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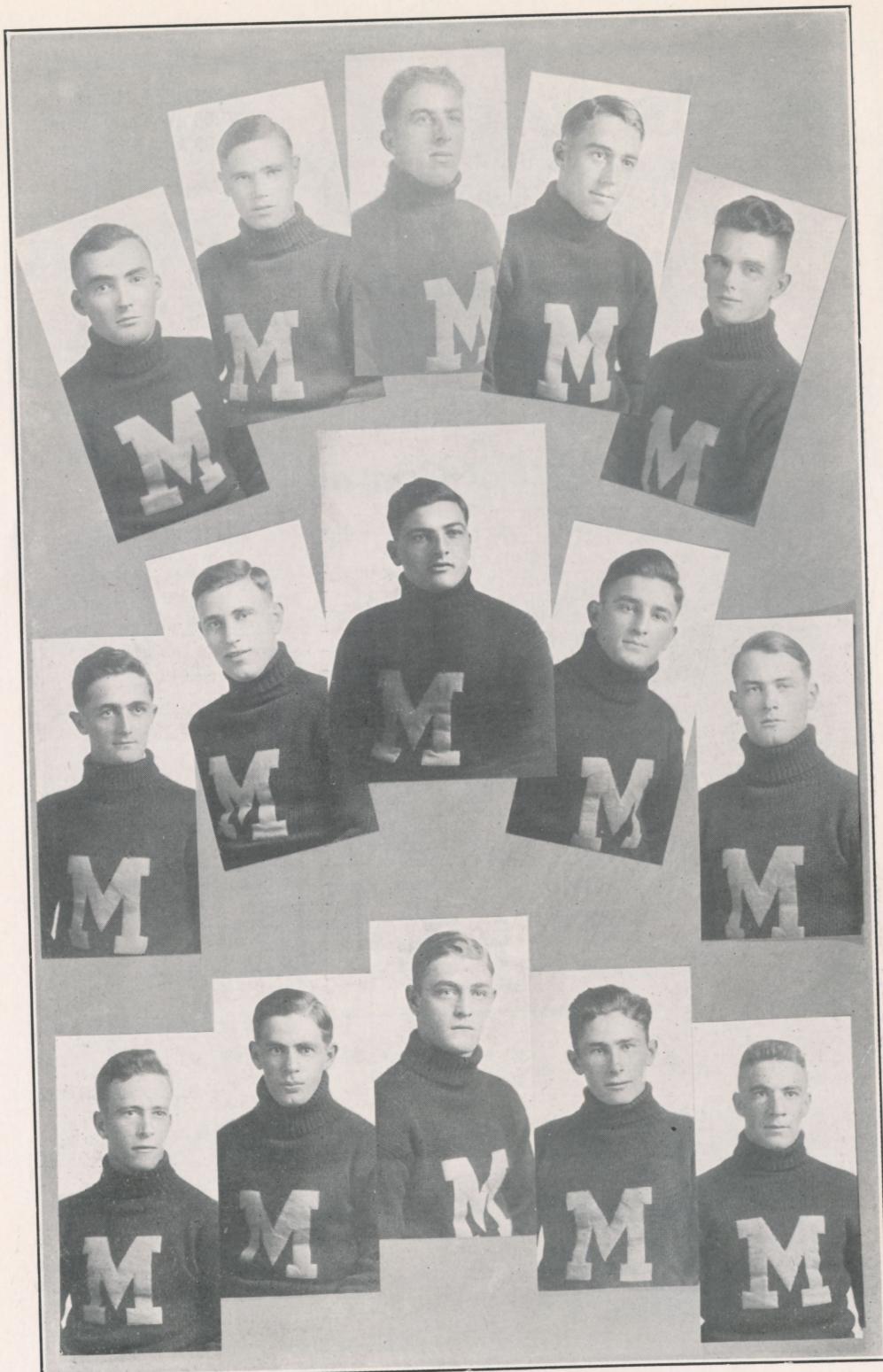
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VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1915

Hartsook, Photo.

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OAKLAND, CAL., DECEMBER, 1915

No. 3

STARS AND HEARTS

By

Francis Xavier Delaney

THE last great log fell sputtering upon the coals and up the chimney went hurtling, one after the other, thousands of tiny, glowing sparks. In the faint flicker of the fireplace I lolled back in the comfortable armchair, the smoke from my briar weaving fantastic shapes above my head, and dreamed on and on. From the next room, in muffled, broken tones, a child's voice lisped earnestly a prayer of thanksgiving. Then the door that connected the rooms opened softly, throwing a shaft of yellow light directly across my face, and there came a patterning of little, bare feet along the carpet and a tiny form catapulted itself into my lap and two chubby arms closed tight around my neck. I pushed the golden hair out of my eyes, loosed the hold of those clutching arms and looked down into those wide open, brown eyes that glistened up into mine.

"Uncle Val," began the youngster, squirming around to a more comfortable position, "Muvver says—" and he halted insinuatingly, as was his wont when he had a favor to demand.

"Well, what does mother say?" I questioned.

A low, chortling laugh came from the boy, and he panted eagerly, as all the while he ran a small, fat hand up and down the lapel of my smoking jacket.

"Muvver says"—how he emphasized those two words—"that if you was not too tired, seein' as how I've been so good all day an' everything, you might tell me a story if you wanted to. If you was not too tired—you ain't, is you?—seein' as how I was so good an' everything—if you was not too—"

"If mother said so, then I suppose it simply has to be. Well, what will it be this time: 'The Two Frogs,' 'The Owl and the Grasshopper,' or shall I tell you all about the beautiful Princess, who was shut up in the giant's castle till the brave young Prince rode along one day on his milk white horse and rescued her?"

The youngster slipped from my lap, and as, with hands under chin, he sprawled on the rug before the fireplace, he squinted hard his eyes and frowned up at me.

"Ain't you got no new stories? Sumpin' awful new. About—oh, about sumpin' I never heard before. I'm terrible tired of frogs an' owls an' princesses an' things. Muvver tells that kind of stories all the time an' I don't like them. Don't you know sumpin' new?"

Here, indeed, was a worthy task for one versed in story lore. No longer did the fables of Aesop, that gifted slave of ancient Greece, hold charms for this exacting nephew of mine; no

longer did the tales of fairies and magic imaged by those dreamers of the busy marts of Persia delight him; no longer were Grimm and Andersen for him. He wanted a story, and he wanted something new. Something new. I racked my brains and in vain. Something new.

Suddenly through the window a star shone brightly for a moment, then seemed to twinkle away into the night and was lost to view. Two days more and then Christmas. Here was my story, a story old for over two thousand years, yet a story ever new.

So, while he listened, with tousled head bent against my knee, I told this toddler the wondrous story of the Star of Bethlehem. And as I told him of the Magi, those three wise Kings of the East—Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar—who had watched with a strong faith in their hearts beside the ancient Temple of the Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in Babylonia, for the star that was to guide them to the feet of the King of kings, a look of wonder stole over the eyes of the boy and he crept closer to me. Then I pictured to him, as best I could, the journey of these three Kings across hills and desert, through snow and cold, now losing sight of the star, now gaining it again, but always believing with the faith of the wise, till at last after many days the star stood still over the rude stable of Bethlehem, where in the manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, had been laid Him for Whom there had been no room in all that vast city of David. I told him how the Magi had paused before the stable, in their souls the fear that comes with a great and holy love, and had then entered reverently and awe-stricken to place their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the new-born Babe. And now, as I finished the story, I glanced down at the still, little figure before me and upon his face I saw the same look that must have glorified the countenances of the Magi upon that bright, chill morn so long ago. And now I knew full well that he, too, believed.

Presently the tired eyes blinked fitfully for a moment, then closed fast in sleep. After I had tucked him safe beneath the comforters, I returned to my place before the fire and to dreams. Then there came another, who nestled on the rug by my side, and in the eyes of this other there were tears and upon her face the mark of a terrible sorrow.

"It was two years ago tonight," she whispered, more to herself than to me, "two years—and no word—nothing to let me know. If he had only written—only told me what the trouble was, so I could have explained. But no—not even a note bidding me good-bye—nothing—nothing!"

She cried softly and then was still. A last dying ember flamed up for an instant, throwing a dim glow over the room.

"Don't you remember? It was Boy's first Christmas tree, and we were so happy, all of us. Christmas! Oh! how I looked forward to it. And then when Christmas came—he was gone—."

"Monica, please," I begged. "I thought you were beginning to forget. That was why I brought you and Boy here, to get both of you away from the old memories."

"Perhaps we should have stayed—longer. Perhaps he did return and found us gone."

"Nonsense," I urged, perhaps a little impatiently, for this younger sister was hard to convince. "I made every inquiry possible and was unable to secure any trace of him. Now, please, please try to put him out of your mind. It isn't fair, your worrying like this; it isn't fair to yourself, and it isn't fair to Boy."

She stared far into the dead coals and ashes, and I could see her forcing lip against lip as she strove to drive back the tears. The clock in the hallway chimed out eleven. I arose and started for my room. She halted me at the door.

"Val," she said, and seemed to be choosing her words carefully, "I heard you telling Boy the story of the Star

of Bethlehem. The Magi were wise men. That was what you said, wasn't it?"

"Yes. They were the wisest of the wise."

"And in spite of everything, in spite of all disappointments, all hardships, they followed the star. They still had faith."

I nodded my head slowly and closed the door behind me. An hour later when I peered into the room, she was still before the fire, her lips moving in silent prayer, pleading tearfully, like that other Monica, for the one that was lost.

The next noon on my way home from the office, among a display of Christmas goods in the window of one of the busiest stores, I came across a Crib, one of the most perfect miniatures of the stable of Bethlehem I had ever seen. Here was a gift that would fill the soul of my nephew with delight. And when I led him into the library, some twenty minutes later, and his eyes came upon the Crib, he cried out in joy and ran quickly up to it. Then he paused, turned slowly, his face troubled, and asked with trembling lips:

"Uncle Val, where's—where's the other wise man?"

For the first time I noticed that one of the Kings was lacking. The girl who had waited on me had, perchance, neglected to wrap it with the others, or it may not have been included in the lot. No matter, I assured the youngster, who was now on the verge of tears, I would secure one on my way back to the office and send it by messenger.

As I left the house the toddler ran after me and with many tearful injunctions pledged me not to forget. I promised to secure the missing third King at all costs, little realizing at that moment just what the promise meant. For at the store where I had made the purchase they could find no trace of the lost figure, nor did they have any other Cribs in stock. They could have another for me in a week, the proprietor assured me, but I

thought of the youngster waiting anxiously at home, and I told him not to bother. Then I started out to visit many stores and finally returned to the office an hour late and without that which I sought. I concluded that the best thing to do was to let "Boy" know at once. When his mother told him the news, his cry of disappointment came to me over the phone, sharp and clear.

I walked home at a slower gait than usual that afternoon for I was in no great hurry to face the accusing look that was sure to be in the expressive eyes of the boy. And as I strolled along I felt a hand tug at my coat-tails and heard a child's voice cry out my name. I turned quickly and there was "Boy," holding fast to the big, browned hand of my very good friend Officer McGlade.

My first thought was that the boy had wandered away from home and had been found by the officer, who knew him well. I started to question, but McGlade broke in with:

"I'll be after begging your pardon, sir, but we're on a still hunt, the youngster and I, the both of us together, and if you can't help us, we'll be asking you to go on your way and let us alone. It's a difficult piece of business we'll be doing this fine December day."

"And what might this important business be?" I asked, laughing at the seriousness of McGlade and the youngster.

"It might be anything at all, but it isn't," answered McGlade, as he pushed his cap far back on his close-cropped head. "Whist, now, and I'll explain."

"I was just passing the house today when I noticed the youngster, here, on the steps indulging in a weeping spell. Upon due inquiry and investigation, I am taken into the house and shown a Crib, which is all that it should be, with the exception that there's a very important person missing. And it appears that this person is a wise man, and a king at that. So we came to the agreement, after due

deliberation, the youngster and I, the both of us together, that we'll set out and find this king who has strayed away. But I'm after thinking that we'll have a hard time of it, for, though the town's full of notables and the like, I can't find a king in the bunch. And if we do find one, I doubt if he'll fill all requirements, as it's a way I'm told the kings have with them, saving the kings of the old country, God rest them, of being more foolish than wise. However, sir, begging your pardon, if you can direct us to the party we're looking for, we'll be much obliged to you, the youngster and I, the both of us together."

"McGlade," I said, smiling in spite of myself, "you're either a wise man or a fool—I don't know which."

"I'll be thanking you, sir, for the expression of those same sentiments. And don't worry, sir, I'll get the boy, here, home, safe and sound, and when we get there we'll have a king with us who'll be a wise man as well, or there's little power in the star of Officer McGlade."

Down the street they went, while I hurried home to explain to his worried mother the reason for the toddler's absence.

Five o'clock came and went, and no McGlade and the boy. Six struck—the half hour—and then seven. Half-past seven; Monica was making frequent trips to the window and had started to reproach me. Eight o'clock. I gave one glance down the deserted street, went to the closet and got out my great coat. I had just slipped into it, when there came a ring of the door bell, then a tramping of feet in the hallway and McGlade's voice thundering out:

"If it's the truth you're telling, and it's both a king and a wise man you are, we'll be asking you, the youngster and I, the both of us together, to step into the room here and worship with the others you've so shamefully deserted."

There was a brief silence. Then a man's voice, with a ring of laughter in it, answered distinctly and low:

"I've already assured you, Officer, that I'm a king, and as for the wisdom part—you'll have to judge for yourself."

In a second Monica had flung open the door and was in the hallway.

"King," she cried, and opened wide her arms to the man who stood there.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Officer McGlade to me, "you had better be getting a glass of water. The lady's fainted."

* * * * *

I sat before the fire again, dreaming many dreams. Upon the divan in the corner King was going over with Monica those last two years, telling her of the terrible, gripping pain in the back of his head, knowledge of which he had kept from her lest she worry; then of that night when something in his brain had seemed to snap out of place, the loss of memory—aphasia, the doctors had told him it was—his finding himself in a far Eastern city many months later, and then his search for her, which he had given up in despair. They were happy in each other's company; the toddler was fast asleep in bed; and somehow I felt strangely alone. Suddenly the door opened and once more along the carpet came the patter of little, bare feet. In a moment the youngster was in my arms, his own arms wound tight around me, and a tear-stained face was lifted up to mine.

