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The

REDWOOD



Santa Clara
College

SANTA CLARA
CALIFORNIA

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The Redwood.

VOL. I. SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER 17, 1902. No. 1.

ALMA MATER.



Night follows day, and winter's piercing cold
Comes in the wake of summer's smiling green;
So, fellow students, every blissful scene
Of happiness our youthful years unfold
Will fade away, and graver thoughts will hold
The mast'ry over, aye, perchance may blind
The pure ethereal substance of the mind,
And break the priceless cast of virtue's mold.
Then from the world of strife, the desert drear,
Where seldom flower of sweet contentment blows,
Where Peace her benisons on few bestows,
Our thoughts will wander back to seek for cheer
'Mid scenes like these, where passed our tender youth
In quest of knowledge, honesty and truth!

ANGELO QUEVEDO, '05.

A TALE OF TWO VICTORIES.

"You're simply throwing words to the wind, Jack. It's useless to argue further. I've given my word of honor and I intend to stay by it. You know what my conditions are, and if they can't be realized, I ask you, for the love of peace, to let the whole matter drop at this." "Well, you know how it is. The coach has a peculiar liking for Joe Brown and he isn't very apt to throw him overboard; but we need you on the team or else we'll go to smash. You gained a place last year and I don't see why you refuse to hold it now. As captain, I pledge myself to strain every nerve to get him off the team. What more can you reasonably ask?" "You may strain every nerve if you will, but I won't put on my suit until he is ruled off the field completely. He has never played the game as a man of honor should, and as long as he is tolerated I'll take a back seat, that's all."

This little conversation was had in a remote corner of Chesapeake College, just before the pigskin experts were to line up on the gridiron for their first practice. Jack Burke was a favorite among the boys, and so was Jim Defney, for such were the names of the young men whose little chat we have overheard. Jack was perhaps the stronger of the two and in the excitement of the game somewhat more daring; but in point of manliness Jim was superior. He, too, was a Hannibal on the gridiron, but none the less faithful to his studies and earnest in his convictions, or, as some would have it, he was a trifle stubborn and headstrong at times.

Unfortunately there was a black sheep in the college eleven this year, a very scoundrel, who, though a poor player, made up in foul what he lacked in scientific play. He had gained a bad name for the college, but still continued to wear the monogram, because, as was generally known, he had a "pull" with the coach.

This is why Jim Defney refused to play. Having made several attempts to have Brown ruled off the team, but to no avail, he quit the whole business himself, became one of the commoners, cheered now and then for the eleven, but persistently refused to take part himself. Thus on the occasion to which we have referred, Jim was as firm as a rock. It was to be the last appeal,

and the captain had determined once for all, as he said, to use 'grass and fair words,' but failing these he meant to try 'stones.'

"So, Jim, you're resolved not to play," he said, after a prolonged process of reasoning. "That I am," was the reply, "as long as I cannot play with gentlemen, and I'll not consider your team in that light until you get rid of Brown." He meant it, and Jack saw that he did. And then all the captain's indignation found vent to a volley of abusive words.

"Well, you don't have to play; that's all! Why in the name of common sense, who ever told you you could play? Heavens above! You have a swelled head, so go 'way back; we'll struggle along without you."

The last remark had a cutting effect on Jim's big heart and he was tempted to resent it somewhat manfully, but his better nature came to the rescue and he walked off without saying a word, leaving the indignant captain alone.

During the entire season no one was more enthusiastic in his applause than Jim. From his conspicuous place on the grandstand he would toss his hat on high and with shouts of "Bravo!" "Hit 'm again!" and "Good boy, Charlie!" would signify his appreciation and keen interest in the game. On only one or two occasions was his face seen to wear a look of dissatisfaction and chagrin, and that was when Brown tried a foul tackle or gave a straight arm with closed fist. Even after a victory when sneeringly told that we wasn't the "whole thing," no expression save one of gladness escaped his lips.

The season drew to a close. Six victories out of seven rested on the side of Chesapeake. If they gained the seventh, the pennant would float for the coming year over their gymnasium. But to gain the seventh was no easy task. The Hudson boys whom they had to face were giants and were sure of victory, still the Chesapeakeans were no less confident. Day after day they went through the usual drill and when the fatal time drew near were in fine condition, but, unfortunately the very night before the game, Dreary, the old reliable center, was injured in a street accident, and there was no one to take his place. The tower of strength was gone from their line and there was no one to replace him, and so the dignified seniors and the careless underclass men went about moodily in groups of twos and threes discussing the outlook. Consternation was rampant, melancholy had taken possession of all. Who could be substitute? Higgins, the second

team center, was a big man and experienced, but slow and a quitter. However, they determined to turn out and cheer Higgins to a sense of self-forgetfulness, to sustain, if possible, the terrible onslaughts of the Hudson center, whose only rival in the state was Dreary. But fumbles, bucks through the center, blocked kicks in spite of all their determination floated around in each rooter's mind and obscured the enthusiasm.

The dreadful moment had come. The Hudson team has arrived and the air is rent by the cheers of their followers. The big center smiles confidently at the bank of red and white ribbons and makes more than one hand itch to humble him for his assurance. The Chesepeake team now appears on the field, signals are given and the fast, snappy practice before the game is over, almost as soon as begun. Hudson wins the toss up and takes the west goal. While the particular field rules are explained to the officials, the busy chatter of the onlookers is all about the new center, Higgins.

At last the teams are lined up, the whistle blows and the Chesapeake quarter sends the ball far down the field into the arms of Hudson fullback. He is downed by Captain Burke, almost where he receives the ball. Four! Five! Ten! and the Hudson right half tears through tackle for three yards; their left half around the end for five; then a systematic hammering through tackle for thirty more. They have found the weak spot and they go through the center with ease, never failing to gain. Poor Higgins! He means well, but it is no use, he cannot stop the sturdy men from Hudson. Despair reigns supreme, the coach is looking anxiously for somebody when a smile of contentment suddenly lights his countenance, for he sees a well built football player running down from the college towards the field.

"Brown," he cries, "fake for wind." No one heard him but Brown. The ball is passed and five yards are gained. There was a pause. "Time out!" "Somebody is hurt!" echoed from mouth to mouth, and in truth there was Brown stretched on the broad of his back panting heavily. In the meantime the captain of the Chesapeakeans and the coach are holding an earnest conversation with the new player who had just arrived. "I'm ready," said the newcomer, "as soon as Brown is off the field," and Brown was accordingly carried to the grand-stand, where he recovered his lost breath without much difficulty and the whistle again called game. The new player is given his position as center, Higgins is put back of the line.

"Who is that new center?" asked the despairing Chesapeakeans. No one knew, for his headgear and nose-guard effectually masked him.

"First down, five!" There is a fumble, because some one has broken through the line. "Second down, six!" The fullback with all his men behind him plunges at the center, but is stopped and thrown back. "Third down, eight!" The signal is again given and the anxious crowd sees Hudson's halfback pushed back five yards from the coveted goal. "Who is it?" "The new center!" shouted the jubilant Chesapeakeans. The ball changes hands and in a moment it is sent back towards the middle of the field and the half is over before the goal is menaced again.

While the sponging of the trainer and the hurried advice of the coach is given under the bleachers, the grand-stand is a confused Babel of voices of all keys and pitches. In the Hudson quarters all is confidence and two touch-downs in the next half is the general opinion of the knowing ones. The phenomenal tackle was but an accident and could not be repeated.

But now the teams are lining up again for the second half. The ball is booted back to Chesapeake's full and with good interference he runs it in for ten yards. It is now bucked off tackle and carried around the field for fifteen yards, where after a rally the Hudsons hold it on downs. Once more the Hudson quarter signals for a center buck and once more they strike an iron wall. Again they give the signal, when, with one mighty bound, the Chesapeake center lands on the side of the enemy and catches the half before he has time to squeeze the ball. There is a fumble and the two quarters make a dive for the pigskin, the Chesapeake lad securing it. A moment after and he is seen running with all his might down the field towards the goal with every free man in close chase. Down, down he goes, and is but five yards from the goal, when the Hudson full, diving through the air, brings him to the ground. But all is not over. Another Chesapeake man is there and with the strength of a Hercules he raises both from where they lie and drags them over the line for a touch-down. The whole place goes wild with joy. Hats, canes, umbrellas fly through the air! Victory is on the side of Chesapeake and the wild, frantic joy of the rooters echoes through the surrounding hills. The game goes on, but neither side is able to score. When the referee blows his whistle the students of the victorious college gather about the hero of the day. "It's Jim Defney!" shouted one. "Jim Defney!" answered a hundred, and

they rushed on him, put him on their shoulders and carried him to the college gymnasium.

Oh! What cheering and shouting there was in the dining room that evening "Speech! Speech" "Jim Defney!" they cried. Jim arose and with a few well chosen words modestly told his audience that he would not for a moment claim the victory of the day. It was all due to luck and to the daring of their little quarter.

The captain then stood up and addressed the triumphant audience from his heart. "Fellow students, Jim Defney has gained two victories to-day. He has won our football game for us, and greater than this, he has conquered himself. You all know how ungrateful we have been to him, see how he pays us back. No one could blame him if he refused to help us out to-day, but he did not refuse; he played, he won! This is all I can say to-night, so let us all give three cheers for Jim Defney, who had courage enough to stand for his convictions, courage enough to forget past insults, and tact enough to win for us the most important game of the season. Hip! hip hurrah!" There was a terrible shout for a few minutes and no one went out of that dining room after supper without a deep feeling of respect for the hero of the day, the dauntless Jim Defney.

JOHN REGAN, '04.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Sunday: Fair, with only two flurries of study hall.

Monday: A marked increase over Sunday's flurries.

Tuesday: Heavy, dark clouds will be floating around the yard. Ye men of the tan-bark beware.

Wednesday: Calm to-day; strong indications say there will be a storm to-morrow after lunch.

Thursday: Everything quiet in the morning. Along about noon things begin to look stormy for some of us. After lunch everything will be let loose. You are lucky if you don't get soaked.

Friday: After yesterday's soaking, there is nothing left but fish and clear sailing.

Saturday: Beware of dark clouds floating around to-day. Ye head-light bearers have a care. There is another storm scheduled for to-morrow after lunch. C. M. BUCKLER.

THE FISHER OF ST. PIERRE.

Thou art just, oh my God, Thou art holy,
And Thy spirit rules over the sea;
Thou contemnest not those who are lowly,
When in prayer they appeal to Thee;
Then despise not my sore stricken nation,
Turn Thine eyes of compassion on me,
As I weep o'er the sad desolation
Of that sweet little isle of the sea.

My heart, it is wounded and bleeding,
And my utterance choked with grief,
And my tears fall in sad, silent pleading
At Thy throne, where I know there's relief.
For my home has been ruined and wasted,
Where my dear ones were watching for me,
Where the joys of my childhood were tasted,—
In that sweet, little land of the sea.

I can see there my loved ones still waiting
And sighing until my return,
While my ship on the lone strand is grating,
And my heart with affection doth burn;—
I can see them around the poor table,
With their jests and their pranks of glee,
'Neath the quaint and the old-fashioned gable
In the sweet little isle of the sea.

But, alas! the dread signal is given,
And the angel of death passeth by
And, begirt with the anger of heaven,
Regards not the sob nor the sigh.
A harvest of souls he is reaping,
Some sinful, and some from sin free,
And there's sobbing and sighing and weeping
In that sweet little isle of the sea.

Above and below there's a rumble,
Then a mighty and deafening roar
Like the wild Titian's horrible grumble
Or the waves as they dash on the shore.
And the mountain-top angrily thundered,
As if fires of hell were set free,
And the home of my boyhood was plundered
On that sweet little isle in the sea.

Oh! the sad, sick'ning thoughts of the morrow,
As I gazed on the bleak St. Pierre!
Oh! the pangs and the heart-rooted sorrow,
As I heard the dread shouts of despair!
All my fond hopes forever are broken,
And chaos reigns over the lea,
And scarcely remains there a token
Of that sweet little isle of the sea!

Alas, I am weeping and sighing,—
For the dead, who have gone to their graves!
I am counting my dear ones as dying
And my tears mingle deep with the waves;
But they live, and they shall live forever,
They are waiting and waiting for me,
Where the bonds of our love naught will sever,
On the shore of Eternity's sea.

JOHN RIORDAN, '05.

THE COLLISION.

It was on one of those calm, quiet nights, when the very silence causes a feeling of suspicion and fear to creep over the mind of man, that Dave Hatheway, the sturdy engineer of many years' service, met with a terrible experience, the very recital of which, even at this day, sends a cold chill through the veins of the listener. Dave was a brave fellow, but withal a firm adherent to the belief that the destiny of mortals is dependent on and determined by those external occurrences which are commonly called portentous.

The night before the accident he had an awful dream, and on his way to work he passed on what he considered the wrong side of a telegraph pole. "Jim," he said, as he stepped into the engine, addressing his fireman, "I wish this ride were called off. I feel as if something is going to happen, and, to tell the truth, I'm a little shaky." "Nonsense," replied the other, trying to disguise his own fear (for anything that went wrong with Dave always affected him.) "Don't be foolish, old boy. There's nothing to fear a night like this." "Oh, I'll go all right, but I wish I hadn't dreamt so."

In a few minutes the train was rumbling along in the foothills of the Mexican Sierras, which, for their irregularity, are not by any means an ideal place for railroad travel. It was a cattle train, and so there was a sense of lonesomeness in the hearts of Dave and Jim as the cars wound in and out through the hills like a gigantic serpent, now dodging around a bluff, now shooting through a gap to avoid a longer detour, or puffing up a somewhat steeper grade chosen in preference to a deeper cut; and then rattling down on the opposite side with a creaking of the brakes. Occasionally the track doubled back on itself, running for a few more miles in the opposite direction. Such was the road on which Dave Hatheway had his heart-rending experience, and over which he had driven his engine on many and many worse nights than the present, but he will go over it no more.

He was going ahead at a lively pace, when, the road suddenly changing, he rounded a curve where the track, sloping gently towards the brow of a hill, ran through a narrow cut, which had been made for it. But, oh, horror! there at the end of the cut,

right in the middle of the track, he saw a light, awful for its brightness and proximity. "My God!" gasped the engineer, in a frenzy of despair. "There is a train in front of us!" With this he clutched at the reversing lever, the fireman whistled for brakes, and there was a prolonged death-like silence as the sound of the whistle echoed through the hills like the shriek of sudden death. The brakemen leaped to their places and those of the crew who were in their bunks in the caboose sprang up in terror at the imagination of what the sudden whistle might portend.

Out in the cab of the engine the two men waited for the shock which would tell that two swiftly moving trains had tried to pass on a single track. There was no chance to jump, so they closed their eyes and waited. The engineer had done his duty. With a wild plea to Heaven he prepared his soul for its flight from the body. The thought of home, of his dear wife and children flashed across his mind and in anguish he exclaimed: "Good God have mercy on us!" just as the train came to a standstill.

"Dave," called out the fireman, "we're all right!" Dave looked up and to his amazement the dreadful head-light was no longer in front of him, but by some peculiar means had shifted to the left. "Jim," he said, recovering breath, "it looks as if we stopped just in time to avoid a collision with the moon! Thank God it was the moon, for I didn't feel like dying just then."

"Nor I," answered the fireman, as the engine once more began to puff and run along as before.

The collision was in anticipation merely; yet Dave Hatheway was frequently reminded by his comrades of the memorable night when he all but demolished the moon.

L. S. DEGNAN, '03.

THE STUDENT'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.—“The Tents of Cedron.”

I looked around me; there was a busy, floating mass of people; there was a bustle and a hurry which bespoke some fixed, determined purpose, some objective point in view, towards which the restless mass moved onward. There was never-ending, monotonous roar of opinions and contrary opinions, a tenacious claim to truth on the one side and bold contradictions on the other, Politics, religion, education, domestic economy, was the burden of their conversation. This man had hit upon a fortune, that other was ruined financially; this one was rising in power, the other retiring from the scene of political action, disgraced and fallen. There were rumors for the inquisitive, scandals for the envious, and excitements for the fanciful; and so the ceaseless wrangling and absurdity of the flowing mass of humanity became bewildering and disgusting. Ignorance had claimed them for her own. Their minds were confused, their words incoherent, their very gait uncertain. It was not a gathering of college students. No! It was not even the ferocious university lads running madly about the campus. No! It was a scene in the great Babylon of city life, a picture of the world at large; it was the “Valley of Ignorance and Conceit,” a phase of the mighty “thing that wags.”

“And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.”

I looked above me and saw a yellowish, sluggish vapor, lying low and heavy, shrouding the bright blue of the heavens beyond and shutting out the sun with all its glory. It is, thought I to myself, the cloud of misinformation encircling the Valley of Ignorance. And I turned away to gaze upon the green mountain slopes in the distance, and so departed, leaving the great Babylon behind me, and determined to ascend to higher regions. “Excelsior!”

I had not gone very far, when a sound of steam or escaping

gas arrested my attention and I turned and lo! there was a crowded automobile racing at full speed towards the hill whither my steps were directed. "Ah!" said I, in an audible tone. "That is the way to depart from this valley and ascend to higher levels, if any such there ^{are}! I must engage a seat in the next conveyance of that kind and thus escape from the haunts of Ignorance and Confusion."

"You are mistaken," said a stranger, tapping me on the shoulder. "You are quite mistaken. You cannot climb the hill of knowledge, for such is the name of yonder mountain, by any artificial means. Those machines though apparently full of life, invariably give out just before the summit is reached and the occupants have to descend with great ignominy, because they have attempted an unnatural ascent. That machine is propelled by a noxious vapor (and mind it is only a vapor) called 'Cramming.' It received this name from the fact that, as the gas escapes, there is a constant reiteration of a sound somewhat resembling this: 'Cram! cram! cram!' though on attentive observation, I found that the machine maliciously varies the monotony of 'Cram! cram! cram' with an occasional cry of 'Sham! sham! sham!'"

My friendly adviser was a well proportioned man and wore a venerable aspect. His garb was one I had never seen before; a long black robe girdled in the middle with a cincture, whence hung a fine chain studded with small wooden beads. His cap was a strange device, somewhat similar to a Turkish turban, with this difference, that it was square instead of round on top and was mounted, not by a tassel, as the turban sometimes is, but by a small spear-head, about an inch high, whence proceeded to three as his garb. Withal he was poorly clad, resembling a pilgrim as far as anything I can think of just now, and formed a wonderful contrast to the gaudy tinsel that I had noticed when mingled with the crowd.

My conversation with him was long and interesting. I learned that he was not a dweller in the tents of Cedron, as he called the haunts of man, but had spent his life in the valley beyond the mountain, where he said was the Home of Wisdom.

"And why," asked I, after he had delayed for a while on the grandeur of the valley. "Why do you spend your time wandering about these foothills, if, as you have said, this Home of Wisdom is such a remarkable place?" At this he blushed for a moment and

then modestly replied: "It is mine to descend in order to lead others to that valley of delight. I am a guide."

"And you find such a life enjoyable and not monotonous and lonely? Have you no intercourse whatever with your fellow-men?"

"Intercourse I have, and that to satiety," was the answer. "Not, however, so much with the men of this world as with the great minds that have gone before me. As for monotony, there is no such thing in my manner of life. It is all varied and delightful. My occupation, it is true, might seem wearisome, yet there is no greater comfort, no greater pleasure within the reach of mortals than that of doing good to others. So all my energy is spent in leading men to the great valley beyond, where they can, if it so please them, drink of the sweet and rejuvenating nectar of wisdom and hold converse with the greatest minds this world has ever seen. Would you wish to be led thither? I am ready to aid you, to point out the true path, to guard you against the innumerable difficulties and place you safely on the other side, if on your part there is a willingness to work, for it is only the diligent workers who obtain admittance; and the doors are closed to the sluggard."

"Indeed, you surprise me," was my answer, "but with your leave I shall attempt the ascent, cost what it may." He smiled joyfully, and in a few moments we were off.

JOHN PARROTT, Sophomore.

CHAPTER II.—The Ascent

The path was smooth and had a gradual rise for some time, but at length became obstructed here and there by large overhanging crags which we passed with difficulty. We soon came to a point where the trail branched, one part leading off to the left in an almost level line, the other continuing to rise and becoming steeper and steeper, as far as the eye could see. I was almost about to start off on the straight and easy road, when my guide stopped me, saying:

"Be careful, this is where so many make the fatal mistake of their lives, by choosing that path which is in appearance the less difficult and the easier of the two. And in fact it does require

less exertion, but the Home of Wisdom cannot be reached thereby, because it does not rise, but running along the level country, ends in the brush of obscurity, where the wayfarers are entangled and so lost to the world and to themselves forever."

"And who are those who follow that path?" I asked, becoming more interested and more attached to my learned guide.

"Alas!" he said, "their number is legion! But I can embrace them all under two general divisions, the Utilitarians and the Talented. The former are unwilling to labor unless they receive, at the same time, some sensible reward for their toil, unless they see immediate results. When told what to expect when they reach the summit, they sneeringly say: 'Yes, but what can we enjoy as we climb the hill?' To the answer, 'nothing but work, work, work,' they turn away, enjoy for a brief span the scenery of this by-path, and then are lost intellectually. The Talented have a similar temptation and oftentimes succumb. Endowed with superior mental capacities, as they are, they know not what work is, and so drift into slothful habits, and when called upon to make an earnest effort, they fail to respond and are ruined. It is a mistake to imagine that any real success can be obtained without labor and this is emphatically true in the intellectual strife. That part of the road is called the 'Eclectic' because some of the guides allow their charges at this point to choose for themselves, and the latter being naturally unwilling to work and ignorant of what to expect, when they reach the summit (nor can all guides inform them on this point), invariably, I might say, choose the easy path."

