecture delivered by Brother Leo on Tuesday evening, November 13th. Prof. Baender, the chairman, after a few opening remarks relevant to the program, gave place to the lecturer. The progress and manoevers of the American forces were told in detail. While the scenes were flashed on the canvas, the speaker told, in eloquent words, the thrilling events of the war, leading his audience step by step from the mysterious explosion which plunged into eternity so many big-hearted "jackies" of the Maine, to the lively chase and utter destruction of Cervera's phantom fleet. The glowing words of the speaker giving life to the brave deeds of Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, and Schley, depicted on the screen, wrung forth cheer after cheer, and when Roosevelt and the gallant tenth stormed and won San Juan; when Old Glory, at once the foe of oppression and the herald of true liberty, was unfurled to the Cuban breeze, the students in concert burst forth, two hundred strong, in the sweet strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "Columbia—the Gem of the Ocean" were also rendered, led by the college quar-

tet. The surprise of the evening was furnished by the "Oakland Glee Club," or, interpreted, a juvenile chorus trained by Brother Timothy, from St. Mary's school. These lads sang the "Yankee Doodle Boy" and the "Grand Old Flag." Their sweet voices and unassuming manner captured the students, and as a result the little vocalists were obliged to respond to three encores. In all, the entertainment was decidedly patriotic, interesting and instructive. The slides accompanying the lecture, a very valuable and choice collection, were presented to the college by Prof. Baender, to whom a vote of thanks was tendered.

The Seniors in the Engineering Department have been under severe mental strain of late. It seems that one surveying party remained in the field very much over the usual time—in fact, it overstayed its time so much, that it was considered lost. Luckily, however, a copy of the alignment notes had been left behind. A second party was organized, and, with orders to strictly follow the notes of the first party, was sent out in search; after laborious meanderings and tedious deflectings to right and left, the searchers finally landed at the Webster-street bridge, after crossing Fourteenth street, near Franklin. Thinking the lost party had gone over into Alameda, all hope was given up and the search abandoned.

The sophomores are gradually but positively acquiring that certainty in handling their surveying instruments, that comes with careful and conscientious work. They are progressing rapidly with their work and have made numerous practice surveys, all with a degree of accuracy that speaks well for their future efforts. Having a well-equipped instrument room to draw upon, their work will, henceforth, include all the various methods used by surveyors and engineers.

On the 27th of October, the members of the Independent ball team, in the role of entertainers, journeyed to Antioch, where, for the benefit of the Catholic Church, they rendered a very successful program to a large and appreciative audience. The efforts of the quartet, composed of Messrs. O'Connor, Thompson, Field and Guichard, were especially well received; these gentlemen were obliged to respond to four hearty encores, each return to the stage surpassing the preceding offering. Noticeable among the large gathering were the elite of Antioch, who turned out to hear the much-heralded St. Mary's Orchestra. They were enthused over the efforts of our artists, who, after the regular program, furnished the dance music for the "whirls." The Independents are a versatile lot, as evidenced by the program. As a fitting climax to so grand a success, the boys, on the following day, trimmed the fast Napa ball team, an account of which appears in another department. The orchestra for the occasion consisted of: E. J. Burns, piano; S. J. Field, H. B. Hooper, violins; R. Deter, clarionet; E. Hallinan, cornet; W. J. Thompson, French horn; A. T. Dana, trombone; F. W. Dunn, drums. Besides the selections by the male quartet, solos were given by H. Krause, R. Guichard, W. Thompson, W. O'Connor and S. J. Field; F. Dunn gave a much appreciated recitation, and W. O'Connor and L. Grindell put on a black-face sketch. Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, '05, acted as chairman and introduced the various numbers.

The popular director of THE COLLEGIAN arranged a theater party for the staff. Dress circle tickets were procured for the "College Widow." Every member of the party, including "Bert" Shine, now a portly law-student, laughed uproariously at the college antics of the actors and the demonstrative way in which "King" Brady slapped his knee fetched many a quizzical glance from near-by play-goers. After thoroughly enjoying the show, which was

unanimously voted the "greatest ever," all hands repaired to a popular grill and partook of the variegated phases of the oyster. Our old friend, "Jim" O'Donnell, one of the proprietors of the grill, started the story-telling. Amusing episodes were told all around, and finally an evening full of healthy laughter was relegated to historical references as alma mater rocked the literary ones to sleep.

The first of the regular quarterly examinations was held in the main study hall beginning on Monday, November 17th; Brother Fabrician, Vice-President of the college, was in charge. For the three ensuing days the students met and grappled with tasks and problems innumerable and when the concluding "ex"—an essay—was despatched, a welcome spirit of ease refreshed the overworked collegians. The professors express general satisfaction with results, and, in no few instances, are highly elated with the successful papers handed in. This reflects creditably on the students and serves to laudably emphasize the marked determination with which they began the college year. We hope, rather feel assured, that this good spirit will be characteristic of our students during the balance of the year.

The Banking Class of this term are among the intellectually elite of the college. The majority of the members bid fair to outrival former graduating classes of the Commercial Course. One of the stars is Dickson Stephens, whose specialty is stenography, while the leader in Commercial studies is "Eddie" Hallinan. Other celebrities are Domingo Zenoni and Inez Peiro.

The First, Second and Third Academic Classes held an exhibition of free-hand drawings early last month. The work of September and October was shown. The students and professors came to see the results of our amateurs and seemed quite pleased. The drawings gave evidence of diligence, neatness, cleanliness and skill. The

First Academic displayed free-hand working drawings, which were accompanied by the objects from which they were drawn. For application and excellence of work special mention is due to Leo Smith, Thomas Hogan, Herman Scholten, Edward Tompkinson, Thos. Gilsenan, Otto Graff, F. Arata, George Masow and N. McCarthy.

The professional ball season had hardly closed when "Artie" McGregor, the premier pitcher of the Phoenix team of last year, called at the college and re-enlisted as a student. Artie brings with him a world of experience and realizes the paramount importance of sticking to something more stable than the flickering successes of the ball field.