"Uncle Val," he whispered, one chubby fist wiping the tears from his eyes, "I just couldn't go to sleep till I talked to you. I want to ask you a question, if you ain't too tired; might I?"

"Yes, Boy, fire away."

He puzzled for several seconds before he spoke. Then he asked, with decision:

"One of them May—May—?"

"Magi," I suggested.

"One of them Magi was a nigger, he was, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I answered him, marvelling at the question. "One of the Magi was an Ethiopian—that is, he was black."

I seemed to have confirmed his worst fears, for his body began to shake with sobs.

"Tell me all about it," I pleaded when the sobs had ceased.

"Well, you see," he began, "I promised the Infan' Jesus I'd get 'nother king, an' I tried so hard, an' we asked everyone an' everything, an' we couldn't find no king, an' then we met Dad—Daddy—"he hesitated over the word—"an' he said he was a king an' kinda laughed like—an' I kept pretendin' to myself that he'd do—cause Mr. Glade, he said a sub—a substoot is better'n nothin',—but it weren't any use—I could fool Mr. Glade, but not the Infan' Jesus."

He paused for a moment. Then he went on:

"'Course, Daddy ain't an Ethi-nigger—but he's a king an' a wise man, an' a substoot is better'n nothin'. Do you think the Infan' Jesus will mind if I keep on pretendin'?"

I looked over towards the corner, where the "substoot" and the mother seemed very happy.

"No," I answered, "I don't think He'll mind—not even the least bit."

Perhaps my eyes were playing me tricks; but suddenly through the window a star shone brightly for a moment, and then twinkled away into the night.

JESUS CAME IN SWADDLING CLOTHES

HAD He but come in purple and in gold,
What royal welcome might have greeted Him!
How swift the joyful tidings had been told
Through all Judea, and the streets so dim
With million tapers had been lighted bright!
What hundred lodgings might have Mary chose
To shelter her sweet Infant from the night
So chill! But Jesus came in swaddling clothes!

Had He but come in purple and in gold,
How swift they might have flung the portals wide!
What kindly words of welcome had been told
In every hut that Joseph was denied!
How close each Jewish matron might have pressed
Her near, to watch the Infant's sweet repose!
How keen each Jewish maid to have caressed
The Child! But Jesus came in swaddling clothes!

Yea, Jesus beats against our doors today,
Walks in our midst and shares our joys and woes;
Cold hearts, we send Him sorrowful away,
Alas! We know Him not in swaddling clothes!
We seek to serve the king and not the slave,
We search for Him in every wind that blows,
But, oh, forget the lesson Jesus gave
When He, the King, came down in swaddling clothes!

—DANIEL E. DORAN.

ECHOES OF THE EXPOSITION

By

Edward M. McGlade

WHEN, on December 4th, the curtain was rung down on what P. T. Barnum would have called "The Biggest and Best, and the Greatest Show on Earth," when finally the swan song of the Fair of Fairs was sung, the conclusion was received with sincere regret by any of us who had been in any way familiar with its beauties, or who have been in the least what could be termed "regulars." With the formal closing the final blow was dealt our brethren of pessimistic tendencies, who had presaged nothing of good for the Exposition, but had condemned it to ignominious failure. The first thought that we should have in writing post mortems should be for those men upon whom fell the burden of bringing the Fair to its glorious close, despite the obstacles in their way. Starting at a time when the older half of the civilized world was in the throes of warfare, the great nations of the earth flying at each other's throats, it had an unpropitious beginning, to say the least. But, nothing daunted, the men who had the destinies of this mammoth undertaking in their hands brought it through a turbulent era of preparation to a wondrous beginning, thence through the Exposition period, a period of ever increasing beauty, to the final glorious closing. If praises are to be sung, let the first mead of praise be to the honor of the officials, directors and constructors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

But now that the Fair is no more, we are brought to the popular question of "After the Exposition, what?" a question that is prominent in thousands of minds, and that can be given as many thousands of answers. Undeniably the Fair has been of inestimable value, not only to California and San Francisco, but also to every individual who partook of its joys, and

indirectly to the entire world. As to the benefits derived we have varying opinions. We have the ideas of the aesthete, the dreamer, the man who walks upon air, with his eyes ever upward to the Olympus of his ideals, and we have the opinion of the financier, the engineer, the man who walks with his feet firmly planted on the earth, his eyes straight ahead, seeking his goal of utility. Then one sees the beauty, the intellectual stimulus, the culture; the other the practical profit to city and state, the resulting financial condition to the commonwealth, the practical work involved. In the mind of the one is the unconscious selection of the beautiful, and the discarding of the grotesque; the mind of the other praises the economical and practical, and condemns the unpractical and wasteful. But in the final analysis both agree in their conclusion that the Fair was an eminent success. Every goal set has been attained, every schedule begun has been lived up to, every promise made has been fulfilled.

But better than the success of the Fair and the benefits derived during its existence, is the wondrous heritage it has left to San Francisco and California. Every person, no matter what his personal likes and dislikes, has had his wishes gratified. For the music lover, many wonderful musical treats have been provided. We have had, in the military bands, Thaviu, Creatore, Sousa, Conway, and Capt. Loving, not to speak of lesser lights. In another field the great Exposition orchestra, under the able batons of Georges George, Richard Hageman, Max Bendix have given countless concerts of the world's best music. In this connection we have also had Camille Saint-Saens, one of the foremost of contemporary composers, and the incomparable Paderewski and

Kreissler. Taken all in all, the musical program of the Exposition was complete in every detail.

Lovers of art, architecture, scenery, beauty in any form or shape, have been surfeited with the beauties of the Fair. Even the most practical, the man with little or no sense of the artistic, could hardly be unaffected by these beauties. It is safe to say that it will be a number of years before anything approaching the beauty of the courts and the buildings of the Fair will be attempted. That the Court of Ages, the Court of the Universe, the Argentine Building, and other similar structures should be destroyed seems nothing short of a crime. But the ironical trend of fate admits but sparing compromise. However, in order that we may have a permanent reminder of what has passed, and in order that so many gems from the minds of the artists and the architects may not be effaced it is not right that the Jewel City as an entirety should pass away; but rather, one, many or all of the various preservation schemes should be carried to completion. It is, of course, beyond the bounds of possibility to save all, but it is not too much to expect to save some. The Fine Arts Palace, the architectural gem of the Exposition, seems almost certain of being spared and made permanent. The proposition of saving the Marina is an excellent one and deserves the earnest support of everyone. San Francisco has long neglected beautifying her bay front, but now the opportunity presents itself to do so cheaply, and this opportunity should be grasped. She is the only town of her size and importance, with anything near her scenic possibilities, that has neglected developing them.

As to the practical benefits to be derived, their name is legion. With out doubt the spirit that conceived and executed the idea of the P. P. I. E.

will find countless ways of reaping a rich harvest as a result. By reason of the Fair San Francisco and California have become known and famous throughout the world. They have been visited by men, influential in our complex system of finance, who before knew of them only by hearsay, but who now know them intimately, and furthermore, recognize in them the possibilities of further investment of millions. California, the land of sunshine, has need but of development, and this development demands capital. This capital must of necessity come from without, and it is through such a medium as the Fair just closed that capital will be interested. Financiers are quick to recognize energy and ambition, and will take a gamble on anything that is so backed. So, although the Fair is gone, still we can console ourselves that its lessons have not been lost on the eighteen and a half million people who have visited it.

It has been said that "We never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall." How apropos this is of the attitude of many of us now that the Fair is gone—an attitude that was forcibly shown by the clamorous crowds that rushed to try and see it all in the last week. Early in the Exposition period it was recognized that "Blessed was the man with a Season Book," but the real extent of his blessedness was slow to dawn on many. Of course, had we all another chance it would be different, we say, but, alas, such a chance will never come.

The Exposition is gone, her gates closed, her flags furled, her beauties being razed. Nothing remains but the memory. Let us hope it will ever be a joyous one. And as we say farewell we rejoice that no tragic or sordid thing has marred its glory. We joyously realize that it will ever be remembered as the greatest of all monuments to a people's faith, indomitable energy and capacity to overcome difficulties.

WARTS ON THE NOSE OF JUSTICE

By

Howard F. Magee

HAPPEN into the Justice Court of any small town, and there you will invariably find perched on the seats nearest the judicial setting a clique of old cronies who, because of their constant attendance, are designated the "hangers-on." Being past the age of usefulness and thereby free to spend time to their hearts' content, they make the court room a place of rendezvous, attracted perhaps by the petty comedies and tragedies of life daily rehearsed in the interest of justice. Then, too, the law of affinity, which draws like unto like, exerts its influence and they are enabled to pour forth burdensome troubles into sympathetic ears and obtain the consolation denied them by the younger folks at home. Their assemblage affords an opportunity to exchange views on current topics and to settle beyond doubt—with no apparent difficulty—baffling problems of the age. All are agreed that the modern ideas of conducting the intricate affairs of a municipality ain't worth a tarnation but to raise taxes—an' them so high now a body can't have his own home—and create openings for the office seekers in order to swell the now bulging ranks of those who march in steady progress on the city treasury. If only the mayor and his colleagues would harken to their gratuitous advice, the new order of things would give way for the old, and our model hamlet would again enjoy the peace and prosperity that prevailed during the early eighties. They revise, destruct, construct and what not, but nary a soul heeds or gives a continental.

Each has his pet theme upon which to harp, and turn about, each of the coterie is permitted to occupy the center of interest at which time all others must humbly submit in recognition of superiority. By general consent, the "judge" is made final arbiter

in all debatable questions. For them his decision is as binding as one handed down from the court of last resort. Right or wrong, to dispute his opinion would be to incur the wrath of one vested with the power of committing to the county lock-up, and to be victim of such a misfortune would be a horrible stab at the dignity of a gentleman who has weathered the ups and downs of a long life and who was never once in jail.

When the war started the Major—so called because he fought and bled in our own Civil War, and just why he preferred major to colonel nobody knows—was thrust into the calcium, much to the awe and envy of his comrades. Heretofore meek and merely responsive, he accepted his new-born prominence with a grace decidedly obnoxious to the others. Assuming all the fire and bluster becoming in one of his title and experience, any attempt to vouchsafe an opinion on military tactics he would immediately squelch with contempt leveled at utter ignorance. Sympathies differed, hot and furious grew the wrangles, which on one occasion would surely have culminated in blows had not his honor intervened with the mandate that if war were again mentioned in his court the entire aggregation would be thrown into the bastile for contempt. This had the desired effect, for thereafter the Major controlled his belligerent demeanor and his tendency to revive the subject of warfare while within the jurisdiction of the "judge."

It is especially delightful to hear them dilate on the days of their youth. With eyes enkindled and faces aglow, they recall scenes and incidents of by-gone days amidst nod of heads and squeaks of laughter. Always do the stories grow more thrilling and romantic, with the leading part taken by the teller; always do they chide

one another for failing memory, and each endeavors to make out his fellow ridiculous in the eyes of all.

When in such a mood, the best of the old codgers comes to the surface, giving broken glances into the lives they led when all the world was young. To brand the stories as false would be unkind; but it does seem that of all human faculties the imagination becomes intensified rather than blunted in old age.

To observe them during the progress of a trial imparts the impression that what they don't know about law isn't worth the while. Having acquired a smattering of procedure and legal phraseology, on every opportunity they unload this penny's worth of learning for the benefit and edification of those present—of course, putting the cart before the horse, and making wrong application so that the greenest hand isn't fooled. Occasionally a member of the little band is called for jury service—a scarcity of competent citizens prevailing—and then witness the air of self-importance! Woe be unto the defendant whose life or liberty rests in the decision of our friends, the cronies. You can stake your breakfast that if eleven stand for acquittal, the old habitue of the court is the nigger in the pile.

As gossip mongers and harbingers of green-eyed jealousy, they outstrip the proverbial female characters found in every community. It was they who spread the news that John Doe was again "pinched for walloping the daylights out of his better half." It was they who tipped it off that so and so was sued for non-payment of bills, "and him sporting the latest in automobiles." It was they who described the scene when Mrs. Beatem from High Brow terrace indignantly stamped into court, flourishing a subpoena, to deny each and every one of the allegations. It was they who held up the Fourth of July parade because one of the carriages conveying our Pioneers was honored with a flag or

two more than the others. Food for scandal they thrive upon, and what they discover the town soon learns.

One morning before the wheels of justice had been set in motion and the cronies held full sway, an individual dubbed in police circles as a "regular," meaning typical hobo, dropped in to pay his respects to the court. The "judge" being absent, he addressed the old men and upon their request to state his business, he accepted the opening and began his story. It was the same old story he had related time and again but the cronies had never heard it, and so they were impressed. With the few nickels collected and what he could peddle the overcoat for, "Shoestrings," for such he was nicknamed because he made a pretense of selling that necessary article, would purchase alcohol. When I say alcohol, I mean the real McCoy, for Shoestrings belonged to the 'hol brigade, composed of those unfortunates for whom the common or garden variety of liquor contained no kick. When it leaked out that the cronies had been taken in, life became almost unbearable for them. Nothing galls more than to realize that well-meant charity and sympathy for a fellow being has fallen on barren soil, and that your feelings have been trifled with. And to such wise-acres as the cronies, the round of ridicule was too much. Never again will they lend an attentive ear to the doleful tale of a stranger, especially if he in any form resemble one Mr. Shoestring.

There you have, such as it is, a picture of the Justice Court cronies. Despite their numerous peculiarities and faults, they aren't such a bad lot. To those who possess a sense of humor, they afford a source of healthy amusement and serve as a means to keep alive the early history of your place of birth. Bear with them as you would have others bear with you if kind Providence see fit to permit you to run your course to the stage of cronieism.