I was satisfied with his arguments and again began to ascend, the way becoming more difficult at every step. I was ready to give in, when to my great relief, we reached a pretty little flat, with a delightful spring of water issuing from the rocks in the center and falling gently on the surrounding luxuriant growth of grass and flowers. It was indeed a surprising contrast to the dry, barren country we had traversed, and I, wishing to reap some little reward of labor, sat down and gazed on the valley below, congratulating myself that, with the assistance of the good guide, I had made some progress, and feeling an inward complacency I had never experienced before.

"Can you explain to me, kind sir," I asked, after having enjoyed the surrounding country for some time, "how it is that the toil heretofore submitted to has passed from my mind and

that I feel as if I had been in this delightful spot all my life?"

"This is your first intellectual delight," he said, "you have done well so far and in the eternal order of things it is so ordained that man does not labor long without some sensible reward, but you must guard against the fatal error of such as, having reached this point, think that it is their goal, whereas it is but a foretaste of what is to come. I have seen some pause at that fountain yonder for years and years, although if you take the pains to examine the inscription thereon you will not be able to understand how they could do so."

I did take the pains, and to my great surprise found these immortal lines of Pope, which were written there by this great "high priest of an age of reason and prose," when he was struggling up this self-same mountain side:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers it again."

Returning, I begged my guide to lead me on, promising to stay with him until we reached the summit, in spite of any difficulties, and again we started off.

Soon, however, and to my great chagrin, notwithstanding strong resolves, we came to a slide of broken shale rock through which the trail led. This shale rock, I may remark here, when broken in small fragments, forms a very disagreeable path, for the feet sink into it as in sand, and when in addition to this the path is steep, it is all but impossible to make any progress. I started to climb, however, nothing daunted, but was so very soon exhausted that I paused and turned to my friend, who smiling gently moved cautiously along through the treacherous stuff, step by step, giving the rock a chance to settle beneath one foot before moving the other. I did likewise and soon found myself on solid ground. This place, I was informed as we proceeded, was the Grade of Perseverance. As I had the good fortune to work my way through it, the remaining part of the journey was comparatively easy.

As we approached the top, there being few obstacles, we naturally made great progress. But, alas! I was not accustomed to the rare atmosphere and so was seized with a sudden dizziness, which gave to surrounding objects a peculiar whirling

motion. I could see my companion no longer. "Victory is mine! I have conquered!" "I am at last among the great ones of the world!" and similar thoughts rushed through my mind, causing me to experience a sensation which I recall now with grief, because I afterwards learned it was the sensation of Pride. Pride has cast many a man down from the elevated heights of wisdom and of power and this would have been my fate, had it not been for the kindness of my friend. "You are dizzy," said he. "That I am," murmured I. "Then fall to the earth or you will be carried from this height to the very depths of humiliation." I did as he said and after this little act of humiliation was once more able to stand erect and view the surrounding scenery.

WM. JOHNSON, Sophomore.

CHAPTER III.—On the Summit.

And what a grand vista spread out before us on all sides! Behind us, stretching beyond the limits of our vision, lay the wintry clouds, their white and black so blended that they resembled a turbulent sea, and in fact for a moment I imagined that from some tall cliff I was in reality gazing on the storm-tossed ocean. Somewhere beneath that vaporous mass was the busy, restless city with its millions struggling on in search of happiness; the same coming and going and wrangling and discussing that I had heard but a short while ago!

But what a different prospect when I looked out over the scene before me! Instead of the expanse of darkness, I beheld a brilliantly illuminated panorama; instead of the dark clouds my eyes rested on a wonderfully picturesque valley. Nothing was disturbed, nothing agitated. All was serene and calm. Woodland, hill and river were clothed in wondrous beauty, and as I gazed on the scene in rapture, some soft sweet strains, such as ideal birds might sing, broke out from all quarters of the valley and mingling with the fragrance that rose incense-like from the surrounding foilage, floated sweetly through the tranquil air. But more wonderful still were the varied streams of light pouring from the trees, from the waters, and from the many buildings. I could not contain myself and in ecstasy I exclaimed:

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first born!

Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam!"

(To be Continued.)

In Memoriam.

Father William McKinnon.

Sleep, gentle shepherd, sleep, and may'thine be
The peace of Saints: nor yet fore'er abide
Beneath the silent mound; but lo! inside
Those heavenly realms of souls departed, free
Repose; and dwell there everlastingly,
With Angels pure, at thy Creator's side.
Oh! good Samaritan, when anguish cried
Thou heardest, and to shores beyond the sea,
To fight for Christ didst sail, and on the field
The dead and dying soothed, while soldiers round
thee reeled,
From volleys. Truest shepherd thou didst tend
Thy Master's Sheep, and in their woe befriend.
Rest thee, dear Father, not beneath the sod,
But in the bosom of thy loving God.

J. H. RIORDAN, '05.

STARRY MEANDERS.

The Romans played their little game of *pila* without lining up and exhibiting those sparks of quick action or that sharp friction which is done nowadays in football. Now the Romans might have called *pila* a game without running reason into a hole, but as to calling anything resembling football a game—well, holes are too common and one must not take chances at all. I know that if I had the choice of playing a couple of halves or doing something else, I would sooner strive to unravel the mysteries of Homer, or try to make up jokes for the 'Frisco Examiner.

A member of the staff of any magazine might waste paper and make a name by writing up comics while our 'Varsity is at practice. It seems to be the aim of every well constructed coach to see how hard the candidates for a team can hit the ground; hence that most uncomfortable institution of falling on the ball is resorted to in oblique cases while the promising youth so far forgets to forget himself that he gives little satisfaction to the coach, who naturally enough wants to see him bore large apertures in the gridiron with that part of him that is nearest the sky.

But if falling on the ball is unpleasant and distasteful, what must tackling previously occupied spaces of air be like? It is considered the very height of good judgment to miss your man about as many feet as is convenient, travel a few yards through space, and then let yourself carefully down on the extreme point of your nose. Of course all this must be done with the utmost coolness and precision, otherwise the little merit is lost. Such remarks as "fall easier," down lower," are calculated to encourage and not to insult.

In the regal game, when the other side has the ball, fate seems to decree that you be ever on the defensive or retreat. The man opposite you makes himself noticeable by the shower of carresses he bestows upon you, which seem for a time to make you forget the trials and troubles of this life and to give you an insight into the celestial.

The chances are that you have been told to line up quickly; without loss of time, so don't leave the field more than five or six

feet, you may not be back in time for the next play, which would be in bad form. Nevertheless there are many who delight in retarding the game and sometimes, just out of spite it seems, some one will soar several yards into ether while those below anxiously await his return. Always be ready.

If you should see a play coming around the end don't fail to notify the spectators that you are to make a "grand-stand," otherwise it might be hard for them to tell what you really did make. On comes the interference and without waiting to know if you are ready, plunges into the fray; at least it has been told to plunge into the fray, but for some unaccountable reason of which there are many in football, the fray is mistaken for some poor devil's solar plexus. After which the interference is quietly plucked out by the tackle, leaving you in a noble attitude to wait your quarry. A plunge, you rip your pants and look around for a muddy place to fall in, while the crowd seeing you do the high-dive act promptly burst into loud applause. It is, of course, immaterial whether you get your man or not. It is the dip you want and you get it. But should the play be a buck and you preceive it to be directed for your especial benefit, make a rapid movement either to the right or left in order "to avoid the rush," and to preserve the graceful contour of your features.

The bucks are sometimes made by calling the tackle over, but if the play does not come off satisfactorily the captain generally calls the tackle something else.

These are a few of many phases of football. If you have not satisfied yourself with regard to its claim to be classed among "games" go out on the gridiron and get your experience for yourself.

FRANK PLANK, '06.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE RED AND WHITE.

All day within the classic shades
Of Berkeley's mighty colonnades,
In hall and class-room smiling maids
Await the pig-skin revelry.

Upon the campus far below,
The warriors clad from top to toe
In mud-stained guise await the foe,
With all their inborn chivalry.

Wild shouts of triumph hit the sky—
A thousand rooters standing by
To urge them on to do or die
To gain the wished-for victory.

But Berkeley saw another sight,
When from the gym—from left and right—
The champions of the Red and White
Marched to their places anxiously.

The long-desired whistle blew,
High in the air the pig-skin flew,
And Thomas Feeney, all men knew,
Was there with all his trickery.

He caught the ball and down the field,
With heart to dare and hand to wield,
And round him ran a living shield
Of Santa Clarans—daringly!

Ten yards were gained; they hit the ground,
The Berkeley men stood wondering 'round,
When from the young Magee a sound
Aroused them to activity.

Three! nine! four! five! the quarter yelled—
In Buckler's arms the ball was held,
By fifteen yards the gain was swelled,
And nearer seemed a victory.

And once again the signal's given,
Wild shouts of anguish strike, against heaven,
But onward moved the bold eleven,
Adown the field for victory.

At length there came a change in play,
And Berkeley seemed to have the day,
The Red and White appeared to sway,
The Freshmen struggled hopefully.

On Berkeley smiled not Fortune then,
To score they tried, again, again;
But Santa Clara's sturdy men
Repelled them—Oh so manfully!

They fought like warriors of old,
Against the men of Blue and Gold,
They tried—nor failed they still to hold
The mighty men of Berkeley.

The score was 0 to 0 they say,
On neither side did victory stay.
But who can e'er forget that day
And all its wondrous bravery?

And homeward came the college guys,
Not with the pig-skin as their prize,
But back and head and arms and eyes
Were smarting—oh how dreadfully!

E.L. KIRK, '05.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The object of The Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	-	CHAS. S. LAUMEISTER, ^{Senior}
BUSINESS MANAGER,	-	WM. MUHLENDORF, '05
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER,	-	JOHN W. BYRNES, '06
LITERARY,	-	JOHN PARROTT, '05
COLLEGE NOTES,	-	W. V. REGAN, '03
ATHLETICS,	-	J. M. REGAN, '04
ARTIST,	-	JOHN J. IVANCOVICH, '05

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SINGLE COPY - FIFTEEN CENTS.

The long-felt desire of the students of Santa Clara College for a college magazine resulted a few weeks ago in a movement towards its establishment. The laudable ambition was encouraged by the Faculty and permission was granted for the publication of a private chronicle of college doings with specimens of college work, to be circulated, however, only among the students and their friends. The board of editors selected at once set to work, and the result of their labors is the present modest effort—the first number of “The Redwood.”

Whether the “Redwood,” will attain the success and popularity of the “Owl” of former days remains to be seen, but if enthusiasm on the part of the students and the earnest, conscientious labor of the editors can contribute to its success, it will not be a total failure, in spite of the difficulties attending the resuscitation of a journal long disestablished.

Naturally, we can not expect to leap to perfection at the outset, so that those who might feel disposed to dissect and criticize adversely must bear in mind this fact, and the nature of our magazine, which, though it will endeavor to maintain as high a literary standard as possible, is a private publication of college

news, and college literary work, soliciting, for the present, beyond the circle of our students and their friends neither patronage nor attention.

It is our desire, as we advance, to have interesting reminiscences of old and honored students appear in our pages every month.

To our readers we express a sincere desire that our efforts may meet with their heartiest approval.

* * * *

THE BIG BASIN.

The following quotation taken from the Sacramento Bee of September 27, 1902, needs no introduction or comment. They are from the pen of Charles McClatchy, a former student of Santa Clara, Honorary Master of Arts, '01, and at present editor of the Bee:

"It was Isaak Walton who wrote: 'Doubtless God could have made a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling, but doubtless God never did.'

And doubtless God could have created a more serenely majestic and a more religiously peaceful spot than the Big Basin, but it is doubtful if God ever did. Surely the writer never saw a place grander in all its beauty, and yet not so much awe-inspiring as soul-comforting. There is a peace about the Basin that one feels it would be a sacrilege to break. It seems as if all nature were absorbed in silent prayer. The trees, towering 200 to 375 feet above the majestic quiet, appear to be gigantic dumb sentinels over the voiceless orisons. Here and there through the dense forest comes the ripple of a stream murmuring softly to itself as if unwilling to disturb the sacred calm. Scarcely a bird chirrup. No bell tolls, but all day the woods and the canyons seem to be saying their Angelus.

A more powerful tribute to the Creator—silent, but all-convincing—could not be conceived than that presented by these Anaks of the redwoods, standing shoulder to shoulder in places, some towering almost 400 feet in air, clothed in Druidical garments of green, and lifting their bared heads in reverence to the

heavens. There they stood in silence and in grandeur before Moses led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. There they will stand, let us hope, while the Nation stands.

Contemporary with Abraham, fellow monarchs with Ramesses and the builders of Babylon, shall this royal line fall before the greed of the millman or the maker of railroad ties? Has one generation a right to harvest for temporary profit the growth of many centuries? Is it not rather for all generations and all time—the heritage of a limitless future from an almost limitless past?"

In another place Mr. McClachy continues:

"The man to whom California is most indebted for the result reached by the Redwood Park Commission in San Francisco on Wednesday last is Rev. Robert E. Kenna, President of Santa Clara College. He was indefatigable in the matter; he continued the battle before the Legislature when others had given up in despair, and it was proper that his motion on Wednesday last in the meeting of the Commissioners should consummate the work he had been unselfishly engaged in for several years."

Nor must this tribute to Father Kenna's work be ascribed merely to the loyal affection of an "old boy."

The San Jose Mercury of the same day speaks thus:

"It is generally conceded that the greatest crisis that the bill passed was when it was turned down by the Committee on Finance of the Senate. It was then considered a dead bill, and was reported in the papers as killed. At the time when the movement was in greatest peril, Father Kenna, President of Santa Clara College, appeared before the State Eenate and his appeal to that body won the day and passed the bill, saving to California the oldest spot of ground on the earth, of untold and inestimable value to the world, containing hundreds of big trees, the largest of their species known. To this good and noble man let every citizen of the state bow, for to him we are indebted for this beautiful, picturesque and peaceful spot."

It is also interesting to know that one of the most stately of those royal trees, the *Sequoia gigantea*, which species by the way, is found no where else in North America, has received the name of Santa Clara. Long stand the forest primaeval, and long live the majestic redwood which has received our name.

THE SENATE.

On page — of this issue we publish a brief account of the opening debate held in the Philalethic Senate, the senior debating society of the college. While thanking our correspondent, we wish to congratulate individual members of the senate on their literary and oratorical ability. We cannot but hope in view of the specimen sent for publication that the senate this year will be a very great success, and that the young members who are now being trained in the great art of speaking, will one day prove to the world that a debating society is after all if not the most, certainly a very very important part of a college course. Some of California's greatest orators, Hon. Stephen M. White, Hon. D. M. Delmas, Hon. Jas. F. Smith, Hon. R. F. Del Valle, J. J. Barrett, Jas. A. Emery and others, were trained in this same senate and the editors of this paper feel confident that in some future day the names of many of the senators of the present year will be found to occupy a distinguished place in the annals of their state and country.

THE HOUSE.

Nor must we fail to congratulate Fr. Culligan on his success in the House of Phillistorians and Junior Dramatic Society. Both these bodies are at present in excellent running order and both are crowded with enthusiastic members who are aspiring to the higher honors of the Senate.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Senate.

On the evening of August 27th the Philalethic Senate chamber was the scene of an enthusiastic reorganization of that historic body. Mr. Kavanagh, S. J., was in the chair and under his critical eye the seasoned gladiators, who fought on the arena of debate during the past, proceeded to the election of officers, with the following results: Wm. Regan of Idaho, Corresponding Secretary; Thos Feeney of Gilroy, Recording Secretary; J. Ivanovich of San Francisco, Treasurer; L. V. Degnan of Yosemite, Librarian; C. S. Laumister of San Francisco, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The names of the candidates for membership were then presented and out of the many proposed Mr. Buckler of Texas, Mr. Cunha of Milpitas, Mr. J. Regan of Idaho, Mr. E. Kirk of Oakland, Mr. F. Monaghan of San Francisco and Mr. J. Parrott of San Mateo were elected to serve as Senators. Mid thunders of applause they were introduced, made a few remarks and took their seats, "rubbering" all the while at the pictures on the wall and the Senate furniture, thus showing necks which for elasticity might almost surpass an Oaklander's conscience.

F. J. Barrett, '91, an old member of the Senate, now a prominent lawyer and public speaker, addressed the Senate on the occasion of its second regular meeting. Since that time the young orators have entered body and soul into the debates, hurling at one another mountains of rhetoric and logic, with an occasional sprinkling of metaphysics, just to show that they are not strangers to that science. Enthusiasm has never flagged, every meeting is the scene of a battle of giants, and from the success thus far attained, the Senate of '02 and '03 bids fair to be a glorious one in the historical pages of Santa Clara College.

House of Philhistorians.

At a recent regular meeting of the House of Philhistorians the Speaker, Rev. Father Culligan, called to order a large and in a great measure a new assemblage of Philhistorians. Many new names are this year recorded in the roll-book of the House. After a few remarks from the Speaker, the election of officers took place.

The following are the names of those chosen for office: Recording Secretary, John W. Byrnes; Corresponding Secretary, M. P. Peterson; Treasurer, Conrad T. Jansen; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harry Sullivan; Librarian, M. R. O'Reilly.

The first debate was carried on with success and activity. The question was: "Resolved, That immigration is detrimental to the United States." After a spirited debate, promising in the future able discussions, the negative side won.

Junior Dramatics.

The first regular meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was held on the evening of August 20, 1902, Rev. Father Culligan acting as President. The election of officers for the coming session was immediately held, with the following result: Vice President, R. Harrison; Secretary, A. Cody; Treasurer, E. McFadden; Censor, J. Finnegan; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. Halliman! Prompter, C. Fuller. At the fourth meeting the first debate took place. "Resolved, That a boarding school is better for the youth than a day school." The subject was well discussed and gave rise to pros and cons, which showed that the subject had been well thought about by both sides. At the meeting held on October 1, 1902, Senator Cunha paid a visit to the Society. The debate for the evening was: "Resolved, That oratory is superior to music." After an able debate, which waxed warmer on both sides as it proceeded, Senator Cunha made a few remarks and the meeting adjourned.

A Page from the Congressional Record.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1, 1902.—The Philalethic Senate of Santa Clara College, having under consideration the resolution (S. 139) providing for a clearer understanding of the relative merits of a debating society in a college course—

Mr. John Regan said—Mr. President, I ask that the resolution be read.

S. R. 139. "Resolved, That a debating society is the most important part of a college curriculum."

Mr. J. Regan—That this is a most important question there is no one who can for a moment doubt. Educational problems are at present being agitated in all parts of this country and throughout the civilized world. That the question is in place here in the

Senate you will readily admit, if you bear in mind the fact that this debating society has ever held the highest place in the unrivalled course of Santa Clara College, that it has been the chief cause of the success which distinguishes the sons of this college from those of other institutions, because it was this Senate, or rather the training received here, that put the finishing touches, so to speak, on the mental development and intellectual formation received in the other studies.

We do not for a moment claim that the debating society is the only course to be followed by the students of this or of any other college. But because it is here that we form our character, standing boldly on what we consider the side of truth, working our way through intellectual labyrinths by the thread of reason; because it is here that we learn to apply the principles acquired in other branches; because in fine it is here that we acquire the great gift of expressing our thoughts; therefore, do we say that a debating society is more important than any other branch of a college course.

Mr. Parrott—May I ask the gentleman from Idaho (Mr. Regan) a question?

The President—Does the gentleman from Idaho yield to the gentleman from San Mateo?

Mr. Regan—I yield for a question, certainly.

Mr. Parrott—In view of the position of the gentleman from Idaho, I would ask, how it is that but one hour a week is devoted to debates, as against four, five or six hours given to the other studies?

Mr. Cunha—I would like to answer that question, if the gentleman from Idaho yields.

Mr. Regan—I yield to my colleague from Milpitas.

Mr. Cunha—Let me tell the gentleman from San Mateo that he is mistaken. It is not true that but one hour a week is devoted to debating exercises. Every well regulated class, be it a class of mathematics, of Latin and Greek, or of English precepts, is essentially a debating society. (Applause). Take, as an example, the class of English, and suppose that an essay of Mathew Arnold is to be explained. Is the student to allow every expression of opinion to go unchallenged? I say no! He must contradict, he must defend his own ideas against those advocated by Arnold, and all this is the work of a debating society. Therefore, it is not true that but one hour a week is given to a

debating society, against four, five or six hours given to other studies.

The President—The time of the gentleman has expired.

Mr. Moraghan—Mr. President, we are wandering from the question. You cannot reduce all other studies to a debating society. It is preposterous, it is absurd! But waiving this, I shall explain the object of a college course very briefly, so that we may see where we are. The purpose of a college course is two-fold. The students must in the first place be taught how to think, and secondly how to communicate their thoughts to others. In a debating society we are taught how to communicate out thoughts. How to express them in oral discourse; in all the other studies of our college curriculum we are taught how to think. Now if oral discourse were the only means of expressing our inner sentiments, I would hesitate to pass judgment on the merits of a debating society, but since there is another way, that of written discourse, I maintain that after all a debating society can be dispensed with, and still a college fulfill the purpose of its existence.

Mr. Laumeister—If the gentleman from San Francisco will yield (the Senator from San Francisco yields) I would like to say right here that he is entirely mis-stating the position of the affirmative side. As has been shown by the gentleman from Milpitas, the debating society has a wider field than that allowed by the Senator who has just spoken. It has been shown that the class-room is a debating society, it has been shown that, even in the study of an English author we must use all the tactics of verbal fence. To this let me add that even in written discourse the principles of a debating society are indispensable. Take the simplest form of written composition—the letter. Who has not had opportunities to defend some point, to establish some principles, to expose some weakness, even in his friendly correspondence? (Here the hammer fell). Messrs. Degnan, W. Reagan, Feeney and Ivancovich addressed the Senate. Their remarks were omitted for want of space.

ATHLETICS.

