

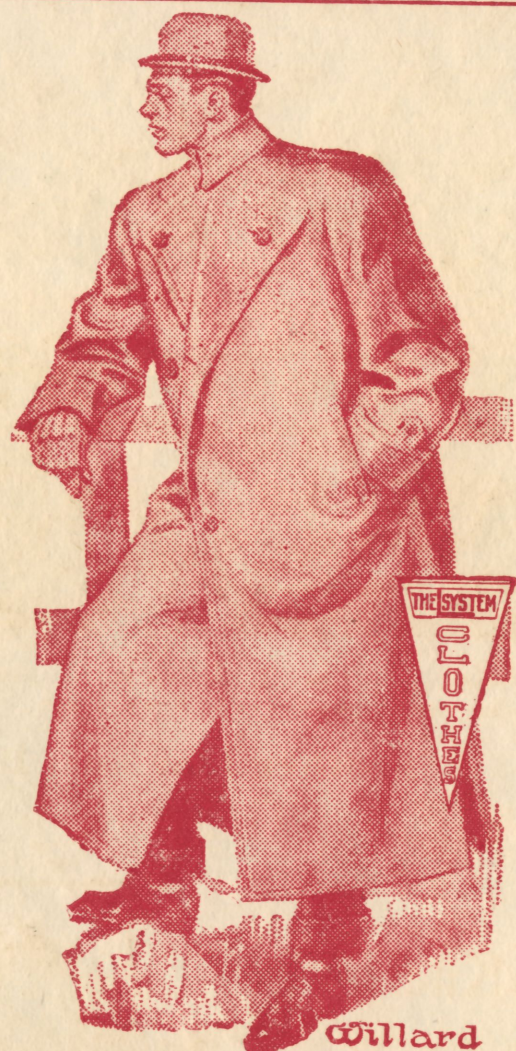
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December, 1909



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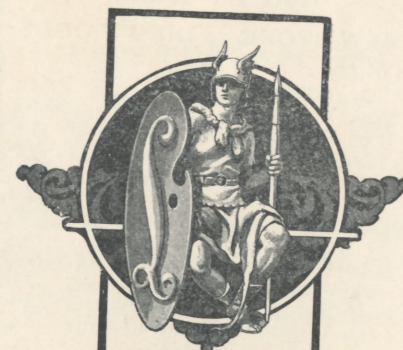


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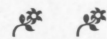
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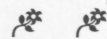
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

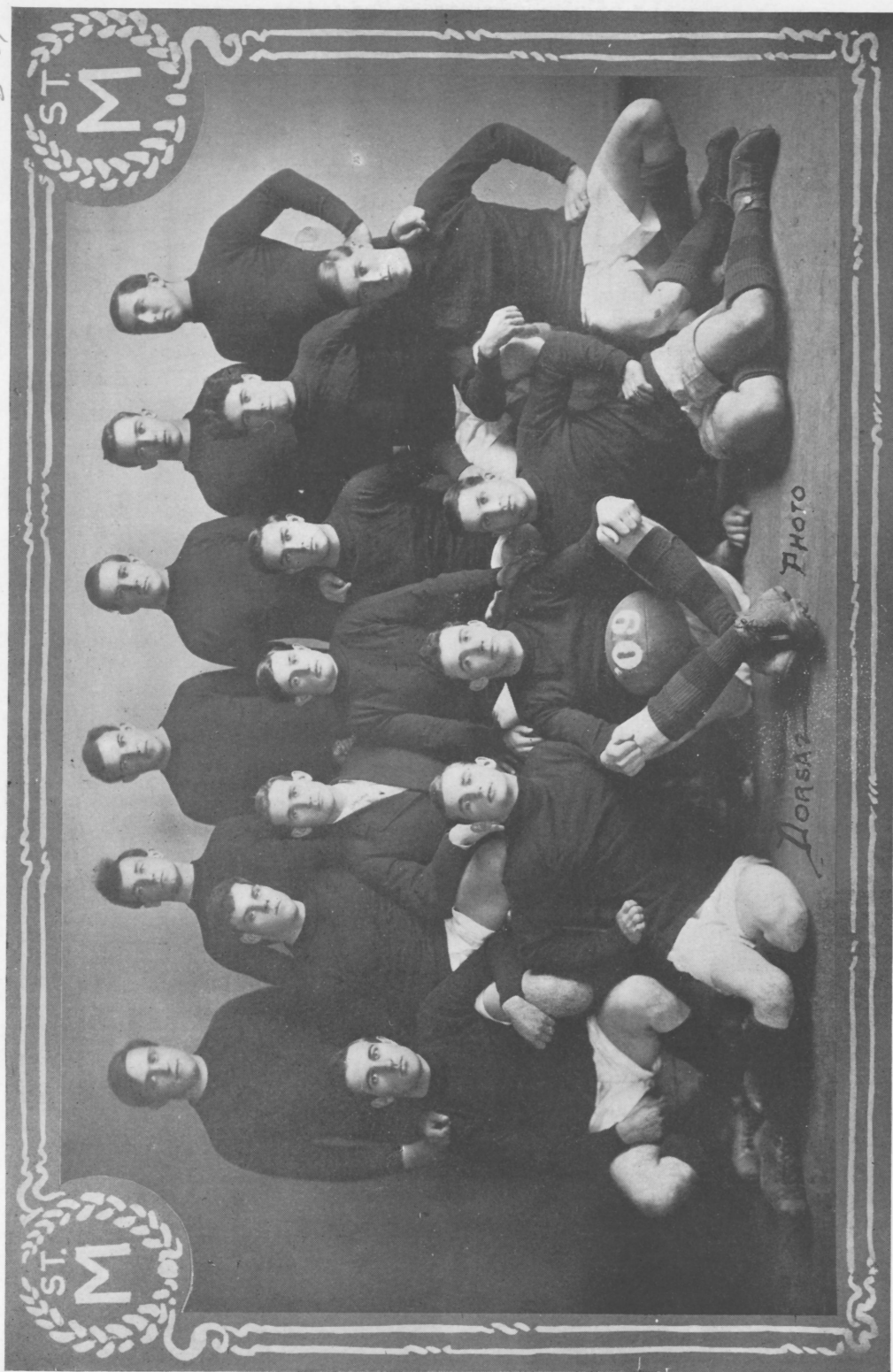
THE CHRIST CHILD	109
THE SAN FRANCISCO PASSION PLAY	111
THE UNDERTAKER'S CURSE	115
CHRISTMAS IN MINOR KEYS	116
ST. MARY'S NEVER YIELDS	118
SONGS OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY	119
TWO FOOTBALL HEROES	120
CASE DISMISSED	121
THE RUGBY BATTLE	122
WHILE THE EMBERS LIVE	124
OUR RUGBY TEAM	125
O. U. KID FROM KOLLEGE	127
EDITORIAL	128
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS	130
PIEDMONT HEIGHTS	131
COLLEGE ITEMS	132
ALUMNI NOTES	136
OUR SUBS	137
EXCHANGES	138
NEW BOOKS	140
OUR SECOND TEAM	140
ATHLETICS	141
JOSHES	147

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VOL. VII

OAKLAND, CAL., DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3

THE CHRIST CHILD

GREAT Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
 Today on broad earth-sweeping wings,
 God's angel comes and soaring sings
 The song of thy nativity;
 And men lift up bowed heads to hear
 That song of love and peace and cheer,
 While all the heavenly hosts appear,
 And join in singing praise to thee.

No gold or purple graced the morn
 On that great day when Thou wert born,
 On lowly cot 'mid kine and corn,
 While shepherds watched and prayed afar;
 The humble manger was Thy bed,
 Yet God's own crown was on Thy head,
 And sin and darkness cowering fled
 Before the light of Bethlehem's star,

Thy hand held olive branch and dove,
 True emblems of eternal love,
 And peace, through Fatherhood above,
 Was then, as now, Thy yearning cry;
 Thy life stood ever for the Good,
 For Truth, Salvation, Brotherhood,
 And yet men nailed Thee to the Rood,
 In blood-stained agony to die.

Centuries have rolled, will roll again,
 Still men reap heritage of pain.
 Thy mighty works they deem in vain,
 Their idols still, are things of clay.
 They scoff Thy law, Thy name deny,
 And on their banners waving high,
 They flaunt the legend "Crucify,"
 And from Thee turn in scorn away.

How long shall Thy great, glorious name,
 The grandest on the roll of fame,
 Be held of men a thing of shame,
 Which they should blush to own;
 Thou art the one, the only goal
 Where freedom waits the prisoned soul,
 And will be while the ages roll
 And God is on His throne.

Thou standest yet at Heaven's gate,
 Thy hand upon the Book of Fate,
 And cry: "Be not too late, too late,
 To walk streets golden paved,
 Be not a stone, a senseless clod,
 Be not a slave 'neath Satan's rod,
 But know me, and the peace of God—
 Yea, know *Me*, and be saved."

—J. W. WALSH.

THE SAN FRANCISCO PASSION PLAY

TO any one who does not know San Francisco intimately the idea of a Passion Play being produced in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast must appear something of an anomaly. The man in Michigan who reads about our graft prosecutions, the Vassar girl whose cousin Tom lived here for six months, and the short-skirted tourist from classic Boston who has participated in a specially conducted Chinatown tour—all these and more of their ilk are very likely to raise their eyebrows, if not decorously to wink, when they read of San Francisco producing a Passion Play. Have they not all heard that San Francisco is the wickedest city in the world? They may not altogether believe it, of course; but at the same time they are prone to hold, with a fair degree of certainty, that San Francisco is not precisely a devotional center.

We who are on the spot, we who were born here and raised here and live here, know better. We know that San Francisco has an unsavory side—how otherwise could Eastern visitors find life here worth while?—but we also know that the typical San Franciscan is not by any means a bad lot. Furthermore, if we have probed a little beneath the surface of things, the fact has been brought home to us that San Francisco abounds with men and women possessed of strong, deep and practical religious convictions. Too long has San Francisco been regarded as a city of restaurants—and other things; it is opportune to emphasize the fact that San Francisco is likewise a city of churches.

In itself the fact might not count for much were we not to bear in mind that church-goers in San Francisco differ greatly from church-goers elsewhere. There is very little smug religiosity here. We are not overburdened with men who cheat and steal and lie all week, and then sit in their rented pews on Sunday morning. Men of that class elsewhere go to church; here, they stay at home. Many San Franciscans, it is

safe to say, do not know what the inside of a church looks like; but those who do know are consistent worshippers. They are true to the basic principles of revealed religion, and they have the courage of their creeds. As a consequence, San Francisco's churches are well supported, and the men and women who support them are actuated by a genuine religious spirit. This it is that made so signal a success of the Passion Play recently produced under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers.

As originally planned, the Passion Play was to have been a strictly parochial production designed for the edification of the German Catholics who attend St. Boniface's Church in Golden Gate avenue. The offering was to be staged in the parish hall—the expenditure of time and money was to be small, and the great world was to know nothing whatever of the occurrence. Nothing more ambitious was in the mind of Father Josaphat Kraus, who planned the production.

But San Francisco thought otherwise. Public sentiment was aroused, and potent influence was brought to bear upon the humble Franciscan, with the result that the sacred drama was presented on a scale of almost unbelievable magnificence and grandeur. San Francisco is now justly entitled to the name of a second Oberammergau—unless, indeed, Oberammergau deserves to be called a second San Francisco.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is a conservative estimate of the cost of the production, a cost which involved acres of scenery, countless yards of expensive costumes and miles of electric wiring. The largest auditorium in the city was chartered for the season of rehearsals and productions, and a stage constructed 234 feet long and 65 feet deep—the largest stage ever used west of Chicago. To further the acoustic properties of the building, a net of finest piano wire was stretched from wall to wall, with results commensurate with the expense and originality of the device.

Rightly to understand the Passion Play we must know something of the man who stands sponsor for it. Father Josaphat Kraus is the direct antithesis of the popular conception of the Franciscan monk. He is not corpulent, nor florid, nor, in the offensive sense, jolly. Father Josaphat is small in stature and slightly built, with a well-shaped head delicately poised above the expansive collar of his brown monastic habit. His face is youthful, almost boyish—the face of a man who, shielded from the sordid things of life, has devoted years to the calm contemplation of eternal truth.

For something like a score of years, Father Josaphat has labored in the work of the Catholic priesthood at St. Boniface's Church. Admirably trained for his life work—he is an accomplished scholar and linguist—Father Josaphat brought to his routine labors a mind capable of converting experience into knowledge. His duties in the confessional, in the hospital, in the asylum, brought him close to human nature. He learned men and the ways of men, their strength and their weakness; and this knowledge brought the conviction that, despite what prosy moralists may say to the contrary, the average man is influenced less by reason than by emotion.

Father Josaphat is a Catholic monk, and the reason why the Catholic monk exists today is that he may help his fellow-men to live better, nobler lives. So Father Josaphat sought to do his little share in the great work of uplifting humanity. And there is no suggestion of cant in the expression as it is understood by men like him. He sincerely strived for the betterment of the man in the street—for this he labored and prayed. And then, finding that the man in the street is profoundly influenced by an appeal, rightly made, to his emotional nature, Father Josaphat asked himself this question: "How can I make some mighty appeal to the emotional nature of the man in the street, an appeal that will result in his becoming wiser and better and nobler, an appeal that will bring him nearer to God, and make of him more of a man?"

The Passion Play of San Francisco is the answer to that question. Believer and unbeliever agree on this, the Catholic monk devoted to a life of self-immolation and service, and the fool that says in his heart, "There is no God," are here at one—in all the history of the world, Christ—whether considered as man or as Man-God—is the hero transcendent. What is truly heroic tears at the heartstrings, every man of the red corpuscle thrills at the recital of deeds of heroism. It is purely an emotional appeal; but emotion, and not reason, rules the world.

This consideration it was that gave the San Francisco Passion Play birth. To better man, I must appeal to the emotional in man; the emotional nature thrills at the touch of the heroic; the supreme hero is Christ, and the story of his life is the tale of heroism most exalted. Therefore, the Passion Play will touch man's emotion most intimately and will aid him to become truer to himself and his God. Such, substantially, was the way Father Josaphat formulated the motives for what is destined to be remembered by all who know him as the masterwork of his life.