A CHRISTMAS MEDLEY

SAGE teachers, professors, profound and revered,
 You know what it is to pluck time by the beard;
 Is it right, is it proper, for me to orate
 On jolly old Christmas, a week before date?
 If so, I'll proceed, but it must be inferred
 That once in a lifetime, at least, you have erred.
 Proceed, did I say? What a puzzle I'm in,
 Because I don't know how or where to begin.
 In life's sternest fight, where we soon must engage,
 Where strong men respect not the weakness of age
 Where greed often triumphs, and worth often falls,
 And bold men and brave ones go down like old walls,
 'Twas always the custom, and still is the wont,
 To go on parade with our best legs in front.
 Well, well, my dear friends, if that custom is right,
 You've grossly abused or revoked it tonight.
 For though I don't say that you played me a trump,
 I'm certain you put your game leg on the stump.
 Did that make you laugh? Well, I'm proud of my wit,
 For with tongue, as with bat, one at times makes a hit.
 Of talent our good old St. Mary's ne'er lacked,
 And still has a surfeit—the same is a fact.
 Then why not from all this redundancy choose,
 Some one with a penchant or love for the muse,
 One who could woo her, with amorous becks;
 Like some of those worthies now craning their necks,
 As eager as mendicants grabbing for dimes,
 To pick out and pocket the flaws in my rhymes.
 Well, rhyme and its secrets I never could learn,
 The flaws, when I try it, the blind can discern,
 The efforts to write it transcend all my power,
 For the word that I want I must chase it for hours;
 And when I've corralled it and placed it with care,
 At the end of my line with my plumb-bob and square,
 My labor is lost, for the work is all wrong,
 As my line is a foot and some inches too long;
 'Twere better and wiser and cheaper, I guess,
 To charter some bard for this rhyming address;
 I know one to hand, of no common degree,
 I won't tell his name, but it starts with a "B".
 But prose, give me prose, I could write it like shot,
 And page after page, I could dish piping hot—
 Roll it out by the yard, till I wasted my nibs,
 Wielding ponderous words, that would stave in one's ribs.

A truce to this banter—a truce to this chaff—
 'Tis pleasant at times, for it raises a laugh
 But used to excess, is the veriest waste
 Of words that but sicken, or pall on the taste;
 And wicked when used at another's expense,
 So now for the rest I shall talk common sense.
 Kind Brothers, dear friends, fellow students and all,
 In reach of my voice here tonight in this hall
 I'll ask you permission, and simply review,
 As brief and as clear as a novice can do,
 The year that is past, with all its alloys,
 Its griefs and its pleasures, its sorrows and joys.
 A chaos of feeling within me is stirred,
 To utter that simple, significant word,
 "Over!" Aye, over, the term is at last,
 Has gone to its niche, in the halls of the past.
 'Twas pleasure to study, 'twas bliss to explore,
 And dive in the depths for the treasures of lore;
 Or list to some eloquent teacher expound
 A question abstruse with a knowledge profound.
 'Twas pleasure indeed, when from study released,
 To fly, as the epicure flies to the feast,
 For manly enjoyment to campus or court,
 And there for the moment to revel in sport;
 Or tackle the game, that is loved most of all,
 The one that is played with the bat and the ball.
 But joy, of all joys, when our hearts were oppressed
 Was friendly communion with souls we loved best.
 Our sorrows and troubles indeed were but few,
 And lost in the moment—so need no review.
 But bear with me, friends, as I mean to conclude,
 For to tire out your patience indeed would be rude;
 To be brief here tonight, can I crave, can I claim,
 The right, fellow students to speak in your name?
 If out from my heart I the faculty laud,
 And wish them long life, I know you'll applaud.
 But I see by your faces you tire of my words,
 That they grate on your ears, like the chatter of birds;
 Soon to our homes will we go, but we'll long to come back,
 For play and no work makes a blockhead of Jack—
 Home again, home again, where the fat turkeys roast;
 So ends my oration—and now for the toast:
 "Here's joy to each boy during holiday times,
 And grist to the mill where I ground out these rhymes."

—POETASTER.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

By

James H. Wall

THREE years have elapsed since Henry Merwin asserted that the time would come when California would look back upon her pioneers and the man who gave them fame as the modern Greek looks back upon Athens and Sparta. Since that assertion a number of hitherto uncollected writings of Bret Harte have been published. They vindicate the assertion. Bret Harte's charm and influence has increased and his popularity widened. Even the stories which show the evident insignia of immaturity are stamped impressively with Harte's genius and personality. And a great number of his poems and prose writings which might ultimately have been lost have been embodied in this later publication.

It was in '54 that Harte, at the age of eighteen, emigrated to California. His life up to that time had been uneventful and listless. And when he finally reached the Golden State "No guns were fired; no band played; but the youth of eighteen who thus slipped unnoticed into California was the one person, out of the many thousands arriving in those early years, whose coming was a fact of importance." For a year or two he wandered about the state promiscuously, unconsciously gathering his literary material. He occupied at one time the precarious position of express messenger for the Wells Fargo Company, his predecessor having been shot through the arm by a highwayman, and his successor being killed in a runaway. Here he encountered those pioneer stage drivers whose type he preserved in such characters as "Yuba Bill" and "Old Black Pete."

Harte's early literary work was done principally while he was on the staff of the "Golden Era" and the "Californian." The difficulty in obtaining these early papers was stupendous, owing to the great conflagration of 1906, which destroyed libraries and

other sources where they might have been secreted. It has been generally believed that Harte's first known poem was "Dolores," which he sent as a "California Poetical Venture" to the editor of the "Knickerbocker" or "New York Monthly Magazine." Still others affirm that he published a poem called "Autumn Musings," when eleven years old, but no record or copy of the poem can be found.

"My Metamorphosis," Harte's first story, was contributed to the "Golden Era" in April, 1860, shortly after his return to San Francisco. From this time until the establishment of the "Californian," in 1864, his literary work on the "Era" was almost continuous. To the "Golden Era," for the years of 1860 and 1861, Harte contributed weekly a long list of papers on passing events under the pen name of "The Bohemian." His work on that paper was so voluminous that he resorted to a number of superfluous names, "Jefferson Brick," "J. Keyser," "Alexis Puffer," and others which he had introduced in his Bohemian papers.

The appearance of Charles H. Webb, the editor of the "New York Times," marked a prodigious advancement in the western field of journalism. Webb, or "John Paul," as he sometimes termed himself, was not long in convincing himself and a few others that there was need of another weekly periodical in San Francisco, and so in May, 1864, when the "Californian" was launched, Bret Harte unreservedly threw in his lot with the others and stood by the paper, even after Webb gave up his interest in it and went back to New York. In September, 1864, when Webb resigned from the paper and Bret Harte succeeded him as editor, he said, "In saying goodbye, I do not intend to perpetuate a bad sell. My position has been a very pleasant one; I had not much salary, it is true, in fact none at all, but then

I had constant employment, and what more could be desired? The journal is now in a flourishing condition and I leave it. It has for some time been paying its own expenses and they tell me that the question of its paying mine is simply a matter of time, to me it looks like a matter of eternity, and as life is brief, I intend to take the present opportunity and go a-fishing. The journal passes into hands eminently capable of conducting it. In the editor the readers will recognize one whose graceful contributions to this and other journals have already made his name a household word on this coast."

In 1868, Harte became editor of the "Overland Monthly," the offspring of the "Californian," in which appeared from time to time the few short stories that won him the fame of a short story writer. These stories are lived and written in the open air. "The Wind of Heaven still keeps them fresh, and persuades us as we read that we are wanderers in the far West of gold and chivalry, or murder and adventure." "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is the best known as well as the best written of Harte's short stories. It was run as a serial in the "Overland Monthly," and later it was collected and revised and put in book form.

Superior to this in reality and picturesqueness is "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The story proves to be a delightful and mirth provoking narrative, but in close reading we find that blend of sentimentality which appears in all of Harte's writings. Contiguously allied to the foregoing is "Tennessee's Partner." Prof. Brander Matthews in his volume, "The Short Story," says "Bret Harte derived his method from Dickens, as Dickens had derived his from Smollett; but the American author had a finer sense of form than the British Master. "Tennessee's Partner" was written in 1870. Harte's sentiment is obvious, yet restrained; his pathos is not paraded and insisted upon as Dickens' is. For all the variety of incident, there is controlling unity of theme and tone."

Of all Harte's creations the most pitiful and most lovable is "Tennessee's Partner."

No one ever wrote about California, about the West generally, as Harte did. No one else ever showed the West the world wanted, the West it must have. He fitted fact and imagination together, creating a particular type of romance, of humor, of hardihood and tragedy, which bettered the facts because it heightened them, bringing out the color and flavor of a strange adventurous era through an artistic medium that was really opposed to what it used.

In England Bret Harte found his place early and kept it. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of an English appreciation of him may be quoted from the pen of the eminent English essayist, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, who declares that Bret Harte was a genuine American, that he was also a genuine humorist, which antithesis he supports as follows: "American humor is pure exaggeration; Bret Harte's humor was sympathetic and analytical. The wild, sky breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, reverence and sympathy, and these two quality were knit into the closest tenure of Bret Harte's humor." A characteristic piece of the Harte humor, though it is not Western, is the delectable article called "The Great Patent Office Fire," written after the disastrous fire in the United States Patent Office at Washington, D. C., on September 24th, 1877. Harte's contempt for the red tape of the Government found full expression in this article and his sense of fun was at full play.

Bret Harte left California in 1871, never to return, and his subsequent career as author, lecturer and United States consul is of little importance.

The known facts concerning Harte's private life are few and his biographer has had the good taste not to enlarge upon them. He died, honored, beloved and respected by all with whom he was acquainted, on the fifth of May, in 1902.

THE CHRISTMAS RATTLE

By

Andrew L. Perovich

THE men on the firing line had a rather unpleasant outlook. Christmas was but two days off and only a very few of them were to go home. Report had it that the enemy was to attack the day before Christmas, consequently every available man had to remain in the trenches. The fortunate few, whose homes were within a day's ride, were to spend two days with their families. They were the subjects of good-humored envy from those whom Fate did not favor. Some had not seen their homes for months, and to spend Christmas, above all other days, in the blizzard-swept trenches was gloomy indeed, while the chosen few carried on much as school boys would going home after their first loathsome semester at college.

Captain Ivan Dubran sat at his rude clapboard desk, pen in hand, yet he was not writing. He was day dreaming. His eyes were wide open and fixed upon a small glowing stove as if the stove held some precious and fascinating mystery. Blue smoke from his long "chibouk" curled upward and ghost-like wound itself among the rough rafters of his underground quarters. He sat as immovable as a stone statue excepting an occasional movement of the lips, when a low, almost inaudible, whisper relieved what was uppermost in his mind.

A knock on the door and the entrance of a person did not arouse him. The invader paused near the door. Perhaps it was the wind that drowned the noise of his coming and he hesitated, as if loath to disturb a scene of almost perfect contentment.

"So he can walk, can he?" breathed the dreamer, while the newcomer smiled wistfully. "Three months ago he could hardly stand, and now—just look at him wiggle and squirm."

"Ahem—er," coughed the intruder by way of announcement.

"Why, hello, Pavo. I didn't hear you come in. I suppose you think my mind is wandering, if you've been listening very long."

"Well, no, Ivo," returned the addressed, drawing a stool up to the stove. "I can understand your feelings and I only regret that I cannot be in the same position. I noticed your name among those going home and as soon as I stepped in I knew what you were thinking of."

Dubran replenished the fire. "Do you know, friend Pavo, that I've been acting childish since the Marshal told me I might go home. It's been three months since I've seen the wife and the baby and I can hardly realize that tomorrow will find us all together once more. I've been dreaming dreams of their happy, smiling faces all day and the whole thing seems like a grand vision which might slip away. Here, try some of my home cured duhan; it's unusually fragrant."

"I can't stay long," said Pavo, filling a quaintly carved pipe. "I came in to return the balance due you from that postage money."

"Oh! you posted my letter and package. I wish now that you hadn't, as I wrote that in all probability I would not be home for Christmas. It's done, however."

"Let me see. Your wife will get them this evening. The post is irregular, however, and they might be delayed. I've had as many as three letters from the same person in one mail. You might give the postman a franc to see that another letter goes straight through."

"I'll do that, as I have the letter already written, and she won't have a moment's disappointment. By the way, guess what the package contained."

"That's impossible. What was it?" "The picture we took over near the

Quartermaster's place; the one in which I was waving my hat."

"Oh! Yes, I remember it," mused the visitor. "We were all laughing over what a mess an enemy's shell would make in that group."

"I sent that and the little wooden rattle I've been carving. Did you see this picture?"

"You've shown it to every man in the regiment; how do you suppose you could have missed me? One would think he is the only youngster in the country."

"Well, I'll wager they're few like him in the country. I can see him laugh with delight when he rattles his new toy. He's the wisest little brat in the town, and husky—why, the last time I was home he pulled two of my brass buttons off."

"Have it your own way, then, but I must be off to my command. I'll mail that letter on my way out. Don't fall to dreaming again; you've got to be with your men before sundown. A happy Christmas if we don't meet before you leave."

"The same to you, Pavo, old man."

The young captain arose, stretched himself, put on a heavy military coat and muffler, and walked out into the stiff evening air. Already the men were making preparations for the expected attack. He reported for orders, then, anxious that his command be in order, hurried there.

At six o'clock the trenches were dotted with soldiers. Scouts reported the enemy moving for a concentrated attack upon the left wing. A telephone operator sat at his keyboard, some three hundred yards back off the main line. With him were two senior officers, deeply engrossed in charts and maps spread out on a long table. Occasionally one of them would issue a gruff order, which was immediately repeated into the telephone by the operator.

"Number 56. Train their guns to cover 58. About 500 yards," muttered the officer.

"Hello, 56. Cover 58. 500 yards," repeated the operator.

"Has number 17 moved yet?" asked the elder one.

"Hello, 17. Moved yet?" Turning to the officer, "No, they're getting ready to move."

"Tell them to stay there and cover 126," the dictator ran his finger along a series of dotted lines on the map. "Get Captain Dubran, 126."

"Hello, 17. Stay where you are. Cover 126." The switchboard clicked as the operator plugged another line. Hello, 126. Captain Dubran wanted. "Give me the receiver," grunted the officer. "Dubran? Will there be any action on the right? Then take half your men and reinforce the left wing. I know, but it must be done. Seventeen will cover your position. They're all on the left and you have to move fast." He dropped the receiver, folded his hands behind him and strode slowly to a small window. Five minutes elapsed before he moved again, and then it was only to press his face closer to the frozen window pane. In the distance could be seen a crouching column of soldiers crossing the white foreground on the double quick.