The first meeting of the Student Body was held in the first fortnight of the term and was distinguished by most enthusiastic earnestness on the part of all the members. None of our societies here have ever been more spirited in their work, so that this year, to judge from the number of new students who have immediately joined and the "ginger" of the old ones, will surely be the banner year. Mr. Hogan, S. J., presided and every student of the College enrolled himself as a member. The most important business of the meeting was the selection of a football manager and coach, and the selections made have proved the wisdom of the choice. For manager Charles Laumeister, one of the most popular students, was selected, and subsequent events have shown that for vim and push he is unexcelled. For coach, as for manager, there was but one opinion and that was that Gene Sheehy was the very best man for the place. He is an old player here, has starred on the Oympic and Reliance teams at their best, and as coach here before, trained our most successful teams.

A meeting of the members of last years' team was called soon afterwards to choose a captain for this year. The unanimous opinion of the players was that Will Regan, last year's star quarterback, was best suited for the position, and accordingly he was elected by acclamation amid great applause. He played end for the '00 team, and quarter last year, and has always been distinguished for his hardy, gritty work in most trying circumstances.

As soon as the call for candidates for the team was made forty eager students hastened to put down their names, and when the longed-for day arrived for the first practice, all sizes and shapes of players in all sorts of suits and sweaters dashed down to the gridiron, to return sore and tired as only one can be after a first day's practice. Among the players you could distinguish Chickhizola, the old reliable husky center, who has ginger for a squad; Plank and McCarthy, two of the best tackles of last year; Ivancovich, the dashing end, and Feeney, the star bucking half, besides Cap. Regan, who has

changed from quarter to half this year. Besides these, many other candidates showed up husky and experienced, and of these the best are Budde, an experienced half from Spokane, who has been put at guard; the Belz brothers, one of whom holds down the right guard and the other one of the ends; Graham, an all-round good man, who plays any position well, having been a guard, a tackle, an end, and a full during different parts of the season, all of which he filled very creditably; Buckler, a Texas terror, who with Castro has been playing full; and last but not least, Louis Magee, brother of our famous full back, who has, by his work at quarter, his kicking and his grit, endeared himself to us all in an especial manner. Besides these, McFadden at tackle, Politeo at guard, Aguirre at end and John Regan at quarter have vindicated their right to team jerseys by their excellent work. But the other members of the squad are not to be disregarded and it is only through lack of space that their names are omitted, as all have shown great improvement and the contests for the various places have been keen.

On the 20th of last month the first game of our season was played at Berkeley, and the long days of training and hard work were at last consummated in a trial of our mettle. We had expected to meet a team heavier than our own, but were surprised when we found we were entirely outclassed in weight. Preliminary practice showed team work greatly to our advantage, and it was certain that the game would be hard fought, with all but our own crowd sure of the success of our opponents.

It was our kick off and Magee sent the ball back to Berkeley's right half, whom McCarthy downed with a beautiful tackle. This was followed by forty minutes of fiercely contested football, in which our team work was pitted against the much greater weight of our opponents, and in which we saw the tide of battle surge from one end of the field to the other, according as our bulky opponents put us back for yard after yard, or our lightning backs dashed through the holes made for them in Berkeley's line. Time after time the superior weight of our opponents pushed us back, when the fine work of our line men would have held like a rock against equal weight, and time after time one of our line would break through and cause a fumble when they expected we were beaten. But only once was our goal seriously menaced and that was when, with the ball on our five-yard line and the first down, Chich broke through, their half

fumbled and the ball was ours. Magee quickly kicked it out of danger and never again in either half was their hope of a touchdown near to realization. On the other hand there was scarcely a time in the game when the ball was not in their territory and several times fumbles were made when victory was almost certain. Space and time will not allow a more lengthy account, and it is indeed hardly necessary, but all credit should be given to the men who honored our college by their work. To none in particular can praise be well given, for all played far above praise. I cannot but mention here the punting of little Magee, and the work of McCarthy, Regan, Feeney, but why these names when none may be consistently omitted. Let us say the whole team, with capital letters throughout. The work of our ends in getting down on the kicks was a feature that earned the heartiest commendation of even the Berkeley coaches.

The following week we played the Hastings Law School, and defeated them by a score of 6 to 0, but were it not for unfortunate fumbles and hard luck all around there is no doubt but that the score would have been trebled. The boys all played an excellent game and the only one whose name can be prominently mentioned is Magee, whose kicking was of the first order and whose forty-yard run and kick for goal from a very difficult angle and against the wind scored the six points of the game.

The game which really tested our mettle, however, was on the 4th of October against Belmont. The reputation of this team as the fastest team in California and the scores which they have piled up against Stanford Freshman and other teams showed almost conclusively that if we defeated them we should rank next to the 'Varsities, and though the score ended nothing to nothing, the advantage was so plainly on our side that no doubt can be had as to our superiority. The game from start to finish was one of the prettiest exhibitions of clean, gentlemanly ball with lots of excitement that have ever been played on the coast. From the sound of the whistle till the last down every foot was contested, both sides being forced to kick continually, but only once did the Belmonts make their five yards in three downs, while not only did we often make them in three downs, but sometimes in one, and several times fifteen and twenty yards were made. At 2:30 they kicked off to Magee, who ran it in ten yards. Then we backed them down to the middle of the field, where Feeney skirted the end for the longest run of the day,

twenty yards. There they held and we were forced to kick. Several times the same tactics were repeated and in spite of our gains, fumbles or missed plays prevented our scoring and the half ended with the ball on their fifteen-yard line. The entire second half was played on Belmont territory. Santa Clara kicked off to Belmont's right half on the five-yard line and the ball was run in for fifteen yards. The Belmont team took a spurt and by a succession of quick plays worked the ball down the field for twelve yards, where they were held for downs. Budde, our big guard, carried the ball around for fifteen yards and then Plank, Belz and Budde, with occasional bucks by Buckler and end runs of the half-backs, brought the ball to Belmont's five-yard line. It looked good for us. The play was now like a whirlwind, but we fumbled, Feeney fell on the ball one foot from the goal, when by the umpire's decision, there had been a forward pass and the ball was given to Belmont. They kicked out of danger, but the ball was again rushed up to their one-yard line, when another fumble again gave them the ball. Again they kicked and the half was over ere we could reach their goal again.

A vast improvement was shown over last game, especially on defense, which was nearly perfect in team work and in interference. Slowness in lining up and in signals is now our worst fault and that will be overcome in our next week's practice. Magee's punting was excellent and no greater praise can be given to the team than that no one can be mentioned in particular. Games with Stanford Freshmen and other teams have been arranged and victory is almost certain to be with us in all of them, and if we improve as we have been doing we may be pitted against the 'Varsities in the near future.

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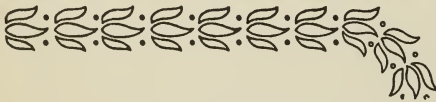
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VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The Redwood.

VOL. I. SANTA CLARA, CAL., JANUARY 1, 1903. No. 1.

WINTER.

Hark! the dying strains of Autumn's lyre
Are drowned in those that come of harsher tone,
For there in fearsome majesty alone
The Monarch comes, and awful in his ire
He looks about; springs in his eye a fire,
That gentle Nature trembles, and a moan
Affrighted breathes: the quick tear freezes blown
Gold on her cheek and comfortless attire—
Alas, how drear doth stern December's storm
Sweep o'er the land and lay its visage pale,
Or lash the cutting snows in wildered swarm!
Now icy blasts along some mellow vale
Or pleasant stream or orient wood transform
Till all the earth be steeled in chilly mail.

F. P., '06.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, THE MARTYR POET.

We propose, in this brief essay, to apply to the poetry of Robert Southwell the standard of poetic excellence established by Matthew Arnold. This great critic is of the opinion, that, independently of abstract or theoretical principles, we can best gauge the worth of poetry by having recourse to concrete examples, by having in mind lines and expressions of the great masters and applying them as a touch-stone to other poetry. Still he admits that some theoretical ideas may guide us in our estimate of the best, and he accordingly lays down two very simple and easily handled principles. We may regard poetry in a two-fold light; in its truth and seriousness, in its accent and movement; or in other words, we may consider its matter and substance on the one hand and its manner and style on the other. "Both of these qualities," he goes on, "have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it." His opinion, therefore is, and it is a very sensible one, that in all poetry, worthy of the name, two qualities are requisite; truth of thought on the one hand and harmony of diction on the other, though for the discovery of these qualities, especially the latter, he refuses to give an abstract theory. Concrete examples will serve the purpose much better.

Before applying this standard to the poetry of Southwell, we must dispose of what Arnold calls the historic and personal estimates, for in our appreciation of a poet, such as the one under consideration, we may be misled by our personal and historical prejudices, and thus, regarding the man as a hero, as a champion and victim of an unjust persecution, we might, perhaps, be inclined to give him undue honors as a poet. Historically considered, Southwell is, in the eyes of Catholics, an intrepid warrior of Christainity, a devoted victim of his own self-sacrificing zeal. Educated in Paris, Douai and Rome, he determined to sail to England, his native land, though at that time most cruel edicts were in force against the adherents of the old Catholic religion, which had, in former days, done so much to make England a land of happiness and prosperity. For a few years he labored there in the vineyard of Christ, was apprehended, cast into a gloomy and noisome prison, where he wrote

most of his poetry, and whence he was taken only to be cruelly hanged, disemboweled and quartered, according to the barbarous custom of the time. As to the personal estimate of Southwell, much again depends on our point of view. Catholics revere and honor him as a priest, a religious, a poet and a martyr, and thus, in their eyes, his person becomes sacred. Protestants do not agree on this point, for, while some regard him as an heroic victim of the misguided animosity towards Rome, so rampant in the time of Elizabeth, others, unable to overcome their prejudice, see in him nothing more nor less than a criminal condemned to death for treason.

But whether Protestants or Catholics, our poetical estimate of Southwell should be independent of and unbiased by his career historically or his life personally; and so, waiving these two considerations, we shall apply to his poetry the classical standard of Arnold. We shall begin with his style and manner, and selecting a few passages, from some of his poems place them side by side with similar passages from the writings of poets, who are undoubtedly ranked among the first of our literature. Such a comparison is an infallible touch-stone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality and also the degree of this quality." Short passages are sufficient for the purpose and in an essay like this, only short passages are available.

John Milton is universally acknowledged to possess as much fluidity of diction as any other poet in our language. He has received, for his stately march of eloquence, the organ peal of his versification and for the uninterrupted harmony and flow of his sentences, such an elevated position in our literature, so far above all others, except, perhaps, Shakespeare, that it might seem to some a little presumptuous to place side by side with him an obscure and comparatively unknown poet. Still we feel no hesitation in comparing the poetry of Southwell, as much of it as there is, for Southwell's genius was extinguished in his prime, with the writings of this great master of English verse.

Both of these poets have happily written a poem on the subject of Christ's Nativity. We shall compare a few lines from each. Milton with his wonted sweetness sings:

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean."

Southwell's poem opens thus:

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow,
And lifting up a fearful eye to see what fire was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright did in the air appear."

It would be hard to draw the line here and say which of these two selections is superior in point of movement and accent, for it is the accent and movement that we are examining; but all will readily admit that, if Milton's Ode on the Nativity comes up to the requirements of the critic in this matter, Southwell certainly does not fall below the mark.

It would be difficult to compare the heroic stanzas of Milton with the calmer strains of Southwell, but if it is true, as Arnold holds, that, from a single line, we can often form our opinion of the poetical power of an author, then we are justified in quoting a few detached passages from our poet and comparing them with lines which have been admitted to be distinctively poetical. The line of Milton:

"And what is else, not to overcome,"
and this from Dante,

"In la sua volontade e nostra pace,"
have been chosen by Arnold as exemplars of the true poetic accent, which we are to seek in all other poetry, before we class it with the best. The accent of such verse is not by any means beyond the reach of Southwell and we think that the line:

"From foul to fair, from better hap to worse."

And this:

"The lopped tree in time may grow again."

And this:

"In small things all, in all things none are crossed,"
have the same accent, the same movement, the same liquidness and fluidity that marks those of Dante and Milton, and though chosen at random, they will stand the test of the truest poetry.

Our comparison might be dropped here, but to show that this wonderful movement runs through all the productions of Southwell, we shall compare a few lines of his, written in the elegaic stanza, with a stanza of Gray's elegy. Gray is admitted to a very high

place among our English writers. "He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic," says Arnold, and this coming as it does from a very exacting critic, is no small praise. Therefore in comparing Southwell with Gray, we are comparing with him one of the sweetest bards of England. In gauging the respective merits of the two selections, it must be remembered that Gray lived two hundred years after Southwell and that the language of the country had become more flexible and more pliant. Yet, as may be seen, in point of harmony, there is no indication that such a lapse of time separated the two bards. We quote from Gray's elegy:

"Here rests his head upon a lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own."

With these lines in mind as a touch-stone of poetic excellence run carefully over this similar stanza of Southwell:

Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;
It was not death to me, but to my woe;
The bud was opened to let out the rose;
The chains unloosed to let the captive go."

Independently of the matter and substance of those two selections, for we are not considering the matter and substance just now, but shall do so presently, we again find the poetic movement illustrated in our quotation from Gray, is not absent from the stanza of Southwell.

To prove the presence of this accent has been the purpose of our comparison, which, be it again observed, has been instituted and carried out according to the mind of Arnold. We have used the poetry of Milton and of Gray, and we might have used the poetry of any other classical writer, as a standard of poetic style and movement. Whether or not the productions of Southwell stand with them in this respect, we leave the reader to decide, according to his own sense of harmony.

With this we leave the subject of style and pass to the second quality, which gives to true poetry its distinctive character. This quality regards the matter and substance of the poem, and is even more essential than the first. Arnold's remarks on this topic are borrowed from Aristotle and may be reduced to a very simple proposition; "The best poetry must acquire its special character from

possessing, in an eminent degree, Truth and Seriousness." These qualities are the poet's own, when and wherever he gives voice to elevating thoughts,

"On man, on nature and on human life."
or when he sings, but sings hopefully and inspiringly,
"Of truth and grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Such poets, it must be acknowledged are few. To find one, who in all his poems or in most of them possesses this superior quality is all but impossible. Newman, in his "Lead Kindly Light," has come as near to perfection in this matter as any poet before or after his time. In his "Dream of Gerontius" there is even a greater degree of Truth and Seriousness. Shakespeare is second to none in this interpretation of life and he who reads "Wolsey's Soliloquy," or "Portia's Plea for Mercy," or "King Henry's Address to Sleep," and reads them attentively cannot but feel that Shakespeare is, in all truth, a very priest of nature; though unfortunately for us and for him, Shakespeare has not always, and especially in his minor poems, been entirely free from blemishes in this matter. Among our American poets, Longfellow possesses a very remarkable degree of excellence in the matter of Truth and Seriousness, and an attentive and diligent study of his "Psalm of Life," or his "Excelsior" by way of contrast with Bryant's "Thanatopsis" will impress upon the mind of the reader the superiority of poetry, permeated with the soothing principles of Christianity over such meaningless strains as,

"To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod."

But a word now as to the source of Truth and Seriousness. Whether or not there are some who can find consolation in poems such as Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," whether or not there are some who regard the despairing strains of Byron as truly poetic, we are not prepared to say; but it is certainly true that the majority of mankind will look for something higher, nobler, more elevating, and this will be found in such poems as spring from the soul-inspiring truths of Christianity. Hence, in looking for Truth and Seriousness, it is useless to go in search of new and fantastic ideas,

it is useless to seek "the glory and the freshness of a dream," when we are in possession of the eternal truths, given to us by Christ, the Saviour of the world.

We do not mean to say, that, apart from devotional hymns such as are chanted in our churches, there is no real poetry. No; far from it. But we require truth. We are not content to seek ideal comfort and consolation; we want something real, something substantial, something eternal. This we find in Shakespeare, in his better moods; this we also find in Wordsworth and in many more of our English poets. We regard the Banquet Scene in Macbeth as poetical as Newman's "Lead Kindly Light." We regard Wordsworth's sweet little address to the Skylark as full of beauty and truth as the "Psalm of Life," but it is well to remark that in these, as in all forms of poetry which are worthy of our appreciation, we find nothing more nor less than a development or adaptation or ideal coloring of truths already firmly established on an eternal foundation. Truth, then, has different aspects, but wherever it is found, it is not new; it is but a new form given to the principles and the teaching of Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

In applying these thoughts to Southwell, it will not be difficult to determine where he belongs among our English poets. We shall find that if there ever was a poet in our language or in any other language who could soothe and comfort life's rough ways, one who could give an artistic coloring to the high beauty and elevating truths of Christianity, Southwell is certainly to be considered as such.

One of the grandest truths in the whole range of the human mind is our dependence on God Almighty and the consequent obligation to serve and love Him. Listen to a few lines of Southwell, which develop the idea of the love of God:

"Who lives in love, loves least to live,
And long delays doth rue,
If Him he loves by Whom he lives,
To Whom all love is due.
Who for our love did choose to live,
And was content to die;
Who loved our love more than His life,
And love with life did buy."

Another aspect of Christian truth will be found in the "Burning Babe,"

"My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel, wounding thorns;

Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes, shame and scorns.
 The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls."

Here we have in a few lines the entire substance of all that a Christian holds dear on earth, the substance of his faith in Christ.

In speaking of the minor virtues, such as resignation, patience and a thousand others, Southwell is no less happy. Here is a sweet little effusion in which he has given us a picture of his beautiful soul:

"My conscience is my crown,
 Contented thoughts, my rest,
 My heart is happy in itself,
 My bliss is in my breast.
 No change of fortune's calms
 Can cast my comforts down;
 When fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown."

We might dilate at greater length on this topic, but our essay has already gone beyond the limits intended. In conclusion, therefore, we wish to say that the application of the standard of Arnold to the poetry of Southwell has perhaps resulted in giving greater honor to this martyr-poet than we at first thought anticipated. We have compared his movement to the movement of the first classics in the language, and to all appearances he has not been found wanting; we have examined his matter and substance, and if our reasonings have been correct, he is pre-eminent among the poets of serious and truthful thought. How is it then, that he has not hitherto received his honors due? We venture to suggest on this point that though he has the accent of the best poetry, he does not come up to the requirements of the critic in the matter of interpretation of life. His truth and seriousness are too real, and critics for some reason or other require the ideal. His poetry teaches, but perhaps it teaches too forcibly for some. Still the poetry of Southwell will live, and in such poetry, because it is "worthy of its high destinies," to use the words of Arnold, "our race will ever find a surer and surer stay," or at least those of our race who are anxious to obtain this great boon.

Robert Southwell, then, the priest, the Jesuit, the Martyr, is a poet and a great poet, and we feel no hesitation in saying that he deserves to be ranked, in quality if not in quantity (for he was put to death at the early age of thirty five) with the greatest classics of England.

WM. JOHNSON, '05.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now peace reigns o'er the earth;
The Infant Saviour's birth
A thousand voices joyously proclaim;
A thousand echoes from Seraphic choirs
Roll back the glories of His mighty Name,
And all the earth in love and peace conspires
To pay a meed of homage to the King.
Here, clad in humble guise,
In a rude manger lies,
A Babe and yet, the Eternal come to bring
Peace and happiness and rest,
Glimmerings of those realms thrice blest
Where 'round His throne unnumbered Angels sing.
Ring out, ye joyous Christmas bells! Ring loud and clear!
Proclaim the new-born King;
Peal, while the Angels fling
Their glad hosannas through the mid-night air!
Ring soft and low, and let your echoes stay
In rapturous song
The snow-capped hills among,
For Christ, the Lord, our King is born to-day!
Yet, while the glad earth rings, with the strains of peace and joy,
I feel within my heart,
That I can have no part;
No peace, no rest, without its base alloy!
Alas! what can it be,
That thus encumbers me?
It was not so of yore; the Christmas of my youth
Had not a need of Comfort's hand to soothe.
Ah! me, how swift my early joys have flown!
Alas! for all the bliss and happiness I've known!
Ah! yes, for I was then
Free from the thoughts of men,
Nor knew I aught of honors, pleasures, wealth,
That now do fill my breast,
That now, oh wicked stealth!
Have stolen all my innocence, my happiness and rest!
But still remaineth hope; the kings, from far off East,

Come with their gifts of gold,
And frank-incense and myrrh, to feast
Their eyes on Him, Whom Angels ne'er behold
In all the glory of his wondrous might,
In all His grandeur, majesty and light!
With these three kings I kneel and offer Thee my love
My fealty, my all,
Oh! King of Heaven above!
Ah! now I feel that peace, and now I hear the call
Of Angels and of men who serve the Infant King,
Who to His humble crib their heart-touched offerings bring;
Oh! blessed, happy day,
With wildest gladness gay!
How can I now my heart's deep joys control!
How can I bound the tumult of the rapture in my soul!

Ring out, ye joyous Christmas bells, ring loud and clear!
Proclaim the new-born King!
Peal, while the Angels fling
Their glad hosannas through the mid-night air!
Ring soft and low, and let your echoes stay
In rapturous song
The snow-capped hills smong,
For Christ, the Lord, our King is born to-day!

JOHN RIORDAN, '05.

THE REFORMATION OF CHARLEY.

My narration begins where most stories end, at the marriage of hero and heroine. Whether romanticists generally leave this period untouched from a dislike of harrowing the feelings of the reader by displaying the fragments of so many shattered idols, or because they deem it prosaic in comparison with the events preceding that epoch, I do not know, but I shall lay aside all such scruples and make the venture.

Charley Jones had distanced all his rivals, and he and his bride were now spending the unromantic part of life in the little mining town of Golconda, where they were living happily together as the proprietors of a boarding house formerly under the management of his wife and her first husband, who had died of delirium tremens. Charley was somewhat undersized, but in his choice of a life partner he seemed to have sought one with avoirdupoise enough to compensate for his lack of it. If this was his aim he certainly succeeded, perhaps too well, for in addition to her weight, his wife possessed a firm determined will, and ruled poor Charley with a rod of iron. It could be truly said that all who knew her respected her.

At the close of their honeymoon, Charley's propensities for gambling awoke and asserted themselves with a vim that threatened to devour the proceeds of the business, but here Madame Jones took a hand and thenceforward the establishment was under her exclusive management. However, her efforts to reform her lord proved unavailing, and in his leisure moments he might still be seen at his favorite pastime.