This conception of the scope of the sacred drama is by no means new. The same underlying principle was the inspiration of those canonized playwrights of the Christian Church, Gregory the Roman bishop and Hroswitha the German nun, and the basis of the elaborate sacred pageants which, in various forms, flourished for long in Italy, France, Spain, Germany and England. Even today it is the inspiration of the decennial passion plays produced at Oberammergau and in the Tyrol. But, in Father Josaphat's case, though the idea was not original, the application of it was both novel and new.

Americans are vastly different from Bavarians and Tyrolese. And in San Francisco, more even than in self-centered and provincial New York, world interests and sophistication are apparent. We are not isolated mountaineers and unassuming peasants. A passion play in a remote Bavarian village is one thing; a passion play in a bustling cos-

mopolitan American city is quite another. This particular aspect of San Francisco's Passion Play demands emphasis.

In the construction of his sacred drama, Father Josaphat followed, along general lines, the play which has made Oberammergau famous. From the Bavarian drama he adopted the unique and impressive device of a triple stage; that is, a central stage flanked by two smaller stages. On the main stage was enacted the life story of Christ; on the stages at right and left scenes were depicted from the Old Testament. The Old Testament scenes were chosen with a view to emphasize the symbolism of the sacred drama and to portray, in a manner at once vivid and convincing, the relation between the types and prophecies of the old dispensation and their fulfillment in the life of the Savior.

In the fourth act of the first division of the production, for instance, while on the main stage was depicted the Last Supper and the betrayal of the Master by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, on the flanking stages were presented the sacrifice of bread and wine made by the Priest of the Most High, Melchisedec, and the bartering of the boy Joseph by his brethren. Similarly, in the scene which, for dramatic intensity and depth of appeal must be regarded as the climax of the production, which culminates with the Savior, stripped and agonized, hanging on the cross, the flanking stage to the left presented a wonderfully impressive tableau of the brazen serpent which Moses held aloft to the Israelites as a symbol of their salvation.

Each production of the Passion Play consumed four evenings. This in itself is an indication of the extensive scale on which the drama was performed. The cast consisted of more than 400 performers, not including a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 40 pieces.

To give, in anything like adequate phrasing, one's impressions of this superb triumph of Christian piety and dramatic art, is totally out of the question. Not even the hardened and facile dramatic critics of the San Francisco

cailies were able to record their opinion in a manner approaching coherence. Like all really great appeals to the emotions, the San Francisco Passion Play cannot be described; it must be seen—and lived.

One thing, however, is certain. To any one who, with an alert mind and an open heart, witnessed that sacred pageant, all merely theatrical presentations must henceforth appear tawdry and hollow. The utter absence of conventional stage tricks, the naturalness and sincerity of the surprisingly well-chosen cast, the simple and dignified appositeness of the scenery; above all, the magnitude and magnificence of the production—these things carried with them such an impressiveness and conviction that, for the time being, at least, even the agnostic most spiritually color-blind must have struck his breast with the centurion at that appalling climax, and like the centurion made that spontaneous confession of faith: "Indeed, this was the Son of God!"

In San Francisco's Passion Play we had, among other things, the drama divorced from the theatre. From scene to scene the production gripped with soul-searching intensity; but there was present nothing whatever of the theatrical atmosphere. The simple purple curtains which draped the stages had little in common with the gaudily decorated "rag" of the modern playhouse, and nothing at all with the hideous advertising curtain which is an affront alike to the esthetic sense and the sense of humor. And the orchestra, instead of being planted in front of the stage, were banked at the rear of the auditorium, behind the audience. The atmosphere was not theatrical. Rather, it was ecclesiastical in the best sense of the word.

What helped very materially to strengthen the production and to chisel the stage pictures in the memory was the musical accompaniment. The score was of a composite nature, and was brought into unity by Father Peter Huesges. To him is due the unqualified success of the orchestration. From the masterpieces of Gounod, Palestrina, Handel, Mendelssohn and Rossini,

Father Huesges made careful and appropriate selections. To these he added some of his own really unusual compositions, and blended the whole into a score that proved fully equal to the occasion. The music was an integral part of the production. Neither the orchestra nor the chorus obtruded itself into undue prominence, but both, observing harmony with the dialogue and the tableaux, added to the artistic and devotional aspects of the production.

For the production was both artistic and devotional. From neither viewpoint was it overdone. The ultra-artistic nauseates and the ultra-devotional annoys. The artistic triumph of San Francisco's Passion Play was attested by the wrapt attention of the audience and by the almost palpable stirring of the profoundest emotional depths observable as the play approached its matchless climax. The devotional thrall of the drama was not less in evidence. There is little exaggeration in the statement that men who came to scoff remained to pray, and whatever exaggeration there is refers only to the scoffers. Few, if any, of the vast audience were present through unworthy motives, but curiosity brought scores; and it was precisely on such persons that the play seemed to have the deepest effect.

One reason of the success of the Passion Play in San Francisco was its novelty. But that alone does not suffice to explain its unprecedented triumph. Novelty might, indeed, prompt a man to drop in on the play for one night, that he might say he had seen it; but it was something more than novelty that lured veteran theatre-goers from musical comedy and American melodrama and French comedy and "advanced" vaudeville for four successive evenings. Witnessing San Francisco's Passion Play was an experience at once unique and uplifting.

Once I heard of a man with a hatred of heroes and hero-worship who was persuaded to visit the tomb of Napoleon. He had no use for Napoleon. The remarkable Corsican he regarded as an upstart and a trickster, a man de-

void of ideals, of manhood, of greatness. But he visited the tomb of Napoleon. He went with a scoff on his lips; he came with his head bowed.

"Well?" queried a friend.

"Well," returned the hero hater, "I've changed my mind. You know the low opinion I have always had of Napoleon. That opinion is mine no more. Napoleon was a wonderful, wonderful man."

The friend whistled softly.

"This beats everything. You're not the sort of man to change your mind with the wind. What's happened to you, anyway?"

"Happened? I've seen the tomb of Napoleon—that's what has happened! I hadn't been in there ten seconds when I realized that heretofore I had been all wrong about Napoleon. I felt it, I knew it. How it happened I don't know. There is something wonderful about it all in there—the solemn grandeur, the silence, the awful dignity of the surroundings, the vastness of the dome—all that, and more. But it wasn't those things exactly; it was the totality of impression, the atmosphere of the place. It has made a convert of me, has revolutionized some of my fundamental notions of men and of life. And when people accuse me of being inconsistent, all I can say is this, 'I have seen the tomb of Napoleon.'"

Such, on a vastly different scale, was the impression received at San Francisco's Passion Play. The chorus, the orchestra, the unconventional surroundings, the simply worded script and the unsophisticated performers, all served to stir even the calloused first-nighter out of his professional apathy; but it was the totality of impression—a thing that baffles definition and eludes descriptive analysis—that pierced the toughened epidermis of the spirit and flashed quivering darts of love and sympathy and reverence into the inmost core of being. To the Christian it brought renewed realization of the Godhead of Jesus; to the Jew and the Unitarian, the pantheist and the agnostic, it gave an insight into the personality of the Hero Supreme, and an understanding not otherwise obtainable,

of the chief reason for the marvelous rise and progress of the religion of Christ.

Father Josaphat plans to reproduce the Passion Play every ten years. Let us hope that the project will endure.

In the year of grace 1919 we shall be wiser, doubtless, in many ways; but our wisdom will not be so vast that a second production of San Francisco's Passion Play will fail to stir our hearts.
—WILL SCARLET.

THE UNDERTAKER'S CURSE

(In reply to a Poem in the November Collegian,
With apologies to my readers.)

I MIGHT bear with Rudyard Kipling;
But to hear this Junior stripling
Gad about my squeaking, creaking hearse,
Like a thing fit for the waste heap,
Makes me for his carcass haste. Keep
Waiting, Ray, waiting for my blackest curse.

Surely, Raymond had a jag on
Thus to criticise my wagon,
And my ancient nag with harness rather worse,
But on some not distant morrow
He may find, to his great sorrow,
Riding with me is undoubtedly a curse.

Though the age of your logician
Is so far beyond cognition,
He hath never ridden in my antique hearse;
Neither he nor yet the actor,
Whom you dubbed the Junior factor—
Though I've carried many victims of his verse.

Raymond, would you master meter,
You must choose a theme much sweeter
Than the undertaker's gruesome shroud and hearse;
Else your friends will throw your verses
Where the garbage smell e'er curses
All the air far fouler than my deepest curse.

Ah! my curse—I was forgetting,
But you've been so used to petting
From each parent, tutor, dean and fondling nurse,
That you've made them oft forget me,
Time enough for me to get thee:
While you're living you're the undertaker's curse.

—N. G. NEER.

CHRISTMAS IN MINOR KEYS

DEEPLY engrafted in the heart of every human being there is an indefinable something which craves for peace, an instinct which strives to forget the struggle and sordidness of worldly affairs, and longs to rest content in the thought that it loves all men and all men love it. As if to satisfy this craving of human nature, comes the Christmas time, when every man seems truly united to his fellowmen and to his God in the bonds of tranquility and love.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!
The angels sing and sing again."

This is a song of childhood, but it is equally a song of age, and he is hardly human whose heart is not touched by its sweet strains. Thackeray expressed a similar idea in slightly different language when he wrote,—

"Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will."

And Longfellow clothed the same thought in words somewhat more musical:—

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And mild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Yes, Christmas is a time of peace and good will, a time when we may all say with Tennyson:—

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Did you ever notice that there is a peaceful atmosphere about Christmas which stamps it as different from all other days? This feeling may be pure imagination, but few are they who have not experienced it. James Whitcomb Riley, the kindly hoosier humorist, writes of it:—

"They's a kind o' feel in the air to me
When the Christmas time sets in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I run agin."

Even the natural world seems permeated with this atmosphere. Nature appears always hushed as if in expectation of the great event. In his "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," Milton expresses this attentive attitude of nature in the following exquisite couplet:—

"The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed."

Another poet exclaims:—

"How keen the air, his only thought,
The air how calm and cold and thin!"

And Christina Rossetti suggests the same notion:—

"In the bleak midwinter,
Frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood still as iron,
Water like a stone,
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter,
Long ago."

Nor would it be right in this connection to omit Robert Herrick's description of the Christmas morning:—

"Why does the chilly winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn,
Or smile like to a mead new shorne
Thus on the sudden? Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.
'Tis He is born whose quickening birth
Gives life and luster, public mirth,
To Heaven and the Under Earth."

We who live in California are hardly in a position to appreciate the foregoing descriptions of the Christmas mornings with their frozen silence. But Joaquin Miller, seeing our predicament, has attempted, not without success, to give a description of a California Christmas:—

"Behold where Beauty walks with Peace,
Behold where Plenty pours her horn
Of fruits, of flowers, fat increase,
As generous as the light of morn.
* * * * *
White peaks that prop the sapphire blue

Look on an Eden such as when
That fair first spot perfection knew,
And God walked perfect earth with men."

If there is a Christmas atmosphere without, there is still more of it within. The interior decorations of church and home contribute much to this atmosphere. Most important of these decorations is holly, which in the original Saxon meant *holy tree*. Of it an old song says:—

"Here comes Holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent."

And another old carol sings:—

"Holly, ivy, bar and bay
Put in the church on Christmas Day."

It is hardly possible for us to dwell on the interior cheer of Christmas without thinking of the feast. Old English balladry is full of descriptions of feasts, but we must be content with a short selection taken from a modern author, Charles Dickens:—

"A bumper I'll dra'n with might and main,
Give three cheers for this Christmas old,
We'll usher him in with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart;
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or
sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part."

But Christmas is not only a time for mere material pleasures. Its spiritual significance is far greater. It is the time when we celebrate the birth of the Light which penetrated the darkness of the world, for on that day Christ the Lord was born and wrapped in swaddling clothes and placed in a little manger. Many poets have attempted to reproduce the joy of the world at this birth, but few have met with such success as Father Abram Ryan, the poet priest of the South:—

"Gloria in Excelsis, sound the thrilling
song,
In Excelsis Deo, roll the hymn along,
Gloria in Excelsis, let the heavens ring,
In Excelsis Deo, welcome new born King;
Gloria in Excelsis, over sea and land,
In Excelsis Deo, chant the anthem grand,
Gloria in Excelsis, let us all rejoice,
In Excelsis Deo, lift each heart and voice;
Gloria in Excelsis, swell the hymn on high,
In Excelsis Deo, sound it to the sky;

Gloria in Excelsis, sing it, sinful earth,
In Excelsis Deo, for the Savior's birth."

How rapturous is the joy of these lines! How well do they express the gladness of Christmas! And yet, for all its gladness and bliss, Christmas is a sad time. Mingled with our merry greetings and joyous prayers, there is a latent sorrow and the older we become and the more experienced, the more we feel it.

"They's a feel as I say in the air that's jest
As blame-don sad as sweet,
In the same ratio as I feel the best,
And am spryest at my feet,
They's allus a kind o' sort of a ache
That I can't locate nowhere,
But it comes with the Christmas and no
mistake,
A kind of feel in the air."

Did you ever look at the crib and behold the Infant lying there so innocent and peaceful and then think that that same Infant was so soon to be the victim of man's inhumanity to man? Josephine Daskam truly writes:—

"We take us to a happy tree,
In Excelsis Gloria,
The seed was sown that day for Thee
That blossomed but at Calvary."

The spiritual joy of Christmas is overshadowed by the spiritual sorrow of Lent.

Again, did you ever let your thoughts travel of a Christmas Day from out the confines of your own bright, happy home and think of the sorrow without,—the tramp, the convict, the beggar, the homeless, the outcast whose sorrow is only deepened by the surrounding mirth? These Lowell doubtless had in mind when he wrote:—

"But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfot's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and rings
The icy strings,
Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still as he might guess
Was, 'Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!'"

Nor to the shelterless only does the Christmas sorrow come. How many happy homes mourn for the smile of an absent face and the touch of a hand that is gone! And who has better

expressed this sorrow than Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose "Guests at Yule" is so beautifully touching that it well deserves to be quoted in full:—

"Noel! Noel!
Thus sounds each Christmas bell
Across the winter snow!
But what are the little footprints all,
That mark the path from the churchyard wall?
They are those of the children waked to-night
From sleep, by the Christmas bells and light.
Ring sweetly chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes,
Their beds are under the snow!