They were hardly visible in the semi-darkness, but an occasional flash from a bursting shell outlined them plainly and the officer followed with his eyes until the dark distance veiled the scene. The battle was on in earnest. The eastern horizon became invisible from rolling clouds of smoke, while belching cannons and roaring machine guns vomited streams of white fire. Shells burst in mid air, throwing hissing fragments in all directions. The officer at the window was aroused by the operator's speaking.

"What, 25 retreating? More men on the way. Tell them to hold," he was saying.

"They've got to hold," thundered the commanding officer. "Give me that receiver again. By the gods, if they give we're lost. Hello, 25. Make those men hold a few minutes longer. Yes, yes, I know; but they're coming; they ought to be there in less than fifteen minutes." He jumped up.

"Here, ask 63 if they've passed there

yet; if they have, they're out of danger."

The orderly sat down again and switched the plugs. "Hello, 63. Have reinforcements passed by? About seven minutes ago? All right."

There was a prolonged silence, broken only by an occasional report from a field station which necessitated a curt direction by the officer. Outside the cannons boomed, first at regular then at irregular intervals, or again a rapid rifle fire crackled along the line.

"How is 25 holding? Dubran must be there by this time."

"Hello, 25. How is it? Just arrived. Would have fallen back in a few minutes. Dubran rushing madly through the trenches encouraging the men." The man at the switchboard repeated, as he received. "The attack is less furious—our men are rallying—the enemy is stopped."

"I knew he could do it," broke in the officer, an expression of relief brightening up his countenance.

"They're coming on again—our men are hard pressed. What? Dubran wants more men."

"We haven't got them," roared the officer. "Tell him to hold with those he has; he can't retreat now. Ask 27 to help if they can."

"Hello, 27. Can you help 25? No; they have all they can do to hold their own," groaned the operator. Hello, 25. How's that? Dubran rallies once more; he's up on the trench, shouting to his men; the enemy waiver—they fall back—and our men are after them." The operator was getting excited.

"That man deserves a medal," murmured the pleased officer, "and, believe me, he will get it if I have anything to say. He can have leave of absence from tonight until next month if he cares to."

"Hello, yes—our men are charging on them; a young officer from 27 is in front. We're cutting them down from all sides. They're ours; they're ours!" shouted the operator, laying down his receiver. * * * * *

In a snug little home, a day's journey back of the war zone, a roaring fire cast a cheery atmosphere into even the remotest corners of a spacious living room. It was Christmas morning and a young housewife busied herself, cleaning and brushing every little thing. Not that every little thing needed cleaning, for the room was already as clean as the snow without, but every little thing had to be touched as if to assure its perfection. Wreaths of evergreens hung in the immaculately curtained windows, while festoons of smoke-colored "schmars" draped from the ceiling. Occasionally the little lady stopped to view the whole setting. Or again to gaze tenderly at a picture set, conspicuously, on a corner of the mantel.

The picture was of a group of laughing young soldiers; one young officer, in particular, seemed very light-hearted and happy. He stood a whole head above the others and was waving his hat. The young wife, proudly carrying the picture before her, walked over to the far corner of the room, where a baby lay in his cradle playing with a neatly carved rattle.

"They won a great victory yesterday, darling, and he is coming home this morning," she murmured, hugging the little one. The babe smiled, but had eyes only for his rattle. Thus she knelt, talking, until aroused by the clicking of the garden gate. The click in other circumstances would have been inaudible, yet she was at the door before the approacher could mount the three small steps.

"Hello, Pavo; I thought you were I— Why, you're awfully pale. What's that—?" Four soldiers appeared carrying a shrouded stretcher. "Oh! Mary Mother, help us!" The officer caught her and carried her into the house. The baby, in the far corner of the room, had eyes only for a neatly carved rattle, over which he laughed in delight.

BROTHERS

By

J. Emmett McNamara

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HUGH GIBSON

DON SUTTER

JAMES T. HOFFMAN

A Business Man.

SCENE—A reception parlor adjoining Hugh Gibson's hotel rooms.

TIME—Present.

(Don Sutter is discovered at left reclining on sofa. Hugh Gibson at center poring over law books. Stage lighting dim except for lights over center table. Sutter looks cautiously at Gibson, who does not heed him; he then rises to sitting position, produces a hypodermic pup uosad siy from syle prepareu prepares to make an injection into his arm. Gibson looks up in time to see him preparing.)

GIBSON: Don!

SUTTER: (In an excited manner)— Well—what is it?

GIBSON: (Rises and goes toward Sutter)—I thought you were going to stop that?

SUTTER: (Giving up needle very reluctantly)—Oh, I wish you'd mind your own business. Say, this is worse than being in jail. What are you trying to do—pose as a reformer?

GIBSON: Don, you know that I'm trying to help you.

SUTTER: Well, you won't do any good—so lay off me. Anyway, I can get out of this trouble without your help. There is no evidence against me. Say—how do you think they are going to pick one fellow out of a gang of six and make him the fall guy? The rest of the outfit made their getaway—and the fellow that we got is dead. And dead men tell no tales, you know.

GIBSON: For God's sake, man, quit talking like that.

SUTTER: Say, when are you going to let up on this bossing? I'll be glad when this trial is over; then I can go back where it's Sunday all the time;

back where a fellow doesn't have to worry; back where the boys and the dream pipes are waiting for me. Then I'll be rid of you, then I'll be through listening about your wife, about your kids, and your brother-in-law. Say, what's the meaning of all this? You claim you came miles to help me; you claim you left your wife to do it; and a little while ago you claimed that you were my brother. I wonder what you'll claim next?

GIBSON: Yes, and thank God our mother was spared all this. Don, in the name of all that's good, let me help you? Don't sit there sneering—why, it's enough to drive one mad. I want to help you.

SUTTER: Help me? Say, you never overlook yourself, do you?

GIBSON: Don—it's no use to argue with you, but since I've been here—digging up every possible defense for to the distant past that we spent in Bristol. You were too young to know. But you, mother and I spent a long you—my mind has constantly reverted time in a neglected part of that city. After father died conditions grew worse and it looked bad, very bad, for a long time. Then one way Mr. Sutter came—he had known Dad years before and since had made greater fortunes. At that time he was quite old. For some reason or other he didn't want his name of Sutter to perish with his death. So he prevailed upon mother to take you with him. To mother it was the door of opportunity opening wide for one of her sons. Mr. Sutter was rich; we were poor. And so he took you. And, according to the agreement, we gave up all claims to you, that you might become his son, that you might grow famous, that you might secure the best intellectual training the world affords. And so you were taken, and ever after you were known as Sutter—Don Sutter. And tonight as I dig over these books—that picture—the picture of our

humble home in Bristol, is the one that rises before me.

SUTTER: Sure enough that's a swell story, but I'm not taking much stock in it. Sutter is the only name I ever knew. And now when the old man is dead you come along with this line and expect me to fall for it.

GIBSON: Don, the last words of our mother were to keep your identity a secret, to let you be known as Galvin Sutter's son; but to help you if you ever needed help. She wanted you to go into greater social worlds and she wanted you to feel that you were going honestly.

SUTTER: Some story all right, you ought to get that in the movies. What do you want to do, get me out of this scrape, pose as my brother, and then get the money that I have left? Great little game, isn't it? It takes a lawyer to work that kind of a system.

GIBSON: Don, I'm all unnerved over this affair, don't try me too far. Remember, tomorrow you go on trial—on trial—and for murder.

SUTTER: Oh, I'll get out of this scrape. Anyway, you should worry. You won't have to serve time behind the bars. Of course, you might lose out on the money, but—

GIBSON: Money! Do you think I'd do all this for money? Isn't there anything stronger than money? Don't you realize what the ties of blood are? Why, man, two months ago when I read in the daily paper that you, Don Sutter, were jailed for murder I had but one thought, and that was to come to you. Do you think I would have left my family? Do you think I would have told them that I was bound for a New York business trip? Do you think I would have borrowed ten thousand dollars from my brother-in-law? Do you think I would have done all this if it wasn't to see you through? In the name of common sense, man, you must think I am money mad.

SUTTER: Sure, that's all fine, but who is believing your story?

GIBSON: If that were only all—everything seems to conspire against

me. I can show you a home newspaper that calls me a thief, that calls me a wife deserter, that states I robbed my brother-in-law, that I left my family. If this hadn't come out it wouldn't be so hard. But it's done and we've got to make the best of it. I have come here to help you, to see you safely out of this, and in spite of yourself I am going to do it. I am going to save you from yourself, Don, and keep the word that I gave mother.

SUTTER: Well, suppose all this stuff is true, suppose you do get me out of this, what's the use?

GIBSON: Yes, there is a great deal of use. It has always seemed to me that there was at least one big thing, one thing worth while, one thing bigger, better and more manly for me to do—and I know that this must be it. Don, I am going to get you out of this scrape, raise you up that you might honestly perpetuate the name of Sutter, that you might do honor to the blood of your parents. But you must help me. This whole affair has got me into deep trouble, my family doesn't know where I am, I borrowed ten thousand dollars and for this the papers have called me a thief. And then, too, my brother-in-law might prove a modern Shylock to deal with. As a friend—Hoffman is good, but as an enemy it might be greatly different. Don, if he were to locate us it might go hard. But there is only one day more, tomorrow all will be over, tomorrow you will start anew, tomorrow you will begin as the real Don Sutter, and tomorrow many difficulties will be cast aside.

SUTTER: I don't get all this stuff and it's getting on my nerves; let me out of this stuffy old room for a while. I want to get a whiff of the night air.

GIBSON: But no drugs. You need all your strength for the trial. Remember that many are suffering for you. Go, but don't forget that many are suffering, suffering unconsciously, for you.

(Sutter nods assent and starts for door. Gibson continues at his work. Sutter hears some one approaching and cautiously gets behind screen at right of stage. A man enters through center

door, walks to right of stage, stands silently and looks at Gibson. The man is Hoffman.)

HOFFMAN: Hugh Gibson—

GIBSON: Why!

HOFFMAN: Hugh Gibson—I have come to kill you!

GIBSON: Why—Hoffman?

HOFFMAN: You—you thief, you're worse than that; and you're going to pay for it. (Draws revolver.) Don't speak! It has taken six weeks to locate you—but I found you. Didn't I? So you needed ten thousand dollars, eh? And you went to New York on business, did you? Your little lying game didn't go through, did it?

GIBSON: Hoffman—you don't understand.

HOFFMAN: I'm afraid that's the trouble; I do understand, and that's why you are going to pay for it. That's why I'm here. If you have anything to say—speak and speak fast. The law would be too lenient with you, and I don't like your kind; you robbed, you lied, and you deserted my sister. And I'm here to settle with you.

GIBSON: Hoffman, give me a chance, in a few days you shall have your money; in a few days I'll go back; why, it's all a huge mistake. Trust me, Hoffman; trust me just a little while.

HOFFMAN: Trust you. Man, what do you ask? Trust you after you have made of yourself an open thief; trust you after you have deserted your wife—and that wife my sister. Trust you—why, you have grown so calloused that you dare ask such a thing as this? You thief, you breaker of homes, you who would leave a stigma upon your little ones. Trust you—no—I will do that which I have come to do.

GIBSON: You mean?

HOFFMAN: That I will kill you.

GIBSON: Hoffman, you don't understand. Give me but one day, one day, and I'll—

HOFFMAN: And you'll what? What can you do? Haven't you had two long months? Even after the news came out in the papers that you had left the

country I still held hopes that it might be a mistake; I waited; your wife and children waited, but no word.

GIBSON: After tomorrow all can be explained. Why, I would have sent word only—

HOFFMAN: Only what? You knew that we were waiting? You knew that a reasonable trip wouldn't take you away for two months? But not a word of explanation came, not a single hint as to your whereabouts. No! And we wouldn't know now if I hadn't gone to New York and made a detective of myself, if I hadn't determined to make you repent.

GIBSON: Give me only half a chance—I'll go back with you—I'll correct all these mistakes. You can't kill me, Hoffman. It would be wrong. Give me one chance—and I'll make it good.

HOFFMAN: So, now you come crawling to me, do you? I thought you were more of a man. You say you want a chance—you shall have it. You say you can explain—we'll see if you can. A train leaves Fourth and Main Streets station in thirty minutes; it arrives home tomorrow early. You have asked for a chance. Well, we'll make that train.

GIBSON: Tomorrow!

HOFFMAN: We have but little time.

GIBSON: Tomorrow—no—I can't.

HOFFMAN: What! (Draws revolver.)

GIBSON: Let me explain, Hoffman.

HOFFMAN: There can be no explanation. Because I gave you a chance, and because you haven't the courage to face those you left behind, you would work some new scheme. Well, you can't do it. That train leaves Fourth and Main at ten o'clock and we make it; do you hear? Gibson, you know that I'll not be trifled with. We leave at ten o'clock or you know what will happen. I have given you my word and, so help me heaven, I'll keep it! I'll be back in a very few minutes and it's up to you to make ready to return with me. Don't try to leave—the hotel is watched. Remember, I'll be back very soon, and if you don't go—remem-

ber, I'm coming back and very soon.
(Exit.)

(Sutter jumps from behind screen as Gibson stands dejectedly near table.)

GIBSON: You—

SUTTER: I heard the whole story—and I understand better now. Forgive me—I didn't know.

GIBSON: Oh, don't mind that.

SUTTER: But we must get out of this, and I have cooked up a scheme. You must leave this whole affair to me. I will get you out of this. I planned it while you were trying so hard to shield me and shield yourself. Say, I'm glad that we are brothers, I am glad to know that such a man as you would befriend me, who deserves so little. But it's got you in trouble and I know away out of it.

GIBSON: But what is it—let me know?

SUTTER: No. I can not. But it will all work out well. And then we'll be happier, both of us, far happier than we've been in years.

GIBSON: Well, then, what part am I to play—remember, Don, whatever we do must be honorable.

SUTTER: Yes—I know. Believe me, Hugh, it will be honorable, the most honorable thing I have done in all my life.

GIBSON: But, Don—let me know what it is?