Time rolled on until the festive winter season, when the barbecues and picnics of summer yield to indoor sports. On Christmas Eve Golconda was decked out in gala dress. Rows of evergreen ornamented the houses along its unlovely main street, now full of puddles from the half melted snow on the roofs. The thoroughfare was unlighted, save by an occasional stray beam of light from a window, but at that moment no need was felt for electric lights or asphalt pavements. The populace of Golconda were enjoying themselves indoors; for all they cared, the street might as well not exist at all, and those who did not wish to celebrate Christmas Eve were in bed. From the Cosmopolitan Hotel, the dining room of which had been transformed into a temporary dance hall, came the sound of a violin and cracked clarinet, accom-

panied by the guitar, with which was mingled at intervals the laughter of the dancers and the voice of a leather lunged caller. Farther down the street Mustang Billy's saloon was the scene of an equally enthusiastic gathering. A meeting of the Golconda Poker Club was in progress, and the light of an oil lamp filtering through the smoke-laden atmosphere, showed the flushed faces of a little knot of men gathered around a blanket covered table. Of course Charley was here losing calmly and philosophically, as if used to it. But now he saw a chance to win back his losses at the beginning of the evening; he held a splendid hand, the best for a long time. He steadily raised the bets; excitement mounted higher and higher; Charley's flushed face bent over the table. Then, in that intense moment, the psychological moment, I think they call it, crack went the door, and a heavy determined footstep sounded on the sawdust-covered floor. Charley turned apprehensively, and what he saw caused his jaw to drop and made him shrink as if wishing to vanish completely. There, bearing down on him with a gigantic club in her hand and a determined look on her face, was his wife. Before her gaze the other men retreated involuntarily; in the glare of those fierce eyes they seemed to melt like snow before the sun. Poor Charley seemed to be debating as to which was the better place of refuge, the unoccupied space under the table or a small knot-hole at the end of the room opposite the door. Apparently unable to decide, he remained shivering in his chair. On came that dreadful apparition, composed, however, not of ghostly ingredients, but of two hundred pounds of bone and muscle,—on it came straight in his direction. For one dreadful moment she towered over him, then stretched forth a muscular red hand, not for his collar, but as though changing her mind, toward the heap of money on the table. One determined, energetic sweep, and the coin fell rattling into her outstretched apron. No one stirred. "This is mine," was all she said as she turned to the door, leaving behind a group of men too astonished and paralyzed to speak or make any attempt at regaining their treasure. Out into the street she passed, closing the door behind her.

Charley heaved a sigh of relief, but not one spoke until Mustang Billy's gruff voice broke in, rousing the dazed men from their stupor. "Confound you," he cried, "why didn't some of you stop her? You sat there like dummies, and let her walk off with the money." "You didn't seem very anxious to tackle the job yourself, Billy," returned one of the others; "and for myself, I have too

much respect for my hide. I am nearly bald-headed from the night she sailed into us when we brought Charley home drunk. But Charley don't play with us no more, not in any game I have anything to do with. It aint safe for us." This was the unanimous vote of the crowd, and the prospect of his wife again swooping down upon their party rendered Charley's pleadings vain, and he was formally ostracised from the Golconda Poker Club, in the subsequent proceedings of which his part extended no further than that of an interested spectator. Though his reformation was not altogether a complete one, it was sufficient to divert into his wife's brawny fingers many of the dollars that had been wont to go the way of faro and poker.

LAWRENCE A. DEGNAN, '03.

THE WAYS THAT PART.

The setting sun in grandeur dips
Its glowing mass beneath the sea,
Yet lingering rays light up the ships
And ravish all but me.

For thoughts are mine that sadly mourn,
And pains are mine that have been borne,
From Friendship's sacred love-knot torn
By separation.

No other feels the woe I feel,
As looking on that distant bark
I strive my passion to conceal
And pierce the chilly dark:
And cloud that seems to blur the eye,
Sweeps o'er my soul, I know not why;
And from my heart a heartless sigh
Of desolation.

O Neptune, trusted to thy care
This charge I yield with fervent hope;
And should thy angry billows tear
Plank from plank and rope from rope,
And leave the relics scattered o'er
Thy bosom now in seething roar,
O, bear him to some kindly shore,
To Consolation.

FRESHMAN.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Once, a few years ago, while following the trade of a commercial traveler for a Chicago cracker company, I chanced, while soliciting in the northern part of Iowa, to be caught in one of those cold, drizzling rain-storms that freeze to the bone man and beast alike, and gladly halted late in the afternoon at a little town called R——, to dry myself and rest my horses. After carefully wrapping the blankets about my wearied animals, I shook the water off myself and entered the only store, which also did service as a post-office and saloon, just in time to hear the following amusing tale, told by a venerable, gray haired old pioneer who sat behind the stove with his chair tilted back against the counter, adding at intervals to the hazy atmosphere clouds of pungent smoke drawn from an ancient-looking corn cob pipe. What his name was matters little, but I afterwards ascertained that the events related really occurred.

"Speaking of gamblers," he began, "reminds me of one that once visited my town back in Maine some forty years ago. He came just after the winter season had set in, and started in a quiet sort of way to clean all the young fellows like myself out of the little money we had saved during the summer months. Everything was strictly confidential, and he made us promise not to consult our folks or, in fact, anyone on the matter, saying, to clear away our scruples, that it was no one's business whether we had a little sociable game or not. We were all about eighteen, just the right age to think we knew all that was worth knowing, so, of course, consulting anyone about it was not to be thought of by such wise and experienced men as we were.

Every evening, except Sunday, we used to get together in a barn belonging to a neighbor. Mr. Brown, the gambler taught us poker, and it was fine fun for the first week or so to sit in the snug granary by the little stove we had put in, and play for small sums of money, while the wind whistled and moaned through the rafters of the old barn and the rain fell in bucketfulls outside. But after a while luck seemed to go against us and in another week we are all but broke, every one of us. Well, about that time, we began to see through it all, and, after getting together on the quiet, decided that we had been bunced by our friend and that we would get even with him if we didn't get our money back. We agreed to carry out our plan that night if circumstances were favorable.

The gambler always used to carry a pistol and made many pretensions about how quick and well he could and would shoot on the slightest provocation. "'A soft answer turneth away wrath, grievous words stirreth up anger,' they say, boys," he'd remark, "but a hard bullet will turn away anything from wrath down." He found something shortly afterward, however, that his bullets failed to turn away. To go on however. We met as usual that night, and Brown, as was his custom, hung up his overcoat in the corner farthest from the stove and put his pistol in the outside pocket of the same.

After we had played a short time one of the fellows named George Maher complained of feeling sick, and, after lying for a few minutes over in the corner by the overcoat, got up and said he thought he'd go home, as it was snowing—the first snow of the year—and he was not feeling well.

After playing a little while we put the cards away, and, to be in harmony with the weather, began telling ghost stories. The trail that Brown followed on his way home led through a thick grove of oaks and as had been arranged between us we told him that this place was haunted. The ghost of a young Indian maiden who had been murdered there by a faithless lover, we told him, appeared on the evening of the first snow every year, and from the foot of a certain oak which stood beside the path, floated out and, without seeming effort, knocked down everything in its way.

When we were ready to go home we told our friend that he had better come around our way and not go through the haunted grove, but he only gave us a look which said almost as plain as words, "I'd like to, but it would spoil my reputation," and went off the other way. Before leaving us, however, he took up a hole in his money belt, he always used one, and changed his pistol to his outside pocket.

I might as well say now that the ghost yarn was all purely imaginary though invaluable to the success of our plan. To begin with, Maher got sick especially for the occasion, and after quietly settling down in the corner proceeded to unload Brown's pistol and put in place of the good cartridges, six others loaded with soap and carefully rolled in ashes so as to preserve a lead-like appearance. After this was done he wiped the phosphorus from several bunches of matches on the back of Brown's wet overcoat, and then, as his work was done, went out to await the fun.

I, or rather my father, was the owner of the fiercest billy-goat in that part of country—a big, long-haired old fellow that I myself had raised and that had scared every one around except me. I could lead or drive him around like a dog. Early in the evening I had brought this most important factor of our scheme over and had securely tied him to the oak where Mr. Ghost was supposed to while away his leisure moments. But to go on.

After Brown got out of sight we ran around the field and soon arrived at the foot of the oak which was the intended scene of our operations. Maher was perched on a limb that hung over the path, while Billy's presence was soon made known, as he was fighting mad at being kept so long in the cold. At first he wouldn't let any of us near, but after a while he let me go up and hold him while the rest of the boys joined Maher on the limb. Then we waited—Billy and I to do the work and the rest to laugh.

After a little while we saw Mr. Brown coming and when he got into the dark shadows of the oaks his back, which showed now and then, glowed like a live coal. When we saw that the phosphorus plan had worked well and with Billy mad enough to eat him, we were satisfied that our method of getting even would be a success. Billy was so white that he couldn't be seen at all when looking against the snow, which was another favorable circumstance.

When our victim got near the oak he seemed to hesitate an instant, then took his revolver in his hand and came on walking very fast. Just as he got beside the oak one of the fellows above gave a screech, that would have done credit to any Indian maiden that ever lived, and at the same instant I gave Billy a shove. The ball was rolling. At the screech Brown jumped as a man can only when he is badly scared and just about the time he landed Billy met him square behind and the next minute he was sprawling in the snow. He was up again in a minute and began firing his pistol in every direction, but he didn't fire long, for the goat, after a little circuit around, hit him again so hard that I almost expected to see his spinal column come out of the top of his head. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. Brown would just about get to his knees when the invisible Billy would knock him over into the snow. The boys in the tree tried hard to keep from laughing but it would come, and when it did they laughed so hard the limb broke and down they came, limb and all right on top of Brown and the goat. Billy decided that he'd go home after the limb struck him and immediately set off on a run.

Brown soon scrambled out of the confusion and if he didn't run across that field no man ever did. The boys just rolled around in the snow and laughed until they couldn't laugh any longer at our friend who was now only a spark dodging in and out among the trees far away across the grove.

After awhile we quieted down and were about ready to start for home when I saw something shining in the snow and stooping down I dragged out—of all things—Brown's money belt. The fellows almost went wild over this, and the wood rang with their yells. We went back to the barn, lit a light, and counted it out. There was enough to replace all that we had lost and two dollars over—which two dollars went, with everyone's approval, to buy Billy the best bale of alfalfa hay to be found in the vicinity. "What became of Brown?" you ask. Well it seems that he came back next day looking for his money belt, and I guess he saw our tracks and where Billy had run around so much; at any rate, we never saw him again.

I found out afterward that he was a young wood-chopper who thought he'd turn gambler, but that one lesson was enough for him and he went back to the woods and stayed there.

JAS. A. McMANUS, Sophomore (English).

THE STUDENT'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.—“The Tents of Cedron.”

I looked around me; there was a busy, floating mass of people; there was a bustle and a hurry, which bespoke some fixed, determined purpose, some objective point of view, towards which the restless mass moved onward. There was a never-ending, monotonous roar of opinions and contrary opinions, a tenacious claim to truth on the one side and bold contradictions on the other. Politics, religion, education, domestic economy, was the burden of their conversation. This man had hit upon a fortune, that other was ruined financially; this one was rising in power, the other retiring from the scene of political action, disgraced and fallen. There were rumors for the inquisitive, scandals for the envious and excitements for the fanciful, and so the ceaseless wrangling and absurdity of the flowing mass of humanity became bewildering and disgusting. Ignorance had claimed them for her own. Their minds were confused, their words incoherent, their very gait uncertain. It was not a gathering of college students. No! It was not even the ferocious university lads running madly about the campus. No! It was a scene in the great Babylon of city life, a picture of the world at large; it was the “Valley of Ignorance and Conceit,” a phase of the mighty “thing that wags.”

“And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.”

I looked above me and saw a yellowish, sluggish vapor, lying low and heavy, shrouding the bright blue of the heavens beyond and shutting out the sun with all its glory. It is, thought I to myself, the cloud of misinformation encircling the Valley of Ignorance. And I turned away to gaze upon the green mountain slopes in the distance and so departed, leaving the great Babylon behind me and determined to ascend to higher regions. “Excelsior!”

I had not gone very far, when a sound of steam or escaping gas arrested my attention and I turned and lo! there was a crowded automobile racing at full speed towards the hill whither my steps were directed. “Ah!” said I, in an audible tone. “That is the way to depart from this valley and ascend to higher levels, if any such there be! I must engage a seat in the next conveyance of that kind and thus escape from the haunts of Ignorance and Confusion.”

"You are mistaken," said a stranger, tapping me on the shoulder. "You are quite mistaken. You cannot climb the hill of knowledge, for such is the name of yonder mountain, by any artificial means. Those machines though apparently full of life, invariably give out just before the summit is reached and the occupants have to descend with great ignominy, because they have attempted an unnatural ascent. That machine is propelled by a noxious vapor (and mind it is only a vapor) called 'Cramming.' It receives this name from the fact that, as the gas escapes, there is a constant reiteration of a sound somewhat resembling this: Cram! cram! cram!' though on attentive observation, I found that the machine maliciously varies the monotony of 'Cram! cram! cram!' with an occasional cry of 'Sham! sham! sham!'"

My friendly adviser was a well proportioned man and wore a venerable aspect. His garb was one I had never seen before; a long black robe girdled in the middle with a cincture, whence hung a fine chain studded with small wooden beads. His cap was a strange device, somewhat similar to a Turkish turban, with this difference, that it was square instead of round on top and was mounted, not by a tassel, as the turban sometimes is, but by a small spear-head, about an inch high, whence proceeded to three of the corners, as many small strips of the same color and material as his garb. Withal he was poorly clad, resembling a pilgrim as near as anything I can think of just now, and formed a wonderful contrast to the gaudy tinsel that I had noticed when mingled with the crowd.

My conversation with him was long and interesting. I learned that he was not a dweller in the tents of Cedron, as he called the haunts of man, but had spent his life in the valley beyond the mountain, where, he said, was the Home of Wisdom.

"And why," asked I, after he had delayed for a while on the grandeur of the valley, "Why do you spend your time wandering about these foothills, it, as you have said, this Home of Wisdom is such a delightful place?" At this he blushed for a moment and then modestly replied: "It is mine to descend in order to lead others to that valley of delight. I am a guide."

"And you find such a life enjoyable and not monotonous and lonely? Have you no intercourse whatever with your fellowmen?"

"Intercourse I have, and that to satiety," was the answer. "Not, however, so much with the men of this world as with the great minds that have gone before me. As for monotony, there is no such thing in my manner of life. It is all varied and delightful.

My occupation, it is true, might seem wearisome, yet there is no greater comfort, no greater pleasure within the reach of mortals than that of doing good to others. So all my energy is spent in leading men to the great valley beyond, where they can if it so please them, drink of the sweet and rejuvenating nectar of wisdom and hold converse with the greatest minds this world has ever seen. Would you wish to be led thither? I am ready to aid you, to point out the true path, to guard you against the innumerable difficulties and place you safely on the other side; if on your part there is a willingness to work, for it is only the diligent workers who obtain admittance; and the doors are closed to the sluggard."

"Indeed, you surprise me," was my answer, "but with your leave I shall attempt the ascent, cost what it may." He smiled joyfully, and in a few moments we were off.

JOHN PARROTT, '05.

CHAPTER II.—The Ascent.

The path was smooth and had a gradual rise for some time, but at length became obstructed here and there by large overhanging crags which we passed with difficulty. We soon came to a point where the trail branched, one part leading off to the left in an almost level line, the other continuing to rise and becoming steeper and steeper, as far as the eye could see. I was almost about to start off on the straight and easy road, when my guide stopped me, saying:

"Be careful, this is where so many make the fatal mistake of their lives, by choosing that path which is in appearance the less difficult and easier of the two. And in fact it does require less exertion, but the Home of Wisdom cannot be reached thereby, because it does not rise, but running along the level country, ends in the brush of obscurity, where the wayfarers are entangled and so lost to the world and to themselves forever."

"And who are those who follow that path?" I asked, becoming more interested and more attached to my learned guide.

"Alas!" he said, "their number is legion! But I can embrace them all under two general divisions, the Utilitarians and the Talented. The former are unwilling to labor unless they receive, at the same time, some sensible reward for their toil, unless they see immediate results. When told what to expect when they reached the summit, they sneeringly say: 'Yes, but what can we enjoy as

we climb the hill?' On the answer, 'Nothing but work, work, work,' they turn away, enjoy for a brief span the scenery of this by-path, and then are lost intellectually. The Talented have a similar temptation and oftentimes succumb. Endowed with superior mental capacities, as they are, they know not what work is, and so drift into slothful habits, and when called upon to make an earnest effort, they fail to respond and are ruined. It is a mistake to imagine that any real success can be obtained without labor, and this is emphatically true in the intellectual strife. That part of the road is called the 'Eclectic' because some of the guides allow their charges at this point to choose for themselves, and the latter being naturally unwilling to work, and ignorant of what to expect, (nor can all guides inform them on this point) when they reach the summit, invariably, I might say, choose the easy path."

I was satisfied with his arguments and again began to ascend, the way becoming more difficult at every step. I was ready to give in, when to my great relief, we reached a pretty little flat, with a delightful spring of water issuing from the rocks in the center and falling gently on the surrounding luxuriant growth of grass and flowers. It was indeed a surprising contrast to the dry, barren country we had traversed, and I, wishing to reap some little reward of labor, sat down and gazed on the valley below, congratulating myself that, with the assistance of the good guide, I had made some progress, and feeling an inward complacency I had never experienced before.

"Can you explain to me, kind sir," I asked, after having enjoyed the surrounding country for some time, "how it is that the toil heretofore submitted to has passed from my mind, and that I feel as if I had been in this delightful spot all my life?"

"This is your first intellectual delight," he said, "you have done well so far, and in the eternal order of things it is so ordained that man does not labor long without some sensible reward, but you must guard against the fatal error of such as, having reached this point, think that it is their goal, whereas it is but a foretaste of what is to come. I have seen some pause at that fountain yonder for years and years, although if you take the pains to examine the inscription thereon you will not be able to understand how they could do so."

I did take the pains, and to my great surprise found these immortal lines of Pope which were written there by this great

"high priest of an age of reason and prose," when he was struggling up this self-same mountain side:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers it again."

Returning, I begged my guide to lead me on, promising to stay with him until we reached the summit, in spite of any difficulties, and again we started off.

Soon, however, and to my great chagrin, notwithstanding strong resolves, we came to a slide of broken shale rock through which the trail led. This shale rock, I may remark here, when broken in small fragments, forms a very disagreeable path, for the feet sink into it as into sand, and when in addition to this the path is steep, it is all but impossible to make any progress. I started to climb, however, nothing daunted, but was so very soon exhausted that I paused and turned to my friend, who, smiling gently, moved cautiously along through the treacherous stuff, step by step, giving the rock a chance to settle beneath one foot before moving the other. I did likewise and soon found myself on solid ground. This place, I was informed as we proceeded, was the Grade of Perseverance. As I had the good fortune to work my way through it, the remaining part of the journey was comparatively easy.

As we approach the top, there being few obstacles, we naturally made great progress. But, alas! I was not accustomed to the rare atmosphere and so was seized with a sudden dizziness, which gave to surrounding objects a peculiar whirling motion. I could see my companion no longer. "Victory is mine! I have conquered!" "I am at last among the great ones of the world!" and similar thoughts rushed through my mind, causing me to experience a sensation which I recall now with grief, because I afterwards learned it was the sensation of Pride. Pride has cast many a man down from the elevated heights of wisdom and of power and this would have been my fate, had it not been for the kindness of my friend. "You are dizzy," said he. "That I am," murmured I. "Then fall to the earth or you will be carried from this height to the very depths of humiliation." I did as he said and

after this little act of humiliation was once more able to stand erect and view the surrounding scenery.

WM. JOHNSON, '05.

CHAPTER III.—On the Summit.

And what a grand vista spread out before us on all sides! Behind us, stretching beyond the limits of our vision, lay the wintry clouds, their white and black so blended that they resembled a turbulent sea, and in fact for a moment I imagined that from some tall cliff I was in reality gazing on the storm-tossed ocean. Somewhere beneath that vaporous mass was the busy, restless city with its millions struggling on in search of happiness; the same coming and going and wrangling and discussing that I had heard but a short while ago!

But what a different prospect when I looked out over the scene before me! Instead of the expanse of darkness, I beheld a brilliantly illuminated panorama; instead of the dark clouds my eyes rested on a wonderfully picturesque valley. Nothing was disturbed, nothing agitated. All was serene and calm. Woodland, hill and river were clothed in wondrous beauty, and as I gazed on the scene in rapture, some soft sweet strains, such as ideal birds might sing, broke out from all quarters of the valley and mingling with the fragrance that rose incense-like from the surrounding foliage, floated sweetly through the tranquil air. But more wonderful still were the varied streams of light pouring from the trees, from the waters, and from the many buildings. I could not contain myself and in ecstasy I exclaimed:

“Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first born!
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam!”

While I stood there, gazing with admiration and awe upon the wonders of the valley below, and feasting my eyes on the various scenes, which stretched out in unspeakable grandeur before me, I was roused from my sleep of mind by a gentle tap on the shoulder. My guide had read my thoughts. In my staring eyes he saw wonderment, unsatisfied amazement; in my countenance a longing, a thirsting for knowledge. “Brother,” he said, “for I can now call you by that familiar name, since you have been admitted into these scenes majestic,—Brother, your astonishment is not without cause. You now behold the House of Wisdom in all its grandeur, in all its manifold variety. Few have been so blessed,

few have ever reached this valley, because man is weighed down with the chains of formality, utility, and custom. Scepticism and deceit have a close grasp on him, but his thralldom is voluntary, because he dreads the helping, all-powerful, and luminous hand.