Noel! Noel!
Carols each Christmas bell!
What are the wraiths of mist
That gather a-near the window pane,
Where the winter frost all day hath lain?
They are soulless elves, who fain would peer
Within and laugh at our Christmas cheer!
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes,
They are made of the mocking mist!

Noel! Noel!
Cease, cease each Christmas bell!
Under the holly bough,
Where the happier children throng and shout,
What shadow seems to flit about?
Is it the mother then who died

Ere the greens were sere last Christmas-tide?
Hush, falling chimes, cease, cease, my rhymes,
The guests are gathered now!"

The guests are gathered now. Look carefully at each. Speak to all with words of kindness. Treat all with loving gentleness. Injure none. For who can tell what the next Christmas will bring forth? And those who are gone regret not their absence, for they are not gone forever. List! Even now they are speaking unto you and their encouraging and hopeful words are those of Father Ryan:—

"The snow shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the Earth remember,
That the flowers of bright Eternal May
Shall follow Earth's December;
When you think of us, think not of the tomb,
Where you laid us down in sorrow,
But look aloft and beyond Earth's gloom,
And wait for the great tomorrow.
And the Pontiff night with his star stole on,
Whispereth soft and low,
Resquiescat! Resquiescat!
Peace! Peace!
For whom we grieve this Christmas Eve,
In their graves beneath the snow."

—WILLIAM R. LOWERY.

ST. MARY'S ATHLETES NEVER YIELD

(Sung at the Football Game on Thanksgiving Day)

AWAKE, ye sons of Santa Clara,
Pick up the remnants of your team,
Think not of beating old St. Mary's
For that would surely be a dream;
When you are lining up against us,
In either football, track or field,
You'll always hear the same old story—
"St. Mary's athletes never yield!"

Awake, ye sons of Santa Clara,
For the game is o'er and won,
The thought of beating old St. Mary's,
Oh, surely is a cruel pun;
Perhaps sometime again you'll meet us
In sports upon another field,
The same old cry will always greet you—
"St. Mary's athletes never yield!"

—T. J. HORAN.

POPULAR SONGS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

IT is a well-known fact that the popular songs of today, or those which are called popular, do not possess the lasting power of the ditties of twenty or thirty years ago. They are not of the same quality. A song will be published now and sung upon the vaudeville stage and for perhaps two or three months it will be "popular." That is, people will whistle it around the streets, and those who are up to date will buy it to play and sing at home. In the course of a few weeks it will be no longer heard on the streets, and in the home it will be laid aside to make room for some later or better piece.

The new piece comes out and it, as the one before it, can be heard first in the theatre, and then hummed or whistled around the streets. This, also, will be bought, taken home, and "tried over on the piano"; but after a short time will be thrown aside for a newer one.

Thirty years ago it was different. A song would be published and if it made a "hit" or became popular it would stay popular for a very considerable time. Should a person then play a piece that had been published a year previous, his friend would not come up to him and say: "Aw, that's old. Haven't you got anything new?" as is the fashion nowadays. Instead, the singer's friend would probably compliment the singer on his excellent taste. Then a person would not drop a good song merely to get something new. If a certain song proved popular and a new one came out, the new song had to be better than the old song in order to take its place in public favor.

There are many reasons for this change of attitude of the people toward the popular songs of the day. In the first place, "modernism" is a strong factor in this change. By "modernism" I mean the constant striving of the people after something new. It seems now as though they do not look at the quality of the song so much as they do at its newness. Though this is, in a great measure, one of the causes of this change, it is not the main one.

People often take up old songs which were popular years ago, such as, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and sing them with pleasure now.

The main cause is that the songs themselves are not up to the standard of those of thirty years ago. Today, a song will be "popular" if it has anything about love in it (for or against), and if the words rhyme. And right here we find one of the reasons why modern songs do not last. The subject-matter is too light. It does not take a hold on the hearts of the people. The majority of persons who buy songs now expect nothing more than a humorous, silly or "catchy" quality,—something that will hold interest for the time being only, and not something that will last or that they will remember.

It was not thus with the old songs. To be sure, most of them were love-songs, but, as a friend of mine expresses it, "They were not 'puppy-love' songs." There was some soul to them. After listening to one of these old songs, a person generally got the impression, more or less distinct and definite, that life is a thing worth while.

The same cannot be said of the songs of our day. Most of them are on subjects which are intrinsically absurd. A case in point is one of the latest songs which describes a man making love to a girl whom he sees in a cafe while he is dining with his wife. We can't help wondering what little wife is doing in the meantime. Such things as this are ridiculous, and while they may cause, for a while, a little vulgar amusement, they soon become very tiresome.

Again, although some of the late songs have some convincing material in them, they are wretchedly written. Some of them are even constructively incorrect. An example of this is shown in the song, "Cheer Up, Mary," where "I" is used for "me." And the merest schoolboy most notice the unpardonable solecism in "After Your Mother,

Who Do You Love." The writers of the late songs do not take pains with their work, as did the composers of some years ago. They look for quantity instead of quality. It really seems that the publishers do not have the songs read over before they have them printed. In the old days a song had to be good in order to be published at all, whereas now, anything called a song can be published.

Some might say that the old songs were all sad and melancholy, and give this as a reason for the people remembering them; but this is not so. There are any number of old songs which are humorous and still neither foolish nor vulgar. Then again, there are too many songs written now. This is

caused by the people with their peculiar fad of wanting everything the latest and thereby creating a demand for new songs all the time.

The music of the late songs is also different from that of the old ones,—different in that it is not so harmonious as is the old music. This fact was brought forcibly to my mind not long ago, when a lady who is well educated in music started to play on a piano one of our unspeakable popular songs. She had finished the first stanza and the refrain, when she turned around and said: "My, there is no music to this at all."

Now nobody ever said that the old songs had no music to them.

—NORTON BARNETT.

TWO FOOTBALL HEROES

William Hughes.

THE waters of our swimming tank
Are treacherous as the sea,
For there a youthful student sank
With no one near to see,
Till Hughes, the hero, heard his cries
And hastened to his call,
And from grim death to snatch the prize,
He jumped in clothes and all.

Walter Fieberling.

THE fighting blood of him, the hero,
Is never chilled or down to zero,
But bubbles, boils, in time of danger
To save a friend or help a stranger;
So Fieberling, our football kicker,
Heedless of his own great peril,
Rushed, than deer or greyhound quicker,
Forth and saved a little girl
On a flying charger mounted,
Deeds like this should be recounted,
Deeds that showed no nerve was shattered,
Though his limbs got bruised and battered—
Man's ennobled by such heroes,
In spite of thugs or would-be Neroes.

W. F. DONNELLY.

CASE DISMISSED

"SHORTY" McGOVERN was disconsolate. He tramped moodily on, not caring where he went nor how soon he got there. Though he looked ahead, his thoughts were far off and several times he caused numerous maledictions to be hurled after him by some irate pedestrian who had been rudely bumped aside in a head-on collision.

"Shorty" heeded them not, for he was only a common tramp or "vag," and was hardened to such things. He kept on tramping, block after block, not even glancing at the brilliantly lighted store-windows with their Christmas displays or the happy, care-free people hurrying about him, their arms full of packages of all shapes and sizes that, on the day after tomorrow, would fill many little hearts with joy.

He was thinking hard, and hard thinking was no easy work for "Shorty." Any one able to read his thoughts would have been very much surprised. The fact was that Christmas was but one day off and on that day "Shorty" wanted to enjoy a real Christmas dinner, "with turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, plum pudding, and all th' rest of th' fixin's."

In all his thirty-eight years of rough and tumble existence, he had never tasted turkey or known the joy of eating a big piece of mince-pie, and he was determined that this state of affairs could not go on any longer. This Christmas he must have a "real Christmas feed."

But how to get it? That was the question. Of course, as is the habit of most tramps, "Shorty" McGovern was penniless and he saw no prospects of getting any money; certainly not enough to buy all that he wished to have.

As he shuffled wearily on, the wind blew a newspaper against his leg. He picked it up, and the heading of a short article caught his eye at once,— "Prisoners to Eat Turkey." He sat down in a doorway and after half an hour of laborious work, managed to

make out the substance of the article. The city authorities were to celebrate Christmas Day by giving the prisoners in the county jail a real turkey dinner. Just what "Shorty" longed for! He sat in the doorway for another half hour, thinking deeply, and at the end of that time had decided upon a plan of action.

Once his mind was made up he lost no time in carrying out his decisions. It was about eleven o'clock and the stores were just closing up for the night as he started down town again, this time walking with a quicker and lighter step. His problem was solved. Before long he reached Union Square, found a bench, lay down and closed his eyes. Soon a burly policeman came along the path and, seeing "Shorty" apparently asleep, rapped him sharply with his club.

"Get up and get out; you can't sleep here."

"Shorty" got up, grumbled a little, moved off to a bench around the corner and lay down again. In a short time the "cop" was after him once more.

"I thought I told you to get out of here. Now, if I catch you again, you'll get a ride in the wagon."

"Shorty" got up and soon found another bench. When the "cop" came upon him the third time he lost no time in speaking. He dragged "Shorty" to his feet, hurried him to the nearest call-box and soon the tramp was enjoying the promised ride in the "wagon." His plans were working nicely.

When "Shorty's" case was called the next morning the judge tried to look stern, but the date which stared at him from the little calendar on his desk,— "Dec. 24"—took most of the seriousness away. Who could be stern on the day before Christmas?

"McGovern," he called. "Ah, Shorty, here again, I see. I thought you promised me last time that you wouldn't be brought in again. Not guilty, as usual, I suppose?"

"Guilty this time, Judge," said "Shorty," to the great surprise of the

judge and every one in the courtroom who knew him of old.

"Well, McGovern," said the judge, slowly, "I ought to send you up for a good long term, this time"—Shorty's eyes lighted up, hopefully—"but as you were truthful enough to plead guilty, and as tomorrow is Christmas, I will not. Charges dismissed. You may go, and I wish you a merry Christmas."

Before he knew it, "Shorty" was out in the sunshine once more, his hopes of getting a turkey dinner at the city's expense dashed to the ground.

"Oh, gee! what's the use?" he said, sadly, as he turned away. "How can a guy like me expect to get anything in a place where they won't send you to jail, even when you want to go?"

He trudged doggedly on, glancing at the gaily decorated shop-windows and inhaling the appetizing odors emanating from bakeries and restaurants. The judge's parting salutation kept hammering in his brain.

"Merry Christmas, huh?" he snorted. "Oh, what's the use?"

—LEO A. MURASKY.

THE RUGBY BATTLE

COME, Muse, and sing that famous meet,
The talk of people on the street,
How Santa Clara met defeat,
Before the great St. Mary's;
How their much vaunted Rugby team,
Despite its training, vim and steam,
Went down like driftwood on a stream,
Or grass on fire-swept prairies.

Those two old noted Institutes
Engaged in orthodox pursuits,
With their old students and recruits
Have long been worthy rivals;
For both have methods up to date,
And are old landmarks in the State,
While each attempts to emulate,
In racy sport revivals.

On diamond fields for long they vied,
And all their skill and efforts tried—
The yearly records will decide
Who held the pennant flying;
But in this autumn of '09,
They dropped for once the baseball nine,
To fight along another line—
For Rugby honors vieing.

So on the past Thanksgiving Day,
In that gay town across the Bay,
They met, well coached, and trained to play,
And test each other's mettle;
And each put forth a splendid team,
The two well balanced—standing beam—
And both alert, and hissing steam,
Just like a boiling kettle.

And when the signal gun was fired,
The teams in gala togs attired,
Were cheered to the echo and admired,
By fans and lady bleachers;
And at the leather's first rebound,
They rushed together,—shook the ground,—
Their carnal strength would then confound,
And shame aesthetic teachers.

With party spirit well imbued,
They punted, tackled, scrummed, pursued,—
The field with human wrecks was strewed,
Yet each behaved a hero;
And when 'twas over with the fun,
When all the strenuous work was done—
And when the field was fought and won,
The score stood five to zero.

To praise each member of our team,
Would make a volume of my theme,
But all well utilized their steam,
And claim the highest merit;
Then this I only now shall say,
About our boys who won that day,
They showed the bleachers they could play
With skill as well as spirit.

But Captain Dickson "takes the cake,"
For "he's a peach," and no mistake.
And when he tries "a course to take,"
No human force can stand him;
To Faulkner, too, and "Mother" Howe
A meed of praise we must allow.
They taught our winning team to "plow"
And drive, if need be, tandem.

Then let St. Mary's jubilate
Her stock is boosted through the State,
And though she well can castigate,
No feelings will she harrow;
For as a victor she is wise,
And manhood in her students lies,
And so they deeply sympathize
With poor old Santa Clara.

A. B.

WHILE THE EMBERS LIVE

ON one of the shaded avenues of East Oakland, set far back from the sidewalk in a veritable forest of ancient palm trees, is a large white house. It is a deserted old place. Its walks are overgrown with weeds and the dead branches of the ancient palm trees hang down and clatter against the trunks when the wind slightly blows. Its high iron fence is yellow with rust, its gates are missing, and the gas lamps on the posts are covered with ivy. But, mingled with these signs of desertion, there is an air of elegance which tells that long ago this place was a mansion of plenty and happiness. Within it there lives an old lady whom I particularly know, for she is my aunt.

Aunt Mary Talbot always prided herself on her bravery. She thought nothing of sleeping alone in the old house. But one night a man knocked at the door and, when from an upper window she inquired what he wished, he informed her that the Telephone Company had sent him out to put in a fuse. As there was no telephone in the house, Aunt Mary did not let him enter, though he protested that the house was liable to burn down at any moment.

On that night her pride vanished; her old feeling of security left her and she always had me come and sleep in the front room upstairs, in order that it might be a man's voice which would answer any further calls at the door.

On Christmas Eve last year I made my way through the dark yard and entered the parlor of the house. The fire burning merrily on the hearth was very welcome, for outside it was raining hard and the wind was violently rattling the palm branches. Before the fire my aunt was sitting. She did not speak when I entered; she seemed buried deep in thought. I took a chair and gazed into the fire.

"It isn't what it used to be," she finally said. "I can remember the time when this room was brightly lighted, when holly and mistletoe were every-

where, when many happy faces beamed with Christmas joy. I never thought that it would come to this. Sometimes I think it would have been better had I died long ago. There isn't much pleasure living when all your friends are gone. The world seems lonely then. Only the memories remain,—memories mingled with a desire for that which has passed away forever. The fire burns brightly on the hearth. In a short time it will be dim. We can replenish the fire, but our lives, when once burned out, can never be relit."