The Sophomores are becoming especially conspicuous of late. The yellow paint episode did not at all dampen their ardor. Some of their valuable time in the draughting room, on the "roof," is being expended in the cause of general "conspicuity." A few days ago the portly treasurer of the college was shocked by a series of electric phenomena in the office. His admirable presence of mind prompted him to look at the wires which transmit the telephone service, and the cause followed the effect. Just what opened the treasurer's eyes was a massive Freshman drawing-board artistically decorated with a "09," suspended by a hook to the telephone wires. The treasurer called the Prefect. He came, he saw, he conquered and the chapter closed with a man-of-all-work energetically wielding a cast off boat-hook from the topmost heights of a telegraph pole. The Freshie's drawing board is now confined in the museum.

One evening after supper as the boys were chatting in the courtyard under the arc light a symphony of wild whoops broke on the air. At once there was a rush for the dance hall the direction whence came the interruption. The Prefect deemed it prudent to summon his assistant, so formidable

was the clamoring of the frenzied students. With a mighty rush the door of the hall burst open; when lo and behold! three stalwarts, Feeney, Duggan and Krause, around the piano.

"What ails you, lads?" queried Captain Tom. "What ails this trio?" the Prefect demanded. "Why, I don't understand, you Brother," continued Feehey, "what has gone amiss? We are but rehearsing a new code of signals for the intercollegiate series."

With sadness we chronicle the death of Mr. J. Fenlon, father of the popular Brother Joseph of St. Mary's. The elderly gentleman was crossing Broadway in front of the college on October 2d, when he was struck by a College-avenue car. Mr. Fenlon was taken immediately to Providence Hospital in a state of unconsciousness. While on the operating table he awoke to recognize Mrs. Fenlon and Brother Joseph. The last Sacraments were then administered, Mr. Fenlon with characteristic religious ardor answering to the prayers. He remained conscious about ten minutes, when he bade those around him good-by, and then relapsed into a heavy sleep which terminated only with death on Sunday, October 28th. At his bedside when he breathed his last were his family and several of the Brothers and Sisters.

The funeral was held from St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, of which Mr. Fenlon had been a parishoner for over thirty years. Rev. Father Casey was celebrant of the requiem mass. The regular choir was augmented by members of Bishop's Opera Company, presided over by Mr. Joseph Fogarty, an old pupil of Sacred Heart College, and with characteristic grace rendered several solos. The pupils of St. Peter's School, of which institution Brother Joseph was a charter member and from which he joined the Christian Brothers, were present in a body. The Senior Class of St. Mary's represented the student body, the following acting as pall-bearers: H. A. Davie, J. P. Donegan,

E. I. Barry, S. J. Field, C. R. Deterding, H. B. Hooper. Several handsome floral pieces were presented by the college students, notable among which were those contributed by the Class of '07, and the college ball team, of which Brother Joseph is manager.

To the sorrowing family and to Brother Joseph in particular THE COLLEGIAN extends the heartfelt sympathy of faculty and students.

The father of Frank Dunigan of the Second Academic Class died suddenly

on November 14th. He was for several years in the employ of the Southern Pacific, and was on his way to San Jose when he died of heart failure in San Francisco. The funeral took place from the Cathedral in Sacramento on Friday, November 16th. The entire student body, especially the members of the Second Academic, extend to the bereaved family their sincere condolence.

R. J. DORAN.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

IT sounded on the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
Who touched their harps of gold.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
All hail our Infant King;"
And shepherds left their flocks that night
To hear the angels sing.

And through the skies from Heaven they come,
Their peaceful wings unfurled;
And e'en today their song still floats
O'er all this weary world.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
That prophets then foretold,
When with the ever-cycling years
Comes round the age of gold.

And peace will over all the earth
Its joyous festives fling,
And we shall echo back in praise
The song the angels sing.

—CHARLES MOUL, First Academic.

S. S. S. DOINGS

IN the absence of the Honorary Counselor, Brother Bernard, who has been confined at St. Mary's Hospital for some time, the meetings of the 4 S's, contrary to all expectations, have been marked with unusual interest.

The committee appointed to frame a calendar of annual events to be adopted by the Society submitted its report, which was laid on the table till next meeting for discussion.

The Steering Committee presented its outlined program for all meetings till the end of the term.

A communication from W. B. Hinkle, '06, now located at Hazeldell, Oregon, was read before the Society. The Custodian gladly accepted Mr. Hinkle's donation for the Society's subscription to an engineering journal. A vote of thanks was extended Mr. Hinkle through the Recorder. Mr. Deterding was appointed to correspond for samples of engineering papers other than those that now grace the scientific library.

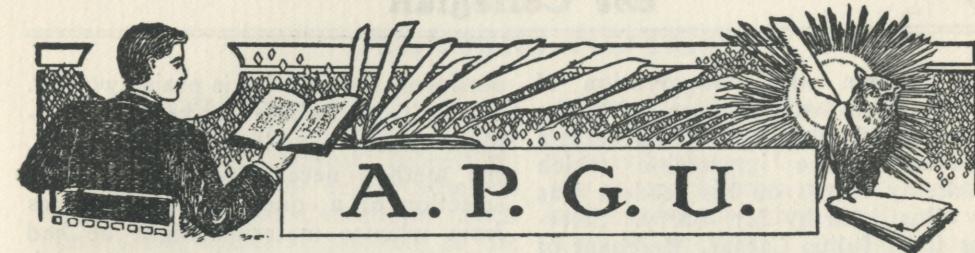
The report of the Pin Committee was received and the subject was freely discussed. No little time was consumed at the last meeting in considering the importance of satisfactory papers of applicants for membership.

The illustrated lecture by Brother Leo under the auspices of the "4 S's" was so much appreciated by the members that a vote of thanks was extended the reverend speaker.