"He loves the garish day and spite of fears,

Pride rules his life,"

and instead of crying out with the author of those immortal lives

"Lead kindly light, amidst the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on,"

he loves darkness, remains in darkness and perishes in darkness. But you no longer hold converse with such. You labored, you won, and now you enjoy.

He then showed me the beauties of the valley. "Yon silvery stream, meandering down the mossy slopes of time and leaping over obstacles, is the mighty, irresistible River of Thought. For centuries, genius after genius has contributed to its volume, and as time goes on and the number of thinkers increases, so in proportion does this mighty river expand. "But," I asked, "what mean those obstacles and sudden bends and cataracts, which disturb the evenness of this mighty river?" He smiled, and with his wonted kindness and intelligence he explained, "Brother, you are gazing on the river of human thought. You know that the mind of man is finite and cannot therefore unravel all the mysteries of nature and much less those that are above nature, still, in spite of that, the earnest thinker plods onward, conscious, though not for that reason despairing, that he has met obstacles, hoping, and his hopes will soon be realized, that when he passes into those realms which lie beyond this vale, he will be encompassed on all sides with light, intelligence and truth. Man on earth is in probation and cannot obtain perfect rest until he reaches that Eternal Palace whither he is tending. Now cast your eyes towards the source of the river." I did so and saw an immense rock like unto a multiplied Gibraltar. It lifted its moss-covered bulk high into the air and like a mighty colossus surveyed the valley beneath with imperious gaze. On its lofty summit there stood a beautiful temple. Massive snow white pillars supported a haughty dome, whence the bright rays of the sun were reflected into the hidden groves of the valley. "That rock," said my guide, "is the Rock of Truth, immovable, unchangeable, and unassailable, because it rests on a foundation of adamant, because its founder and builder is the Almighty, because its guardians are appointed by Heaven.

On its summit you behold the Home of God, the temple of Religion, aduplicate of St. Peter's at Rome, and according to the words of its founder, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." In was so in all truth, and as I looked on its lofty dome, and mighty proportions, I broke out into the enraptured strains of Byron:

"And thou of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee;
Worthiest of God the Holy and the True,
Since Sion's desolation, when that He,
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty are all aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

"True," said my guide, "all that and more is to be found within those sacred walls. Yonder temple is the source or rather the medium through which Truth and Light and Knowledge, which are heaven-born, must flow out upon the world, just as that rock on which the temple rests is the source whence flows that mighty river of thought. Else all is dark and deceitful, earth-born and therefore earthy."

"But how is it," inquired, "that but few seem to realize this important truth. They go off by themselves. They plod; they build new fantastic theories and systems by which they claim they can explain the world, unravel the mysteries of nature and do away with all the opinions and doctrines which we hold as sacred?"

"It is because man stands in awe of what he calls moral obligation, and because there is always such an obligation connected with the truth, that he refuses to accept it, and prefers to remain in the dark, rather than, if admitted into the light, to be obliged to do certain moral actions, which are distasteful to his senses. The simple truth that two and two make four, is not startling to the eye. Man sees its truth. Nowhere is it doubted. Lo! I draw a conclusion:—I say that, therefore, man must lead a better life, must curb his passions;—he rebels, he gets into a passion, he becomes blind, he says, affirms, nay, swears that two and two might well make five. Such hatred does he entertain towards moral obligation."

"Have such men ever been admitted into the House of Wisdom?" I asked. "Some who succeeded in unlearning their ab-

surditities; but while they hold to them,—no! never! They are the inhabitants of another valley, far away from this, known here as the home of Ignorance and Deceit, the abode of Dreams and Doubts. There they dwell in darkness and confusion because they shut their eyes to the light of truth and stifled the voice of Reason. But here they have no place. We honor and revere only those who have distinguished themselves in the various arts and sciences which tend to ennoble mankind. Those brilliantly illuminated palaces which you see scattered along the river bank, are dedicated to so many branches of human learning. It is there that the famous poets, orators, painters, scientists, in a word all those who have used their God-given intellect, and used it well, are honored by such as have had the fortune to be admitted into this place. Later we shall descend and examine these wonderful structures; but you must expect to meet with some disappointment, for all who are honored are classified according to their relative merits, and not as in the valley whence you came, according to popular sentiment or national prejudice."

JOHN RIORDAN, '05.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Softly the western sunlight
Casts its rays over meadow and fold,
And 'neath its bright rays the gray hillside
Gleams in a mantle of gold,
The south wind caressingly rustles
The leaves of the silken eared corn;
And the incense of newly mown meadows
Gently to heaven is borne.
With the songs of the laborers returning
From the fields to their vine covered homes
Blends softly the lowing of cattle,
As homeward the sober herd comes.
A wanderer alone on the hillside
Sad eyes on the vision cast,
For it pictured the days of a childhood
Long hid in the shadowy past,
His life recollection sent surging
With the mad torrent's force through his brain;
And gazing below on the village,
He murmured in accents of pain:
"O beautiful home of my childhood,
Where like meadow brooklets at play
My days flowed laughingly onward
And glided 'mid flowers away,
Too soon did I leave your fond precincts
To roam through this tear-saddened world;
Too soon, with my innocence blighted
In sin's inky sea to be hurled.
Now the River of Time draws me onward,
And broader and deeper it grows;
Often its snags nearly swamp me,
As steadily onward it flows.

To my ear comes sometimes distinctly
Futurity's thought-laden roar,
And glimpses I catch of the breakers
That roll on Eternity's shore.
Oh! Would that the sunlight of conscience
As its rays fall on deeds that are old,
Might e'en as the sun in this valley
Turn all that it touches to gold.
No: For memory's clouds come before it,
Transforming its beautiful light,
And my deeds forms assume black and ugly,
Which horrible fall on my sight.
And is there no path through this wildness?
Is this night never followed by day?
No lights on the rocks of this ocean
To point out the shoals in my way?
Thou, God, art my Beacon Eternal,
The sun that dispels thickest night.
Though clouds dark and threat'ning hand^g o'er me
I still see a beam of Thy light,
With Thee I am sure there is mercy,
And hoping, to Thee will I turn,
For I know that in Thy forgiveness
Thou wilt never the prodigal spurn."

LAWRENCE V. DEGNAN '03.

ORATIO SPARTACI AD GLADIATORES.

Me ducem habere vos omnes videamini, nec sine causa eo principe utimini, qui cum omni genere ferorum hominumque quos Imperium Romanum afferre potuisset, decem jam annos concertavit, nec adhuc se victum cuiquam tradidit. Si quis vestrum est, qui dicere audeat actiones meas in certamine vel publico vel privato hisce meis verbis contradixisse, assurgat, quaeso, et ita loquatur. Si tres vestrum sint, qui mecum digladiare audeant, iis agredi sum paratus.

Attamen non semper talis eram lanius venalis incultus ferusque princeps hominum etiam magis indomitum. Majores mei ex antiqua Sparta venerunt, seque et domicilia inter rupes vitibus ornatas ac nemora citrea Syrasellae collocarunt.

Adolescentia mea ita placide cucurrit, ut rivulus cujus in ripa ludebam, et cum oves meas meridie sub umbra congregassem et tibiis pastoris cecinissem, fuit mihi amicus filius vicini qui mecum ludere solebat. Pecora nostra in eundem egimus agrum ac simul prandium agreste comedimus.

Ea ipsa nocte milites Romani ad nostra litora venerunt. Vidi egomet pectus matris meae ungula equi oppressum! Vidi corpus patrissanguine manans inter tigna domicilii nostri incensa jactatum!

Hodierno die hominem in arena occidi, cumque cassidem fregissem, ecce! amicus meus fuit. Cognovit me, dulciter risit, anhelavit, atque e vita decessit! Ipsissimus ille risus quem notaveram cum audace pueritia ascenderemus montes ad primam maturam uvam evellendam ut domum puerili triumpho afferre possemus.

Dixi praetori hominem illum mortuum fuisse mihi amicum, fortem ac fidelem, et rogavi ut mihi cadaver deportare liceret idque ad rogi comburere. Immo, genibus flexis, in media sanguinolenta arena, ut hoc mihi liceret rogavi, dum omnes puellae, et matronae, et virgines, uti vocantur, vestales irridebant mihi, quia videlicet ludibrium esse maximum duxerunt me ferocissimum gladiatorem videre trementem atque pallescentem illius sanguinis conspectu!

Et praetor recessit quasi essem pollutio, mihi que acriter respondit; Putrescat cadaver istud! Nulli sunt digni homines praeter Quirites!

Ita, socii, et vobis, ita et mihi, sicut canibus moriendum est. O Roma, Roma! mihi generosa nutrix fuisti! mihi tenero, verecundo atque innocenti pastori qui nihil unquam audiivi praeter tibiae sonum, lacertos ferro duriores ac pectora ahenea dedisti. Tibi autem debitum solvam donec flavus ille Tiber sanguine tuo rubescat.

Et vos, comites, tanquam gigantes hic praestolamini. Aes triplex circa pectora vestra est. Cras enim homuncio quidam molli-ter lacertos vestros mulcebit ac sponsionem cum alio faciet de vestro sanguine! Attendite! Auditisne leonem istum rugientem procul ex latibulo? Per tres jam dies nihil gustavit, at crastino die vobis, dapibus scilicet optimis, epulabitur.

Jam vero si bestiae sitis, manete hic ut sicuti boves trucidemini. Si vero homines sequamini me! interficite custodem istum, ad montes currite ut ibi nobiliter, fortiterque pugnetis, sicut majores vestri apud Thermopylas.

O socii! O milites! O viri Graeci! Si pugnandum sit, pugnemus nobismetipsis! Si trucidandum, trucidemus inimicos nostros! Si moriendum, moriamur utique, sed sub Jove apud placida rivula montium in nobili ac digno praelio moriamur!

GEORGE ARANETA, '05.

THE LECTURE ON SOUND.

In another part of this issue mention is made of the Physical Lectures given by the Seniors in the College hall on November 19th. Though the nature of the subjects chosen was such that experiment entered largely into their treatment, and we are thus unable to print the lecture in full, the following outline of the lecture on Sound may be of interest. Mr. Bacigalupi said in part:

"Looking at the nature of sound from the standpoint of rational physics, I am fully aware of the opposition which will arise from the prejudiced and almost universal opinion of modern scientists, regarding it as nothing but pure vibration. Not only is sound regarded by these men as pure vibration or local motion, but gravitation also, magnetism, heat, light and electricity, life, sensation, thought and free will. Resting on the experimental sciences of physics and chemistry, they wish to decide all points concerning the constitution and nature of things by these principles alone. Now the nature and constitution of things do not enter into such a curriculum, and however much they say and teach to the contrary, questions regarding them must ultimately be decided on grounds above the merely physical and chemical. Just because vibrations are observed whenever any of these phenomena take place, it is not a little contrary to the canons of logic and common sense, to argue that therefore they are these vibrations. And not only is such doctrine and teaching contrary to logic and sound common sense, but its tendency, however much the modern atomist may deny it, is really pernicious and immoral; for it denies the reality of things, introduces scepticism, and by maintaining, as it does *consistently with itself*, that our thoughts also and free will are but mere molecular material motions, denies the existence of the soul, destroys the distinction between virtue and vice, and finally does away with all moral responsibility.

To stand therefore on sure ground and on metaphysical principles, we define sound as an active sensible quality arising from certain species of motions, caused by a vibrating body. Sound is consequently a quality of the medium itself, and is produced in it by the vibrations of the body as we have described. We thus defend its objectivity, and advocate a doctrine which will stand the test of the closest scrutiny and soundest criticism; a doctrine

in thorough conformity, with the physical fact. How a body can possess a quality and at the same time act as a medium of transmission of that quality, may at first sight appear puzzling and absurd: yet it will be rendered quite intelligible if we consider that a quality educed in one part of a body, may by the same body acting as a medium be transmitted to other parts: for it is quite clear that the quality of a body which in our case is sound, is something distinct from the body itself, in our case air. In other words the quality of a medium and the medium are distinct entities. I have said that sound is a quality arising from certain species of motions, caused by a vibrating body in the air or in any other body. Besides the explicit metaphysical statement of this definition, there are some important and implicit physical ones, which we hope to be able to verify or at least deduce from direct experiment in the course of this lecture."

The lecturer then established the five following principles:

1. "That a sounding body is simply the cause termed efficient of sound.
2. That the first sounding body itself possesses at least one vibration which is pure local motion.
3. That a sounding body itself can also possess the quality termed sound.
4. That there may be a number of mediums according as a sounding body already possessing the quality together with vibrations causes another quality of the same species but numerically distinct, and therefore not its own individual quality, to exist in another body, which then becomes its own medium.
5. That a medium is necessary for the propagation of sound, and that without a medium no sound actually exists or can exist."

From these principles, in the course of his remarks, the lecturer drew interesting and important deductions in confirmation of his theory of the nature of sound as opposed to the materialistic trend of most of modern physics.

REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.—In Ambush.

It was a calm, quiet afternoon,—and there are many such in Cuba,—with never a sound, save the occasional thump of a falling banana and with but few signs of life, for man and beast were forced to seek shelter from the rays of the torrid sun; when two dark complexioned men might be seen moving cautiously along the river bank, beneath the shade of the luxuriant Cuban palm trees. They were dressed alike, with broad brimmed hats, white military coats and trousers, the latter partly hidden by brown leggings. Around their shoulders and waists hung broad, black belts filled with rifle-bullets, while in their hand they carried the deadly Mausers, that had done and were yet to do cruel and bloody work. But, though alike in dress, they were totally dissimilar in aspect. The dark, finely chiselled face of the one, his every part and action, bespoke the high born Spaniard, and though his slim, brown hands gripped the rifle with nervous grasp, he was a well-trained and experienced sharp-shooter. His companion was somewhat older, a very dark, thickly set fellow, with a heavy, stupid face, conspicuous for the absence rather than for the presence of expression.

Slowly they moved along, until, when within a few yards of the county road, they paused, looked anxiously around them and climbed a tree, where, in a moment, they were hidden from view and at the same time protected from the rays of the sun by the thick palm branches, that formed their hiding place. A long silence followed. They sat there weary, the Spaniard constantly looking out through the branches, whence he commanded an uninterrupted view of the road for about two or three miles. He held a cigarette between his teeth and while not gazing out, he kept dreamingly blowing the smoke into the branches above and watching it vanish out of sight. Again and again he looked through the aperture only to fall back as often in disgust, muttering angrily to himself, "Curse fortune!" Finally looking towards his companion, he went on,—“That man was to come this way, and now just because we are here, there is no sign of him.” The remark aroused his companion from his lethargy and he turned his face with an apparent effort towards his fellow soldier. “Yes,”

continued the slender faced Spaniard, "were it not for those dogs of Americanos, I should at this moment be carousing in gay old Madrid. I should be making merry with prince and grandee, with nothing to fear but that I might tire of my good fortune." He then went on in faster and still more audible words, as though entirely oblivious of the secrecy of his purpose: "My father, regardless of entreaties, sailed to America and settled down in their hellish metropolis, New York. There men live for money and become intoxicated at the sight of gold, in such wise, that they leave no stone unturned to secure the glittering metal. My father thought he saw a chance of making money faster than he could hope to do in any other way and so staked all he had on the wheel of fortune. He would write to me and kindle in my breast the fondest hopes, the wildest dreams, he would tell me that win he must and that there would come a day when none would be richer than I. Oh! what dreams! Those hounds led him on; they robbed him; they left him penniless. He was ashamed to return after having thrown to the winds his money and his honor, and so I was left fatherless. One man in particular led my father to his ruin, one in particular dogged his every step and finally pounced on his wealth, a murderous American, named Walters. Why am I here?" He sneered as though at the thought that this question should demand an answer. "To hunt Walters' son—curse him!—the heir of my father's money, to hunt him as man hunts wild beast, with snare and with rifle, with knife and with plot. And wherever the honor of Cervantes has been at stake, it has always found a worthy champion. Oh! those dogs of Americanos!"

Thus time passed and the shadows were beginning to lengthen and their tree lair to darken, when the Spanish guerrilla suddenly directed his piercing eye through the space between the branches. In his intense excitement, he uttered an oath; and his companion looked (quickly up) and seeing him peering anxiously through the aperture, hastily pulled himself up to the same limb, and both watched the road with eager eyes. In the distance could be seen two riders advancing slowly. A great cloud of dust followed their trail. The two in ambush had been waiting all day for such a sight and now only, as the sun was slowly sinking towards the horizon, did that which they were waiting for appear. The eyes of the pair gleamed and they gripped their deadly barrels with iron grasp.

Nearer the riders came and by degrees the Spaniards were able to observe their victims more closely. They wore the felt hat, loose blue shirt, with a handkerchief around the neck, and the buff trousers and leggings of the American rough riders.

"I'll take the first one as soon as he passes that shrub," said the excited Spaniard, running his eye quickly along the barrel of his rifle. "You take the second, and, for God's sake, don't miss!"

Slowly the riders approached the shrub, farther than which the hidden Spaniards did not intend to let them pass. And now, talking and laughing, they sauntered by the shrub, when, quick as a flash, the Spaniard snapped his rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim and,—there was a sharp, nasty report! One of the horses plunged, and through the clouds of dust, the foremost man was seen to throw up his hands and fall headlong to the ground. His horse, uncontrolled, tore away over the road they had just traversed. The other horseman reined his mount, looked bewildered at the catastrophe of an instant, and seeing there was nothing to do, but to save his own life, if that were possible, dug his spurs into the flanks of his steed and galloped madly off. All this was the work of an instant. "Quick, your turn!" said the Spaniard, his eyes gleaming wildly as his companion shouldered his weapon, took a careful aim, and—again the spiteful report of the Mauser echoed through the trunks of the forest. The escaping rider gave a sickening lurch in his saddle, but just on the point of falling, he caught on to the cantle and bending, so that it seemed impossible for him to keep his seat longer, vanished amidst a cloud of dust and was gone. A horrible oath escaped from the one who had missed the fatal shot and they both jumped to the ground and ran towards the prostrate body on the road.

They stooped over it, and the Spaniard kneeling down examined the wound he had inflicted. A great ragged hole had been torn over the ear. "Diablo, a veritable thunderbolt of Zeus!" chuckled the guerrilla, gloating over his successful shot. "A punctured balloon," said the other, with a coarse laugh at his own remark. After searching the pockets with eager hands, and finding neither money, papers, nor anything of value, they rudely kicked the corpse into a shrub by the wayside and hastened back into the forest. Scarcely had the shade of the surrounding gloom hidden them, when, in the ruddy glow of the setting Cuban sun, wheeled ravenous birds of prey, emitting from their demoni-

acal beaks dreadful shrieks and echoes that re-echoed through the dark and sleeping forest.

CHAPTER II.—San Juan.

Bullets sang in the air, shrieking the death call in the ears of many, while the dead, dying and crippled, and the moaning and the agony rendered the scene one of the most ghastly and grewsome ever witnessed by man. Up, up they come like a pack of ravenous wolves, now rushing forward, now lying on the side of San Juan hill. "On, comrades! on!" shouted the sturdy American commander. "On! On!" from a thousand throats rang the reply. But the Americans needed no such words to urge them to the onslaught of battle. Death swept down in showers from the Spanish block-houses, but armed with an iron will to conquer or to perish, the rough riders dashed furiously onward. Never before did Spain meet such an opponent; never before did courage and heroism so well deserve a victory. The attack was resistless. The Spaniards wavered, broke and fled in confusion.

One of the conquered in particular, might be seen at this critical moment, dragging himself away until, overcome by the loss of blood and by the dreadful conflict, he fell heavily on the road, bleeding copiously. It was Cervantes. When he awoke the next morning, he found himself in a well furnished and comfortable room. Sitting up on his bed he gazed around him with staring eyes. Where could he be? he thought to himself, and then dropped weakly back on his pillow. Again he looked around. Who had been so kind to him? Who had taken him in charge? His wonder was soon dispelled, for the door of his room opened and a middle-aged lady carrying some cool drinks and medicines entered and stood beside him. With maternal kindness she helped the sufferer to sit upright on his bed of pain and giving him the beverage, spoke words of comfort unto him. He was a miserable man, whose only hope in life was revenge, and who had lost all thoughts of an hereafter. But somehow, when he had taken the drink, a feeling of peace took possession of him such as he had never experienced before, since the days of his early childhood; he felt as though he was once more in the presence of his aged mother and truly the one who now waited on him was as kind and devoted as ever mother had been. She was a somewhat tall, well proportioned woman, with a look of heaven on her face; for her inner peace and happiness shone forth on her countenance and was manifested in all her motions. So when she

stood by the sick man's side addressing him in his native Spanish, for though an American she was familiar with the language of Spain, he was sure that he was in the presence of the supernatural, and in all truth, he was. The nurse that tried to comfort him was Sister Dominica, whose whole life had been devoted to similar works of love, who had left the world and all its allurements to follow in the path marked out for her by the thrice blessed Mother of God. She was a Sister of Charity.

Cervantes knew this, and though somewhat docile when still very weak, he endeavored, as he grew stronger, to become more and more sulky towards the angel who attended him, fearing that she might be the cause of removing the hopes which even now he entertained of revenge,

"There's one thing I hate more than all the sufferings in the world," he said one day, when the good sister happened to suggest a soul-elevating thought. "There's one thing in this world I hate and that is, the sight of a nun. My sister entered a convent and was never seen by any of the family since. She was sent on a foreign mission somewhere away off in Africa, to teach half-naked savages."

"And you may be sure," replied Sister Dominica, with her accustomed mildness, "that your sister will one day succeed in bringing you back to your senses in spite of yourself. The prayers of one so heroic will not be in vain."