"Yes, Aunt Mary," I answered. "But doesn't the fire sometimes flare up of its own accord long after we think it dead?"

She did not answer. She only shook her head. Long and silently we sat and watched the flames die down to embers. Then we quietly left the darkened room. How long I slept I don't know, but when I awoke I heard foot-falls moving across the floor of my room. Then a hand was placed on my shoulder and a voice called out in a hoarse whisper, "Gordon, there's some one in the parlor!"

Whether the person in the parlor wanted me or not I didn't know. I was certain, however, that I was not anxious to see the person in the parlor, and so I feigned sleep.

"Gordon, there's some one in the parlor!"

I was snoring very loudly now, although I was not lying on my back. Then the hand cruelly pinched my shoulder. I had to wake up.

"Gordon, there's some one in the parlor. Go and see who it is," said my aunt.

If there is one thing I cannot do it is to show any signs of weakness before a woman. So I proceeded to the parlor, gaining confidence from the fact that perhaps Aunt Mary was mistaken. When I reached the door I found that the room was lighted from an ember which was burning in the grate, the grate which a few hours before was all but dark. Before the fire,

seated in my aunt's armchair, was a man.

"What do you want?" I demanded, very bravely, for I perceived that he was an old man.

"Is Mary Talbot here? Is she alive?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, she is here, and she's alive," said my aunt, who had followed me down stairs; "and what do you want of her?"

"I'm kind of ashamed to say it, after the way I treated the folks and you, but I'm your brother Jim. You won't turn me out," he added, "seeing that it's Christmas and I haven't enjoyed a real California Christmas for

nearly thirty years, even if I have made a fortune in Alaska."

"Well, I declare!" cried Aunt Mary. "And how on earth did you get in?"

A twinkle came into the man's sad, world-wearied eyes.

"Through the old trap-door where Santa Claus used to enter."

"Well, I declare! I was just thinking of that door this very night. I thought that it would never open again."

* * * * *

"Sometimes the embers burst into flames long after we think them dead, don't they, Aunt Mary?" I asked.

And Aunt Mary answered "Yes."
—W. R. LOWERY.

OUR RUGBY TEAM

OUR football victors, tried and true,
Are worthy of the Red and Blue,
Well have they played the Rugby game,
They are the men that bring us fame;
Then here's to Dickson's sturdy men,
On each of whom some words I'll pen.

Fifteen huskies make the bunch,
Fit to take or give a punch,
Eight of them are called the "Scrum,"
Made to make the leather hum,
So in the time it takes to sup
I'll name and try to touch them up.

Big Pantosky's heavy weight
Always hits the pigskin straight,
When he does it upward flies,
Like a rocket in the skies.
Smith is next, our joy and pride,
In other fields of prowess tried—

We thank the fates that kindly sent
Him here to be our President;
There's Sheehy, Walker, Bell, and Hughes,
On them we all do now enthuse;
And there's Bonnetti, our strong man,
Who works behind big Howell Cann.

This list of eight makes up the sum
And total of our present scrum,
And all are fresh and young in years,
And all can kick like mules or steers,
And all are blessed with brainy skulls,
And all are strong as little bulls;
Diavila, who plays half-back,
At his good work is never slack,
He is regarded with the ball
The surest kicker of them all.

Big "Mike" O'Connell plays five-eight,
And is in all things up to date—
Can pass, and punt, can tackle, run,
And works until the game is won.
Now let me without preface pen
Some lines on our three-quarter men:
There's Simpson, Starrett, Fieberling,
Whose speed and skill I'd love to sing;
Spence Dickson is our doughty Cap,
Whose ginger always is on tap,
And when he rushes with the ball
He makes more headway than them all,
But well he's backed in flying gait
By speedy Starrett, his "wing" mate.

He who's fitted for "full-back"
Must be indeed a crackerjack,
So Leonhardt needs from me no praise
For his long punts and his great plays.
Then here's a cheer, a mighty one,
For our athletes who fought and won;
Our Subs not one of us forgets,
The season through they worked like vets;
The Second Team, likewise, I name,
Their grit and pep won every game.

Then cheer once more the Red and Blue,
The Rugby victors, tried and true,
George Faulkner, coach, and "Mother" Howe—
We'll cheer them e'er as we do now.

—H. W. GRAYSON.

O. U. KID FROM KOLLEGE

WHEN O. U. Kid was little his parents stroked his head
And chuckled, "O. U. must be good—you'll be a long time dead."
So O. U. grew and prospered until he reached eighteen
And then his elders told him it was time to use his "bean."
The youngster used his "think-tank" as well as they expected,
So they sent him to a kollege to get knowledge resurrected.

Athletics, some one told him, were a most persistent sort
That help to bring the shekels home to many a college sport.
So O. U. swore that he'd make good, no matter where he went,
'Cause as the tree inclines, you know, that way the limbs are bent.
So our hero took up football (to every one's surprise)
And soon became the "Kandy Kid" in all the students' eyes.

His Freshman year was one of cheer, because he was elected
To guide the winning destinies of swimming teams selected;
From all the college classes, boys who having "pep" and vim
Inquired thus of O. U.: "Cap, do I get in the swim?"
'Tis great to state that though they won from teams of both the sexes
It was a shame, when Christmas came, the way he missed his exes.

A Sophomore in college, and it's now his second term;
He's afflicted with the baseball bug, that most peculiar germ;
He's shortstop on the Varsity, he's really there for fair,
He scoops 'em up from off the ground and picks 'em from the air;
And sporting writers told him in the big leagues he would bunk—
But when the "finals" flew around, my, how that boy did flunk!

A Junior next we see him and he's Captain on the track;
Could run the mile in no time, and at hurdling was a crack;
He ran against all comers and put 'em all in hock,
And won himself with ease a name, a sweater and a "block;"
He always brought home victory to his Alma Mater true—
Except when exes rolled around, and Lord! how he fell through!

But when he reached his Senior year the Fates to him were kind;
They took him for a Kollege man with prepossessing mind.
He now has a diploma—'tis hanging on the wall
In a place that's most conspicuous within the gaze of all.
He's holding a position, this athlete mild and meek—
And drawing down a salary of three-six-bits a week.

—RAY MILLER.

EDITORIAL

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C. T. MOUL, '11	R. A. MILLER, '11	S. N. ANDRIANO, '11
W. R. LOWERY '11		C. A. RUSSELL, '11
H. W. GRAYSON, '12		L. F. LEFEVRE, '13
WILLIAM F. DONNELLY, '10	- - - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER
T. P. HOGAN '11	- - - - -	ASSISTANT

THE holidays are nearly here,—the Christmas holidays, the glorious holidays, the best of holidays! And once again we prepare to re-acknowledge the birth of Christ the Savior.

Heavenly days are these,—days brimful of excitement, of romance, of good-will toward man. The spirit of the season grips every one, irrespective of age, birth or station in life. It makes the old young and the young younger; it promotes fellowship, friendliness and unselfishness.

For once in the year, intellect must listen to the dictates of the heart. We are blithe and happy because it is the nature of the time to be blithe and happy; we love our surroundings because it is in us to love; and the mere exchange of gifts is but silent testimony to both our love and our happiness. Such is the power of the magic word, Christmas.

How gay the stores look in their holiday garb! Each window, a pageant; each collection of windows, a fairy maze of warmth and color! There is enough for all of us and something for each of us. It may be beautiful and costly or it may be insignificant and cheap, either way, it matters not. The

spirit of the occasion dominates the situation and the mean, sordid consideration of market-values is forgotten—a sacrifice to Christmas.

Not even when the storekeepers surreptitiously add on the extra ten, twenty and thirty per cent holiday profits, do we murmur. We pay cheerfully and seldom do we grumble; for good-will is rife, and besides, Christmas comes but once a year!

If the Christmas shopping necessitates longer hours for the working-girl and working-man, it also means the brightening of many a little chap's life. Who among us would not do our part to enliven the existence of a child? Likewise, if the mails are crowded and almost unmanageable, the happiness involved is proportionate in bulk.

Let us rejoice, then, that the flight of another year full of worry and bustle still finds us happy and hopeful, willing to receive, yet even more willing to give. For the rest, have no fear. Christmas is here—long live Christmas!

Nearing the close of the year, we are all naturally imbued with that time-worn spirit of making resolutions. Resolutions which are generally regarded in the light of a fad or a joke count for naught;

nevertheless there are times when a resolution properly made may benefit us.

There are quite a number of students in college who, from the time they enter even to their graduation, have not the least idea what they are studying for, or whence tend all their college work. These are the students who diligently apply themselves to the avoiding of work all year, and then just as diligently cram for the exes. These persons, if gifted, often graduate well up in class, but their knowledge so quickly acquired is just as quickly forgotten.

The only ambition of such a student is to graduate, and do that in the easiest possible way. After that—what? If, while at college he were asked, what is your vocation? his reply would most likely be a careless shrug. It is too much trouble to figure it out.

The reason of this carelessness is not to be charged to the colleges, neither is it entirely the fault of the student: it is rather due to the indifference of those who are supposed to look to his future.

If fortunately, you already know the goal you are striving for, all well and good; but if not you should labor to learn for what you are best fitted. Consult some experienced one who may help you. If this fails to bring you light, the best thing to do is to get out in the world and work hard at something for awhile. Keep your eyes open till you find what you want, then go after it. Just as sure as you continue to waste valuable time striving after nothing, so surely you will get it. Meditate on this, and then frame a New Year's resolution that will be neither a fad nor a joke.

Of late there has been much adverse criticism appearing in magazines and newspapers concerning the worth and strength of the American navy. While some of this criticism is uncalled for and results solely from the desire of certain persons to put themselves in the limelight, still there are doubtless some grounds for the fears of well meaning critics.

We all believe that the strength of our navy does not lie wholly in the number of its ships, neither does it depend solely on the fighting qualities of its individual

jackies. Rather it lies in the supreme faith the American people have always placed in this navy. Up to the present time our confidence has not been misplaced, and we feel secure in the faith that it will not be misplaced should our navy be put to a further test.

The big athletic event of the year at St. Mary's and Santa Clara is now a matter of history. Our cherished hopes were realized on Thanksgiving Day. Fortune smiled on us in more ways than one: the weather conditions were ideal, the attendance up to expectation—in fact, everything was all that could be desired. Santa Clara, though feeling the sting of defeat, displayed true sportsmanship; while St. Mary's victors serpentined the field, the Santa Clara rooters defiantly gave their yells with a vehemence that indicated, though beaten, they would come back fighting.

This is as it should be; we must both learn to be good losers and generous victors. Regarding the game itself, enough has been said. Sufficient it is to know, though the rivalry of the players was of the keenest, it manifested itself only in hard, clean playing with an utter lack of any wrangling or rowdyism. This is the brand of athletic contests that interests the lovers of manly sport and commands respect even from the vanquished.

Marathon racing, we thought, had died a natural death. But here are reports to the effect that some sportsmen are making a strong bid to replace it in public favor.

Marathon racing was a novelty and as such lived a short though brilliant life. After the public had witnessed one or two of these races, they began to wonder where the fun came in. Certainly not from a spectator's standpoint for there is no sport conceivable more tiresome and devoid of interest, although there is no accounting for tastes, we can not see how the participants enjoyed it unless they were well paid for their efforts. In such a case we don't begrudge them the money for they certainly earned it.

We are hardly wanting in sports so much that we must needs stand on the side of a road and watch a party of runners dog-trot past at intervals of five minutes, or to be at the finish to see an athlete, taxing his reserve powers to the utmost, stagger across a line. It is a supreme test of endurance and as such deserves commendation; but, taken in the light of a sport, we heartily concur with those leading athletic clubs that placed the ban on the Marathon. Let it be buried with honors; but at any rate, buried.

In times of prosperity we are loth to allow our minds to wander to less fortunate days; still with the approach of the coming Yuletide, our thoughts unbidden revert to a Christmass three years ago held under very different circumstances. Many of us were gathered around the festive board in antiquated shacks or

army tents. A few fortunate ones enjoyed the luxuries of a turkey and the customary fixings; but the majority were dependent on the generosity of the relief fund and readily took the limited supply that was doled out to them.

We can now afford to look back on those days with a smile and regard them as the occasion of an unusual occurrence, or at least as an experience worth the having. Phoenix-like we have risen from our ashes and can spend this Christmas under skies that are brighter than they were even before our trying ordeal.

Realizing the plentitude of blessings showered upon us during the past year and appreciating the help of our benefactors THE COLLEGIAN extends to all the sincerest greetings and best wishes of the season. To the faculty, students, patrons and subscribers we wish a most happy Christmas and a joyous New Year.
—E. J. RIORDAN.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

THIS is the spirit of Christmas;
A spirit of sorrow for sin,
A spirit of love for the Savior above,
A spirit of goodwill to men.

It comes on the winds of the morning,
It comes with the falling snow,
This spirit of rest from the East to the West,
Which only the faithful may know.

It enters the hut of the poorest,
It enters the home of wealth,
It enters the soul of the young and the old
And takes away sorrow by stealth.

Hail to the Spirit of Christmas!
The spirit of sorrow for sin,
The spirit of love for the Savior above,
The spirit of good will for men.

W. R.

PIEDMONT HEIGHTS

I'LL sing a song, a pleasant song,
To while the hour away
Of a lovely spot, where the whole year long
Is bright as the time of May,
Where wind of winter never chills
Nor frost of the northland bites,
She lies in the shade of the Oakland Hills,
The beautiful Piedmont Heights.

She coyly smiles on the Bay below
With an eye on the Golden Gate,
Where stately vessels pass to and fro,
With cargoes of precious freight;
While far across, when the night comes down,
There sparkle a million lights,
And weird looks San Francisco town
To beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Her breast is dotted with mansions grand,
The silver lake at her knee,
On Oakland's brow she lays her hand,
Her soul-mate that soon shall be;
And close behind the hills uprise
Whose verdure the eye delights,
One catches a glimpse of Paradise
In beautiful Piedmont Heights.