The S. S. S. S. started the entertainment ball rolling on Tuesday evening, November 6th, by holding the first "Public Meeting" of the autumnal semester. W. H. Barringer, the Regent, opened the meeting by stating the

threefold significance of these periodical entertainments: to encourage research into matters scientific; to develop the oratorical powers of the members; and to furnish a profitable diversion to their fellow-students. Although the topics discussed were of a serious trend, the "4 S" boys managed to mitigate the necessary dryness of scientific subjects by interspersing several novelties. The "black face sketch" by Messrs. O'Connor and Grundell was a very welcome innovation and a pleasing departure from former conventional "meetings." All the papers read aroused keen interest, but if called upon to pass on the merits we would tender the laurels to W. O. Snider and Lucian Faure. The papers read were: "The Mineral Wealth of San Diego County," by H. B. Hooper; "Conversion of Light into Electricity," by L. C. Faure; "Natural Sources of Energy," by L. F. Barnum; "Electro-Chemistry," by W. O. Snider; "An Eclipse Expedition to Spain," by E. J. Rogers. The music was furnished by the College Orchestra; solos were given by Messrs. Thompson, Field, O'Connor and Krause. The S. S. S. S. quartet rendered several selections and responded to encores. A dusky sketch, entitled "Where Gwin Go," was put on by Messrs. Grundell and O'Connor. The affair was voted an entire success.

The Science Society was very much in evidence during the preceding month. Not only were all the social functions auspiciously "scientific," but we learn with agreeable surprise that Professor Baender will shortly lecture on "The Conversion of Heat into Electricity." Needless to say, there is a rare treat promised.



NOVEMBER proved a very busy month for A. P. G. U. President Barry is elated with the enthusiasm manifested by the members and promises that '06 will be the banner year of the society. Quite an anticipation when we realize what was the condition of A. P. G. U. at the opening of the present semester. Rather a gloomy one, indeed. Graduation had separated the older members and the younger set alone were left to uphold the good name. They have done so, nobly. Initiation has also helped the situation. Messrs. Doran, Jones, Snider and Edwards are numbered among those formally enrolled. They have all proven good students and enter the society bearing the recommendations of their instructors. Quality is what A. P. G. is after and if these young men live up to their "reps," A. P. G. shall be the gainer.

The regular meeting of A. P. G. U. was held in Philosophy Hall on the evening of Nov. 9th. The scheduled debate, "Resolved that Women should be Allowed Free Suffrage," interested the members for fully two hours. The affirmative was held by Messrs. Barry, Kidston and Edwards; the negative by Messrs. Doran, Jones and Dunn. The arguments forwarded by each side were very convincing and would do credit to older minds. A noticeable feature was the team-work of the opposing trios. Mr. Barry for the affirmative was very conclusive in his statements leaving but little for his opponents to refute. For the negative, Mr. Doran was particularly strong. The judges, Brothers Vellesian and Frabrician and Professor Gregory after a lengthly consultation, admitted the difficulty in naming a winner. They

were very systematic in their criticisms,—they considered three things, the preparation, the arguments and the delivery. The affirmative impressed the judges more strongly, and the resolution was not subject to any amendment or alteration. The judges expressed themselves as pleased with the efforts of the contestants. Papers were read on the same evening by Messrs. Guinan, Kidston and Jones. The customary society criticism followed each. Bro. Joseph addressed the members and confined his words to "the correct method of preparing papers for readings." He said in part: "There is a tendency among our readers, young and old, to accept as so much truth, whatever appears in print. This is a fatal mistake. Remember that the average book propagates the thoughts of only one man. Why is he not liable to err? Surely it cannot be because he has put them in book form. A certain discrimination is always necessary to separate the chaff from the wheat. These fathers of pretentious doctrines and vain theories have known this particular weakness of the human mind, and have made it advantageous to their cause. When you read, compare your own convictions with those of the author."

"Dickens or Thackeray, which?" was the topic that interested the A. P. G. members on Friday evening, Nov. 23. The question was treated rather as an informal debate. Messrs. Donegan and Guinan confined themselves to the exaltation of Dickens while Messrs. Barry and Snider spoke in favor of Thackeray. Each of the speakers convinced his auditors that he was acquainted with his subject. Mr. Snider gave an excellent *ex tempore* speech on the in-

tense realism and exaggeration of Dickens, contrasting them with the modesty and morality of Thackeray's characters. The impression which Thackeray leaves on his readers was ably illustrated by Mr. Barry. Selections from Julius Caesar, Merchant of Venice, Hamlet and Macbeth were given by members Kidston, Guinan, Taylor, Doran, Jones and Sheehan. The idea involved in such recitations is to more fully acquaint the members with classical literature, and incidentally to develop speakers for intersociety and, if possible, intercollegiate debates. Judging from the first ex-

periment, the practice is praise-worthy. A treatise on Debate was read by President Barry, showing its importance, the method necessary to the proper selection of a question, the sources from whence material might be had and the proper use of that material. Bro. Frabrician addressed the members interestingly on the "Superhuman," illustrating how the term is so unconnectedly used. His underlying object was to weigh upon his hearers the necessity of grammatical correctness. He also expressed himself as well pleased with the work of the evening.

GRAFT

ALL we read about these days
Is just graft;
Pamphlets, books, jokes and essays,
Tell of graft;
If a big concern gets left,
And of money is bereft,
It is graft.

Of all stealing it's the greatest,
Is this graft;
It's the latest, up-to-date
Handicraft;
If a man to wealth is rising,
And all honest ways despising,
He's considered enterprising
In his graft.

We can prate until we're dead
About graft;
It will live, despite what's said,
Will this graft;
Old-time crooks were slow, indeed,
For they didn't know the creed
Of the king-pins of their breed,
In their graft.

—F. J. HART.

ALUMNI NOTES

THE members of the Alumni Association are requested to send notes of interest concerning themselves or fellow-members for insertion in THE COLLEGIAN. Such items are a source of pleasure to the students of by-gone years.