SUTTER: Somebody is coming. There is no time now. Go in that room, close the door, and don't come out until I call. Remember, don't come—but trust me, Hugh, and all will be well.

GIBSON: But—

SUTTER: There is no time, Hugh—quick, and remember.

(Gibson goes in room. Sutter hurriedly puts on overcoat and hat of Gibson, that are on hat rack, turns lights low and waits. Hoffman enters.)

HOFFMAN: What's the idea? Put

on those lights. Trying to make a sneak, eh? That's the way you appreciate a chance to make good, is it. Put on the lights!

SUTTER: Suppose that I don't?

HOFFMAN: What are you going to start? Put on those lights. Put them on. No. Then I'll shoot you where you are. Come on, Gibson—we make that train.

SUTTER: Hoffman, I have changed my mind; I am not going with you.

HOFFMAN: Not going with me? You coward, you thief; not going with me, huh? I'll show you that you are; you can't bluff me. I ask you again, are you coming?

SUTTER: No.

HOFFMAN: Then you—die.

(Hoffman shoots. Sutter staggers to chair behind center table. Gibson rushes in, turns on lights and rushes toward Sutter.)

HOFFMAN: You!

GIBSON: Good God, Don! Don, boy!

(Sutter is assisted to chair.)

SUTTER: Hugh, you—you couldn't help me; it was too late. I sat in the game of life and the cards were stacked against me. I had fortune, I had friends; but my fortune went and my friends did, too. I played and I lost. And so I lost and lost until it was too late. Hugh! Hugh! (gasps for breath).

GIBSON: Don, Don, you must live—you must live for me.

SUTTER: No, I am a loser; I lost money, friends, honor, all. You will forgive each other. It's all a mistake and I am to blame. Hugh will explain. I was a failure. (Takes gun that Hoffman had laid on the table, holds it above him.) I was a failure, and no matter what may come remember, that I—I killed the failure. (Clutches revolver and falls forward on the table, dead.)

Curtain.

IN ROME

By

Robert E. O'Connor

THE church of St. Clement's in Rome is, perhaps, the oldest and most interesting of all churches.

It is in the southeastern part of Rome, and is only a few minutes walk from the famous old Colosseum and the ruins of the faded glories of the Roman forum. This church is of interest because it is a type of the churches of early times and has within it many of the works of art that were early placed therein.

This church, from the outside, is somewhat modern in appearance. Its beauty is limited, as it resembles the adobe churches in the old Spanish settlements of early California. Many churches of Rome from the outside look very poor, but on the inside they are filled with halting beauty, art and grandeur.

Consulting our guide book, we find that this church was built upon two other churches. How these two subterranean churches happened to be covered over is apparently unknown. But the general opinion is that the first church, after being used for a while, was abandoned, and gradually filled in with debris. In a few centuries another church was built over the first one, and years later the same thing happened to it. Then about the fifteenth century the third church, which is the present one, was built.

For centuries these two subterranean churches were forgotten. But in the last century a priest of St. Clement's church remembered reading about the two former churches which were forgotten by everyone. After much thought and many excavations, which he himself had made, he discovered that the place in which he was stationed contained the secrets of the early ages. Excavations were made in many places, both on the inside and outside, and the remains of the old churches were discovered.

As we enter the church of St. Clement we see that it is divided into three aisles. In the center aisle is an enclosure about twenty feet long, ten feet wide and about eight feet high. This enclosure, which was used in the early days, served as a room for the choir and in one corner was the pulpit from which the Gospels and Papal decrees were read. The sanctuary is back of this enclosure and in the altar are urns containing the ashes of St. Clement and St. Ignatius of Antioch. At the end of the right aisle is a large statue of St. John the Baptist, and in the left aisle there are two mausoleums, which were made in the fifteenth century. Near the door, as we enter the church, is a small chapel called "The Chapel of Passion," which contains beautiful frescoes of the richest colors, done by Masaceio.

After viewing the upper church, we were taken to the sacristy, where the priest in charge showed us the stairs which lead to the middle church. This priest was a man of medium height and weight and who seemed to have lived the useful part of his life, but who, nevertheless, claimed that he was as young as any of us. He had a wonderful memory; he told us of the great men he had shown through the church, and without hesitation gave the exact dates on which he had done so. He frequently repeated his sentences so that they would not be lost; and indeed it was well that he did so, otherwise it would be hard to absorb his meaning. He talked interestingly about the days when he was first stationed at St. Clement's. He is a man whom anyone would like to meet, and the duty of showing people through the church seemed to please him greatly. This quaint old man gave each of us a small candle and bade us follow him. As we came to the steps which lead to the middle church, we saw that they were well spotted with

the candle grease of many years, which made me think of the many visitors who descended these old stairs. We came, it seemed, into a dungeon, but he assured us that everything was all right; he turned on a faint light, which enabled us to see the ancient church that had been covered over and forgotten for centuries. The lights of this church are much like those we use in our homes today.

This middle church is thoroughly excavated, but on account of it being below the street level and not having substantial walls it is very damp. It seems to have been built on the same order as the one above it, only the aisles are divided by arches. Much of the floor is decayed, and it is only in spots that we can see the ancient flooring. In these spots are to be seen the richest of marble with a beautiful blending of colors. This middle church has lost nearly all of its beauty, but the frescoes are still wonderfully preserved. They picture the martyrs of old, and the cruel manner in which they bravely met their death.

The marble altar, which has been restored and gives the appearance of present use, is something on the order of the altars used in small chapels. Opposite is the baptismal fount. This is also of marble, and shows the beautiful stones which the ancients selected to decorate their churches. This church, like all the other churches of

Rome and of many of the large churches of Europe, is noteworthy for the absence of pews. When assisting at Mass in one of these churches you go to a corner, and get a chair and move it to any place you wish. After Mass the chair is returned to its former place. On hearing this one would naturally conclude that the chair-getting and chair-returning process would create confusion. This is not the case. There are so many churches in Rome, and Masses being celebrated at all hours, that usually but few are seen at any one particular service. One Sunday morning our party attended Mass at the little Irish church, which is near the Piazza Barberini, and to our surprise we found only one person besides ourselves in attendance.

Behind the altar of the middle church of St. Clement are the steps that lead to the lower chapel. What beauties and relics are hidden away in this old ruin are unknown. There may be things there that will give a new history of the early Christians, or mayhap the things of old have returned to dust. But it is expected that in a few years the beauties of one of the first churches will have been discovered, and the public will have an opportunity to see some of the remains of the oldest church in existence.

PEACE

ANGELIC throats the "Gloria" hymned,
And a message of Peace sang to men.
Where now is that boon, O God of Peace,
Which Thou as a Babe pledged us then?

Was not Thy promise meant for aye?
Then why is not Peace with us still?
"My word has not failed, my fretful child,
But Peace is to MEN OF GOOD WILL."
—GERALD L. CLARK.

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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The Aftermath.

WHEN the lights were turned out forever on that last great night of the Fair the most sanguine hopes of the Exposition builders had been realized. San Francisco and California, through the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, had gained the attention of the world. Despite the multiplicity of adversities—caused in part by the all-absorbing war in Europe—the Exposition rose to glory, flourished, and passed with the same spirit that made it great. San Francisco, with its characteristic, determined, western way, seemed especially fitted to carry to its ultimate completion the stupendous work of a World's Fair. And, although the portals of the great Fair have been closed, although the lights that once played so beautifully upon the Tower of Jewels have been dimmed, the memory of it all lingers with us. In truth, it has passed—the buildings, the courts, the promenades, the lagoons, the avenues dotted with palms and blossoms—all have passed. The structural beauty will be tumbled down and once again the land upon which was reared the World's University will become as it was—simply the water front of San Francisco Bay. But is this to be the be all and the end all here? Rightfully we rise against such

a supposition. The Exposition has passed but its memory lives. And it will ever live and be looked upon as the sweetest page in the history of San Francisco. The education, the spirit of peace, and the many benefits that have and will accrue from this great work are beyond the measure of words to explain.

Not only will the Exposition remain a memory. For San Francisco has drunk deep of the fountain of success—not the shallow draught that intoxicates the brain, but the deep draught that sobers it again. It has seen the possibility of its finery, it has become aware of the responsibility of its citizens, and in finality has become conscious of its own great strength. This means much to San Francisco and California. For the spirit, the enthusiasm and all that contributed to the greatness of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has been absorbed by the people who loved their Fair so dearly. And though the Exposition will ever linger a sterling treasure in the vault of memory, it has played a greater role for the people of this state. It is the propelling power that makes for advancement, it is the advertisement that makes for popularity, it is the education and instruction planted, it is the impetus for a better and a

brighter future. And because of all these things, well does the California poet, George Sterling, sing:

Wherefore, be glad! Sublimer walls shall rise,
Which these do but foretell.
Be glad indeed! For we have builded well,
And set a star upon our western skies
Whose fire shall greateren on a land made
free,
Till all that land be bright from sea to sea.

The Hyphen.

Thus far that dangerous little hyphen hasn't drawn the United States into the war, but it is not the fault of the hyphenates that it hasn't. Naturally, when immigrants leave their mother country they cherish the ties that link them to the land of their forefathers, but when they come and espouse themselves to a new country their allegiance should pass with the transition. The English-American, the German-American, the Greek-American, and the What-not-American were more or less unheard-of quantities until the great war broke out. Then they became powerful swayers of sentiment. As their popularity and influence increased the imminent danger of neutrality violation increased proportionately. The hyphen is a dangerous thing when it links nationality and promotes a dual citizenship. If the neutrality cranks would spend some of the spleen that they vent at the administration in striving to erase that treacherous little hyphen, they would be doing a more patriotic work.

Who's Borrowing Now?

Japan, that scattered empire of the Pacific, has long been called an imitator. When the United States opened the Japanese ports to the world, some fifty odd years ago, Japan wisely and immediately patterned her aggressiveness after the great American Republic. Since then she has drawn from the world those advancements that

have forced her to the fore. However, she still secures an occasional loan from the dear old U. S. A. Among the latest of these appropriations is the delicate political problem of woman suffrage. Mrs. Yosano is the Mrs. Anna Shaw of Japan, and is rejoicing, as she says, over the "unmistakable sign of the awakening of our sisters, as indicated in the recent political campaign." Now, we don't begrudge Mrs. Yosano or Japan the right of woman suffrage. We are more leniently inclined to regard it as something in their favor. But are the Japanese and the Japanese women the only ones guilty of the borrowing craze? Recently in the *beau monde* of American circles there has been adopted by our society women a fashion christened by the composite, all-significant word—pantalettes. It is not our purpose to censure the daring few who have ventured forth in such a questionable garb. But to call this fashion a creation of American genius tickles our finer sense of justice. Pantalettes, or something akin to them, are of oriental extraction. In fact, from our timid view the difference is imperceptible.

Christmas Chimes.

The tinkling bells of Christmas ring 'round the world. Their chimes pass through republic and empire, through peace and strife, through prosperity and poverty, carrying on their love-burdened vibrations the message, "Peace on earth to men of good will." Far away in Europe perchance the war will subside and those whose homes are near the firing line will be allowed to return for a short time to their families. What a home-coming this will be. A retreat from the blood and battle-smoke that is likened to the calm moment of a great tempest—short in its duration, Godlike in its mission. In our favored country, where peace has its sway, the chimes of Christmas carry the unmuffled note of cheer. The Christmas carols, the

loving gifts exchanged, and the cordial well wishes that spread with sweeping contagion, all become tributaries of that exalted honor which rises in praise of the infant Savior.

And these are the thoughts that the

Christmas chimes bring to us.

THE COLLEGIAN sincerely extends to its many friends the Yuletide greeting of a joyful Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

J. EMMETT McNAMARA.

A RURAL SCENE

BELOW the blue horizon
In the golden-lighted west,
The sun was disappearing
While the moon rose in the east;
Above, the stars were peering
Through the azure of the sky,
And the vaulted dome of heaven
Looked enchanting to the eye.

Scarce a breeze, the leaves was moving—
'Twas the autumn of the year,
A bull-frog loud was booming
Sweet music to the ear;
The tuneful birds were silent,
But one from out her nest:
"That bull-frog must be crazy—
Can't he let us have a rest?"

A while the frog was silent
When he heard the bird complain,
But keenly cut that insult
From a feather-covered brain;
That insult! He to brook it?
No; defiance loud he hurled,
Then his confreres struck a chorus
That awoke the insect world.

Loud and louder, fierce and hoarser,
Boomed that noisy bull-frog band,
Till the insects gathered 'round them
More numerous than sand;
And then, as if to mimic
Each loud piped his natal lay,
But that bull-frog led his brothers—
Stood his ground and boomed away.

Cats and dogs, and ducks and chickens,
 Geese and turkeys swelled the ring,
 Rabbits, squirrels, gophers, weasels,
 Rushed to hear that bull-frog sing;
 Sheep and goats and cows repairing,
 Even horses loud did neigh,
 Far behind, like distant thunder,
 Jack himself began to bray.

Still, that bull-frog kept his station,
 Never blenched, but boomed away,
 Jack, old Jack, in consternation,
 Dropped his ears and ceased to bray;
 But the critters! What's the matter?
 See them rushing here and there!
 See! that black and white streaked critter!
 She it is perfumed the air.

See her! See her swing her censer!
 See her running on the rail,
 See! she's coming, O great thunder!
 Swinging her fantastic tail!
 All recede, as she advances,
 See again, her outspread tail!
 She it was, through sheer good nature,
 Spread that perfume on the gale.

See them! how they all skee-daddle,
 Some to hill and some to vale,
 Just because, through sheer good nature,
 That sweet critter shook her tail;
 Still that bull-frog kept his station,
 Boomed until the king of day
 Had blest him in a situation
 Where even donkeys dare not bray.

—J. J. F.