When morning sun through my casement streams
From over the deep ravine
I watch its light as it glints and gleams
And brightens the sylvan scene,
And thank the fates that brought me here,
Where one can enjoy his rights,
With thanks again when they left me near
To beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Old Joaquin Miller, that bard sublime
Who lives on the slope hard by,
Could paint her picture in vivid rhyme
And laud her up to the sky;
Then, were I blest with his graphic pen,
My muse in its highest flights
Would sing enraptured again and again
Of beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Of death's approach I have no fear,
He'll come when the time is due;
Then let me lie in some graveyard near
St. Mary's or Mountain View—
So that my spirit, when tired of rest,
And wanders abroad of nights,
May visit the scenes it loves the best
And beautiful Piedmont Heights.

—SENIOR.

COLLEGE ITEMS

THE news that Otto Rittler, our physical director, is soon to leave, brought sorrow to the heart of every student of St. Mary's. During the time that he has been with us he has endeared himself to us all. He worked faithfully for the good of St. Mary's; to him every student was deserving of consideration. Never was he known to refuse assistance to anyone in his capacity as instructor. We have but to look around us—everywhere the results of his initiative and energy are apparent. The physical development of the students, the numerous cups won by our various teams, can directly or indirectly be traced to him. The students are unanimous in voicing their gratitude for his past efforts in their behalf, and wish him the fullest measure of success in his new field of action.

The Freshman paper, THE TREI KAI DEKA, appears regularly every week. Through timidity or modesty the leaflet is distributed solely among the members of the class. Why so bashful, Freshmen? Publish more copies, and let us all enjoy its contents. All the issues were certainly worthy of your efforts and we would all like to know what you are doing, and mayhap be of some assistance to you. The Freshmen have furthermore displayed their true class-spirit by ordering class sweater-vests which they hope to sport in the near future.

The Bankers held their initial meeting in the beginning of November and elected class officers. Thomas Fitzsimmons and William Wallace, of Phoenix fame, were elected President and Treasurer respectively, while Francis Keefe was made Secretary. This year's Banking Class is one of the largest in the history of the college, and as every member is a hustler, we may expect a record-breaking graduating class from the Commercial Department.

If our rooting section made such a splendid showing in the big game on the 25th ult., the honor is partly due to Ray Miller and to Regis Starrett. Ray sup-

plied two parodies, one on "Jungle Town" and the other on "Colleen Bawn;" while Regis composed the S-A-I-N-T Yell. Incidentally they both landed a good sized bonus for their efforts. We should not overlook Tommy Horan, who contributed that catchy original song, "Awake, Ye Sons of Santa Clara," which after a little practice became the most popular of all. Were it not for some irregularities in the wording, which he later corrected, Tommy would have won the first prize.

On Friday evening, November 19th, a public entertainment took place in the gymnasium under the auspices of the St. Mary's Athletic Association. The programme, which was composed of several unique and attractive numbers, proved to be most delightful for both students and outsiders. Among the most entertaining were: The human pyramid, formed by members of the Second Commercial class. The statuary posing and novelty juggling were very entertaining stunts. The following was the program of the evening:

Overture, College Orchestra; Pyramids, members of Second Commercial Class; Solo, W. L. Heureux; wrestling, E. Leach vs. P. Vogt; Al Lavine, wrestling instructor vs. J. Searle; popular airs, Elks Quartette; bar bell exercises, members of the Second Commercial Class; monologue, M. J. Schoenfeldt; violin solo, J. McCarthy; statuary posing, E. Searle, C. Scott, C. Holmes, A. Forslund, O. Rittler; baritone solo, M. O'Connell; boxing, W. McGee vs. B. McAllister; G. Nisbet vs. P. Noble; novelty juggling, B. Durning; blackened-glove contest, A. Simpson vs. E. Erlanderson.

The annual series of winter lectures was inaugurated on Thursday, November 11th, when Mr. E. C. Price, manager of the Sheldon School of Salesmanship of Chicago, entertained us with a very instructive and interesting talk on "Success as a Salesman." His earnestness and his pleasing style of delivery at once caught the attention of the students, who were loath to have the lecture end. In his lec-

ture Mr. Price emphasized the fact that everyone has exactly the same chance to achieve success if he only goes about it in the right way, and that the place to start is right here in college. By means of a number of classifications, which he ascribed to personal experience, he showed how a young man could achieve success. When he had finished we were convinced that success in life, at least to a certain extent, can be reduced to a system.

As an anticipation of victory on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, an enthusiastic rally was held at the college. It started at about eight o'clock with a monster bon-fire on the campus and ended in the hall at ten o'clock. If any-

in which he voiced his deep confidence in the team, and, reminded the Rugby men that the graduates of forty years were as much anxious about the game as ourselves. Captain Dickson complimented his fellow team mates for their hard and faithful training. Mr. Douglas Erskine of the San Francisco *Examiner*, entertained the students with a short talk in which he praised both St. Mary's and Santa Clara for their recent advancement in athletics. The rally was brought to a close with a few words from Brother Vellesian, President of the College.

When the whistle shrieked through the dormitory Thanksgiving morning, calling the student body from the arms of Morpheus, back to earth, there was a



St. Mary's Rooting Section on Thanksgiving Day

body had doubts as to our chances of victory before that rally, his doubts certainly vanished when it was over. After all the songs, yells and speech-making that night no student body ever felt more confident of victory than did St. Mary's. The speechmaking started with a heart to heart talk from Brother Joseph. He was followed by Hon. "Barney" Flood of '97, who in an eloquent strain told us of the last game between St. Mary's and Santa Clara in which he figured prominently, being the only member of the team to score a touchdown. Coach Faulkner gave a decisive, clear-cut talk, adding new vim and zest to the already overflowing spirit of the students. Brother Agnon was also on hand and amid vociferous applause delivered an appropriate speech,

general rush for the windows, all eager to see how the day looked.

"No rain to-day," "Santa Clara's Waterloo," and similar phrases were hurriedly shouted. He who said "no rain" made a good guess. It was an ideal day for a football game. After having vexed us all week with his persistent concealment, old man "Sol" made a sneaky appearance on that morning, but spurred on by the earnest wishes of hundreds of students, he soon stopped his "peek-a-booing," and half an hour before play was called he was shining in all his brilliancy, thanks to Mr. North Wind, who sent the boding clouds to parts unknown.

On the north side of the Ocean Shore grounds in San Francisco were seated

the Santa Clara contingent attired in natty white shirts, wearing red hats and red neckties, and each carried a red megaphone. Their yell leaders stood on platforms in front of the rooting section, and performed their calisthenics with a dash and vim, that portrayed college spirit to the backbone.

On the south side of the grounds directly opposite Santa Clara were stationed the St. Mary's contingent. Each student wore either a red or a blue hat, a blue arm-band lettered in red and was armed with either a blue or red megaphone. They were arranged in alternate rows of colors and the effect was a pleasing contrast. Yell Leaders McClatchy and Sheehy stood on raised platforms, and like their opponents, went through various acrobatic stunts. St. Vincent's Band of forty pieces attracted much attention. The little fellows were attired in green uniforms and accompanied several of the college songs. The Sodality Band of San Jose aided the Santa Clara rooters.

On schedule time Referee Reading placed the ball in position; Reams of Santa Clara kicked off and the game was on. Back and forth bandied the rival rooters, as either side gained ground. When St. Mary's scored, a bedlam of yells and shouts were let loose, and chaos reigned supreme. When the game was over, and St. Mary's was on the long end of a 5 to 0 score, the red and blue rooters increased by many of the alumni, performed the serpentine over the field. Headed by St. Vincent's Band, and bearing aloft Captain Dickson and Louie Diavila on their shoulders, the St. Mary's men serpented the field twice, then under the goal post, through which Dickson rushed, and over which the pigskin went sailing from a well-directed boot by Diavila.

A few minutes previous to the big game several Santa Clara boys brought with them a large box, so large that it took several to pack it. What could it contain? Surely not megaphones or other rooting apparatus, because all the crimson and white coterie were well supplied with such. Various rumors went the rounds. "Maybe it's a balloon,"

"pigeons," said another. Could it be one of the descendants of that famous Yerba Buena herd? One of those long whiskered quadrupeds, sure of foot, and of which the Alpine mountaineer thinks so much? Well, if old "Billy" was encased within that box, even though painted red and blue, he was happy. But why was not the crate opened after the game? Therein lies the mystery; our own goat roams proudly about the campus, while we have another red and white coated Billy chained to a pole in the stadium.

The Rugby victory over Santa Clara College on Thanksgiving Day was celebrated at the College on Tuesday the 30th of November. The exercises were under the direction of James M. Smith, '10, President of the Athletic Association and the Associated Students. Speeches were made by prominent members of the College and members of the faculty connected directly with student affairs.

Spence Dickson, captain of the Rugby team of 1909, was given a rousing ovation. He responded with a short speech in which he expressed his appreciation of the fine work of his teammates and the generous support given the football players by the entire student body. He paid a special tribute to the splendid work of Graduate Manager John P. Doran and to the labors of George C. Faulkner and "Mother" Howe in coaching a winning team.

The students gave a rising vote of thanks to both coaches for the efforts they put forth in getting the team into shape for the big game. The announcement that Faulkner is to continue at St. Mary's in his capacity of instructor in the academic department was greeted with applause.

Brother Joseph, moderator in athletics at the Oakland college, paid a tribute to the fine spirit invariably shown by the students, and emphasized the ethical significance of the right sort of interest in college athletics. He announced that the annual punting contest will take place in the near future.

Peter J. McCormick, a graduate of St. Mary's, presented a handsome cup to

the Rugby squad as a trophy of the Thanksgiving Day victory. In his presentation speech he told the students that the old boys of St. Mary's to a man, feel proud of the showing made at the recent game and rejoice in the signal victory of the red and blue.

The evening's event terminated with vocal selections by members of the athletic association. Among those taking part were the following: Michael J. O'Connell, Eugene J. Riordan, Regis C. Starrett, William F. Donnelly, Louis Diavila, Otto Rittler, Elmo Leonhardt, Harry Simpson, Henry B. Grayson, Cornelius Pantosky and William C. Hughes.

Walter Fieberling and William Hughes are not alone football heroes; they have of late proved themselves to be real heroes. On Monday, November 22, as Walter was riding on a car on his way to college, a horse was seen tearing down Broadway in a mad gallop; astride the animal was a little girl who had lost control. Jumping from the car he awaited the on-coming steed. With a well-measured leap, as he was wont to make in tackling a flying back, he grasped the reins, and after being dragged some distance brought the beast to a halt, but not before sustaining a painful injury to one of his hands on which the horse trampled. His brave act was favorably noticed by the local papers. The only thought that bothered Walter was that he might not be able to play in the big game on Thanksgiving Day. But he "got there all right," and put up a splendid showing at center three-quarters.

William C. Hughes of Honolulu, one of our varsity scrum men, also of late performed an act that deserves recognition. On Wednesday afternoon, some of the younger students were taking a plunge in the college tank. One of the youngsters was seized with cramps, and his cries for help were heard by those sitting around. None too late "Honny" jumped into the water with all his clothes on, and brought the unconscious boy to the landing, where he was resuscitated. "Honny" is now the hero of St. Mary's.

Thanks to the efforts of our librarian, the reading room has been made so attractive and comfortable that it has be-

come a much frequented place during the recreation hours. Several choice donations of books have been made which bespeaks very highly the spirit of the donors; special thanks to Nicholas Canale and Charles Bohrmann. One of the most notable additions to the library has been that of a fine new Standard Twentieth Century Dictionary. It is the very latest and most authoritative lexicon published. Several magazines are coming monthly. At the beginning of the new year the list is to be considerably augmented. Brother Cornelius wishes to thank the assistant librarians for their constant work. The fiction library in the gymnasium is also receiving its share of patronage. Many cards have been issued and the librarian is kept busy distributing books.

The following is the per cent to date for the Palmer Method of Penmanship:

First Commercial Class—

M. Inzunza 90; E. Herrerias 90; A. Iberra 88; A. Armstrong 86; H. Culbertson 85; M. Pistolesi 84; C. Hendrick 84; C. Caffaro 84; T. Griffin 83; J. Kelley 83; A. Spicer 82; F. Fish 80; and F. Eckert 80.

Second Commercial Class—

O. Dempsey 90; J. Lamping 80; H. Brammer 89; H. Simpson 89; H. Dodd 89; L. Smith 81; F. Kogler 82; C. Langmaster 80.

Third Academic Class—

W. Norton 90; E. Gosch 89; R. Dolan 88; W. Williamson 86; P. Ford 84; L. Moore 88; F. McDonough 82; E. Kruse 80; and A. Gunther 80.

Fourth Academic Class—

Wm. Spota 92; H. Heneberg 91; C. Escobar 90; W. Schroth 88; A. Camou 83; C. Costa 81; J. Higgins 81; M. Broyles 81; F. Peacock 80; F. Raycraft 80; M. Gazzale 80; and E. Martenstein 80.

Brother Novatian who was registrar at St. Mary's for two years died in Martinez on November 15th. About six years ago he came from St. Louis, where for many years he was engaged in educational work. We ask the prayers of our readers for the eternal repose of his soul.

S. N. ANDRIANO.

ALUMNI NOTES

WE take this occasion to extend the thanks of the entire student body to John P. Doran, '09, our graduate manager, for his untiring efforts in connection with the late St. Mary's-Santa Clara football game. With great inconvenience to himself, he gave his best efforts to advertise the big game, and spared neither time nor expense in doing all in his power to make the affair a success. All at St. Mary's duly appreciate what he has done for us.

Political rumors in San Francisco have it that Peter McCormick, of the Class of '88, will very likely be one of the police commissioners to be appointed in January by the new administration. "Pete" is one of the most popular of our "old boys" and his appointment will unquestionably be a source of universal satisfaction to the people of San Francisco and a testimonial to the new administration's discrimination.

"Pete" is the only "old boy" who enjoys the distinction of having his merits exploited in THE COLLEGIAN's editorial columns. Of Mr. McCormick, last year's editor under the heading "Our Pete" wrote:

"We call Peter J. McCormick, '88, 'our Pete,' because, in a sense, he belongs to every present and former student of St. Mary's College. He is, unquestionably, one of our most loyal "old boys." In the minds of many he is the most loyal "old boy." Since his graduation he has repeatedly sacrificed time, pleasure and personal gain to the interests of St. Mary's. There has not been a benefit entertainment here during the past ten years in which "Pete's" influence has not been felt. To the launching of any difficult project his valuable assistance has ever come promptly and unsolicited. At our ball games he is always one of the most ardent rooters. He, if anybody, possesses the genuine brand of college spirit, and he, if anybody, deserves the praise and good wishes of every friend and "old boy" of St. Mary's."