Cervantes was soon able to spend the afternoon on the balcony where he basked in the sun and lazed away the hours, till the mosquitoes began their bloody work and forced him to retire within the house. On this balcony he made the acquaintance of one who like himself was recovering from a wound. It was not long before an attachment sprang up between the two invalids and one day, after having remained silent for a long time, the Spaniard became anxious to know more about his comrade's former life. "Since fortune has brought us into such close contact," he said, "it would not be amiss to get acquainted with each other's names." "Strange," remarked the American soldier, "that we have not cleared that matter up yet. My name is Frank Walters. I enlisted as a rough rider in the beginning of the war against Spain and here I am with a bullet hole as big as your fist through my thigh." The sinewy frame of the Spaniard quivered and for an instant his eyes flashed fire. There within an arm's reach was his bitterest enemy, to the destruction of whom his whole life was consecrated. Should he strike? No, the

time had not yet come. With a mastery that displayed an iron will he regained his composure and replied in a calm, quiet tone, "And my name is Pedro Cervantes. I came out here to fight for my country, but I am afraid all is lost. You Americanos are not forced to fight. What could have induced you to leave home and take part in the hideous game of war?"

"Well," answered the American, "it is this way; I graduated last year from Harvard and wished to see something of life in its various aspects, before I settled down to some regular employment. Besides I was a good shot and the bear and big game shooting had become but tame sport, so I wished to try my hand at a more dangerous occupation. The war broke out, I jumped at the opportunity, and here I am with my bullet hole to remind me that I have had sufficient sport in this war game." He looked at the Spaniard with a smile and both became silent again. What a multitude of murderous thoughts rushed through the mind of Cervantes! Should he in cold blood run his keen blade the unprotected back of his adversary, or should he challenge him to an open duel? He feared both these means of getting rid of his bitter foe, but there was yet another. Could he not sprinkle a few drops of poison on the American's food and thus quickly and silently have his revenge? He had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that his fevered head seemed to turn, and he gripped the arms of his chair with vice-like grasp and a sharp pain ran through his body, "It is a painful wound," he remarked, recovering himself. "Yes," answered the other, "but I have nothing to complain of though. I am lucky to have escaped with my life. Bill Regan and I were jogging along the road after a reconnoitering expedition, talking and laughing together. 'My little ones won't know me when I return, all tanned and brown from my stay down here. God bless them. I often feel that I did wrong in leaving them and my wife; but I'll be with them soon.' Poor Bill! Those were his last words. A second after he was dead on the road. I stopped for a moment, but realizing that I could do nothing, made away as fast as my horse could carry me; but I had not gone far when some satanic sharp-shooter lodged a cursed bullet in my back that came clear through to the other side. Unconscious and bleeding, I rode here, where I was taken in by the good Sisters and cared for. A soldier's life is very romantic, but give me civilized life every time."

Thus they passed the greater part of the afternoon, talking and basking in the sun and towards evening retired to their respective

rooms with mutual good wishes, so far as words went. Once separated, however, there was a change, and good Sister Dominica noticed as she gave them their repast that the American was cheerful and grateful for the service, while the Spaniard was brusque and peevish. But shewas above all these little changes and differences of character, and that night recommended both her patients to God with equal fervor.

CHAPTER III.—Revenge.

It was close on midnight. Cervantes sat down at his table in the glow of a lamp and lit a cigarette. His eyes were fixed wildly on some distant point, his head rested on his arm. He seemed to notice nothing, to care for nothing, to fear nothing. At length he blew out a long wreath of smoke, and watching it gently ascend, he smiled a death-like smile. Hatred and treachery had settled on his face. He then arose, opened the drawer of the table and pulled out a gleaming pen-knife. He whipped it two or three times across his thigh and throwing away his cigarette left the room. The lamp in the hall-way shed a dim glow on the villain, who now advanced towards the room of his enemy with noiseless tread. A few steps and he was outside Walters' door. It was ajar, the room apparently dark, and the murderer heard with joy the regular breathing of its occupant; yet he listened for a few moments to ascertain if there might not possibly be a mistake. All was quiet; Walters was asleep, and the Spaniard glided noiselessly in the room. Through the open window the moon shone with enough brilliancy to give to surrounding objects a ghostlike and weird appearance.

Cervantes hesitated a moment at the foot of his victim's bed, and just as he was about to approach, the American gave a sharp sigh and turning over rested on his elbow, while with the other hand he lit his candle and began to read. The intruder had sprung behind the door, disappointed and angry. He had lost an opportunity by his delay and hesitation, and he must now advance and kill his adversary in the open.

While he was thus meditating. Sister Dominica who had heard the noise as Cervantes walked cautiously along the corridor, and had followed in the direction of the foot steps, without, however, seeing anyone entered the room of Walters to ascertain the reason for the light.

"Ah! you are reading my book!" she said.

"Yes, sister, and I like it too. Of course I do not as yet believe everything in it, but it is strange that I was so ignorant of these things before. I never heard anything about religion at Harvard, except when our professor wanted to give a slap to some creed not his own."

"But you must not be reading at this hour of the night; it will hurt your eyes."

"I merely wanted to look at a passage which has made a deep impression on me, because it recalls one of the earliest lessons of my childhood. It is about the care the angels have over us, and I remember my mother telling me the same thing when I was a boy. I often ask them to shield me from harm, though I do think that many a time they are forced to blush when in my company."

"True, they will guard you," said the Sister, "but you must now go to sleep."

She put out the light and as she was leaving the room, Cervantes saw the large crucifix that hung at her side. The apparition overcame him and in a few minutes he was hastening to his room, where he again grew angry and cursed the sister who had thus occasioned his failure. With imprecations on his lips, he fell into a short and troubled slumber.

Next morning he was unusually affable. "Had Walters slept well?" He was sorry to hear that he had not. Was it not a beautiful morning? At lunch, the Spaniard talked vociferously, touching on many topics, but notwithstanding his apparent ease, he every now and then cast an anxious glance at Walters' glass. "I have him now!" he thought to himself, as Walters with glass in hand was about to drink, and in truth he did have him as far as human contrivances can go; but the glass slipped from the victim's hand and the contents were spilt on the floor.

"Confound it! that was awkward, wasn't it?" Walters exclaimed, as he rang for another glass. "Not only the glass broken, but I have to wait for another drink, and that water did look so cool and inviting!"

Thus Cervantes failed again, or rather, it was thus that the guardian angel of Walters protected him a third time from the danger that menaced him.

CHAPTER IV.—Home Again.

The Cuban campaign had come to a close and the American troops were departing for milder regions. When Walters was to embark from home, Cervantes accompanied him to the steamer,

expressing in emotional terms his sorrow at having to be parted from a friend he had learned to love, and begging him to write soon after his arrival. Then at the final signal with a warm clasp of Walter's hand he hastened down the gangway, and was lost among the throng.

The revolving propellers were now churning the sea heavily and the gap between the vessel and the pier widened. Walters stood astern, when suddenly a discharge broke the silence on the land and at the same instant Walters' hat was struck off his head. He ducked his head instinctively and fearing lest he might be shot again, were he to stand erect, he lay low for some time. On recovering he noticed that the crown of his hat had been ripped by a bullet and that a deep hole had been bored in the timbers a few paces away. He had been shot at from the land and it was indeed a close call. Cervantes who had seen him fall, broke into a wild laugh. He was happy, for at last he thought his mission had been accomplished. When therefore, about a month after the Cuban campaign he received a letter from New York and recognized the writing and the seal of Walters he was thunderstruck, but his wonder grew when opening it he read as follows:

MY DEAR CERVANTES :

I hope you have entirely recovered from your wounds. I had a very pleasant trip, though I narrowly escaped coming home in a box; for just as we were leaving the port some frantic, who thought that the war was not yet over, shot at me and punctured my hat. A close call, wasn't it? And now for the real business of the letter. I am a convert of Catholicity. My conversion is partly due to the prayers of good Sister Dominica and partly to the perusal of a little book which she gave me when in the hospital. I have hitherto practiced no religion, but now with God's help I intend to turn over a new leaf, and my first duty is one of justice. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, a Spanish gentleman came to New York and invested a large sum of money here. Through bad management on his part and gross dishonesty on the part of his associates he lost all his money, which in the course of time came to the possession of my father, who, when anxious to return it to the rightful owner, could not find the Spanish gentleman. While carrying on an investigation in order to return the money to the unlucky man's relatives in Spain, he died, and I became heir to his wealth. Now all this seems irrelevant, but listen. That man's name was Cervantes, and although you never men-

tioned any such mishap in your conversation with me, it may be that this affair directly concerns you. Might you not be the man's son? If so, come and identify yourself and you will be a rich man. Write soon. Ever yours,

FRANK WALTERS.

A few months after the receipt of the above letter, Walters and Cervantes, who had become truest friends, were smoking their cigars after dinner. All had retired leaving them alone. Cervantes taking this opportunity to acquaint his friend with the nature of his past life, went briefly through the details already known to the reader. "And now," he said, when he had told all, "can you still be the friend of one so treacherous? Can you believe me, though once mad with the unholy spirit that held me its slave, now at last changed in heart by that grace which has so long pursued me?" The American had shrunk back as though stunned by what he had heard. Then, one moment of irresolution, and he had caught the Spaniard's hand. "My God! man," he cried, "I forgive you! May God forgive you! Here is the pledge of my forgiveness and my friendship!"

JOHN PARROTT, '05.

“RING IN THE NEW.”

Time flows from hour to hour; from day to day,
The mighty stream of life moves quickly on:
Months in the steady flux are borne away,
And scarce begun, the fleeting year is gone.

What is the past to me but one great strain,
Or void, to be forgot as soon as thought?
What memories of years ago remain?
What deeds of lasting merit have I wrought?

Yet, others welcome in the new-born year,
And though life's ways o'er fields untrodden lie
March on 'mid lightsome songs of love and cheer,
In peace of heart with every hope strung high.

To me, those songs of joy that greet the new,
Fond memories of forgotten years recall;
Methinks that those beloved ones, kind and true
Long passed from me are present one and all.

Shall I then join the gladsome, laughing throng?
Shall I too greet the new-born year to-day?
Shall my sad heart respond to mirthful song,
When all it once loved best are passed away?

No! No! they have not passed; with out-stretched hand
They tarry for me at my journey's end,
I see them there, in wistful longing stand,
E'en at the goal, toward which my path doth tend.

Thrice welcome then, bright dawning of the year,
Another step I've taken toward the goal:
There I shall meet and clasp my loved ones dear,
And live for aye united soul to soul.

FRANCIS MORAGHAN, '04.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The object of The Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIALS.

A month or so ago appeared the trial number of our new College paper, the "REDWOOD," issued somewhat as an experiment and advance guard to prepare the way for the regular magazine.

The eager expectation with which its advent was awaited and the enthusiasm which greeted it encourages us to face the difficulties of starting it on its career, and leads us to hope everything for its success.

This month sees the first regular number of the REDWOOD, which we trust, when its footsteps shall have been steadied and guided through the precarious time of infancy, may be possessed of merits entitling it to rank high among publications of its class.

The mission which the REDWOOD proposes to itself is a grateful one; for, besides encouraging literary activity, it would bind to-

gether, with even stronger bonds of union, the present students and the College, and strike in the hearts of our old students the chord that must ever beat responsive to the voice of Santa Clara.

Alumni of Santa Clara College! Let your minds turn aside from the cares of busy and successful lives. Let this message bring your memories back to other days, and keep strong the links of filiation that bind you to your Alma Mater!

If we succeed in this, the fostering of scholastic industry and college spirit, and of the loyalty of our old students, we shall deem our mission amply fulfilled.

We heartily thank the patrons of our advertising columns, and others, especially the students of the College, for the confidence and good will shown. If we consider these tokens as an earnest of the success of our paper, may our trust be not misplaced.

HON. JAS. F. SMITH.

"Glory," some one has said, "is a thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity."

The truth of this is, we think, unassailable; for real glory is the product of noble, heroic deeds, and noble, heroic deeds will not and can not beget emptiness. But on the other hand, it is equally true that "skim-milk masquerades as cream" and "jack-daws strut in peacock's feathers." Hence we find in our vocabulary such a word as vain-glory, a contradictory term, to be sure, but for that very reason most appropriate for the purpose of expressing the idea. When a man is placed on an eminence through political "pull," or through some such means, his glory is smoke, rising quickly, quickly vanishing; but when he advances through merit, when his elevation is the outcome of actions heroically undertaken and manfully accomplished, then his glory is solid, and his friends may well congratulate him, because his elevated position is honorable and his fame secure against the cross-winds of political factions.

That we regard the promotion of the Hon. Jas. F. Smith, to fill the place of Prof. B. Moses on the Philippine Commission in this light, will surprise no one who has even a slight acquaintance with his public and private career. He was reared and educated at Santa Clara, and armed with the principles instilled into his mind in this dear old institution of learning, from here he went forth to face the world, to fight his way through the difficulties of life and to prove that his early training was not in vain.

He has done all this and more. He is now on the Philippine Commission, occupying a place of honor and responsibility inferior to few positions in the whole range of our system of government. And he reached that dignity on honorable, solid stepping-stones. Whether we think of him as an Attorney, as a Brigadier General, as a Superior Judge, or as the prominent statesman he now is, we always find that he is a man of strong convictions backed by sufficient will-power to live up to them.

The late President William McKinley knew this when he promoted him to the rank of General of the United States Army; President Theodore Roosevelt knows it, and hence his recent advancement.

We rejoice therefore that an old boy of Santa Clara College, a man not less true to his God and to his religion than to his country has been deservedly honored; and we take this opportunity to send our congratulations across the Pacific to California's worthy son.

With one voice we, the present students of Santa Clara College, express our sentiments of joy at your recent promotion, Hon. Jas. F. Smith, and we hope that as time goes on, you may ascend still higher, because we feel that dignity becomes a man of Christian and patriotic principles. *Ad multos annos!*

THE "STAR" ON GENERAL SMITH.

The following extract from the San Francisco "Star," December 6, 1902, in which the advancement of General Smith is summarized, is especially valuable since it contains an estimate of the General's worth by one who has few peers in acuteness, honesty and candor.

"General James F. Smith—such he was when he left for the Philippines in 1898—became Brigadier General, Governor of Negros, Collector of the Port of Manila, a member of the Supreme Court of the Island, was appointed with Governor Taft to visit the Pope in the matter of the lands held by the Friars, and has now been appointed a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of Public Instruction in the government of the Islands. Surely no man ever gained distinction with greater rapidity, or deserved it more!"

SANTA CLARA COUNTY OFFICIALS.

Among the interesting items concerning the "old boys" of the College, which have come to our notice, nothing has been more pleasing to the REDWOOD than the election of four of these to offices of trust and importance in our own Santa Clara County. Honorably inscribed on the old rolls of the College, are the names of Bart Lorigan, James Campbell, "Rick" Pfister and Martin Murphy, and honorably inscribed on the rolls of the most efficient officials of this county shall they be. While we expected their election, because of their merits and the high esteem in which they are held, our joy in their success was by no means lessened by this expectation.

That they will be worthy officials, as they have been in the past, we know; nor do we doubt that the standard of excellence, which they shall raise, will float secure from the attacks of political rivalry, a glory to themselves and a source of honest pride to their friends.

NATIONAL JESUIT ALUMNI.

We deem it proper to call the attention of the Alumni of Santa Clara College to a matter that should cause them interest. A meeting of the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans was called together some time ago for the purpose of discussing the advisability of organizing a National Alumni Association of Jesuit Colleges. They set themselves actively to work and drew the conclusion that such a project was at once advisable and easy of accomplishment, if the different Jesuit Colleges throughout the United States would give them hearty and creditable support.

Letters were sent to the Presidents of all Jesuit Alumni Associations in the United States for the purpose of hearing from them on the subject. And we learn that many seeing the usefulness and necessity of such an organization, have already joined the ranks.

Let the Alumni of our College be alive to the movement, since it is indeed worthy of support. It will link college to college, and form over the American continent, one great united fraternity.



GENERAL JAMES F. SMITH, A. M., '78.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER AND
SECRETARY OF EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

FATHER VILLIGER.

When the sad news of the death in Philadelphia of Father Burchard Villiger, S. J., reached our ears our hearts shared more than might have been expected in the grief with which his friends were afflicted. For though we, the present students, had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, yet his sacred memory, as a President of Santa Clara in the past still hovers over our surroundings. We seem to have known him, for we have learnt of his deeds of noble sacrifice; we see his monuments in the buildings which he reared on all sides.

It was on May 20, 1861, that Father Cicaterri resigned the reins of government in Santa Clara, and left all in charge of Father Villiger. Oh, what a burden he then received; what a task to accomplish!

A debt of thirty thousand dollars rested upon the College with no seeming hope of its liquidation. But with a sound, independent, decisive will—a foresight keen and true, and dauntless energy he flinched not at the problem set before him. He studied the situation and concluded that the only way out of the difficulty was to go the deeper into debt. He proceeded prudently, however, looked over the field and framed and fitted his plans. The issue did not fail, for with the increased debt incurred to procure more substantial buildings and comforts, he received students in such numbers that his object was soon accomplished.

Too much cannot be said on the character of such a man as Father Villiger. The Philadelphia "Ledger" thus comments editorially upon it:

"The great popular demonstration at the funeral of Father Villiger was a remarkable illustration of the power of a much devoted life. Whatever conspicuous talents or attainments the venerable man may have possessed, his hold upon his people appears to have been won by his character as the faithful parish priest, the helpful spiritual guide of his flock, who himself set before them an example of holy living that not all might follow, but that all must reverence and admire. Such lives are of worth beyond all computation."

Though Father Villiger for many years before his death was a stranger to the West, owing to duties assigned him in other fields, we learn that the love which he felt for Santa Clara and California in their early days was never extinguished. *R. I. P.*

"AULD ACQUAINTANCE."

"Lest auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of auld lang syne," it is proper that the boys of past years contribute items of interest to the columns of the REDWOOD.

We are interested in your doings and successes, and this interest rests not with us alone. Your boyhood companions are anxious to hear of your whereabouts and to rejoice in your happiness and prosperity.

It is therefore the request of the staff and the earnest desire of the students, that all old boys of Santa Clara communicate to the editor news of the boys of the past, graduates and non-graduates, who claim Santa Clara as their Alma Mater.

DR. JAMES F. McCONE.

It will be our sad duty to mention now and again, the death of one of our boys, and this duty is at hand even now.

Dr. James F. McCone, a graduate of the class of '89, was called from this world at 3 p. m. on December 7th. We learned the sad tidings shortly afterwards, and it was needless to say it was a stinging blow. It was the cutting off in the prime of life of a man who in a short span had lived a great life and by his talents built himself a wide and enduring reputation.

After his graduation from our College, he studied for some years in France, then in England, and took his degree from the Royal Academy of Physicians in London. His talents were even then recognized, and the high appreciation in which they were held was evidenced when he was called home to take the post of head physician at the French hospital in San Francisco. Together with this he was professor in Gynecology in the University of California, and was held in the highest repute as an authority on vital grafting.

Towards his Alma Mater, Dr. McCone was ever a true and loyal son, who by the uprightness and purity of his life shed lustre on the name of her who had brought him forth. He was a past president of the Alumni Society of Santa Clara College, and took the keenest interest in College events and successes.

To his wife and children plunged in sorrow, we send our heartfelt sympathy.

THE PAST YEAR.

The year 1902 has glided to its close, and when we glance back on the months past, and recall to mind the labors in which they sped away, and the successes which crowned them, we cannot but exclaim: "Time thou hast been well spent!"

The progress of the students in their regular class work, the enthusiasm and energy of our debaters, the masterly scientific lectures and dramatic performances given in the College theater, the successes and gentlemanly spirit of our athletes, and last but not least the happy establishment of the College paper, have all contributed to bring this term to a successful close.

Though the year is dead, its memory lives, and will be looked back upon and cherished long, as one of the brightest epochs of our college career.

May the New Year which opens with the same bright prospects be rich in months of successful toil and close with the same reward.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Physical Lecture.

Though lectures are, as a rule, dry and uninteresting, it must be said to the credit of Jas. Bacigalupi and Lawrence Degnan, that their attempts in this line, on the evening of November 20, were exceptions. The grizzled scientist found food for reflection, while the giddy Freshman was not without his entertainment. Lawrence Degnan treated the weighty subject of "Gravitation" with the skill and facility of a time-seasoned professor. His demonstrations were entirely experimental, and the experiments were, in great part, new and devised for the occasion. The apparatus used to demonstrate the laws of bodies when falling in curves or down inclined planes was especially well constructed, and the results obtained sensibly successful.

The second lecture of the evening was by James Bacigalupi on "Sound." After refuting some false theories of our modern materialists, he established his own position firmly by a number of well arranged and suitably adapted experiments, such as the picturing for the audience the actual vibratory motion of metallic plates, and the resultant of two notes sounded together. The lectures were undoubtedly very successful, and the members of the class of '03 receive the hearty congratulations of the REDWOOD. We feel that it is our duty also to extend our congratulations to Rev. Father Bell and Prof. Montgomery, to whose earnest attention and skill in devising experiments, the success of the evening was mainly due.

The Play.

On the night of November 26th the annual Thanksgiving entertainment was given in the College Hall. The play had been adapted for male characters from George Colman's famous comedy, "The Heir at Law," by D. M. Johnson, S. J., at present a Theological student in St. Louis University, and well known throughout the Middle West for his dramatic, literary talent.

John Regan, who appeared as Dr. Pangloss, was perhaps the greatest success of the evening; but to Jas. Bacigalupi our unbounded praise and thanks are due, for in two days he prepared the im-

portant part of Dick Dowlas, when Arthur Kelleher was prevented by illness from taking part in the performance. The other characters were ably handled, notably "Lord Duberly" by August Aguirre, "Edwin Dormer," by Fred Sigwart, and the difficult part of "Kendrick, the Irish Servant," by M. R. O'Reilly. He was not a vulgar, burlesque Hibernian, but a genteel, refined and polished steward, with a brogue, to be sure, but not overdone, or rendered disgusting by vain attempts at facial expressions and ludicrous movements, such as are sometimes seen in third class theatres. John Ivancovich, as "Zekiel Homespun," was as natural as he was earnest, and Frank Dunn, Baldo Ivancovich, Ed McDougall, Wm. McKagney, John Shea, and Francis Ryan, though it was their debut, covered themselves with glory and won the enthusiastic applause of all.