After the busy month of October, and with the passing of the football season, doings around the campus quieted down somewhat during November. In the classes, however, doubled attention to studies was noted, all of the students realizing that the final "drive" before the Christmas vacation was commencing. With almost all of them, especially those who come from afar, the coming of November, and the approach of Thanksgiving reminds them that soon they will be on their various ways home after an absence of six months. This leads to more diligence in class, so that nothing may mar the pleasure of their visit home. To "flunk," at Christmas especially, is embarrassing, to say the least, and so we are all striving to preclude any such possibility. Shortly after this number of *THE COLLEGIAN* appears, college will be closed and the Fall semester of 1915 will be a matter of history. We take this opportunity of wishing all a thrice happy Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

* * *

The regular monthly meeting of the Associated Students was called to order in the Study Hall on the afternoon of November 8, with President Magee presiding. One of the first acts of the chair was to announce that, owing to the absence of Robert Moy, the office of Vice-President was vacant, and it had been deemed advisable by the Board of Officers to appoint Andrew Perovich of the Junior class to fill the vacancy. This appointment was received with favor by the student body, and Andy was the recipient of an ovation, which cul-

minated when he made a short speech, thanking the officers and students for the confidence placed in him, and promising to fulfill the duties of the office to the best of his ability. President Magee also made a short speech, complimenting the football team on the enviable record they had made for themselves in the season just closed, and presaging great things for the team of next year, when the knowledge and experience gained on the gridiron this year will stand the squad in good stead. Final arrangements for the St. Mary's Night at the Oakland Pantages were also made, and practice taken in the yells and songs under the direction of the yell leaders.

* * *

Monday night, November 9th, was the Big Night for the followers of the Red and Blue at the Pantages Theatre. The student body bought out the entire lower floor for the first performance, the occasion being to honor Duffy Lewis, one of St. Mary's sons, who was the hero of the recent World's Series, and who was appearing in a vaudeville turn at the theater. The boxes containing the officers of the associated students was decorated with St. Mary's pennants and colors, and the majority of the students were massed in the center of the house, with their friends and well wishers occupying the side seats.

Lewis was introduced by Supervisor Mullins, of the Bank of '97, who gave a short talk extolling Mr. Lewis' abilities as an exponent of the national pastime. Then Lewis himself appeared, clad in a St. Mary's uniform and varsity sweater, his appearance

being the signal for prolonged cheering and the singing of the "Song to Old St. Mary's" under the leadership of Yell Leaders Atwill and McGlade, who occupied positions on either side of the stage. Duffy then told the story of the series, laying particular stress on the prominent part played by the "other" St. Mary's boys, Burns, Hooper and Leonard. The celebration closed with a repetition of the song and a rendition of the college yells. Altogether this initial theater party was a success, and more evenings of a similar character may be expected in the future.

* * *

We all know that "Benny" Fitzpatrick comes from San Luis Obispo, which is not far removed from the cow country, and as a result it is to be expected that Fitz would be somewhat of a rough rider, something of the style of Bill Nock, the rip-roaring cowboy of Cayucos. And so he is, for many are the untamed ponies that have felt the weight of his knee and the sting of his spur. Rumor hath it that Dan "Cupid" Fallon, "Debonair Jack" Cassidy and the redoubtable Fitz went off for a Sunday jaunt in Cassidy's all-season Ford. That car is constituted temperamentally like a grand opera star, and none but Cassidy dare take the wheel. But alas for Fitz, he didn't know this. So when Jack was temporarily absent from the machine the idea came to Fallon to take a joy ride without the Mahout.

Says Dan to Benny, "Can you drive it?"

"I can drive anything that goes on four legs or four wheels," says Benny, and then the fun started. Somebody must have drained the gasoline tank and filled it with alcohol, because nothing absolutely sober could have acted as that machine did. It didn't actually buck, but only stood up on its radiator, chased itself in a circle, and raised a rumpus in general. With the first convulsions of the fit Fallon was bucked out of the chariot, but there was no such luck for Fitz. Like

the Rough Rider that he was, he stuck to his steed, only accounting himself beaten when the Ford rolled over on its back. After the battle it was hard to judge which was the worst for wear, Fitz or the machine, but an unbiased jury would undoubtedly give the verdict to Fitz. In telling about it Benny says that he has heard of Fords biting a man when he is in the act of cranking them, and has also heard of them climbing trees, but that that was the first time that he ever heard of them trained so that they could turn handsprings and execute double somersaults.

* * *

On Sunday, the 14th, and on Tuesday, the 16th, the College Choir furnished the music at the Forty Hours Devotion at St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley. The reputation of the S. M. C. song birds is spreading, and Brother Agnon is being pestered with requests for the services of his charges.

* * *

A number of the upper classmen took in the Big Game of the Rugby season, that brought together Santa Clara and Stanford, at Ewing Field. This was supposed to be the Rugby classic, and from the reports of the spectators, it exemplified the difference between Rugby and the American game. After experiencing a season of the intercollegiate code, there was little or no thrill, to our men at least, in seeing this Rugby game. Unless the game can be made more interesting from the point of view of the bleachers, the death knell of the English game on the coast will be surely rung in the near future. Many among the students who were formerly ardent supporters of Rugby share in this opinion. A comparison between this game, supposedly the classic of the season, and the St. Mary's California game, which was perhaps the best of the intercollegiate season, is decidedly a point in favor of the American game, as there was more pep, more fight, and more interest for

the spectators. To us it looks as though American football is here to stay.

* * *

The Annual Football Dinner was held in the College dining hall on the evening of November 23. This occasion did not assume the dignity of a banquet, but was more of the nature of a congratulatory dinner to the football men who had covered themselves with glory, or, in the words of Red Purcell, it was "some turkey feed." The tables of the officers of the Associated Students, of the faculty, and of the football team and coaches were tastefully decorated with ferns, smilax and the college colors.

During the course of the dinner, President Magee, who presided as toastmaster, called on various men for short talks. The first to speak was Captain Guisto. Louie gracefully thanked his team for the support they had given him and the coaches in shaping a winning team, and wished every success to the captain of next season. Louie said that if but half of this year's team are back at college next season, St. Mary's will take the measure of every team in the state. Let us hope that this is true, and from present indications it looks as though the team will return almost in its entirety. Bill Rountree voiced the sentiments of himself and the other new men at college who made the team, when he said that the fellows surely had made the college a home for him. Bill was followed by Captain-elect Brandon, who thanked the team for showing their confidence in him by electing him captain, and promised to do his best to give the college a winning team.

President McNamara, of the Big "M" society, welcomed the new members in the name of the society, and congratulating them on joining the elite of the college. Captain Nock of the Second team was called upon, and he responded nobly with a very modest speech in which he told us of the work done by the second team, and their right to recognition. The final

talk of the evening was given by Brother Agnon, who has been prominent in the athletic activities of the college more, and for a longer time, than anyone else. He also congratulated the football men, and voiced the hope that the work so well begun would be continued through the basketball and baseball seasons.

After the speeches the Block M sweaters were awarded to the players who had taken part in the Big Game against the University of California. The men who received sweaters were: Walter Lutge, Mark Aiton, Andrew Perovich, Howard Hogan, R. E. Hogan, Frank Marcolla, Walter Grace, Clarence Rountree, Emmett Guisto, Emmett O'Connor, Benny Fitzpatrick. Four Star sweaters, for playing on the varsity team for four years, were awarded to Hap Magee and Captain Louis Guisto. An unexpected event of the evening was the presentation of a diamond studded watch fob, in the form of a gold football, to Louis Guisto, as a token of the appreciation of the student body for the sterling work that he had done on the gridiron. The dinner ended with yells, and the "Song to Old St. Mary's," under the leadership of Yell Leaders Atwill and McGlade.

* * *

The past month saw the start of the decoration of the Chapel. This part of the college has been in need of such improvement for some time, and so Brother Vellesian took the initiative and had the work started. An amusing incident was the outcome. It seems that the work is in charge of a painter of Teutonic tendencies. One of the covers to catch the paint drippings and save the floor had a monster flag of the Emerald Isle. This was noted by some of the loyal sons of the Gael, and they thought that this was an insult to old Erin, and consequently confiscated the banner, placing it out of reach on the ceiling of the celebrated Ram Pasture. During the Thanksgiving vacation, however, the Germanic Allies took advantage of the

absence of the loyal Irishmen and recovered the battle flag, not, however, to again use it for a paint cloth.

* * *

A person can run the gamut of the "Hereafter" now on the fifth floor. The "Dominican Dormitory" is popularly dubbed "Heaven"; the Juniors have assumed "Limbo" as the title of their domicile; while the name of the Senior Ram Pasture is inscribed as is Dante's place of the same name with the words, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The Seniors are now looking for a dog to assume the role of Cerberus.

* * *

The month of November was a busy one for "The College Players." Early in the month the members of the troupe journeyed to Rio Vista, where they presented a vaudeville entertainment that featured "The Yellow Dog" and the resurrected favorite, "The Great Skinem-Skinum." T. Jose Horan, '13, appeared in his original role of Doctor Skinem. The "one and only" Val Fleming contributed several of his popular selections, and, according to a number of the bewhiskered ones of the river town, who think that "Jake" is simply immense, the nightingale of the Big City can have the keys to Rio Vista any time he desires them. Later in the month "The Players" contributed to the program at a benefit of St. Charles' parish, San Francisco, and presented "The Verdict" at the annual entertainment of St. Francis' parish. The same playlet was again presented at Hayward for the Native Sons, and in North Oakland for the benefit of St. Columba's parish. At all these benefits, besides the sketches, the college boys contributed vocal solos, monologues and dramatic readings. Val Fleming and W. Paul Zimmerman of the Sophomore class have lately been admitted to the ranks of "The College Players" and have essayed important roles in the various playlets. Harry Madigan has been selected as stage manager for the society and in recent

engagements Lil' Harry has out-Belascoed Belasco in scenic effects.

* * *

Not only did November see the beginning of the return of the national game of baseball, but it also saw a revival of that classic sport of the backwoods, Pitchin' Horseshoes. And some of our up country brethren are more or less proficient at ringing the elusive stake. The only thing that is missing is the language. Not once do we hear anyone say "By Heck!" or similar expressions. Bill Chapdelaine challenges the college, claiming the championship. "Arizona Bill" Collins (no relation of the Tedder) is the other claimant.

* * *

For a great part of the last month a state of war existed on the top floor. It seems that Rooms 4 and 8 were allied against Room 6. Nor were the rules of international law adhered to. Every modern way of waging a War of Frightfulness was resorted to, even to the extent of using the fumes of hydrogen sulphide to oust the Room 6 army from its trenches. However, terms of peace were finally determined upon by Generalissimo Guisto of the central powers and Emperor Magee of the Allies, and the pipe of peace was smoked and the peace procession was held on neutral territory, in the Ram Pasture. So now all is peace and serenity again.

* * *

Evidence of the shortness of time now until graduation is shown by the fact that the Senior Engineers are already selecting subjects about which to build their graduation theses. From the variety of subjects planned, about every branch of the Civil Engineering profession will be touched in these papers. As yet their ideas are vague and abstract, but will commence to take shape immediately after the Christmas vacation, under the direction of Professor Cope. According to the rules laid down, the Engineering theses must be some original investigation or design, to be entirely

the student's own work, with merely nominal supervision from the head of the department.

* * *

All Hail to Captain Nock and his doughty warriors of the Second team. Cambria has indeed cause to be proud of her illustrious son. Bill led his team through one of the most arduous seasons ever attempted by the collegians, and managed to come out of the series with a big majority of games won. The only approach to a Nemesis that he and his team met was when they journeyed to the wilds of Vallejo. From all appearances, let alone the closeness of the score, they must have had a hard game. What

they learned that day in the school of "Hard Knocks" will stay with them for a long time, although the original "Hard" Nock himself was little the worse for wear. The old rip-roaring cowboy more than stood his own. All the captain wishes is that his team could but meet the same team on the college campus. Then we could watch the old speed go!

It is with profound sorrow that we record the sudden death in Fresno, on November 28th, of the father of John Herzog, '19. Faculty and students send heartfelt condolence to the bereaved family.

E. M. McGLADE.



CHRISTMAS BELL

O CHRISTMAS BELL!
O hallowed knell!
Ring out thy message sweet
Of peace on earth,
Torn, bleeding earth,
"Good will to men" repeat.

The earth is sad,
Ring! Make it glad!
Bring peace, a lasting peace;
Ring true this day
Thy sweetest lay,
And selfish strife shall cease.

O Christmas Bell!
O hallowed knell!
When needed earth peace more—
Thy holy peace,
The Christ-Child peace—
The peace that knows not war?

—J. R. NAROD.



THE A. P. G. U. has begun to form a dramatic library that promises to be a recognized institution in the near future. This is no small undertaking, but this year the A. P. G. U. is able for it. It is difficult to obtain dramatic reading to any extent in any of the public libraries. This fact alone has proved an impetus to the clubmen. They nourish the hope, and they have backed up that hope with material support; it is expected that the library thus begun will become authoritative on things dramatic. In order to insure the admission of none but standard dramas, a board of censorship has been created to pass upon all the volumes presented. Librarians P. Zimmerman, L. Cunningham and F. Kerrick have been chosen to co-operate with Brother Leo and Moderator Mr. Le Fevre as members of the censorship board.

* * *

The society is planning an entertainment for the near future. Two playlets entitled "The Lost Silk Hat" and "Porto Banos" are to be presented. The remainder of the program will be rounded out by various vocal and recitation numbers. This entertainment is to act as a preliminary to the annual performance that will be held some time in April.

* * *

As the society has gained an enviable reputation, it is the consensus of opinion that once a year is too seldom to make known to the public the doings of the A. P. G. U., consequently a press committee, of which James H. Wall is chairman, has been formed whose duty will be to give to the daily papers accounts of our literary activities.

J. L. Hagerty.

The A. P. G. U. is well on its way to attain some of its exalted ideals. And this is made possible by the genuine interest that has been manifested by the members. Many hotly contested debates, numerous dramatic readings, and a goodly number of elocutionary endeavors have enlivened the meetings, and have served to sustain the spirit of good fellowship that is so much in evidence. Aside from perfecting the intellectual treats that are afforded, it has been deemed wise to institute another manner of treat. This is effected in the form of a miniature banquet held at the close of each regular meeting. After drinking in a bountiful fund of information, experience in debating, and a series of repartees, it is in order to have a little physical refreshment. In view of this, Messrs. Andrew Perovich and Edward Wall have been elevated to the important positions of providers.