We have received a booklet containing an address entitled "Reminiscences of the Early Bar of Los Angeles," from the author, J. A. Graves, '72. It was delivered recently on the occasion of the seventeenth semi-annual dinner of the Los Angeles Bar Association. It narrates many interesting court incidents of the long ago in Los Angeles. After graduating from St. Mary's Mr. Graves studied law in San Francisco and Los Angeles; in 1876 he began to practice in the latter city. He is now Vice-President of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank of the southern metropolis.

There was a goodly number of the "grads" and former students of the college at the big football game on Thanksgiving Day. Among them we noticed: Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90; Rev. J. L. Taylor, '91; Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94; Rev. W. P. Sullivan, '97; Rev. O. A. Welsh, '99; Hon. Judge Murasky, '83; Hon. T. J. Lennon, '85; Hon. B. J. Flood, '97; C. M. Weber, '73; P. F. Kingston, '79; P. J. McCormick, '88; Dr. C. D. McGettigan, '93; Dr. T. D. Mahr, '94; Dr. J. F. Sullivan, '96; Dr. T. M. Maguire, '97; Dr. J. G. Brady, '99; Dr. J. Mahr, '02; Dr. V. C. Derham, '04; F. J. Sullivan, '92; F. D. Zan, '95; W. A. Kelly, '96; H. J. McIsaac, '96; J. L. Tauffe, '96; J. J. Greely, '97; J. W. Solen, '97; E. I. Butler, '00; J. D. Harloe, '01; J. L. Flynn, '01; G. J. McDonough, '02; A. F. Burke, '04; T. F. Greeley, '04; J. F. McCue, '04; T. J. Trodden, '04; W. J. Fitzgerald, '05; T. W. Lundy, '05; J. F. Brady, '06; J. E. Derham, '06; L. J. McCarthy, '06; E. A. O'Dea, '06; E. J. Barry, '07; H. A. Davie, '07; E. J. Burns, '07; H. B. Hooper, '07; W. J. Thompson, '07; R. J. Doran, '08; F. W. Dunn, '08; P. B. Sheehan, '08; F. J. Hart, '08; J. P. Doran, '09; J. J. Burke, '09; H. J. Carroll, '09; C. W. Kelly, '09; C. J. Hillman, '09.

Harry B. Hooper, '07; recently paid us a visit; he has just come back from the east where he played bang-up ball

for the Boston American team. Harry met several St. Mary's boys in his travels and he tells us they are all doing well; he will return east next spring.

John A. Young, '98, died in San Francisco on November 10th; he had been a victim of tuberculosis for the past two years, and gradually wasted away.

Sister Mary Fidelis, sister of the Rev. A. P. Doyle, '75, died on November 23d. She had been for a number of years superioress of the East Oakland Convent of Mercy.

Mr. Neil McIsaac, father of H. J.

McIsaac, died from heart failure at Nicasio, Marin County, on November 7. The deceased was one of the pioneers of Marin County as also one of its most respected citizens. The funeral at San Rafael was one of the largest ever seen in the county. Rev. C. E. O'Neile, '82, preached an eloquent panegyric on the life work of the deceased. Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, acted as master of ceremonies at the requiem mass.

To the relatives and many friends of the deceased we extend our sincere sympathies.

—C. RUSSELL.

OUR SUBS

OUR Varsity team gathered fame,
And showed themselves great at the scratch,
They won in good shape the big game,
The victors they proved in the match;
They whipped Santa Clara with ease,
A team not at all made of dubs,
But let me, my friends, if you please,
Say something in praise of our Subs.

For each without doubt would make good,
Did any get hurt in the game,
For all have the mettle and blood
To carry them forward to fame;
With Donnelly, Greeley, Malloy,
Riordan, Arata or Fisk,
Wilcox, Grundell, Delahide,
There isn't the ghost of a risk.

Then a cheer for our promising Subs,
The timber in time of good players,
Though cavillers say they are "cubs,"
The future will show they are "bears;"
They are fitted today to belong
To the best of our athletic clubs,
And so I shall wind up my song
With "Hip, hip, hurrah! for our Subs."

—J. SMITH.

EXCHANGES

THAT the conception of the engineer's training is steadily broadening is pertinently indicated by a short but meaty article in *The University Monthly*, a magazine edited by the University of Toronto Alumni Association. It bears the caption, "The Training of an Engineer," and is from the pen of Mr. M. J. Butler, deputy minister of railways and canals and chairman of the Intercolonial Railway Commission. He is a man who knows whereof he speaks.

Mr. Butler outlines what he considers to be the ideal intellectual equipment of the engineer. He insists, of course, upon a thorough training in mathematics including elementary calculus, together with physics, chemistry, mineralogy and geology and the rudiments of metallurgy, biology and silviculture. These branches might be regarded as matters of course, though it is more than likely than not all of them find place in many colleges and universities preparing young men for the degree in engineering.

But Mr. Butler does not stop here. He insists upon a sufficiently thorough acquaintance with English language and literature to the end that the young engineer may be able to keep in touch with the thought of the age. He further advises the study of ethics, psychology and political economy, at least one foreign language—preferably French—knowledge of the law of corporations, contracts and real property and a rudimentary knowledge of Latin and Greek.

It is gratifying to observe to what an extent Mr. Butler's ideal course corresponds with the course actually given here at St. Mary's. With the possible exception that here on the Pacific Coast Spanish is preferred to French in the detail of foreign language, Mr. Butler's ideal course has already been achieved by us.

This article in *The University Monthly* deserves to be widely circulated and extensively quoted. More than most men preparing for a profession, the aspirant to the degree in engineering is prone to regard as useless the courses in psychology, ethics, political economy and

languages. A careful study of Mr. Butler's paper ought to convince him that his training for his life work can be neither too broad nor too deep.

Of more than passing interest is the Centennial Number of *The Fleur de Lis* of St. Louis University. The magazine contains several readable articles dealing with the big celebration recently held in St. Louis, including a thoughtful biographical account of St. Louis, the patron of the city and the university.

One note in the athletic department should prove of interest to us. We all remember how, in the Thanksgiving Day game with Santa Clara, Reams of the southern college made a sensational run and put the pigskin over the line only to discover that he had not made a try, as the ball was out of play when he had secured it. A similar thing happened in the game between St. Louis University and Drury College. A Drury man did the Reams act, without interference from the St. Louis players, who thought the ball was out of play. But it so happened that they were wrong, and the touchdown secured by the Drury player—it was intercollegiate football they played—gave the Druryites the game.

The Manhattan Quarterly has a special number, too. The occasion is the elevation of a former student of Manhattan to the ranks of the Catholic hierarchy. The Right Reverend George William Mundelein, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, graduated from Manhattan with the Class of '89. Old Manhattan does well to honor him on the occasion of his consecration, and St. Mary's is glad to felicitate the sister college.

The table of contents shows a wide range of excellent literary contributions. Certainly *The Manhattan Quarterly* ranks high in college journalism. One of the ablest papers is an essay on religion and citizenship which is about the clearest and most convincing presentation of a definite phase of the subject we remember ever seeing.

"Rampant commercialism" gets its traditional roasting in the leading article in the November issue of *The McMaster University Monthly*. The author writes on "The Poet and the Nation," and reaches some sound and—rather unusual—practical conclusions. "Turning away from the counting-house and the market-place, 'from the din and the glare of the street,' closing our eyes to the tinsel and foppery of mere worldly advancement, let us become as little children with our poets, that we may behold with rarest delight the utter loveliness of nature's adorning in this fair land of ours; that we may apprehend the undercurrent of human love and loyalty in the hearts of our Canadian sons and daughters, and that into our daily life may come the eternal spirit of wisdom, guiding us to the attainment of such ideals of truth and beauty and righteousness as shall ensure a glorious destiny for our Canada, the homeland that we love."

Admiral Raphael Semmes, the commander of the famous Confederate ship, Alabama, had a life story that makes rare reading. An enticing version of it—defective only by reason of its brevity—is given in the November *Mercerian*. He was a man of undoubted ability, of great resourcefulness, of intrepid daring and of loyal and all-consuming devotion to the cause which he felt himself in duty bound to espouse.

The Ghost in "Hamlet," like the Ghost of Banquo, will never down. Along the vast stretches of college journalism it is ever walking abroad, driven to ceaseless unrest by the untiring industry of students who simply cannot

let the poor thing alone. Its latest ramble occurs in the *S. V. C. Student*, our cherished friend from southern California; and all we need say is that, in this particular instance, the lugubrious specter walketh not in vain.

For the fact is that the writer who conceals his identity behind the cabalistic signature of "J. J. C." has a surprisingly firm grip of his subject and both interests and enlightens. Attend, ye Shakespeareans, and see if this be not so in very truth. Seriously speaking, we regret that more student magazines are not able to avail themselves of the services of writers like "J. J. C."

We're almost afraid to touch *The Villa Shield*. We are quite convinced that it will not bite us, but it has such a dainty cover—a matchless creation in white and pale blue and gold—that we are prone to linger over the outside of the paper rather than to center attention on the sweetmeats sure to lie snugly and prettily arranged within.

But the Rubicon is crossed, and now we're glad we've done it. Verily, 'tis not the shield of Achilles, but 'tis none the less a great shield. And its charms are enhanced by the fact that it is buckled to a feminine arm.

The young ladies of Villa de Chantal manage to edit a magazine that looks remarkably well and reads almost as well as it looks. The editor of *The Villa Shield* manifests most commendable industry, her name appearing no less than nine times on the table of contents. There are other contributors, too, all of whom do work up to the quality—though not to the quantity—of that furnished by Miss Dorothy Simpson.

—C. T. MOUL.



NEW BOOKS

AN historical novel of more than passing worth is "The Romance of the Silver Shoon," by the Reverend David Bearne, S. J. The fact that it is a book intended chiefly for young readers does not in the least detract from its merits as a charming study of the manners and life of the people who lived in sixteenth century England. And the story is a story, which, after all, is the most important thing in the eyes of its prospective readers.

Father Bearne's is not a new name in recent Catholic juvenile fiction. He has achieved considerable prestige both in this country and in England by his Ridingdale stories which proved as popular in the United States as they did at home. Despite their decidedly English atmosphere, which ordinarily would not prove attractive to the average American youth, the stories appeal to hosts of young readers on this side of the pond.

"The Romance of the Silver Shoon" will prove a welcome addition to the rapidly growing list of Father Bearne's books. Whether or not it will prove a greater favorite than "Charlie Chitywick," we must leave the younger readers to decide. (Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; 85c.)

J. Astley Gallagher was a little Boston boy of unusual mental gifts and really remarkably attainments. He died when fifteen years old. During practically all his life he was an invalid and at times suffered intensely. Yet withal he determined to improve his mind, and he did what he determined to do. He was a wide reader, a clever writer and, considering his years, a promising thinker.

The life history of Astley the O'Gallagher is given in "The Story of a Beautiful Childhood," a neat little volume edited by Katherine E. Conway. Following Miss Conway's sympathetic account of the boy's younger years are a number of excerpts from the diary which the little invalid, day in and day out, kept with commendable exactness. The volume also contains a number of prose and verse products of little Astley's pen. These latter are necessarily amateurish, but they are promising in the extreme and are surprisingly mature for a lad in his early teens.

The publisher of this volume deserves special praise. In these days of tawdry book making it is refreshing to pick up this volume, faultlessly printed on heavy, tinted paper and appropriately bound and decorated.

The life history of Astley the O'Gallagher is given in "The Story of a Beautiful Childhood" is sure to prove an inspiring book. It is just the sort of volume to put into the hands of a boy approaching the squirming period of youth. He will learn from it that, even when heavily handicapped as was little Astley, the youth who means to do something can always accomplish more than appearances would seem to warrant. (C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston.)

"The Unbidden Guest," by Frances Cook is the latest volume in the series of Catholic novels which the Benzigers are bringing out with praiseworthy regularity. Readers of "The Secret of the Green Vase," the author's previous book, will need no great urging to extend a hearty welcome to "The Unbidden Guest." (Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; \$1.25.)

OUR SECOND TEAM

OUR Second Team are crackerjacks,
Of this there's no mistake,
For all our champions' bumps and whacks
They take for practice sake;
Already they have won hard games,
From teams that none call bum,
And bleachers old, will name their names
With pride in years to come.

—R. STARRETT.



OUTSIDE of football, there was but little doing in athletics during the month of November. The rainy weather prevented much practice even on the gridiron, and several games had to be cancelled. Now that the football season is over, basketball is being indulged in by many of the students. The class games are now taking place, an account of which will appear in our next issue.

Track.

The Barbarian Indoor Meet held on November 23d, was announced too suddenly for any preparation to be made by our athletes, and the result was that our representatives did not put up a good showing. De Bendetti was the only one to capture a medal in the sprints, and he took second in the 75-yard dash. In the Barbarian Handicap, Martin, who was leading at the end of the first lap, fell on the turn and was badly cut by the spikes of the runner behind him. This necessitated his withdrawal from the relay race, and as there were no substitutes, D'Artenay was forced to run in two of the laps. De Bendetti started off well in the first lap and finished first, the lead was increased by D'Artenay and retained by Stolz; going again in the final lap was too much for D'Artenay, although he kept up a fast pace in the finishing lap he was nosed out by a scant margin by the Sacred Heart runner. In the two miles King romped in for third place.

Sacred Heart won the field meet from the Academic Department of the College on November 13th by the score of 173 to 123. The races were arranged according to weights and exciting finishes were the order of the day. Sacred Heart excelled in the 100 and 110 pound classes but our youngsters were the stronger in the heavier division. We had but few light weights to enter against a great many from the Sacred Heart. In the 100 pound class Gochnico was the star; in the 110 class Sacred Heart showed to good advantage, but in the 125 class De Bendetti, Simpson, Crumme, Horan, Love and Armstrong excelled.

Basketball.

The basketball season does not start until January, but the squad are still practicing daily and getting in trim for the season. For a while it was thought that it would be hard to secure a coach to succeed Mr. Rittler, but George Faulkner has taken charge and no break in the practice has occurred. Faulkner has had considerable experience in basketball and expects to turn out a winning bunch.