Reverend E. P. Dempsey, '87, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Oakland, has returned home, after an extended trip through the Eastern and Southern States.

Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, is at present pastor in Tomales, Marin County. Father Collopy was formerly stationed at St. Patrick's Church, San Francisco.

Joseph T. Fitzgerald, '05, is with the Ocean Shore Railroad and has charge of the material of the construction department.

Hon. James G. Sweeney, '96, who has been four years Attorney General of the State of Nevada, polled the highest vote given any candidate on the State ticket at the late election. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court, running ahead of his ticket, and received 147 votes more than Governor Sparks.

B. J. Flood, '97, and A. B. Lawson, ex-'96, were elected Justices of the Peace in San Francisco by overwhelming majorities.

E. J. Butler, '00, was elected Assemblyman from Marin County by a plurality of 1180 votes running considerably ahead of his ticket. He has of late been commissioned by Governor Pardee Second Lieutenant, Co. D. Fifth Infantry N. G. C.

Noble J. Pickle, '05, was elected to the office of Surveyor of Tuolumne County.

Several letters have been received from George Poultney, '06, last year's varsity backstop. George has been taking in the Eastern points of interest and incidentally played ball in a New York State circuit. The big fellow has a hankering for the good old California climate and promises to return before the holidays.

B. P. Oliver, '73, is Chairman of the San Francisco Grand Jury.

William A. Kelly, '96, was married in San Francisco on October 24th. Mr. Kelly is an attorney in the city of his birth.

Luke Hughes, ex-'07, was married in Sacramento on Thanksgiving Day by his brother, the Rev. William M. Hughes, '00. H. R. Guichard, '00, was best man on the occasion.

John J. O'Grady, ex-'93, was married in Tacoma, Wash., on Oct. 18th.

Felicitations are hereby extended to each of the above former students.

George M. Caesar, '96, is at present very low with typhoid pneumonia at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco.

Frank S. Smith, '06, is pursuing a course of surgery and medicine at the Oakland College of Medicine and Surgery.

Rev. H. I. Stark, '99, C. S. P., sailed for Honolulu on Nov. 24th, where he will begin a series of missions.

Among the visitors to the College during the past month were: N. P. Wynne, '76, F. J. Sullivan, '92, Dr. T. D. Maher, '94, Dr. J. G. Brady, '99, Rev. W. M. Hughes, '00, J. D. Harloe, '01, A. F. Burke, '04, V. C. Derham, '04, J. P. Flanigan, '02, T. F. Greeley, '04, J. E. Derham, '06.

EXCHANGES

IN the North Carolina University Magazine. "The Infatuation of Ruy Blas" is a scholarly treatise on Victor Hugo's drama. It offers a good explanation to the unusual behavior of Ruy Blas in the presence of his villainous master, Don Salluste. Personality is the strong point and Don Salluste simply exercises the dominion over Ruy Blas that the hypnotizer has over his subject. "The Razor" is interesting reading. The groundwork is laid in an insane asylum; a peculiar but nevertheless truth is the ignorance of many with the actions of a distorted mind. There is fascination in the recital of the peculiarities of the demented. Why? A reply might be—we are immediately struck with the small span that one has to cross between the two individuals, the sane and the insane.

The Washington Jeffersonian has started the new term in a bright garb. We like the stories, they are good and short. Yes, short and a wee bit brief. They remind me of the time when Ma was wont to say: "Now, don't ask for the second piece." It tasted very good and sometimes, if I managed, through Ma's forgetfulness, to go to work on the second, I had plenty and enough—sometimes. But I was willing to take the chance. Do so, Washington Jeffersonian.

The St. Ignatius Collegian manages to drop in occasionally. Maybe Uncle Sam is to blame. We like to read this paper. Preparation seems to be the watchword of our visitor, and I doubt if a college paper could adopt a better one. Call again, St. Ignatius.

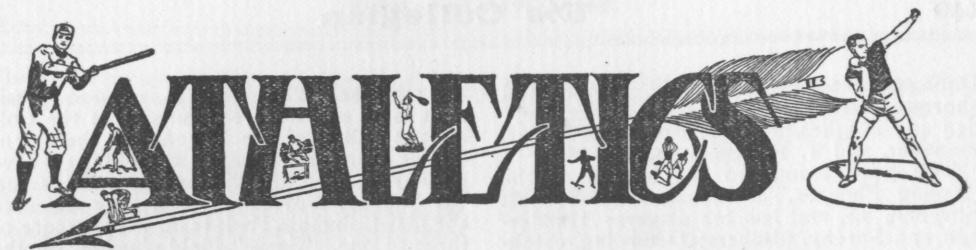
We were attracted to the November issue of the Harvard Monthly by a very convincing argument on "Harvard and Intercollegiate Athletics." It is consequent to the action of the Board of Overseers refusing to recognize intercollegiate sports after December 1st. The writer shows rather conclusively

that such an act would not be effective. It is a splendid example of argumentative discourse. "The voice of mastery" is written in very impressive style. Worthy attempts at short verse are found in "Amour Caché" and "Ye Left Me by the Garden Walk." The editorials, although of local interest, are well written.

After perusing the Furman Echo for November, we said to ourselves, "It was worth it." The table of contents is made up of live and debatable subjects. "Government Ownership versus Private Ownership of Railroads" is treated in a masterly style. The author convinces us with his earnestness. "The responsibility of Western Civilization to China" is creditably disposed of. We find a very worthy attempt of the short story order in "Richard Dane." The editorials are spicy and interesting, much in keeping with the rest of the journal. We are pleased to have the Echo numbered among our regular visitors, and appreciate the kind things said about us.