* * *

A series of debates is under progress in the A. P. G. U. for the purpose of getting the best possible team to oppose the A. R. C. Debating Society of Sacred Heart College. While it is not definitely settled, it is generally understood that the annual inter-collegiate debate, which was discontinued for a year, will be reinstated. The entrance of J. Hagerty, J. Rohan, and J. Azevedo into the A. P. G. U. increases the possibility of victory. These members come to us with honors gained in the Kappa Gamma Debating Society. At any rate, the debates held thus far in the A. P. G. U. forecast a warm fight for positions on the team that opposes the team of the transbay college.



DURING the past month Garret W. McEnerney, '81, Counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad, argued in St. Louis before the United States circuit judges against the separation of the Central Pacific Railway from the Southern Pacific.

* * *

Edward J. Burns, '07, the star catcher of the Philadelphia Nationals, was married at Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco, to Miss Viola Laporte of Monterey, November 24. The bride is the great grand-daughter of Governor Alvarado, last Spanish governor of California. The best man was Eddie S. Hallinan, Bank of '07, and member of the Salt Lake baseball club; the bridesmaid was Miss Carmelita McDonald of San Mateo. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Reverend J. P. McQuaide. With the beautiful setting of a wealth of flowers in the sanctuary and the accompaniment of orchestral music, the sight of the four young people receiving Holy Communion was an edifying lesson to the large congregation who came to congratulate the popular bride and groom. The college faculty was represented on the occasion by Brothers Vellesian and Agnon.

All here unite in tendering congratulations to "St. Mary's most popular mascot, catcher and coach—Eddie Burns"—and wish himself and bride many happy years of blissful wedded life.

* * *

Honorable F. J. Murasky, '83, delivered an impressive oration at the Elks' Memorial exercises in Oakland on December 5. Reverend E. P. Dempsey, '87, chaplain of the Oakland

lodge, pronounced the invocation and benediction.

Louis F. Ryan, '02, catcher of our Phoenix team for four years, was a welcome visitor to our sanctum last month. Louie informs us that he has a young son, whom he is training to be a south-paw twirler for a future St. Mary's baseball team.

William H. Ryan, Bank '85, brother of Louie, is city clerk of Fresno, which position he has occupied for many years.

Raymond T. McGlynn, '13, is now in his second year at Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco. Ray is also instructor at the Sacred Heart College.

Honorable B. J. Flood, '97, came over to the rally for our big game with California varsity on the evening of October 28th and gave a spirited talk to the football team in the glare of the huge bonfire. "Barney" was a football star in his college days.

* * *

Our former graduate manager, Clifford A. Russell, '11, came down from Sacramento to witness our "big game" with California. Cliff is now practicing law in the Capital City.

* * *

Robert L. Concannon, Bank '09, of Livermore, was married at the Newman Club Chapel, Berkeley, to Miss Hilda Morgan on Tuesday, December 2nd.

* * *

Mrs. Elenor Sweeney, mother of Honorable James G. Sweeney, '96, died in Carson City, Nevada, November 10th. The sympathies of faculty and students are extended to the bereaved relatives.

E. V. COLLINS.



FROM St. Bonaventure, New York, comes the November number of **The Laurel**, a well balanced monthly containing a splendid assortment of essays, stories, and poems. Our special attention is attracted to the verse, "Sleep, Sweet Sleep," "City Versus Country," and "Heimweh." The essay, "Catholic Heroes of the Revolution," is well written and timely; many of the prominent historical characters of the Revolution are once more brought before us for reasons both instructive and beneficial. "The Last Shot," a half humorous, well constructed, and decidedly interesting tale, impresses us as one of the best stories yet printed in **The Laurel**. Taken in its entirety, **The Laurel** proved a decidedly interesting and pleasing visitor.

* * *

For years **The Academia** has silently and regularly filed into our sanctum, diminutive in volume, but broad in its comprehension and selection of contents. This publication experienced such a healthy growth that we were reluctant to believe that **The Academia** of the present was the friend of yore. Seeking the reason why the last issue came in greater bulk, we found that the journal had changed from a monthly to a quarterly publication and that the change was accomplished with notable equilibrium. The papers on "Columbus," eulogizing the maritime son of Genoa, are very refreshing in their treatment of the life, the character, and the work of the man, who as one writer said was "neither goaded on in his course by worldly ambitions nor retarded by petty trials and difficulties."

The Autumn issue of **The Academia** ably sustained its former standard, and we hope that the infrequency of its visits will be compensated by publications similar in quantity and quality to the one just acknowledged.

* * *

The October issue of the **Manhattan Quarterly** contains many commendable contributions on the various compensative aspects of war. The four essays, "Compensation of War," "The Industrial Compensation of War to the United States," "Social Compensation of War," and "Religious Compensation of War," are very well written and a credit to the Quarterly. "The Maid of France" is a splendid example of an historical essay. The author has done well in discoursing on the spiritual characteristics of the feminine patriot; it is by such essays as these that many learn how the Hand of Divine Providence guides and rules the destiny of nations. Like many other contemporary college journals, the proportionate amount of verse is somewhat disregarded. A real live short story or two would add greater variety and enhance this worthy publication.

* * *

Good to look upon and good to read is the Football Number of **The Redwood**. An outline of the reasons which led to the adoption and maintenance of the Rugby game at Santa Clara is given by the moderator of athletics, Victor V. White, S. J.; and in recognition of the fact—first enunciated by Addison or Webster or Stacey Haskell or somebody—that "much may be said on both sides," **The Redwood's** editor has "A Wall-

aby" and "Buck Center" discuss the virtues of the Rugby and the American style of pigskin play.

But the Football Number is not all football. "And Lincoln Had to Split Rails?" is a gripping story with the flambouyancy of Wodehouse, the humor of "O. Henry" and the prized "punch" of Paul Armstrong. Football gets into the story, of course, but so do Robert and Lucille and the Great Financier, and they are an amiable trinity. A war story, "The Dundonald Destroyer" reveals ingenuity and power; and we make the statement gladly, for we know how hard war stories are to write.

Then, too, **The Redwood** is not behind hand in verse. Dignity and impressiveness mark John Walsh's treatment of an incident in the life of the boy saint, St. Stanislaus. The lighter verse is distinguished for the metrical perfection and the singing quality that autumnal poetry should possess. To be sure, we run across some old acquaintances like "verdant vales" and "mellow sweetness" and "zephyrs" and "russet gold"; but it is only a Pro-

fessor of Rhetoric—or Dean Swift—who would make any serious objection to their picturesque familiarity.

The editorials have crispness and substance. And the men who edit the departments know how.

* * *

The November issue of **St. Mary's Sentinel** is a centenary number of St. Augustine's Church of Lebanon, Ky. From the sermons delivered by distinguished clerics on the auspicious occasion, as also from speeches delivered by eminent laymen during the three days celebration, we have an abundance of excellent matter concerning the growth of the church in the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky. A dozen cuts of the early pioneer and present priests and churches tell the progress made by Christianity during those years. We congratulate the Fathers of the Congregation of Resurrection upon the completion of the work of a hundred long and laborious years, and also the staff of **The Sentinel** on the anniversary number which they so ably edited.

J. H. WALL.

THE EXPOSITION

Dedicated to R. M.

SINCE there's no help, you must from us depart,
No more your spires will flash upon the sea;
Nor shall I look upon your wondrous art,
Which oft in pleasant raptures lifted me;
Farewell, but let it never be good-bye,
For I will call thee in the blessed isles.
Where beauty dies not, and the spirit's eye
Will linger on thy domes and peristyles.
The wondrous roof of Circe's bright abode—
The Jeweled Tower and the Muses's home—
Thy beauteous gifts have filled me as I rode
With thoughts of Palatine and ancient Rome.
The wrecker's axe, alas, now lays thee low,
Yet live thou on in memory's loving glow.

—JAMES L. HAGERTY.



IN a post-season game at Vallejo with an All-Star team of that city, the Second Team brought to a successful close the season for 1915. In spite of the unsportsmanlike treatment accorded them, the Second Team men, by hard and fast play, bested the All-Star aggregation by a score of 22 to 19. From the kick-off to the timer's final whistle the Vallejo crowd used the dirtiest tactics known to football; but, nothing daunted, the St. Mary's players settled into clean, fair play and came out with victory. St. Mary's scored in the third quarter when Moore and Lutge carried the ball over the line for three touchdowns, one of which Lutge converted. In the last quarter, with but a few minutes left to play and the score 19 to 19, an opportunity presented itself and Lutge placed a neat drop-kick over the Vallejo goal.

The Second Team deserves a deal of credit for the manner in which they performed. Under the leadership of Captain Nock and the able coaching of Lou Guisto, they came through the season without a single defeat. Every man on the team played an excellent brand of ball at Vallejo, with Lutge, Moore, Nock and Williams the stars of the game. The men of the Second Team are: Moore, Hamilton, Quinn, Lutge, Williams, backs; Captain Nock, Muldoon, Turnbull, Miller, Howell, Aiton, Corrillo, Perovich, Hillman, J. Herrero, linemen.

Under the guidance of a committee from the Big "M" Society, the Junior Football League was finally finished. The Athletic Association supports the various Junior Leagues for the purpose of affording healthy sport for the younger students, and in order that they may acquire a rudimentary knowledge of how the games are played. In fact, many of our Varsity men received their early start in the Junior Leagues. This year the different teams elected captains, and secured first team men as coaches. There were many spirited games in which some likely material was discovered. Holy Cross team won the cup offered by Manager Nevis by hard play and good team work. Following are the results of the games and the names of those who took part:

Holy Cross 12, Notre Dame 0.

Holy Cross—Paterson (Captain), J. Silva, Bernard, Douglas, Ramille, Galvin, Valenti, Girot, Parker, Burke, Rowan, Bailey, Higgins, Farriola.

E. O'Connor and W. Grace, coaches.
Notre Dame—Hunter (Captain), G. Douglas, A. Smith, Gross, Stouts, Nugent, Beck, Haggerty, Brusher, A. Quinn, Nolan, Kelly, Court, Schmallung.

D. Fallon, B. Fitzpatrick and H. Magee, coaches.

Holy Cross 50, Manhattan 0.

Holy Cross—Paterson (Captain), Bernard, Douglas, Bailey, Higgins, J. Silva, Ramille, Galvin, Valenti, Girot, Parker, Burke, Rowan, Farriola.

Manhattan—Ryan (Captain), Gwerder, Richter, Black, Hoff, Clark, Cropley, I. Hogan, Weaver, Granlees, Monahan, La Plas.

E. Guisto and W. Lutge, coaches.

Notre Dame 26, Manhattan 0.

Notre Dame—Hunter (Captain), A. Douglas, Gross, Stouts, Nugent, A. Smith, Beck, Haggerty, Brusher, A. Quinn, Nolan, Kelly, Court, Schmallung.

Manhattan—Ryan (Captain), Richter, Black, Monahan, Weaver, Gwerder, Hoff, Clark, Cropley, I. Hogan, La Plas.

Holy Cross 18, Notre Dame 0.

Holy Cross—Paterson (Captain), J. Silva, Bernard, Douglas, Ramille, Galvin, Valenti, Girot, Parker, Burke, Rowan, Bailey, Higgins.

Notre Dame—Hunter (Captain), G. Douglas, A. Smith, Gross, Stouts, Nugent, Beck, Brusher, Haggerty, Ryan, Schmallung, Cropley, Court.

The following is an all-star team picked from the Junior League by the Sporting Editor:

Paterson, Quinn, Hunter, backs; Ryan, Farriola, ends; Burke, Brusher, quarters; Gross, center; Black, Smith, guards; Stouts, Clark, tackles. Bernard, Beck, Parker, extras.

BASKETBALL

The interclass basketball tournament just completed created an interest in the student body that has seldom before been manifested. The league was composed of two divisions. The Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, First Academic and First Commercial classes constituted division A, while division B was made up of the Second Commercial and three Academic classes. A committee from the Big "M" Society composed of Messrs. Quinn, Moy and Hanley conducted the tournament in a manner worthy of high praise. All varsity

basketball men were prohibited from participating, and as a result the contests were exceedingly close. The "jolly Sophomores" by dint of hard play and excellent team work captured the cup without a single defeat chalked against them. For some unaccountable reason, the heretofore peppery Bankers failed to enter a team.

Following are the results of the games in the first division:

Juniors 19, Seniors 13.

Juniors—A. Atwill (Captain), Harding, Perovich, McKeever, E. Wall.

Seniors—Welch (Captain), F. Atwill, E. O'Connor, J. O'Connor, Magee, McGlade. Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

First Commercial 34, Freshmen 5.

First Commercial—Lutge (Captain), Turnbull, Freitas, E. Guisto, Carillo, Nolan, Marcolla, Nugent, Maroni, A. Quinn.

Freshmen—M. Silva (Captain), Clark, Heintz, Hagerty, Rohan. Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Sophomores 37, First Academic 12.

Sophomores—Bowden (Captain), Cunningham, Feneran, Chapdelain, Perkins, Moore.

First Academic—Anderson (Captain), Russell, E. Maher, Paterson, Muldoon. Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Seniors 18, Freshmen 15.

Seniors—Welch (Captain), Rodden, F. Atwill, W. Brusher, E. O'Connor, J. O'Connor, McGlade.

Freshmen—M. Silva (Captain), Hagerty, K. Vasche, Rohan, Heintz. Referee, Chapdelain; Scorer, J. Quinn.

Juniors 31, First Commercial 23

Juniors—A. Atwill (Captain), Harding, Perovich, McKeever, E. Wall.

First Commercial—Lutge (Captain), Nolan, E. Hogan, E. Guisto, Turnbull, Freitas. Referee, J. Quinn; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Sophomores 16, Juniors 8.

Sophomores—Bowden (Captain), Cunningham, Chapdelain, J. Maher, Moore.

Juniors—A. Atwill (Captain), Harding, Perovich, McKeever, Connolly. Referee, J. Quinn; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Seniors 32, First Academic 15.

Seniors—Welch (Captain), F. Atwill, J. O'Connor, E. O'Connor, McGlade.

First Academic—Anderson (Captain), Russell, Paterson, Muldoon, Bohan. Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Sophomores 24, First Commercial 22.

Sophomores—Bowden (Captain), Cunningham, Feneran, Chapdelain, J. Maher, Moore, Madigan.

First Commercial—Lutge (Captain), Turnbull, Freitas, A. Quinn, Carillo, Marcolla, Nolan.

Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Sophomores 8, Seniors 5.

Sophomores—Bowden (Captain), Fen-

eran, Cunningham, Chapdelain, J. Maher, Moore.

Seniors—Welch (Captain), F. Atwill, E. O'Connor, Magee, Fleming.

Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Sophomores 19, Juniors 14.

The final clash in division A took place between the Sophs and Juniors and resulted in a well earned victory for the second year men. Though the Juniors put up a hard and fast battle, the superior team work of the "jolly Sophomores" was too much for them. The class of '18 retain the elegant perpetual cup presented two years ago by Wolff & Wheat. In the last struggle the teams lined up thusly:

Sophomores—Bowden (Captain), Cunningham, Feneran, Chapdelain, J. Maher, Moore.

Juniors—A. Atwill (Captain), Perovich, Harding, McKeever, E. Wall.

Referee, J. Quinn; Scorer, W. Brusher.

SECOND DIVISION—CLASS B

Second Commercial 9, Fourth Academic 4.

Second Commercial—Hunter (Captain), Lundy, Maloney, Court, Galvin, Maderos, Ryan.

Fourth Academic—Farriola (Captain), Gross, Hickson, Bolezar, Marguez.

Referee, J. Quinn; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Second Academic 10, Third Academic 4.

Second Academic—Howell (Captain), H. Hogan, Girot, Beck, Weaver, Griffiths.

Third Academic—Wiggins (Captain), McAllister, Miller, Hillman, A. Douglas, Yeager.

Referee, Hanley; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Second Academic 18, Second Commercial 8.

Second Academic—Howell (Captain), Beck, Weaver, H. Hogan, Griffiths.

Second Commercial—Hunter (Captain), Lundy, Court, Ryan, Maderos, Galvin.

Referee, Moy; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Third Academic vs. Fourth Academic.

Game was forfeited to the Third Academic, owing to non-appearance of Fourth Academic.

Second Commercial 28, Third Academic 25.

Second Commercial—Hunter (Captain), Maloney, Ryan, Court, Stout.

Third Academic—Wiggins (Captain), McAllister, Miller, Brusher, Hillman.

Referee, J. Quinn; Scorer, W. Brusher.

Second Academic 22, Second Commercial 4.

Second Academic—Howell (Captain), H. Hogan, Griffiths, Beck, Begley, Girot, Weaver.

Second Commercial—Hunter (Captain), Ryan, Lundy, Court, Maderos.

In Division B, the Second Academic class won the tournament without suffering a single defeat, and are now the proud possessors of a beautiful college pennant.

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

The basketball outlook is indeed bright. For the past two weeks the members of the squad have been going through strenuous practice under the direction of Captain J. Quinn. Manager Nevis has arranged a grilling schedule for the Varsity, calling for games with the most representative teams on the coast. As St. Mary's possesses the best court in these parts, most of the games will take place here, thus affording ample opportunity to see the team in action. Captain Quinn is sanguine as to the success of his team; with four veterans on hand and a wealth of new material from which to fill the vacancies, a combination can be produced equal if not better than that of two years ago, which won the inter-collegiate championship of California and Nevada.

Frank Boek, a man very popular in basketball circles and noted for his success with the Oakland High and Oakland Y. M. C. A. teams, in all probability will be secured as coach. Mr. Boek filled this capacity for the Red and Blue in '09 and '10. He is a man thoroughly conversant with the game, and stands for all that makes for clean, manly sport.

Following are the men out for the team: J. Quinn (Captain), Hanley, Chapdelain, Anderson, Bowden, L. Cunningham, J. O'Connor, McKeever, Turnbull, Hecox, E. Guisto, Bigbee, Moy, A. Atwill, Lutge.

Varsity Basketball Schedule.

January—Wednesday, 12, Livermore at S. M. C.; Saturday, 15, Petaluma at S. M. C.; Wednesday, 19, Olympic Club at S. M. C.; Saturday, 22, Sacramento at Sacramento; Wednesday, 26, Stockton at Stockton; Saturday, 29, Sacramento at S. M. C.

February—Wednesday, 2, California at S. M. C.; Saturday, 5, Stockton at S. M. C.; Wednesday, 9, Oakland Y. M. C. A. at S. M. C.; Saturday, 12, St. Ignatius at S. M. C.; Wednesday, 16, Nevada at S. M. C.; Saturday, 19, College of Pacific at San Jose; Tuesday, 22, Santa Clara at S. M. C.; Saturday, 26, Stanford at S. M. C.

March—Wednesday, 1, Oakland Y. M. C. A. at S. M. C.; Saturday, 4, California at Berkeley.

Schedule for the 145 Pound Team.

January—Tuesday, 4, Annex Club at S. M. C.; Friday, 7, Calanda Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 11, Saint Joseph's Club at S. M. C.; Friday, 14, Filliregis Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 18, Saint Joseph's Sodality at S. M. C.; Friday, 21, Spartan Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 25, Battery "B" at S. M. C.; Friday, 28, Berkeley Y. M. C. at S. M. C.

February—Tuesday, 1, Annex Club at S. M. C.; Friday, 4, Calanda Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 8, Saint Joseph's Club at S. M. C.; Friday, 11, Filliregis Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 15, Saint Joseph's Sodality at S. M. C.; Friday, 18, Spartan Club at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 22, Battery "B" at S. M. C.; Friday, 25, Oakland Y. M. C. A. at S. M. C.; Tuesday, 29, San Rafael High at San Rafael.

BASEBALL
Now that the pigskin and the gridiron paraphernalia are safely tucked away, the king of sports looms on the athletic horizon with every indication for a successful season. From time immemorial the various teams under the Red and Blue have maintained almost enviable reputation in the national pastime. Manager Nevis has spared neither means nor expense for equipment and has the diamond in splendid condition. In response to a call for candidates issued by Captain Hamilton, forty-two aspirants signed up, nine of whom are veterans, and when the weather is favorable the campus presents a busy aspect. This year represents the largest turnout for baseball in the history of the old college.

Tom Fitzsimmons, Bank '10, has again been secured as coach. His remarkable success with the team of last year has inspired deep-rooted confidence in every loyal St. Mary's man. Tom knows all the angles of the game, and is, moreover, very popular with the fellows. Here's hoping to your success, Tom.

Joe Oeschger, who left college to take up a professional baseball career and who is at present identified with the pitching staff of the Philadelphia Nationals, is already on hand, coaching the pitchers.

Eddie Burns and Duffy Lewis, two loyal sons of St. Mary's who took a leading part in the recent world's series, have signified their intention to drop around now and then to help things along. Their aid will be of great value to the members of the squad and will be appreciated by the entire student body.

Following is the roster of the squad: R. Brandon, Ted Collins, Whelan, Moy, L. Guisto, Captain Hamilton, J. Maher, Maroni, Wilson, Anderson, Bowden, J. O'Connor, Corrillo, E. Maher, F. Atwill, L. Cunningham, Croll, Fallon, M. Silva, Marcolla, Clafin, Girot, Noland, Freitas, Turnbull, Fitzpatrick, Reppy, Magee, Baker, Rountree, H. Hogan, Lutge, E. Guisto, Carpenter, Mecum, Howell, Valentini, Parker, Aiton, Walton and Wiggins.

Bill Hamilton, captain-elect for the 1916 Phoenix team, should make good in his new capacity. Bill holds down the second sack in big league style and his hitting was instrumental in winning games last year. He knows the game from A to Z and possesses the aggressiveness which should characterize a skipper. The best of luck to Captain Bill and his band of Phoenicians.

"Spooks" Carpenter, who hails from Sacramento, is out for shortstop and looks mighty good. Last season he played sensational ball at Westwood.

Baker, another new acquisition, will try out for receiver. He claims Westwood for his home town and played a nice brand of ball this summer on the home team.

Mecum, a product of Orland, will make some boy hump to retain his infield berth.

The mighty Lou Guisto has competition from another quarter in the person of his little brother, Emmett, this season. Don't be too confident, Lou; you might have one slipped over on you.

If Lutge and Rountree perform as well in baseball as they do in football, there ought to be a delightful battle on for backstop this season.

If Reppy, formerly of Santa Clara, heaves as well under the Red and Blue as he did for the Red and White, there ought to be room for him on the pitching staff.

Bennie Fitzpatrick won his four star sweater in baseball at Santa Clara. There's an open position in the outfield, Ben; go after it.

—H. F. MAGEE.

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O FT have we gazed in wonder
At the rude but stately pile
Of Dolores fast decaying
'Neath its somber rustic tile.

This quaint adobe structure
With its archèd door and bell,
If they alone could utter
What storied verse they'd tell

Of the days when bold vaquero
Filled the air with shout and song
As through the fertile fields and pastures
They drove their herds along;

And of the days now far removed
Along Time's lengthened way
When the rustic natives heard its chime,
And hastened there to pray.

As we pass its sacred portal
A distant taper greets the eye,
Like a lonely star in heaven
When the sun has left the sky.

Dim light from small high windows
Shrouds in gloom the outlines where
Stood the rude constructed altar
Where were offered Mass and prayer.

But now, alas! no chime we hear,
No choir of voices sweet,
Whose music wafted heavenward
In unison to meet.

And now around its crumbling form
The green-leaved ivy creeps,
While 'neath the shadow of its walls
In peace the Padre sleeps.

—G. H. BARRON.

JOSHE'S

WE most kindly suggest,
Now that Christmas draws
near,
That a little you'll pay
THE COLLEGIAN a year.
If you send it in time,
You perhaps will decree
That the staff of this year
Shall partake of turkee.
Now we give you our thanks
And this kind, gentle hint,
For the little you owe us
That you'll send from your mint.

* * *

Wall—I fear I haven't written any-
thing that will live.

Kerrick—Be thankful that you're
alive in spite of what you've written.

* * *

Fleming—Are you dining anywhere
next Sunday?

Atwill—No, I don't think so.

Fleming—How hungry you will be
on Monday.

* * *

Martella—I've got a bunch of jokes
here; how much will you give me for
them?

McNamara—Ten yards start from
that door.

* * *

Rountree—You're rather a young
man to have charge of drugs. Have
you any diploma?

Allison—No; but I have a prepara-
tion of my own that's just as good.

* * *

Our latest ship has forty guns,
Announce the naval scholars,
Displacing thirty thousand tons
And fifteen million dollars.



Welch—Edison said at the Exposition that four hours sleep is enough for any man.

Quinn—We have a two-year-old
baby at home who knew that a year
ago.

* * *

Atwill—Are you a contributor to
the Atlantic Monthly?

O'Connor—No, but on my trip to
Europe last summer I was a contribu-
tor to the Atlantic daily.

* * *

Prefect—How dare you swear be-
fore me?

Lundy—How did I know you wanted
to swear first?

* * *

Prof.—Do you think the students
appreciated my last lecture?

Magee—I think so; they were all
nodding.

* * *

Bowden—The prof. in Math. just
told me he was a *born* athlete.

Zimmerman—That's no reason why
he shouldn't try to *make* something
of himself.

* * *

Weaver—You're an ass!

Schmallung—You're a liar!

Prefect—Now that you have identi-
fied each other, let me hear of your
trouble.

* * *

Collins—After I wash my face I
always look in the mirror to see if
it's clean; do you?

O'Connor—I don't have to; I look
at the towel.

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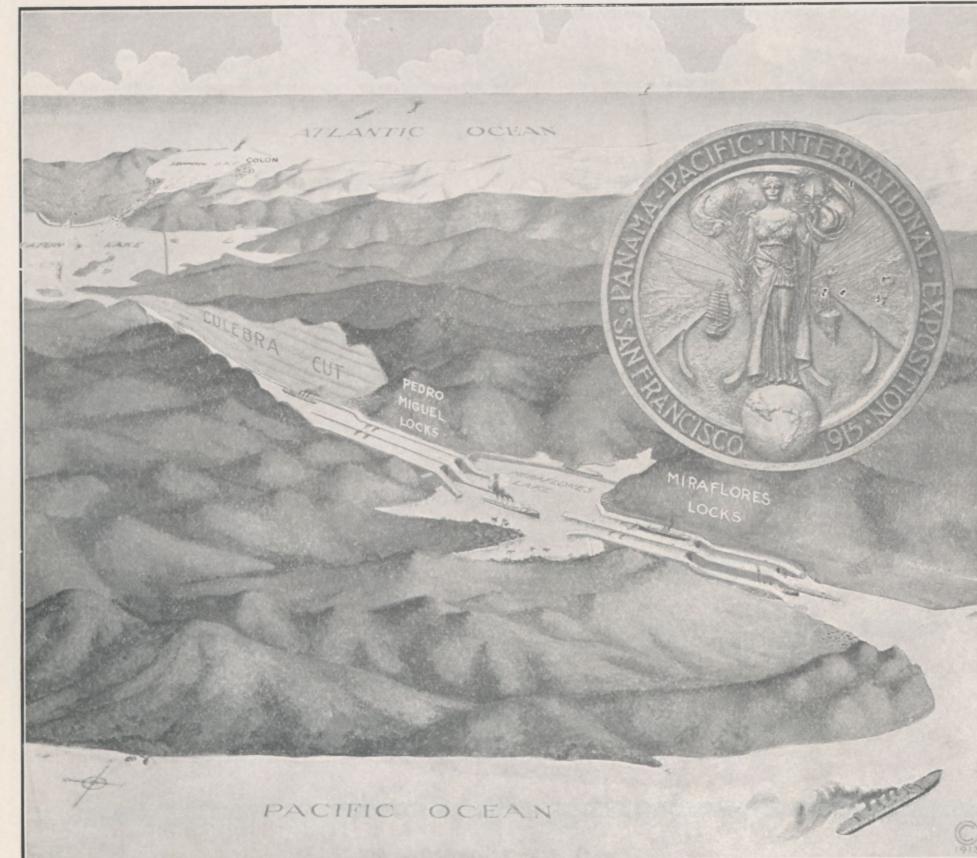
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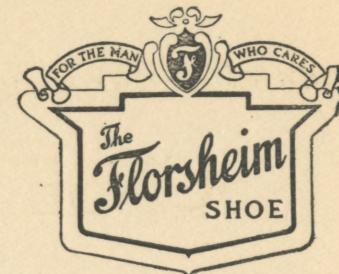
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