The Victors is the only team that has played during the month and they have several games to their credit. Two of these were played against St. Anthony's. In the first, which was played in our Gym, the Victors secured 24 to their opponents 10, but in the second played in East Oakland the score stood 67 to 7 with the Victors on the long end.

Baseball.

At present the diamond is in poor condition, and nothing will be done to improve it until Christmas vacation commences; when we return after the holidays it will be in first class shape.

The Midwinter League started off with a flourish, but owing to the football season the scheduled games had to be postponed. It was originally planned that the league should consist of four teams, but there seems to be a likelihood of other teams joining. The Phoenix, Olympic Club, Gantner-Matterns and Alameda Alerts now comprise the circuit. This means a ball game for every Sunday, when the weather permits, and, if additional clubs are added, there will in all probability be two games on Sundays.

The opening game was a hard fought struggle and was played on the campus on November 14th. The Phoenix gathered two runs to the Olympic Club's goose egg. Wilcox twirled, and showed every indication of being in his old form, holding the hard hitting Olympics to two hits. Troy was also in good shape and allowed but two hits, but as these came at opportune times they aided considerably in his defeat.

Wilcox started the scoring in the second when he singled and went to third on Troy's boot of Fitzsimmons' attempted sacrifice. A neat little bunt by Hart sent "Chuck" home, but "Fitz" was caught at the plate. Hart stole second and third, but was put out at the plate on the squeeze. In the fifth Bonnetti walked, went to second on a passed ball and scored when Watson missed a grounder from the bat of Wallace. No Olympic man was able to get past the middle sack.

Runs and hits by innings:

St. Mary's.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	*—2
Base hits.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	*—2
Olympics	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Base hits.....	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—2

Summary: Stolen base—Hart. Sacrifice hits—Fitzsimmons, Hart, McMillan, Wilkenson. First base on called balls—Off Wilcox 1, off Troy 3. Struck out—By Wilcox 2, by Troy 5. Hit by pitcher—Littlepage, Fitzsimmons, Leonhardt. Double play—Wilcox to

Fitzsimmons to Leonhardt. Passed balls—Grinsell 2. Time of game—1 hour and 35 minutes. Umpire—Trowbridge.

Collegians.

Not to be outdone by the Phoenix, the Collegians (our second nine) started their season by defeating the Lash Bitters' team by a 9 to 1 score. Cann pitched the initial game and had little difficulty in holding the batters down to three hits.

The Collegians lost a hard fought contest to the Studebakers on October 31st by the close score of 2 to 1. The youngsters deserved to win, as Cann pitched a great game, striking out thirteen and allowing but three hits, but a costly error caused the loss of the game.

Football.

St. Mary's Second vs. Santa Clara's Second.

After defeating the Mission High on October the 16th, our Second Rugby team determined to gain new laurels. On November 1st, the Santa Clara team arrived on the campus for a contest, but before the game was over the Red and Blue huskies uncorked a sample of Rugby that astonished the visitors. In the first half the ball was kept well in our territory, but in the last half the Santa Clara men were rushed off their feet by the fast and brilliant work of the forwards, and several times the ball was dribbled over only to have a Santa Clara player fall on it. The backs made several large gains through the enemy's territory, but were handicapped by the tendency of the forwards to hold the ball.

Boles kicked off in the first half and although Fisk fumbled, he recovered in time to boot into touch on the 35-yard line. The ball remained in the center of the field for about ten minutes, when Spencer found touch on the 40-yard line. The ball was returned to the St. Mary's territory, and was kept there for the remainder of the half by the good offensive work of Irilarry, Detels and McCabe. Just before the expiration of time, Castrucchio secured the ball on the 40-yard line and set out for the goal; he was downed by Walker on the 10-yard line. Castrucchio was laid out for a few minutes and Wren took his place. A scrum resulted, but before anything could be done the whistle blew for time.

In the second half our Second Team showed its stamina and executed some lively plays. After ten minutes of play there occurred one of the prettiest series of passing lately seen on the campus. Heck secured the ball from the scrum on Santa Clara's 40-yard line and passed to Cann, who in turn sent it spinning to Reardon. A neat pass to Gibson and then a final toss to Donnelly, who went through a scattered field, brought the pigskin over for the only try of the game. Donnelly was unable to convert.

After that the Second Team played with renewed vigor and kept the ball close to Santa Clara's goal, but all their work was unavailing owing to the splendid defense of their opponents. When the whistle blew for time, the ball was on the five-yard line and after

cheering their rivals and being cheered in return, the team wended its way to the Gym, a tired but contented bunch. Score—St. Mary's, 3; Santa Clara, 0.

The personnel of the teams was:

ST. MARY'S.	POSITION.	SANTA CLARA
Jones.....	Forward.....	Ganahl
Delahide.....	Forward.....	Goettler
Treat.....	Forward.....	Lowe
Hatt.....	Forward.....	Irilarry
Walker.....	Fwd.....	Skewes, McDonnell
Greeley.....	Fwd.....	Hitst, O'Shaughnessy
Fisk.....	Forward.....	Griffin
McCarthy.....	Forward.....	Boles
Heck.....	½-back.....	Castrucchio, Wren
Cann.....	Five-eighths.....	McCabe
Riordan.....	Five-eighths.....	McHenry
Gibson.....	Three-quarters.....	Kelley
Donnelly.....	Three-quarters.....	Barnard
Fiebeling.....	Three-quarters.....	Vaughn
Spencer, Dromiac.....	Full.....	Detels
Referee, Lafferty.		

St. Mary's Second vs. Santa Clara's Second.

The Second Team again showed their merits when they defeated Santa Clara for the second time on November 10th by an 8-6 score. This game was played on Santa Clara's grounds. This game was faster than the first and both teams put up a better sample of Rugby. The teams were well matched, but the honors fell to our representatives, as they followed the ball with more precision than their opponents. Our forwards were too much for the Santa Clara men; they kept the ball in play near the Missionite's goal during the greater portion of the contest.

After a few minutes of play the forwards worked the ball to Santa Clara's 25-yard line where Arata kicked out of touch. Grundell received the ball on the line out and ducked through the bunch for a touchdown. Donnelly was unable to kick the goal. From a drop-out Santa Clara brought the ball down the field to the 25-yard line, where on a scrum McCabe received the ball from Castrucchio and went over for a try. Hartman missed the goal. Two place kicks on the 25 and 30-yard lines were missed by Boles and the half ended with the score tied.

As soon as the half started the ball was sent down the field by Wilcox and was kept in Santa Clara's dominion. McHenry kicked out of danger and the forwards brought the ball back to the 40-yard line, where Grundell secured it and after advancing about five yards, kicked the ball across the field to Cann who went over for a try. Grundell was there with the boot and the ball went sailing over. After the ball was maneuvered back and forth Santa Clara was given a free kick almost directly in front of the goal, over which it went by a well-directed boot by Hartman. With only a few more minutes of play both teams resorted to kicking tactics with St. Mary's in the lead, and the game ended with the ball on Santa Clara's 25-yard line.

By this victory the Second Team won two out of the scheduled three games; they returned with joyful spirits to Oakland determined to work hard to get a place on the

varsity, which was to meet Santa Clara's representative team on Thanksgiving Day.

The line-up of both teams was practically the same as that of the first game.

St. Mary's vs. California.

In the first practice game played with California's Second Team on their ground on Nov. 2d, the varsity was defeated by a 11-10 score after a hard fought contest. The first half ended with the score standing 8-5 in California's favor. Williamson and Pauly made the tries for them and Hill converted the first goal but missed the other. Starrett made a good run and scored for the Varsity. Diavila sent the ball over the bars.

California added three more points in the second half on a penalty goal which was kicked by Hill. Shortly after this Malloy took the ball out of the scrum and went over for the Varsity's second try of the game. Lou converted again handily. Varsity tried hard for another score but were forced to be satisfied with the results as they stood. The Berkeleyites defended their goal in great shape.

The teams lined up as follows; St. Mary's—Bell, Treat, Jones, Walker, Sheehy, Bonnetti, Smith, Delahide, Pantosky, Cann, Hatt, forwards; Diavila, half; O'Connell, five-eighths; Starrett, Reardon, Hughes, Malloy, Dickson, Donnelly, three-quarters; Leonhardt, full.

California—Bennett, Williamson, Pauly, Wheeler, Phleger, Quinn, Barnett, Wiley, forwards; McDonald, half; Johnson, five-eighths; Black, Barnett, Brant, Baker, three-quarters; Hill, full.

"Mother" Howe refereed.

St. Mary's vs. Reliance.

The Varsity administered an awful drubbing to the Reliance Club team on November 6th, whom they defeated by a 33-0 score. The Varsity outplayed their opponents in every department of the game. The going in the first half was too much for the Reliance, and when it came to the second our men seemed to run through them at will. A few more goals could easily have been scored, but our team eased up and gave a chance to some of the Second Team players.

In the first half after ten minutes of play Hughes took the ball from the five-yard scrum and went over for the first try. Diavila placed it between the bars. After this the ball was kept near the center of the field and just before the expiration of time, Dickson secured the ball from a thirty-yard scrum and after going through a scattered field planted the ball directly behind the posts. "Lou" again sent it over. That ended the scoring for the half.

The second half witnessed some fast playing by the Varsity. The ball was kept in Reliance's territory during the whole of this period and it was only the good defensive work of the Clubmen that kept us from scoring more than we did. It took but five minutes in the half when the Varsity scored. A five-yard scrum aided a touchdown when Arata secured the ball and went over. Diavila converted. A few minutes later Diavila captured the ball

from a line out and passed to Dickson, who sent it to Riordan. When tackled "Gene" tossed to Starrett, who started for the goal; he passed it clearly to Diavila, who went over for another try which he again converted. A long passing rush by Bonnetti, Dickson and Sheehy resulted in a try, when Dan scored near the touch line, Diavila was unable to kick the difficult goal. On a five-yard scrum Bonnetti went over for another try which was kicked by Diavila. With only two more minutes of play Dickson got the ball from a scrum on the twenty-yard line and after making a brilliant run through a scattered field, went over for the last try of the game. Diavila was there with the goods, and the score totaled, St. Mary's 33; Reliance, 0.

The teams lined up:

ST. MARY'S.	POSITION	RELIANCE
Bell.....	Forward.....	Hermley
Cann.....	Forward.....	Watkins
Smith.....	Forward.....	Urch
Bonnetti.....	Forward.....	Nielsen
Pantoskey.....	Forward.....	J. McElrath
Arata and Greeley.....	Forward.....	McClure
Sheehy.....	Forward.....	Johns
Hughes.....	Forward.....	C. M. McElrath
Diavila.....	Half.....	Pomeroy
O'Connell.....	Five-eighths.....	Lumbard
Malloy.....	Three-quarters.....	Harris, capt.
Dickson.....	Three-quarters.....	Hills
Starrett.....	Three-quarters.....	Hunter
Donnelly.....	Three-quarters.....	Fritch
Leonhardt.....	Full.....	A. McElrath

St. Mary's vs. California.

The Varsity journeyed to Berkeley on Nov. 8th, and lost a hard fought practice game to California's Second Varsity by the close score of 5 to 3. The bad weather made good playing impossible and fumbles and falls were numerous throughout. In the first half the ball was kept in the center of the field and neither side scored. After ten minutes' play in the second half Plack made a great forty-yard run and scored a try which was converted by Hill. A few minutes later St. Mary's worked the ball over for a try and Diavila fell on it, but was unable to kick the goal. For the rest of the game the ball was rushed from one end of the field to the other and when time was called the play was in the center of the field.

St. Mary's vs. California.

The last practice game played with the Second California, on our campus on November 18th, was lost to the Berkeley men by a 10-0 score. The scoring was done in the first half and in the second the ball was rushed from one goal to the other only to have a score blocked by the splendid defensive work of both teams. California scored the first try after a few minutes of play on a passing rush by the backs. A short time before the termination of the half another rush gave their second goal. Both goals were kicked. The line-up in the second and third games with California were nearly the same as that of the first game.

St. Mary's vs. Santa Clara.

St Mary's 5; Santa Clara 0. The triumph that the team worked for has been achieved, and the honors in the struggle went to the Red and Blue warriors. Although outclassed by our men Santa Clara put up a gallant struggle and fought bravely until the game was over. The score does not do full justice to our players, as it was but a case of hard luck that they did not score more than they did. Four times did they rush the ball over the line only to have some gray-sweated youth fall upon it, causing them to back up on the field to await the drop out.

Newspaper opinion seemed to be unanimous that St. Mary's outclassed Santa Clara. The trend of all the articles was that Santa Clara put up a gritty and determined fight, but were never dangerous. The forwards of both teams are credited with the best playing, and in this department St. Mary's excelled. The Mission forwards put up a good game, but they were too light for our heavy scrum men. In the scrum our 3-2-3 formation worked like a charm against the opposing 2-3-2 combine, and the ball seemed to be inclined to go out by way of Cann to Diavila. It is the consensus of opinion that it was in this particular style of play that Santa Clara was defeated. Speaking of this Advisory Coach Howe said: "The eight scrum today has amply justified all claims made for it by those thoroughly acquainted with both formations. It stands to reason that two men cannot successfully compete against three men."

In the loose play our forwards again showed to advantage. Dribbles were numerous by our scrum men and several dangerous places were avoided by their ability to rush the ball with their feet. In this work Bonnetti was the star, and had several long rushes to his credit.

The backs of both teams did not have much chance to show their ability, as the ball was for the most part with the forwards. With the backs the ball was kept between the halves, five-eighths and the center three-quarters, although a few times the ball did come out to the end men. Dickson was the star here, with Porterfield a close second. Reams was there in kicking ability, but did not figure in any passing rush. Starrett was the best of the ends and had a seventy-five yard run to his credit. At full back the honors were divided evenly between Leonhardt and Detels. Detels got the ball away faster but Leonhardt was there with the boot.

The Game.

Referee Reading called the captains together and flipped a coin. Dickson won the toss and chose the goal with the wind and sun at his back. The whistle blew and Reams sent the ball spinning down the field where it was gathered up by Starrett who returned it to touch. An exchange of kicks after the throw in resulted and Gallagher muffed. The forwards were on him and took the ball to the center of the field. On a kick from Jarrett the ball was marked by Feiberling, and Leonhardt kicked to touch.