We gratefully acknowledge the following for November: S. V. C. Student, School Echo, St. Mary's Chimes, University Record, B. H. S. Oracle, McGill Outlook, Student Life, Fleur De Lis, Waynesburg Collegian, The Redwood, The Dial, St. Joseph's Collegian, Viatorian, Mt. St. Joseph Collegian, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Yale Lit., Normal College Echo, Niagara Index, The Sorosis, Ozone Pelican, Loretto Magazine, The Toronto Varsity, St. John's Collegian, Mt. Angel Collegian, The Nazarene, Purple and White, Blue and White, Niagara Rainbow, Notre Dame Scholastic, Normal Echo, Williams Lit, The Sequoia, Vassar Miscellany.

What has become of our old friends, The Occident, Georgetown Journal, Brunonian, Ottawa Review, S. V. C. Index, The Georgian, Nassau Lit., and The Ozark? F. S. SMITH.



A VERY welcome addition to the campus is the erection of the new bleachers extending one hundred feet along the west side of the ball grounds. The "tight hill" bunch have been foiled through the efforts of the Prefect; he has successfully engineered the work on the historic spot where lounged the "tight brigade." With accommodations for three hundred, coupled with the old grand stand, the seating capacity now approaches the eight hundred mark. The Prefect is to be congratulated for this latest luxury, and like a new toy, we wonder how we ever lived without it.

In order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement the diligent members of the tennis club have not allowed any wild oats to blossom in their domain, as a glance at the court will testify. Messrs. Lennon, Smith and Brown have spared no efforts to produce a high-class court; two layers of fine clay were spread and rolled; a new netting and new screens were added, and now the tennis court is one of the most patronized sections of the campus.

The Billiard Room has been crowded of late. The recent cold north winds drove everybody indoors and the Billiard Room became the rendezvous of many. During the cold spell a number of good players have shown their ability in both pool and billiards, and these, with the other well-known players, would form material for a good handicap tournament.

The redoubtable "Goo" Barnum has for the first time in the past year met his match in pool. Duggan, the Phoenix shortstop, is the stumbling-block. Their nightly games are becoming a center of interest. They are all replete with brilliant shots, but we can't fail to notice that "Goo" isn't playing his old game, and it is whispered that "Dug" has won the majority of games and is still forging ahead.

Our ball players are jubilant over the recent improvements on the campus. The infielders may now play deeper, owing to the extension of the in-field territory, and many budding bingles will be nipped as a result. The academicians were not to be out-done, however, and have accordingly conditioned their diamond on the southwest corner of the campus. Field Captain "Joe" McKenna should be commended for his sturdy work on the field.

The "Trust League," which was in operation for the past six weeks, has developed plenty of baseball material for the regular college teams. Hidden talent was brought before the eyes of the enterprising managers, and, as a result, numerous league "dark horses" were successfully tried out on the different nines; these in addition to last year's players, will greatly assist St. Mary's to put five winning teams in the field.

The Hayward team won the Trust League pennant. They advanced, step by step, from the lower rungs to the top of the ladder. At mid-season they were important factors for the cellar position, but handicapped as they were by the loss of their pitcher, Hooper, whose arm was deadened from over-work on the mound, they climbed up and finally nosed Santa Cruz out for the stellar place. A great deal of credit is due to Eddie Hallinan, their captain, who occupied the box during the latter part of the schedule. The winners played great ball throughout and won on their merits. Santa Cruz was a bang-up second, finishing but one game behind Hayward. Gilroy and San Francisco slumped badly toward the finish. The following shows how the teams ranked at the end of the scheduled series:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Hayward	8	3	.727
Santa Cruz	8	4	.667
San Francisco	3	7	.300
Gilroy	3	8	.273

The last week of November marked a general renovation in our college baseball nines. The teams formed in September were disbanded and a committee reorganized five teams ranking in age and ability. The 'varsity nine, known for twenty-seven years as the "Phoenix," is now fixed as regards positions, unless the coach, who begins his work in January, decides otherwise. The Phoenix team from now on will meet any amateur team of standing in the State. The line-up to date is as follows: Krause and McGregor, pitchers; Burns, catcher; Brady, manager and first base; Feeney, captain and second base; Duggan, shortstop; Joyce, third base; Thompson, Hooper, Whiting and Dunn, fielders. Hal Chase of the New York Americans will coach the team. The second team, known last year as the "Independents," will this year assume the dignified name of the "Collegians." They will be as follows: Hart and Field, pitchers; Lennon, catcher; Watson, first base;

Donegan, second base; Dana, captain and shortstop; Hallinan, third base; Jones, Hayden and Hughes, fielders; Brother Leander, manager, and T. F. Phelan, coach.

The third team, to be known as the "Young Phoenix," is managed by Burnett Sheehan, '08, and has for players: Henderson and Sheehy, pitchers; Deterding, catcher; Miller, first base; Mullins, second base; Mangan, shortstop; Davie, third base; Chris-tin, Baker and Guinan, fielders.

The fourth nine is managed by H. A. Davie, '07, who places his colts in this wise: Grayson, pitcher; Starrett, catcher; McMurdo, first base; Flanigan, second base; Donnelly, shortstop; Hillman, third base; Sanchez, Dunigan and Stephens, fielders.

The Midgets, or fifth team, is managed by Brother Paul, who announces the following line-up: Newell and Masow, pitchers; Douglass, catcher; Russel, first base; Biggy, second base; McIntyre, shortstop; Langner, third base; Murasky, Delahide, Mathison, fielders. They have to date won one and lost two games.

The Fourth team has won twice from the Second nine of Sacred Heart College, defeated the Auroras, St. Vincents and the Grant School teams. The one game lost was dropped to the Grant School. Manager Davie is enthusiastic over the playing of his colts.

The Young Phoenix, notwithstanding the fact that several of their players have been "drafted" into the second team, are playing "bang-up" ball. Manager "Tommy" is proud of his colts and has them practicing daily.