The Senate.

The public debate given by the members of the Philalethic Senate in October last did not, in any way, tend to cause a cessation of hostilities between the coming statesmen and legislators. They have since discussed the important questions of "Woman Suffrage," the "Restrictions that should be placed on Public Amusements," "The Municipal Control and Ownership of Public Utilities," and the "Encroachments of the Press on an Individual's Private Life." This last subject gave rise to a very animated and enthusiastic debate. We can give but a brief synopsis of the arguments with which the warriors of the Senate tried to defend their respective sides.

The question as it stood before the Senate reads as follows: "Resolved, That any press publication touching on an individual's private life, without the consent of said individual, should be punished as criminal." Senator Degnan, the first affirmative, spoke in brief as follows:

"Mr. President and Fellow Senators: This question is of far reaching influence. It is, as may be seen, protective on the part of the individual, coercive on the part of the press. That it is important and praiseworthy to protect the individual members of society will readily be admitted by all whose interests are not confined to their own little sphere of activity; that it is important and necessary to put limits on the license of the press, we shall see in the course of this debate.

"It is my duty to state the case, as we of the affirmative side

understand it. We hold, therefore, that there is a criminal encroachment on an individual's private life, when pen-pictures or photographs are published without the consent of the party interested. We further hold that this encroachment is aggravated when a private person is held up to ridicule by the publication of caricatures and like methods, and finally we maintain that any printed article, revealing matters which the individual would wish to keep secret, is criminal, and should be punished accordingly. Nothing is excluded but such things as have, in some other manner, become public, such as crimes, public marriages and so on.

"To prove all this we reduce the question to one of right, and we say that a person has a right to go through life without being disturbed in any of the above mentioned ways."

Senator Degan then went on to give his reasons for his side of the debate, which all went to show that an individual's private character is his private property, just as truly such as is his home, or his farm, and could not be made public without a serious violation of his personal rights.

After prolonged applause Senator Feeney arose, and with his accustomed flow of eloquence, began the work of refutation. "That an individual has a right to go through life," he said, "without any disturbance from the press, is something new. Whence does he derive that right? From nature? The history of the human race is against such a claim. From the civil law? There is no such law, else why this debate?

"But granting that he has such a right, I maintain that the community at large also has a right to know what is going on in the lives of, at least, certain individuals, and, if this be true of some, the proposition before the Senate to-night falls to the ground, because it is universal. Now if the community has a right, and this right is placed over against the right of an individual, I think there is no one here who will doubt which will outweigh. That the community has such a right is evident, because it is necessary that the private life of certain men, notably of rulers such as our President, our State Governor and municipal authorities, should be made public, and because whatever is necessary for the well-being of a natural organization as a civil society, constitutes a national right. I do not understand how our opponents can place the isolated individual against the whole mass of people that makes the state or nation."

It looked a little Senator Feeney's way for a while until, after the thundering applause had subsided, Senator Ivancovich arose

and with his characteristic calmness drove a coach and four through the position of his opponent.

"The first negative has played his trump card," he remarked "but fortunately for us, it was played into our hands. He contents himself with stating that at times it is necessary to publish details from the private life of certain individuals. What are those times? When there is question of public men. He must distinguish between public and private individuals. There is question of the latter only in this debate. But just as there are public and private individuals, so there is the public and private life of public individuals, (applause) and so our rulers come under the protection of the measure advocated in our bill. To show that in such cases there is a greater degree of crime, I need only refer to the well known publications, which ridiculed the friendship of our beloved President McKinley and Marc Hanna. They engendered disrespect, they were the fuel with which the anarchists, socialists and other scourges of society fed the flame of hatred in the minds of their ignorant followers."

Senator Ivancovich continued for many minutes on this point of disrespect for authority, and confident of success, he took his seat, while his companion speakers manifested their satisfaction by continued cheers.

Senator Kirk was the next to address the Senate and liberty was the burden of his speech. "That many abuses have arisen from the publications of which there is question, no one will more readily admit than we of the negative side. But should we judge the merits of the case from a stand-point of abuses? Should we condemn all publications that touch on an individual's private life because some have gone too far? Most certainly not. And why? Because by such a sweeping condemnation we should be infringing on a dearer, a greater, a more natural right than any that can be shown on the affirmative side. We should be infringing on our boasted liberty!—(Applause on negative side)—And not merely liberty of the press, but liberty of thought, and liberty of conscience, because this greatest gift of God to man is so peculiarly an unit that we cannot shake it in one point without endangering the whole. Look at France to-day! She began in just this manner, restricting the liberty of the press, and now what a Babel of confusion has she not become? Worse than pagan Rome, she is persecuting men for their thoughts, for their opinions, for their manner of life, sending her best sons and daughters into exile, be-

cause they have been leading lives of self-sacrificing devotion!"

And so the debate went on, growing more animated as each succeeding speaker gave his arguments or refuted those of his opponents. Senators Moraghan, Regan, Parrott and Laumeister were especially interesting. At the conclusion of the debate on the second night of the session, Mr. Joseph Nunan, an honorary member of the Senate and a San Jose newspaper man of no slight ability, gave his views on the subject, just before the votes were taken.

It is not without grief that we announce that Senator Cunha, an able speaker, an acute logician, and an amiable character, was forced by circumstances to send in his resignation to the Senate.

The House of Philhistorians.

Fired by the example of the Senators, the House members were anxious to appear in public and discuss one of the questions of the day, and accordingly on the evening of November 12th, the Senate hall was crowded to the door with an intelligent and representative audience. Among those present were the Rev. R. E. Kenna, President of the College, the Rev. Father Gleeson of St. Joseph's. San Jose, the Rev. J. Ford of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, the Hon. Nicholas Boden, Judge I. Herrington, &c.

At 8 P. M. Father Culligan, speaker of the House, called the meeting to order, and after a few well chosen words of welcome, announced the object of the meeting and its program. Representative Kelly of San Jose was introduced and gained the undivided attention of the audience as he read a fresh and sensible essay on the evils of intemperance.

The debate, "Resolved; That high license is the best means of checking intemperance," was next in order and in a moment we were in the midst of things, aroused by the oratory of Mr. McClatchy of Sacramento. Mr. O'Connor of San Francisco proved a worthy foeman to the measure and had a forcible speech to back him. The other speakers of the evening were Representatives Ryan, McCormick, Haack, and Belz. The scales of debate varied considerably as these accomplished orators put forth their weighty arguments. Impromptu remarks and retorts prevented the monotony of a cut and dry debate; and the laughter and applause of the audience made some one remark that the meeting was as noisy as a Democratic convention.

An address by the Rev. Father Gleeson was to have followed the discussion, but the earnest debaters had already taken up the greater part of the night, and so our worthy guest had but little time. With one brief but impressive scene—his audience with the Holy Father,—from his trip through Europe, he concluded, assuring us that he would visit us again to fulfill his promise.

Reading Room and Billiard Hall.

For some time past the knights of the pool-table have been forced to seek honors elsewhere than in the Billiard Hall. The Room has undergone extensive repairs; the tables have been recovered, the floors and walls painted, and new tables, chairs, rugs, cues, etc., have been purchased. The popularity of this resort was evidenced by the manifest impatience with which its reopening was awaited, and surely it is justly popular. Besides the three billiard and pool tables, there is a select library containing nearly all the English classics, a well chosen stock of magazines, and a variety of indoor games. The energy and perseverance of those in charge, Chas. Laumeister, Joseph Curley, to whom faithful interest no encomium could do justice, and Rob McCormick, seconded by the authorities of the College, have made the Reading Room a very decided success.

On Thursday, December 4th, a meeting of the members of the Reading Room Association was called to order by the Director. The rules of the Reading Room were read and commented on, and amid much enthusiasm the following officers were named: Treasurer, Chas. S. Laumeister; Librarian, Joseph Curley; Asst. Treasurer, Robt. McCormick; Censors, Wm. Curtin, Thomas Feeney, Thomas McCarthy.

Social Hall.

The spacious apartment under the House of Philistorians, the whilom play room and dancing hall, but of late used for indoor handball, has recently been converted into a social hall. The wall and pillars have been painted and decorated, the time-worn floor replaced by a new one, and a large platform erected in one corner where reposes a piano "at the disposal of none but accomplished pianists." Then there are seats ranged along the sides, and a

large stove, around which the students gather and while away, in the most enjoyable manner the cold hours of the day. The hall is well lighted by electricity, and for the comfort and recreation of the students nothing is left untried.

A special feature of this new establishment is that it is under the management of the boys themselves. A code of rules has been drawn up by a select committee, and their observance is to be looked after by John Ivancovich, the president of the club, or in his absence, by any of the following competent associates: Jas. Chichizola, Tom Feeney, Patrick Graham and Harry Sullivan.

Besides the usual dancing and singing, specialties are introduced now and then for the sake of variety. A horn-pipe by John Shea, the sailor, a coon song by Haack, accompanied by banjo and mandolin, a jig by Kelleher and the like, are not infrequent occurrences. When tired of active fun it is customary to gather around the fire place and listen to the snake stories of "Pete" Degnan, the sea yarns of Shea and the hair-breath escapes of Chic, on the plains of Amador County, until John Ivancovich arouses all by his stentorian "All out," and we return to our books.

May the Social Hall long resound with music and song and the hearty mirth of the boys of Santa Clara!

The Band.

The many enjoyable concerts given this session by the College Band, have received the most unanimous applause, and have contributed greatly to that lively college spirit which is so predominant this year. The readiness with which the young musicians responded to the many calls made on their kindness, has been in some measure the cause of our football "ginger." The celebrating of a victory would be incomplete without their assistance. Through the kindness of "Fran" Farry and Prof. Buerher we were never at a loss for music, and good music too.

On the afternoon of November 22, the feast day of St. Cecilia, patroness of music, the College Band, according to a long standing custom, serenaded the Rev. Jos. Caredda, who as far back as 1855, organized the band then known as the "The Cecilian Society," and directed it for well nigh forty years. At the conclusion of the serenade a committee of students waited on Father Caredda and tendered him their heartiest congratulations and best wishes for

the future. At the request of the good old man, Rev. Father Kenna granted a half holiday, and the afternoon was spent in sports and rejoicings.

Tennis Clubs.

The Senior and Junior Tennis Clubs have been organized and courts have been put in good condition. Great interest in the sport is shown by the members, whose number is constantly increasing. A deep spirit of rivalry stimulates the plyers of the racquet to put forth their best efforts, and never a day passes without several hotly contested sets.

At the opening meeting of the Senior Tennis Club, the following officers were elected: Baldo Ivancovich, President; J. Parrott, Vice President; Joseph Curley, Secretary; F. Moraghan Treasurer;

The officers of the Junior Club are: Alex Cody, President; Paul Humphrey, Vice President; Francis Lejeal, Secretary; Edwin McFadden, Treasurer.

Junior Athletic Association.

This association is flourishing, having a large enrollment of members, a full treasury, a competent and energetic board of officials, a well stocked gymnasium, and several promising athletic teams. The benefits arising from this association are very evident. Besides affording abundant means of recreation, it induces many to take healthful exercise and aids materially in developing the athletes who will one day represent the College on the gridiron, on the diamond or on the cinder path. At the first meeting of the association the officers chosen were: Alex Cody, President; Ralph Harrison, Vice President; Alex Young, Secretary; George Casey, Treasurer.

Lecture on Color.

A very interesting lecture on "Color and Color Photography" was given in the College hall on the evening of November 28th, by Prof. Dudley of the University of Chicago.

W. V. R., '02.

Donations.

Rev. Father Kenna has lately received a treasured gift, at the generous hands of the Honorable Irving M. Scott of San Francisco, Ph. D., Santa Clara College, 1901. It is an oil painting entitled "Pollard Willows on the Alameda," by the eminent California scenic artist, Julian Rex. The painting has been duly installed in the College library, to which it is a conspicuous and memorable ornament.

The "Alameda," as is perhaps generally known, was the picturesque shaded road, of the "Salix Silvestris," Wild or Pollard Willows, running between Santa Clara and San Jose, which had been set out by the good Franciscan Fathers of the Missions, probably about the year 1825, for the protection and comfort of the wayfarers during the summer heats.

It is somewhat of a problem, at this distance, to locate the precise spot at which the great artist drew his canvas; but it is perhaps not far out of the way to fix it about midway between the Pacific Manufacturing company's present (1902) plant on the north, and the Fredericksburg Brewery on the south—looking southward through the double line of trees, with the San Jose suburbs on the easterly border, or to the observer's left.

Our best thanks are due to the munificent donor, for this inestimable relic of "ye olden times."

In the College catalogue, session of 1901-1902, p. 80, we had occasion to acknowledge, with equal gratitude, the gift, then but lately signified to us, of four superb busts, of Italian marble—Car-rara,—and Italian workmanship, representing, from the antiques of the Vatican and Capitoline Museums at Rome, the two great master-orators, Demonthenes and Cicero, and the two great master-poets, Homer and Virgil, of Greece and Rome. Not long since the busts arrived at the College, and they may be now seen, aptly and elegantly mounted, in the library, bearing, in honor, the names both of the giver, the Hon. Francis J. Sullivan, of San Francisco, and of the sculptor, Signor E. Gazzeri, of Rome.

The Old Boys.

Rev. Father President is in receipt of an interesting letter from Tom Nihill, '99. Tom is attached to the Department of Public Instruction in the Philippines, and is, we understand, newly wed. Congratulations Tom!

The loss sustained by the Church in the Philippines by the death of Father McKinnon, A. M. '01, may be judged from the following brief extract from Tom Nihill's letter to Father Kenna: "The people of the Islands, Protestants and Catholics, regret his death very much. He was a popular man with all the prominent people here. No Catholic priest could have been honored more highly than was Father McKinnon. The civil commission has lost in him a valuable man, and the American Catholics here a warm supporter."

Monterey county sends two "old boys" into office this year with handsome majorities; Brad. V. Sargent, '84, as Superior Judge, and on the opposing ticket Romuoldo Soto, '76, as Assessor. The best wishes of the REDWOOD are with them.

Billy Sexton, '91, ran down to the College a few days ago, and was at once sent by Rev. Father President to the First Prefect's office where he remained "on soak" the rest of the afternoon. Billy is winning laurels in the insurance world as the representative of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company for Northern California and the Hawaiian Islands.

Clarence Coolidge '90, is the efficient Assistant District Attorney of Santa Clara County, while his brother Edwin, '93, is practising law with no less success in San Jose.

Eugene Connell, an old student of '89, is the newly elected Auditor of Marin county, while Martin Murphy, Rhetoric '91, is the Auditor-elect of Santa Clara County.

Frank Palomares, '89, called lately upon his old friends at the College. Frank is engaged in the Department of Public Works in Los Angeles, where he is ever "at home" to the boys of Santa Clara.

For Mariposa county, Jos. Trabucco, '90, was recently elected Superior Judge, and Charlie Vicini, Freshman, '88, was re-elected District Attorney of Amador county.

Wm. Magee, captain of our '99 and '01 football team, now a star player on the Stanford 'Varsity teams, spent several days with us as a guest of the College.

Phil Lynch, Rhetoric, '90, one of the most popular of the "old boys," is the honored Mayor of his native city, Vallejo.

THE REDWOOD. IN THE LIBRARY.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The December number of "Success" contains an interesting article from the pen of the distinguished author of "The American Commonwealth," the Right Honorable James Bryce, M. P.

While we might commend much that is said in this article, there is much too that needs correction or qualification. We notice with particular regret a statement concerning the principles on which the very foundations of a state rest. The statement referred to is expressed in the article in these words: "The United States has made many contributions to the principles of good government, but none greater than that which was made when the federal constitution proclaimed the absolute disconnection of religion from the civil government, and when the several states of the union got rid of such connection as their respective laws had recognized."

This leads us to infer that the author advocates the total separation of Church and State, and while conceding that in the present condition of things in the United States it is probably best, we cannot admit the principle in the abstract. And this because such a principle, in violation of sound reason, denies the sovereign character of the Church, and because it leads to that Political Atheism with which the world is now everywhere threatened, and which is as repugnant to reason as is that private Atheism from which Mr. Bryce himself would shrink.

Before proceeding further, let us first clearly define our position and establish a footing. We hold that Church and State are two powers ruling over two different divisions of government; the former being concerned with the spiritual element, the latter with the temporal. Each power is supreme in its own dominion, the State being entirely free to legislate according to justice in regard to matters purely civil, while the Church has absolute control over the spiritual side of government. Neither may interfere in the other's decisions concerning the affairs of its own proper sphere. But in mixed matters, i. e. those which partake of both the civil and spiritual it is clear that both should enter, and if so, does it not seem logical enough that the lower power should be subordinated to and guided by the higher? Now no one can deny that the supernatural is higher than the merely natural.

To come now to our first reason, that the principle of absolute separation denies the sovereign character of the Church. First of all, let us suppose that the Church exists in a nation. If it does, it must exist in one of two ways, sovereignly, or subordinated to the State. If the principle of separation holds, it can exist in neither way; not sovereignly, because it would then be sovereign in the supernatural order, and therefore, as the lower should be subordinated to the higher, could justly claim in matters not purely civil the subordination of the State. Nor can it exist subordinated to the State, for we should then have the monstrosity of order inverted, of the higher power ruled by the lower, or the domination of the supernatural by the natural.

The separation which Mr. Bryce seems to advocate leads moreover to Political Atheism. We will start with the definition of Political Atheism. By Political Atheism we understand the refusal of the State to recognize the existence of God and to practise His worship. This must certainly follow on the separation of the Church and State; for the State must then admit the practice of no form of divine worship. Certainly not a false form; and it is equally certain that it will exclude the true one, since the true worship must be practised under the direction of a true guide, which is the Church. Thus we conclude that separation which is not Political Atheism is no separation.

That the Union of Church and State has always resulted disastrously, which is the one trace of argument that we can discover in Mr. Bryce's remarks on this point, we emphatically deny. It is true that unscrupulous monarchs have for policy's sake and the furtherance of their own selfish designs, patronized the Church, and brought confusion on the State, but such false bottomed alliances were far from being the true union of the time of Constantine the Great, or, in our own times, that which existed in Equador during the administration of Garcia Moreno. These were certainly unions and far from unfortunate for the State and for Religion.

The Church and State are sovereign factors cooperating for the welfare of mankind. The State labors for the temporal prosperity of the race; the Church, for the supernatural and eternal: and as man in tending to that high end toward which he travels, must, if he act reasonably, shape the actions of time, so that they may live unto eternity, even so the actions of the State, which are but the public and civil actions of mankind, and, consequently, the State itself,

must be conformed to that power by which man's spiritual and supernatural actions are governed.

L. V. DEGNAN, '03,

LIFE OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

BY REUBEN GOLD THWAITES, D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Every student of United States history, who is anxious to know the truth about men and things, will find this life of Pere Marquette at once interesting and instructive.

It is a detailed account of the labors and travels of one of the few bold explorers who, in years past, marched fearlessly into the heart of the wilderness vast and wild, mapped out the streams and fertile lands, and gave a scientific account of their travels, while performing as none others have performed the difficult task of Christianizing and elevating to the plane of civilization the savages of the West. The United States government pays handsome sums of money to men engaged in geodetical and other surveys even at the present day, and it is, therefore, but just that every citizen of this country should pay a meed of praise to the glorious pioneer of the middle west whose life is now before the public, written by one whose erudition and conscientious diligence is fully equalled by his fairness.

But whatever may be our praise for Father Marquette as an explorer, and it is as an explorer that Mr. Thwaites has treated the famous Jesuit, we shall always find more to admire and revere in him, as an intrepid warrior of Christianity, a bold apostle of Christ, whose parish was the forest, whose only reward was the hope of doing good, and whose latest breath was breathed for his fellow men.

JOHN GILDART.

AN HEROIC POEM; BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN. WM. H. YOUNG & CO.
27 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Epic poetry is so exacting in its details, so all but superhuman in its completion, that few have attempted to soar so high, and then only after years of success in other departments of poetry. It was

not therefore, without serious misgivings that we opened the neat little volume of M. E. Henry-Ruffin entitled "John Gildart, An Heroic Poem." We did not think that the author would or that it was necessary that she should "soar high o'er the Ionian mount." We were resolved to content ourselves with a plot and characters and scene painting, which might be above the ordinary. We were not a little surprised, therefore, to find a flow of diction, simple, polished and poetic, a characterization at once real and pathetic, and interest from start to finish hardly ever surpassed.

The story of the poem may be briefly told. John Gildart, a Virginian by birth, leaves his parents, wife and only child in answer to the call of his native state, for Confederate soldiers. He fights nobly and fearlessly until hearing that his wife is in distress he goes to her assistance. Returning to camp he is shot as a deserter and is about to be buried when his wife appears on the scene, and obtains leave to carry away the corpse and bury it among the family dead.

Not a few scenes, notably the departure of John from all that he holds dear on earth, are suggestive of Homeric passages, and the pathos running throughout the poem is at once poetic and well directed.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. W. H. O'CONNELL, D. D. PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, Maine, has given a very valuable contribution to our Catholic pedagogical literature. His essay, lucid in style, and clear-cut in argument, deserves to stand with Father Brosnahan's "Reply to President Eliott of Harvard," and Father Campbell's masterly defense of Catholic education.

After showing that the real object of a college education is to form the man, and that it is not mere scholarship which does this, "but that complex something called character; the trained intelligence guided and energized by the strong will, and both illumined and strengthened respectively by Divine Grace,"—he goes on to examine the various systems of to-day, showing that outside the Catholic college there is no such character building possible, unless it be done independently or in spite of the college course. His proof of

this is that the non-Catholic system of education is based on hypothesis, and though the theoretical tides rise and fall, and tire themselves in incessant motion, though the thunder sound in our ears; the result of it all is doubt, only doubt and despair. Yet this hollow education is foisted upon us in rivalry of the "unified, organic, co-ordinate, Christ-founded, Catholic system."