On the lineout the forwards secured the ball and started a dribbling rush which was blocked by Gallagher, who fell on the ball. A scrum was formed and Diavila secured the ball but was downed by Trumatola, who was declared off side by the referee. Leonhardt on the free kick sent the ball out of touch near the 25-yard line. Reams secured the ball on the lineout and kicked to Leonhardt who returned and sent the ball over the line, where Detels fell on it.

Reams dropped out and a passing rush was indulged in by Diavila and O'Connell, who took the ball down the field for about fifteen yards, but "Mike" was downed and the ball was taken back to the middle by Santa Clara's forwards. Starrett and Dickson brought the ball back to the enemy's territory by some fast running and good passing. A scrum was formed and the ball was rushed back to neutral ground by Jarrett and Dooling. Another scrum was formed and Diavila received the ball, passing to O'Connell, who, in turn, sent it to Dickson and it looked like a score but Dickson was caught near the line by Detels, and Reams relieved the tension by kicking to Leonhardt who sent it back over the line, but Detels again fell on it.

The drop out was returned to Feiberling, and a series of lineouts resulted and the ball was brought up the field by some good work by Ganahl and Hogan. Porterfield received the ball but was downed with such force by Bell that play was stopped to enable him to recover. The ball being put into play again Bonnetti started a dribbling rush and took the ball into Santa Clara's dominion. After a scrum a free kick was allowed Santa Clara, and Reams kicked down the field. The wind carried the ball out to the wings where it was misjudged and when it was recovered the Santa Clara forwards had come up and a scrum was formed. Diavila secured the ball from the scrum and passed to O'Connell, who sent it spinning to Dickson, who went a few yards and then passed to Feiberling. Starrett secured it from Feiberling and dodging through a scattered field, took the ball for seventy-five yards before he was downed, a few feet in front of the line by Detels. Scrums were numerous on Santa Clara's 5-yard line, and after a few minutes of play, Reams kicked to Leonhardt, who returned to touch near the 25-yard line.

Pantosky secured the ball from the lineout and passed to Diavila. "Lou" circled the end and passed to O'Connell. "Mike" sent it over to Dickson and after passing through the bunched field, Dickson went over for the first and only try of the game. The hearts of the St. Mary's rooters rose in their mouths when Diavila was preparing to try for the goal, as there was such a strong wind and the kick was a difficult angle. But diminutive "Lou" was equal to the occasion, and the ball sailed gracefully over the bar.

Reams kicked off and Hughes returned; Bonnetti tackled Porterfield, but was declared off side, and Santa Clara was awarded a free kick. The forwards followed up Reams' boot

and caught Simpson before he could kick. From the scrum Gallagher received the ball but was smothered by Diavila, who sent the ball back to O'Connell, and it went out to Simpson by way of Feiberling and Dickson, but very little headway was made. Shortly after this Dickson and Feiberling figured in another rush, but Tadisch came to the rescue of Santa Clara and broke it up. Half time was called with the ball in the Crimson and White territory.

Leonhardt kicked off and Dooling returned with the longest punt of the day which sent the ball down to the five-yard line where it went out. The ball was kept near the goal, but some good line work by Diavila, Bell, Bonnetti and Pantosky brought the ball up to Santa Clara's 40-yard line. Simpson received a long pass and sent the ball out of touch near the 5-yard line. The play livened up a little but several men were laid out in quick succession. Scrums were again much in evidence and Reams kicked to Leonhardt, who sent it back out of touch. Diavila and Starrett were again prominent in a passing rush which brought the ball back into their opponents' ground.

Hard fighting resulted but no good plays were seen. A free kick helped Santa Clara and Reams sent it to Leonhardt, who after running for about five yards kicked into touch near the center of the field. On the lineout Pantosky received the ball and was carried outside but instead of throwing the ball in, brought it in himself. Touch Judge Howard was at the spot waving his flag and the Referee blew his whistle, but several of the players were not aware of the fact. Reams secured the ball and started off with Simpson and Sarrett pursuing him; several of the players heard the whistle and did nothing to stop the flying five-eighths. Leonhardt evidently knew the ball was not in play and made no effort to stop Reams. The referee called Reams back and the game continued.

Following the coach's instructions our forwards closed up in their style of play and most of the work was done by the heavy men who used their feet to good advantage. A desperate effort was made by Santa Clara to score but the defensive work of our team was too much for them and they were unable to send the ball over the line. When the whistle blew for time the ball was on our 10-yard line and the teams were lined up for a throw-in with Diavila in possession of the ball. Instantly the St. Mary's bleachers were in an uproar and the occupants swarmed down upon the field where the heroes of the team were hoisted upon the shoulders of the horde and the time honored serpentine was repeated.

St. Mary's used the same fifteen men throughout the game; we believe this was the only time that such happened during the Rugby season in California this year. Santa Clara used three substitutes.

The teams lined up as follows:

ST. MARY'S.	POSITION.	SANTA CLARA
Sheehy.....	Forward.....	Ganahl
Cann.....	Forward.....	Degnan
Smith.....	Forward.....	Barry

Bonnetti.....	Forward.....	Hogan
Pantosky.....	Forward.....	Roberts
Bell.....	Forward.....	Jarrett
Walker.....	Forward.....	Trumatola
Hughes.....	Forward.....	
	Wing forward.....	Tadish
Diavila.....	Half.....	Gallagher
O'Connell.....	Five-eighths.....	Porterfield
Dickson.....	Five-eighths.....	Reams
Simpson.....	Three-quarters.....	Dooling
Feiberling.....	Three-quarter.....	Smith
Starrett.....	Three-quarter.....	Barnard
Leonhardt.....	Fullback.....	Detels
	Referee, L. S. Reading; linesmen, W. H. Howard and S. S. Phillips; timers, J. F. Brady, F. J. Hefferman.	

As Coach Faulkner Saw the Game.

"As the pistol cracked at the end of the second half some one remarked, 'It's all over but the shouting.' And now that even that exultant demonstration has died away, one may calmly and dispassionately view 'that which has been, but is no more.'"

In the finest possible physical condition, brimming over with the "do or die" spirit of conquerors, the St. Mary's fifteen appeared on the field with unbounded confidence in the coming struggle. They were a team to feel proud of, a team that inspired a feeling of assurance in every loyal heart that the day was theirs—thoroughbreds, every one of them, ready to respond to the confidence reposed in them.

The day began fortuitously, Captain Dickson winning the toss. With the wind and sun in their favor, St. Mary's swung into the open style of play with a dash and a determination that augured ill for their opponents. "Attack," was the battle-cry. Fast dribbling, clever passing rushes, long boots for touch followed each other in rapid succession, and gradually the play was forced from St. Mary's 10-yard line, where they received the kick-off, down into Santa Clara's territory, dogged resistance "to the contrary notwithstanding."

The number of Santa Clara men "injured" early in the fray was one drawback of the day. Stalling may have its merits from a strategic point of view, but it was so badly overworked that it became burlesque to the sportsmen and Rugby authorities present. Furthermore it delayed the game so much that it prevented the red and blue aggregation from showing their real class. "Every play, Santa Clara man down," muttered many on-lookers. Withal twenty-five minutes of play resulted in a series of scrums on Santa Clara's ten-yard line. With a convincing demonstration of the superiority of the eight scrum over the seven pack, St. Mary's husky forwards secured possession of the ball, screwed in close pack over the line, the ball in their midst on these occasions, and dropped on it for a try. Referee Reading following some incoherent and involved line of reasoning, called them back for infringement of close scrum rules. It was disheartening to the team, but still they were up to working pressure. The next time "Babe" Walker opened up and the ball came out of the pack clean to

Diavila. This sudden change of tactics caught Santa Clara off guard, and with a quick pass to O'Connell, who transferred neatly to Dickson, the ball was carried over the line in a short dodgy run by the latter. Three points to the good. The ball was brought out for the try at goal. With a strong wind, a wet ball, and a difficult angle, little Diavila had a rare problem. That he was equal to the occasion the score proves. But it strikes me that the keen judgment and cool nerve of this doughty little gladiator have not received the recognition they deserve. By a well directed kick the ball sailed gracefully between the posts.

In the many scrums that were ordered by the referee's whistle, quivering like a six year old child's new Christmas toy, calling scrum after scrum, two things were noticeable: The surety with which St. Mary's scrum secured the ball and the persistent off side playing of the Santa Clara wing-forward and halfback.

Starrett's dazzling burst of speed near the close of the first half through a scattered field was the most brilliant feature of the whole game. But the abnormal amount of good hard playing performed by Captain Dickson, under difficulties, marked him as the most capable and consistent player on either team both in attack and defense. The sturdy little wonder tackles like a demon, and proves an astonishing surprise to any tackler when in motion, combining as he does elusiveness and smashing strength. Leonhardt at fullback displayed rare judgment, reaching touch accurately with long punts and handling the ball clean. Bonnetti, the husky forward, proved a tower of strength at every phase of forward play.

Taken altogether, I am proud of every man on the team. They played Rugby. True they had it on the Santa Clara fifteen in weight, but in skill there was no comparison. Every Rugby authority present conceded them the victory by twenty points at least. And they would have rolled up even a larger score had it not been for Santa Clara's delays, the referee's love of whistling, and the necessity of closing up the game in the second period when they were on the long end of the score, but the sun and wind against them. The exhibition of forward work along the side line was unqualifiedly the best ever witnessed on this coast. It stamps the St. Mary's pack as one of the most formidable on the coast. In close formation they worked the ball nearly the whole length of the field on two occasions.

To the victors belong the spoils. St. Mary's won, won on their merits, on knowledge of the game, individual cleverness and skill, condition and stamina. In nothing do they have to lower their flag to their gritty opponents."

GEO. C. FAULKNER.

To Mr. Faulkner, our much esteemed coach, belongs the credit of producing a winning team at St. Mary's this year. He instilled into every member of the squad a thorough knowledge of the game and imbued them with his own do-or-die spirit. To him as also to our good-natured advisory coach, Mr. Howe, Captain Dickson, the football squad, and the entire student body desire to express their highest appreciation and sincerest thanks.

C. A. RUSSELL

OUR HEROES

DICKSON
DIAVILA
DELAHIDE
O'CONNELL
BONNETTI

SIMPSON
WALKER
FIEBERLING
SHEEHY
PANTOSKY

STARRETT
HUGHES
GREELEY
BELL
DONNELLY

ARATA
LEONHARDT
CANN
SMITH

HOWE
RIORDAN
FAULKNER



JOSES



THE world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind;
So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a
"poke,"
Just laugh—Don't be too wise.

Stein—Why on Thanksgiving Day did some of the football players wear odd-looking caps?

Clinton—So that they wouldn't lose their heads in the game.

And is it true St. Mary's won
That famous Rugby game?
If not each true and loyal son
Of hers would weep for shame.
Yes, yes, 'tis true St. Mary's won,
And Santa Clara lost.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll have some fun,
And I will pay the cost.

Shackles—Science is a great thing: I see that they have a method of changing the shape of a fellow's nose.

Walker—That's nothing new; did you ever go up against our Rugby team?

Who can make the leather hum?
Who, but our Pantosky.
Who's the forward in a scrum?
Who, but great Pantosky.
Who's St. Mary pride and boast,
The heavy kicker of the coast?
Need I name him—let us toast
Heavy, huge Pantosky.

You who would cut a fine figure,
As A number one football kicker,
Or want to excel
Be like Starrett and Bell,
Who never indulge in strong liquor.

Childs—What is a diploma?

Smith—A diploma, like a bald head, is what some fellows take a score of years to acquire and never use.

Who says that Walker can't make good
As an all-round athlete,
Who dares assert he never should
Among crack sports compete?
Who says so lies; for this I say,
And this will tell the story,
At our great game Thanksgiving Day,
He crowned himself with glory.

We've a football player named Dick,
Whose special delight is to kick.
So he kicked a young feller
Right smack in the smeller,
And cried with a laugh, "Ain't that
slick?"

Prof. Baender—If I were to lift 550 pounds through one foot in one second, I'd be a-working like a horse. (Tremendous applause.)

Jones—What is that unsightly building?

Barnett—The blind asylum.

We have a big forward named Walker,
Whose fame is well known as a talker.
On Thanksgiving Day,
Amid the big fray,
The fans picked him out as a corker.

A varsity scrum man named Bell
Is known as a forward quite well,
On a day in November,
That we all will remember,
All said that his playing was swell.

We rooted long, we shouted strong,
We sang with all our soul,
Till vict'ry crowned us all around,
When we had crossed their goal;
The game was o'er—we knew before—
The score was five to zero.
Then little "Lou" and Dickson too,
Was each a college hero.

"Tiny" Leonard says that one of the Prefect's collies has a sic-em-more bark.

Donnelly—Can you describe that person who came in the auto to see me?

McCarthy—He had a fur coat on, an automobile cap, and wore goggles.

Lives of football men remind us

That they write their names in blood,
And departing leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

Wilcox—What is that little organism, that the doctors talk about, called?

Doc McCarthy—In Paris it is called a parasite, in Germany a germ, while in Ireland it is called a microbe.

Professor—Define spectator.

Wallace—It's a tater with specks on it—at least that's what they call 'em down Salinas way.

Prof. Q.—In what meter is "The Charge of the Light Brigade" written?

Miller—Charge of the Light?—Oh, the gas meter.

Moul—I'm getting here in time lately.

Prof. Adelid—Yes, I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last.

Prof. L.—What is the plot of that problem play?

Russell—The only plot I could discover is a conspiracy to get money at the box office.

Prof. Phelan—Name six Australian animals.

Kruse—A possum, a boomerang, three kangaroos and a eucalyptus tree.

Gibson—What's the matter with Fisk?

Cann—One doctor says it's gout, the other says it's ptomaine.

Gibson—They differ as to whether it's ptomaine or main toe, eh?

Regan—Hooray! I have found the pole.

Wheaton—Good, now I'll get the bait and we'll go fishing.

Bonnetti—I suppose it's hard to make money on the street this winter?

Clinton—Hard! If a skunk strayed into the street these days, he couldn't make a scent.

Student rest! Exams are o'er,

Seek the Christmas fireside ruddy,

Dream of lecture rooms no more,

Days of toil or nights of study.

In the decorated hall

Merry hands are garlands stringing,

Music on the ear doth fall,

Christmas dinner-bells are ringing,

Student rest! Exams are o'er,

Dream of profs. and books no more,

Take a nip of Christmas toddy,

And make friends with everybody.





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