The Young Phoenix and the Sacred Heart College nine played a tie game at Idora Park on Sunday, November 11th. The game was for the benefit of the Sacred Heart parish of San Francisco. Henderson pitched for the Young Phoenix and was opposed by McCarthy. Both slabsters pitched good ball and a rattling good game is promised when the tie will be played off. Charley Mangan, formerly a Sacred Heart College player, is playing shortstop for the Young Phoenix.

Hughes, the star fielder and slugger of the Young Phoenix, has been drafted to the second team. He will probably make a garden with the Collegians.

The second team is practicing hard and the youngsters are very likely to hold their own among the amateur aggregations. The team consists of experienced men, the majority of whom are veterans of last year's Independents. The manager and coach Phelan are outlining a strenuous campaign.

The Collegians have already ordered new uniforms. They do not wish to enlighten us of the color, but intend to spring a pleasant

surprise. The manager is a good business man, and we are assured that the Collegians will rival the Phoenix in the splendor of their new baseball togs. They have already copped the honors in two games. On Sunday, November 11th, they defeated the fast Columbia Park team with a score of three to one. "Steve" Field chucked for the Collegians and pitched masterly ball during the nine fast innings. Lennon's three-bagger to the college building was the long hit of the game. Jones caught a great game and promises to help some in the batting. On Sunday, November 18th, they won their second game from the City Fronts, a team holding victories over Pensacola and other fast teams. Enos, for the 'Friscans, was touched up hard, but the good support accorded him kept the score down. The second team put up a good exhibition and will be our slugging team this season.

The Collegians won their third consecutive game on Sunday, Nov. 25th. The California team, which is just winding up a successful season, were the "also-rans." The Collegians piled up eleven runs with apparent ease, while the victims were greatly flustered over their efforts in securing three tallies. Merriam, who lost to the varsity in a ten-inning battle recently, started on the firing line for the Californias, but was batted out of the box in the third. The Collegians' new code of signals were thoroughly tried out and proved very successful. "Mike" Hughes played center field for us and distinguished himself by hammering out three safeties and his fielding was brilliant.

The Phoenix have ordered new uniforms for the spring season. The suits will be of white lettered with black, and will sport the famous "white sox." White caps and maroon coats will complete the uniform. Manager "King" Brady and Captain Tom Feeney assure us there will be nothing "bushy" in the get-up of the new duds—latest cut, few trimmings, and first quality goods.

Harry Hooper gives promise of being the Phoenix star outfielder. His fielding is fast and his peg to the plate is accurate. Harry is fast becoming a reliable pinch hitter.

Eddie Burns is receiving in good style. His quick and heady play is a great assistance to his battery-mate. A choice few of the semi-professionals have purloined a cushion under Eddie's watchful eye and accurate throwing arm.

Harry Krause continues to pass up the goods for the varsity. In the second game with the Gantner-Matters, he whipped thirteen and pitched shutout ball throughout.

The Knitters are probably the heaviest hitting amateur team in the State.

Captain Tom Feeney is proving himself an ideal leader. Tom's experience in the "bushes" is assisting him and through his friendship of numerous baseball celebrities he has acquired many valuable fine points of the game. Tom is not a brilliant player but he is a heady and most consistent player. He is just aggressive enough to make victory worth while and to inspire spirit into his players.

The Phoenix squad is practicing hard. The ranks have been pretty well thinned out and but twelve remain in the running. The Trust League series did much towards conditioning the players and the Baseball Committee has decided to form just such a preliminary league every fall.

Percy Whitton is proving himself a valuable utility man, in addition to his ability in the outfield. He has been playing third base during Joyce's absence and, although the position is practically new to him, he handles himself in a very commendable manner. Percy's long three base swat was the big factor in the second Gantner-Mattern game.

The Phoenix will not begin their season until the middle of December. The universities will not put their teams on the field until January, when we may expect an interesting series with each of the big colleges. Needless to say we found them easy the last three seasons.

Manager John F. Brady, of the Phoenix, will cover the initial cushion for the varsity again this season. We can safely assert that King is the peer of college first-basemen. As a manager he is proving very successful. He is rapidly completing the schedule and has secured "Hal" Chase, the New York first-sacker, to coach the 'varsity squad.

The Independents won from the All-Star team of San Francisco, on Saturday Nov. 10th. Five to nothing tells the tale. McGregor worked for the Indies and held the refugee constellation safe at all stages. De Boom, for the All-Stars was hit freely and at critical times. The game was lopsided and interesting only in spots. Duggan pulled in a fast line drive with his gloved hand. The pretty catch deserved the spectators' applause. George "Rube" Haley '06, late of the Oakland Coast League, played third in Joyce's absence and tore off three bingles. The All-Stars are a picked

nine of San Francisco's best amateurs. Dick Eagen and Jimmy Byrnes, major leaguers, were carded to play with the Stars, but failed to appear.

R. H. E.
Independents 5 9 4
All-Stars 0 4 4
Batteries McGregor and Burns; De Boom and Lennon.

Independents vs. Napa.

On Sunday Oct. 28th, the champion Napa team after winning twenty games lost its hard earned laurels to the Independents. The score was decisive, although much fear was evidenced by the management because the collegians, who, aside from being ball-players are a talented bunch, went to Antioch on the evening before the game, to participate in an entertainment. The trip to Antioch and thence to Napa entailed tiresome travel, but the "Indies" were in lively spirits and played remarkable game. Harry Krause, with gilt edged support, was impervious to all run-getting onslaughts. Napa scored her first and last run in the initial inning. A pass, incidentally the only one which Krause issued, and an overthrow to first, was the form of the gift. The third inning turned the tide in St. Mary's favor. Dana walked, and stole second, Duggan was hit by pitcher. A successful double steal followed. Then Hooper signalled the squeeze play, and Dana scored when Hooper tapped one over Scruggs's head. Brady then came through with his usual timely hit and scored Duggan and Hooper with a cracking two-bagger to deep center. Thompson flied out Waterbury, who completed a fast double which ended the session. The score stood three to one until the eighth, when Duggan's walk, Hooper's sacrifice, and Brady's single added another tally. The fielding of Waterbury and Duggan earned the applause of a monster assembly of enthusiastic fans; while Brady batted in three of our runs and Scruggs, of Napa, secured three hits. Russell, the big initial sacker of the Napa team, made a pretty catch of a high foul. He circled around the players' bench and grabbed the sphere with his bare hand as it was about to descend on a bleacher's upturned face. The defeat of the Napa nine is deemed the greatest achievement of the Indies. The Napa aggregation has been beating all comers and have long been claiming the State amateur championship.

The "Napa Daily Journal" says, in regard to the game: "The visitors won the game, and won it on their merits, and convinced everyone who witnessed the contest that they know how and can play ball and that the team that defeats them will have a job on their hands. Outside of their playing, they are as gentlemanly a lot of men as ever appeared on any ball field, and the Napa fans would not want anything more than

to have them appear here again before the season closes, and if they consent to return it is safe to say that the largest crowd to witness a ball game in Napa will be on hand."

The detailed score:

INDEPENDENTS.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Dunn 1. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Duggan s. s....	2	2	0	1	0	4	0
Hooper c. f....	3	1	1	0	1	0	0
Brady 1. b.....	4	0	2	0	13	0	0
Thompson r. f... Burns c.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Whitton 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Krause p.....	3	0	1	0	0	2	0
Dana 2d b.....	2	1	0	1	2	3	0
Totals.....	27	4	5	3	26	14	2
Waterbury out for interference.							

NAPA.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Mills 1. f.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
Scruggs 3d b....	4	0	3	0	0	1	0
Boyle s. s.....	3	0	1	0	1	2	1
Waterbury c. f..	4	0	0	0	5	1	0
Ellis c.....	3	0	0	0	7	2	1
Rippon r. f....	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
Russell 1. b....	3	0	0	0	8	0	0
Guilfoyle 2d b....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Gunn p.....	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Totals.....	32	1	6	0	27	9	2
Hits and Runs by Innings:		1	2	3	4	5	6
		7	8	9			

Independents 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 1 0 4
Hits 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 2 0 5

Napa 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1
Hits 0 0 2 1 1 0 0 1 1 6

Summary: Sacrifice hits, Hooper, Boyle; two-base hit, Brady; three-base hit, Rippon. Base on balls-off, Krause, 1; off, Gunn, 5; struck out by Krause 8; by Gunn, 7; double plays, Waterbury to Boyle; Gunn to Russell; first base on errors Independents, 1; Napa, 2; hit by pitcher: Duggan, Ellis, Russell; passed ball, Burns. Time of game: 1 hr. 45 min. Umpire "Jim" Nealon. Scorer, Hart.

Independents vs. Gantner-Matterns.

A big gathering of fans watched the Independents defeat the Gantner-Mattern nine on the campus, on Sunday, Nov. 11th. The game went ten snappy innings and was replete with sensational stunts in both fielding and base running. St. Mary's scored a brace of runs in the fourth inning. Burns singled and McGregor followed suit. Whitton advanced to the firing line and picked out a ripe one, sending it to deep center for three bags, while Burns and McGregor crossed the registering station. In the next inning, with two out and all of the bases occupied by knitters, McGregor let an easy grounder escape his clutches and two men crossed the plate. The knitters were never dangerous after the fifth, but the Indies came very near annexing the necessary tally sev-

eral times. Finally in the tenth, the collegians broke up the game. Krause led off with a bingle over the third base. Hooper sacrificed Krause to second. Duggan tore Waters' hands apart with a line drive. Thompson walked. With three men on the paths and one out Brady, smashed a ground-er to second baseman Hanrahan, who pegged to Sullivan forcing Krause out at the plate. Sullivan snapped the ball to first, but Brady beat the throw, while Duggan crossed the pentagon with the winning run.

Krause pitched great ball and would have scored a shut out but for McGregor's costly fluke. He whiffed thirteen and walked none. Merriam, a prominent Oakland "bushier," mounted the mound for the knitters and pitched fairly well. He was hit freely, but the superb fielding of the knitters dug him out of many holes. The knitters presented a reinforced lineup, but it was St. Mary's all the way.

Score:

INDEPENDENTS.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Hooper c. f....	2	0	0	0	2	0	0
Duggan s. s....	4	1	1	0	2	1	0
Thompson r. f... Burns c.....	3	0	0	0	10	0	0
Brady 1. b.....	4	0	2	0	10	1	0
McGregor 2d b..	2	1	1	1	1	0	1
Whitton 3d b....	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Dunn 1. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Krause p.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	29	3	8	2	30	6	3

GANTNER-MATTERNS.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Pyne c. f.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Waters 3d b....	4	0	0	0	2	5	1
Rogers 1. b....	4	0	0	0	11	0	1
Magee r. f....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan	4	0	0	0	5	2	1
Hanrahan 2d b..	4	0	1	0	3	3	0
Boynon s. s....	4	1	1	0	4	3	0
Dwyer c. f....	4	1	1	0	1	1	0
Merriam	3	0	0	0	0	5	0
	35	2	3	0	*29	19	3

*Two out when winning run was scored.

Hits and Runs by Innings:

Independents 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 3

Hits 1 0 3 1 1 0 0 2 8

Gantner-Matterns . 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 3

Hits 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 3

Summary: Earned runs Independents, 2; three base-hit, Whitton; two-base hit, Boynton; struck out by Krause, 13; by Merriam, 3; bases on balls-off Merriam, 4; double plays, Krause to Brady; Dwyer of Sullivan; Hanrahan to Waters to Boynton. Left on bases Independents, 8; Gantner-Matterns, 1; 3; first base on errors Independents, 1; Gantner-Matterns, 3; hit by pitcher, Thompson, McGregor. Time of game 1 hr. 30 min.. Umpire Fitzgerald. Scorer Moore. F. J. HART.

JONES



I WISH I could teach like old Prof H. Or rival Jeff, as a fighter, Or had all my wits, like my friend, Dick Fitz, Who struts as the great josh writer.

Furne, while eating corned beef, struck his tooth upon a piece of buck shot whereupon Burns remarked that some one had been shooting the bull.

Smith.—What is a fire escape? Hart.—Well a San Francisco refugee may be called a fire escape.

Roy Abbott signs himself "R. Abbott" and says we can't make game of him.

If Jack Herrin gets fresh some one will "give him the hook."

McKenna—Why is a farmer in overalls like a bird?

Graham.—Because he is a blue jay.

Barringer.—They are getting after the grafters in Frisco.

Dunn—I should think it poor policy to take the Ruef from over the heads of the Refugees.

Field.—Who does the most head work at the college?

Hooper.—Tony, the barber.

Burns.—If all the people of Frisco were red-headed it wouldn't take long to rebuild the city.

O'Connor.—How is that?

Burns.—Why each one would lay a brick at night upon going to bed.

We've some perhaps possessed of greater knowledge, And some with sense and judgment more imbued;

But for good looks there's none within the College The peer of Smith, the Sacramento dude.

Henderson—Why do they call Red Rodgers debris?

Sheehan—Because he is one of the bricks left around after the quake.

Thompson—There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Field—Gee! there must be a whaling station there.

Phelan—Why don't the political reformers get after Luther Burbank? he is a grafter.

Faure—Bell wouldn't have made a good governor.

Beck—What makes you think so?

Faure—Why he is a ringer.

While learned profs and dilettante teachers

Strain to keep unruly boys in hand, The noisy fans and steady-going bleachers Enjoy the games from Brother A's new stand.

Fitz—You are getting flighty Bert.

Shine—I know it. I think it is from climbing so many stairs.

Brady after returning from an all night party complained of sundry pains in his stomach describing one as a kind of gnawing sensation while another seemed to move up and down. Dr. Maher placed his ear in the region of troubles and accounted for the gnawing sensation by telling he had swallowed a rat, and for the other pain he stated that it was his professional opinion that the tall first baseman had swal-

lowed an elevator. No wonder King is so erratic and has so many ups and downs of late.

O'Keeffe—I understand they are going to run the Mountain View cars to Alameda soon.

Rogers—Why the change?

O'Keeffe—Well, the signs on the cars read "Mt. View," and Alameda is the place of all others to get such a view.

"I'll never yield at all," cried Field; "I'll ne'er give up," says Barnum; Such rivalry stands forth revealed Between the two—goll darn 'em!

Deterding—Smith says when he finishes his medical course he is going to live on the fat of the land.

Snider—In what way?

Deterding—He is going to be an obesity doctor.

Dunn—That politician had nothing back of him in the late election.

Dana—Didn't he have a family tree?

Dunn—Yes, but his opponent had the plum tree.

Smith—How do you like my new suit? Isn't it a dream?

Henderson—Yes, and the bill will be a nightmare.

Prof.—You will have to study harder as you have received zero in almost every subject.

Freshie—That's nothing.

Lynch—Why should smokers be heavy?

Biggy—Because they are usually taking a shot.

Prof.—This is awful; you certainly won't get your degree. You don't seem to be able to write three words without making two mistakes at least. Whatever do you intend to become?

O'Connor—My intention was to be a reporter.

Prof.—Oh, that's quite another matter. Why didn't you say so before? It's just the career you're fitted for.

Prof. F.—How do you spell "generally"?

Sheehan—G-e-n-e-r-a-l L-e-e.

Moore—I heard that your brother had to leave college.

Taylor—Yes, he studied too hard learning the football signals.

Carroll—Why are you opening the windows? We have only sixty degrees in here.

Doran—I know that; outside there is thirty, so I want to let them in, and then we will have ninety.

Grant—Can you direct me to the Central Bank?

Biggy—I can for twenty-five cents.

Grant—Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?

Biggy—Yes, but we bank directors get high pay.

I hear that Mickey Thompson is the little frog who croaks; That he it is, instead of Dick, who perpetrates the jokes; If so, the one he framed about Tom Feeney and "old sleuth" Is but a fabrication, with a grain or two of truth.

The watchman tells me now to say, he didn't mean to shoot, To waste a precious bullet and arouse the house to boot; And bids me add, that if he meant poor Feeney's skull to crush, He'd use a big bologna or a stocking full of mush.

I'll hie me to that southern land Where the sultry breeze is blowing, And watch the trees beside the strand Where sausages are growing; And, mother dear, now tell me, Do they bloom near Santiago? No, no, my child, they raise 'em at The stockyards in Chicago.

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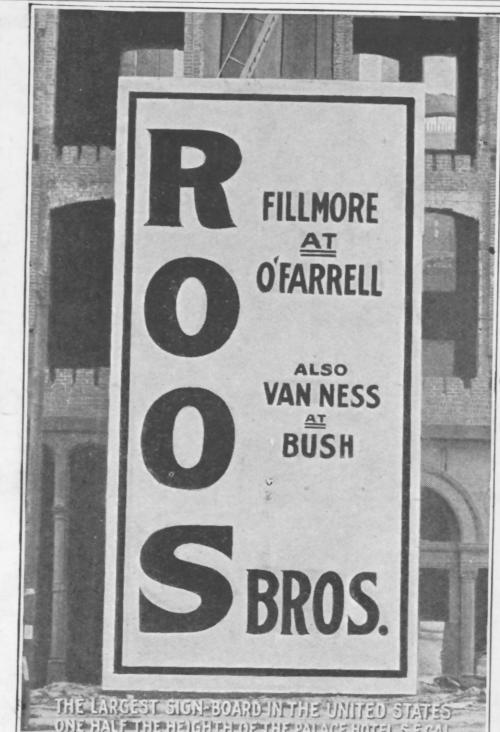
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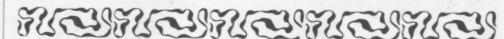
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