The entire essay is replete with reasons for the position taken by the learned prelate, and is, as we stated above, a valuable contribution to the literature that for the last few years has been advocating Christian education, the thorough and harmonious development of soul and body.

THE "DOMINICANA."

In the present number of our neighbor, the "Dominicana," we find much to commend. In the opening article on "The French Realistic and Naturalistic Romance" Dr. Mooney reviews the representative authors of French fiction from Balzac to Zola. While vindicating the private life of Honori Balzac "who was," he claims, "a man exceptionally correct, always by word and example favoring purity of life," he is forced to confess that unfortunately the pen of the eminent author was less chaste than his life.

Gustave Flaubert, Edmund and Jules Concourt receive at his hands an unlimited condemnation as men of little talent and no imagination, who, by appealing to the lower passions of their countrymen attained a certain amount of dirty literary renown.

No one acquainted with the recent history of France can fail to see that such men and such writings are the secret of her moral deterioration. That she is not even more degraded can only be accounted for by the fact that the Catholic church, whose singular boast it has ever been, that she has preserved her children pure and chaste, is still truggling to keep the nation out of the mire. The recent expulsion of the Religious Orders, those congregations of Virgins and Apostles o Christ, will undoubtedly sink France to a still greater depth of degradation,—but

"The two-handed Engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more."

The sweet little effusion of Maurice Francis Egan is as poetical as it is touching, and, in all truth an apt and worthy tribute to Mary Immaculate. The idea is unique. We are accustomed to gather jewels for Mary's crown, from the smiling fields of May, but here

the poet sees in the bleakness of cold December symbolic images of the stainlessness of the great Mother of God.

“O moon, O symbol of our Lady’s whiteness;
O snow, O symbol of our Lady’s heart;
O night, chaste night, bedecked with argent brightness,
How sweet, how bright, how loving kind thou art.”

Into the “Old Mission Bells” Kathryn Wallace has breathed the spirit of the pure old Mission times, when the reign of God was over our sunlit valleys and the Padres gathered their little flocks at sunset only to find that the purity of soul with which they had begun their day was still undefiled at eve. Old Santa Clara boys will have no difficulty in bearing testimony to the fidelity and truth of such lines as

“When the bells’ sweet, mystic music floats in from the silent past
And in the twilight shadows blends softly with the blast.”

Surely there is a world of poetry and romance in those old Mission days and the poet has caught something from its fountain-head in the verses before us.

ATHLETICS.

Rah! rah! rah! etc.,
Santa Clara-a-a-a!

The football season of '02 it now over and a glorious one it certainly was. Only one touch-down was scored against us, and that by the big 'Varsity eleven of Stanford, who, though out-classing us in age, weighs and experience, were forced to use all their strength and tactics to cross our line but once. We cannot give sufficient praise to the steady little team that forced Lowell, Lick, and several other football aggregations to draw out of games arranged with us, that defeated the Stanford Freshmen, and Hasting's Law College, and tied with the advantage manifestly in their favor, the Berkeley Freshmen and Belmont. But while praising the team, we must remember that all the glory is principally due to the "big three," on whom the success of the season depends. The mutual co-operation and enthusiastic earnestness of Coach Gene Sheehy, Captain Will Regan and Manager Chas. Laumeister were such that success could not but be ours, and success is ours. We are now at the end of the season with big hearts and, perhaps, heads. But it is a very debatable question whether we have not almost a reason for the latter, as the detailed account of the season's work which we subjoin will show.

Berkeley Freshmen vs. S. C. C.

The weeks of practice preparatory to the game with Berkeley put our boys in good trim and so they fearlessly lined up against the blue and gold warriors, though these were heavier by many pounds. Little Magee began the fun by kicking off to Berkeley's five-yard line and McCarthy continued the good work by a splendid tackle which brought Berkeley to a standstill somewhere in the neighborhood of their ten-yard line. The ball oscillated to and fro during the entire game, though several times our opponents made big gains on us. But this served only to fire our men and boldly they withstood further advance. Only once was our goal threatened. The ball was on the five-yard line and in Berkeley's possession. It is natural for man to do wonders when hard pushed, and so Chick, with all his wonted energy, broke through

the line, caused a fumble and the ball was ours. When Magee kicked it down the field it remained out of danger for the rest of the game; that is as far as our goal was concerned, for on several occasions the Berkeley rooters were forced to stand on tip-toes in the fever of excitement when we marched down the field resistless. But this was our first game and, notwithstanding our evident advantage, fumbles, the usual characteristic of the early season, kept us from disturbing the symmetry of the score 0-0.

Hastings Law School vs. S. C. C.

The football team that came down from Hastings' was, perhaps, with the exception of Stanford 'Varsity, the most formidable contingent we met with. O'Toole and several other 'Varsity players, Frank Lawler and Ed Cosgriff, two old Santa Clara stars (we won't say of what magnitude, because they would think it flattery), and the rest proportionately famous in football circles, appeared on the gridiron in terrible array. "They won't do a thing to us," whispered little Jack Costello to his neighbor. "Well, I bet they won't," was the confident reply as the whistle blew and the work began.

It was rich to see the college lads, buck those future lawyers. End runs, straight bucks, cross bucks and a variety of plays interested the spectators. In less than ten minutes we crossed our opponent's line for a touch-down! No, for a fumble. The ball was taken out and kicked and we had to begin all over again, so that the first part of the game was passed in trying to regain what our tumble lost.

The second half was more favorable, and young Magee, by a forty-yard run, made the only touch-down of the day, and kicked the goal against a strong wind and from a very awkward angle, giving us six points against Hasting's nothing.

Belmont vs. S. C. C.

The ball was sent into our little quarter's arms at just 2:40 p. m. He ran it in ten yards, and our men began to batter the Belmont people frightfully. Tom Feeney seemed to spoil it all by a twenty-yard run, which far from discouraging Belmont, urged them on to more determined resistance and they forced us to punt. The ball was not very long in their possession, however, just for

three downs; but the third down is always a desperate one and Belmont punted desperately, as far back as our forty-yard line, in the vicinity of which it changed hands several times, but was being worked gradually towards the goal, for when the whistle blew we had already reached Belmont's fifteen-yard line.

In the beginning of the second half Belmont rallied angrily, held the ball for about seven downs, and made some pretty gains, bringing the scene of action towards the center of the field where they were held. Then awoke the spirit of old S. C. C. and in a few minutes the ball was carried by Budde and Belz down to within ten yards of victory, when there was a moment's pause and then a run around left end for nine yards by Thos. Feeney. —And oh, the shouts that rent the air! But they did not last long, for the ball was carried back and given to Belmont, as the umpire decided that it was a "forward pass." Belmont kicked and we again carried the ball to their fifteen-yard line. A fumble, another kick by Belmont, another dash forward by S. C. C., and the whistle forced us to leave the ball within five yards of our opponent's goal and retire with a score of 0 to 0.

Stanford Freshman vs. S. C. C.

It was not till the week preceding the game with Stanford Freshmen that our boys attained that perfection of individual and team work, that has given to Santa Clara the best team of its size in California. Fired with a desire of revenge for last year's defeat our boys entered in the game at Palo Alto with a vim and a rush which carried all things before them to a glorious victory. It was our kick off and Magee sent the ball to his big brother Will, our last year's full back and Captain, but Will was downed almost in his tracks. After some small gains Stanford fumbled the ball and we began the slaughter. In a few minutes it traveled from our twenty yard line to within fifteen yards of Stanford goal, where Magee tried a drop kick. He missed; Stanford kicked from the twenty yard line and again, after a series of charges by Buckler and Plank, and some beautiful end runs by Feeney and W. Regan, we again tried a drop. The ball was fumbled and secured by Stanford. They again sent it down the field and for the third time we approached the coveted line; but time was called when but one yard would have given us victory.

Gene Sheehy, between acts, gave his last instructions, and

we entered on the second half full of confidence and "ginger."

Feeney was particularly effective, butting the line in true "locomotive style." The ball was soon in the touch-down vicinity, where we were held twice, but on the third down, big Graham crossed the line; the goal was kicked, and the score was 6-0.

Again we gained on our opponents and once more tried, and this time successfully for a field goal. The ball sailed squarely between the bars and forced the Stanford rooters to shout their enthusiastic applause.

The ball was kicked off for the third time, but was soon carried up to the twenty-five yard line, where young Regan took the place of Magee. A fumble prevented another touch-down, but gave McFadden an opportunity to block a kick, just as the whistle blew, leaving us a score of 11 to 0.

Stanford Varsity vs. S. C. C.

"What do your players feed on?" asked old Dad Moulton, the Stanford trainer, as manager Laumeister, smiling vigorously, walked off the gridiron, after the big game with Stanford 'Varsity. "Oh! nothing in particular," was the answer. "They have no special diet, no fixed rules, but those that are common to all the students at Santa Clara." "Well, well, well! I never saw a team in better condition in all my experience as a trainer," was all the faithful old Doctor, who has been in the business for twenty-five years, could say. That he had reason to wonder at our condition may be seen at a glance over the details of the game.

On the kick off Graham ran the ball in for fifteen yards, when a fake play from full to half advanced it three yards more. After some unsuccessful attempts at bucking, we were forced to punt, but the compact interference of Stanford brought the ball almost to the punting point. Here they were held for downs, and again Magee was forced to kick. A long run by Tarpey and a successful attempt around our end made things look a little shaky for S. C. C. In three downs our opponents carried the ball five yards, so that they had but two to go. "A buck by McGilvray will do the work," they thought. But it didn't, though he had the weight of his team to back him. Another attempt was made on our right guard and tackle, but in vain. Again McGilvray was given the ball. There was a moment of swaying and pushing and a fumble. By a very close decision, the ball was given to McGilvray just

three inches over the line. It required just three downs to make two yards, and if ever our men forget it the Stanford people will not. If Chichizola had been there (he had been unexpectedly called away and left us weakened), but it is useless to cry now. The goal was kicked and Stanford had the lead—6 to 0.

The greater part that now remained of the first half was devoted to kicking on either side, except the last few minutes, during which our men rallied, and in eight plays made forty yards.

During the second half, encouraged by the last few minutes' play of the first, our men succeeded in shutting out the giant 'Varsity men. True they came very near the goal on one occasion, but were held and lost the ball. After a series of losses and gains, Stanford thought that they might possibly make a field goal, but Tarpey's aim was bad and time was called.

All we heard on the bleachers about dress-makers, and basket ball players, though spoken by Stanford rooters against their team, was taken as a compliment to us rather than a "call-down" to them. How could they have done better when lined up against Feeney, Graham, Wm. Regan, Plank, Politio, McFadden, McCarthy, Budde, Big Belz and Little Belz, John Ivancovich, Aguirre and Hubbard. If they tried our line Budde and McCarthy were there, if they tried the other side they were stopped by Plank and Belz, if they tried an end run Ivancovich or Aguirre would down them in a moment, and if through some unforeseen accident they escaped all these, Wm. Regan, Graham and Feeney were there with the bells. Magee never had much to do on the defensive, because his territory was not usually the field of action.

The Individual Players,

To do justice to the individual merits of the players is no easy task, but we shall endeavor, without prejudice or partiality, to state what we consider the general opinion of the yard.

It seems natural to begin with Chicizola, the steady, old reliable center. Never, during his two years of foot-ball life has he met the man who could force him from his place in the line. He is always one of the first to run down the field on kicks, a sure man in passing the ball to quarter and full, and as true a fellow as Amador can boast of.

Our Guards, Big Belz and Budde, formed with Chichizola a

mighty breastwork against all attacks. The former was perhaps the better on the defense, while the latter's interference and skill in running out of the line with the ball, evened up matters.

Plank, the star tackle of last year, again officiated at that place, and while his work on defense was gilt-edged, his plunges through the line when called upon were always effective. In his game against Sprott, who starred in the Berkeley-Stanford game, he undoubtedly had the better of the argument.

McCarthy, the other tackle, added to good, defensive work a lightning speed in getting down on punts and kick-offs and so saved yards upon yards for his team.

As ends we had three very good men, Ivancovich, Belz and Aguirre. Of these Ivancovich, for his knowledge of the game and his speed in running, was perhaps the best. The other two played steady ball and stopped many an end run.

Our halves, Feeney and Captain Regan, played spectacular ball throughout the season. Feeney's end-running was perfection, his dodging power was an enigma, his bucking resistless. Regan's work, in interference and defense, was as good as any on the team; but it is as captain that he will be remembered by all whose good fortune it was to play under him. To his vigilance and firmness the perfection attained by his men was largely due. Woe to the man whom Will caught in the tan-bark on his prefecting rounds!

Our position as full was alternately given to Buckler and Graham and both gave entire satisfaction, bucking low and hard, giving heady interference, backing up the line and carrying the ball on punts.

But all these sterling qualities would have been partly ineffective, had not our little quarter Magee displayed a degree of head-work and artistic playing that has had the admiration of all who met us on the gridiron. His punting and his goal kicking with his agility in dodging all obstacles, and his accuracy in passing the ball made him undoubtedly the equal of any man on the team.

Prominent among our "subs" were Hubbard, Politeo, McFadden, Castro and John Regan, if indeed they can be called "subs," for all of them played in more than half the games and have received the College monogram.

Our Second Team.

The Junior football team is not without its laurels. It defeated all the high schools in the vicinity and could secure no match with other teams. Kelleher, Sigwart, Hubart, McClatchy, Smith, Schmitz and the rest played steady ball throughout the season and deserve a great deal of praise for their work. The little team has accumulated as many as thirty-seven points from the neighboring high schools and has not allowed a single point to be gained by opposing teams. It is certainly a clean record, and the men who made it are worthy aspirants for positions on the 'Varsity team next year.

Base Ball.

The outlook for baseball in the coming season is very bright.

Joe Corbett, the star pitcher of the National League in '97, has been secured to take charge of the team. It was he who coached our '98 team, which after having won the Collegiate championship of the coast and defeated the winners of the pennant in the California League by a score of 6 to 1, was conceded to be the best team in the state. This is a sufficient encomium of Mr. Corbett as a drill-master in the art of baseball.

Add to this that "Fran" Farry, our brilliant little shortstop for the past two years, has been elected captain, and that several of the old team are back, besides an amount of good new material, and it is certain that Santa Clara's nine of '03 will keep up her reputation of possessing the best amateur team in California. The best wishes of the REDWOOD are with you, boys.

Already the preliminary practice has begun and the gradual sorting out of the best material is progressing. Picked teams are constantly playing outsiders and generally piling up scores to their credit. Merle, Feeney, Sullivan and Capt. Farry are showing up in fine style, and there are good chances of several others of last year's team returning after Christmas. With such men as Ivancovich, Jones, Kelleher, Sigwart, Budde, Ryan and others, our trusty coach will have to use all his skill in selecting.

THE REDWOOD

Pettijohns

Breakfast Gem



MADE FROM THE
CHOICEST WHEAT

It is and has been the Standard Breakfast Food for a
Quarter of a Century.

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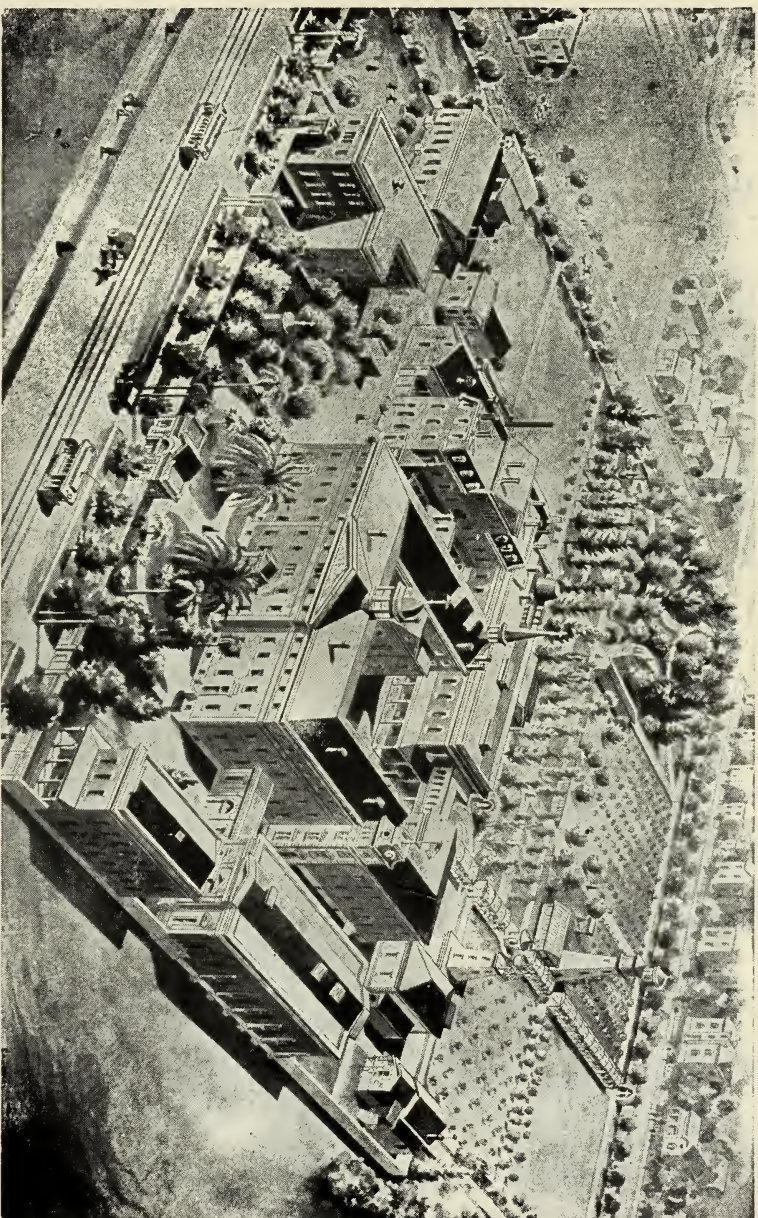
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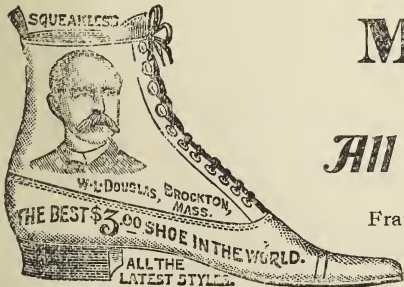
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OUTER GARDEN, SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The Redwood.

VOL. I. SANTA CLARA, CAL., FEBRUARY 1, 1903. No. 2

THE END OF TIME.

*When the last day's autumnal shadows grow
Along the universal face of things;
And the dead sun sinks, with Death's responsive glow
Into that Night whose awful coming brings
Despair, pain, wild and hopeless shudderings;
And the long dead Past with clamor shall arise,
Then 'mid the lightnings and the thunderings
A mighty voice shall rend the blackened skies,
And the Resurrection's dawn unfold its mysteries.*

Gophomore, '02

MILTON'S INSPIRATION.

The name of John Milton has been so frequently linked with the Protestant Reformation, that it might seem to some not a little precarious to attempt at this distant day to separate the one from the other. Milton, as we know him, with all his force, sublimity and harmony, is, we are frequently reminded, the product of that great movement, which originating in Germany, under the guiding influence of Erasmus and Luther, and thence sweeping over all Europe, succeeded in shaking off the fetters of Rome and restoring, if not establishing the greatest of our modern blessings,—liberty of thought and liberty of conscience.

The truth of this assertion we propose to call in question. We maintain that the genius of Milton was not only not inspired by the Reformation, but that, had it not been for other influences and other sources of inspiration, it would have been considerably hampered, if not entirely stifled and extinguished. Great as was the fire of his mind, we are convinced that had the Reformation principles alone rested thereon, it could not have succeeded "in penetrating the superincumbent mass, by its own heat and radiance." We are inclined toward the opinion, startling as it might at first blush seem, that the inspiration of John Milton, that is the development and perfection, which his natural ability received from without, is in great part to be traced back to the same source, whence Dante and Tasso and Petrarch drew their soul-animating sentiments—it must be traced back to the influence of the Catholic Church.

However unwarrantable this position may appear to some, we think that a few brief arguments will throw a great deal of light around it, and show that it is a position not only plausible but in great measure, if not entirely true. We may not deny, that, beginning with the reign of Elizabeth, and going along the line of English literature down as far as Dryden, we meet with such an array of intellectual giants, that had we no other writers in our language, the representatives of this golden age, as it is called, would justify our claim to a very high degree of consideration in the classical literature of the world. As this is the golden age of our literature, it is also the golden age, so to speak, of the Reformation. Side by side we find the two great movements, intellectual development and religious upheaval. Hand in hand

we might almost say, Protestantism and Literature move steadily forward. But is it true, that because some great intellects shone forth during the Reformation, this was the case on account of the Reformation? Such an inference would, on the face of it, be sophistical. It would be the *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* form of reasoning, which is not sound. Hence the mere fact that the two movements were simultaneous does not and cannot prove that the literature known as Elizabethan was the outgrowth of the Reformation. What other arguments might be brought forward to show the relation of cause and effect between the principles of Protestantism and intellectual progress, we are not now prepared to state, and shall but briefly remark, before we enter upon the consideration of the positive elements that enter into the poetical make-up of Milton, that many grave and unprejudiced authorities might be quoted to show that there are reasons for drawing an exactly opposite conclusion.

We shall mention but a few. In the first place, we hear one of the principal characters in the momentous Reformation drama, exclaiming, that owing to the progress of Luther's doctrine, "literature is neglected, forgotten, prostrate and defunct"—"lauguent, fugiunt, jacent, intereunt bonae litterae!" Thus Erasmus speaks, and if it be thought that his remarks apply to Germany alone, listen to Thomas Arnold who in speaking of England is even more emphatic.—"The official reformers, if one may so call them, Henry VIII and his agents, and the council of Edward VI did positive injury to education and literature for the time, by the rapacity which led them to destroy the monasteries for the sake of their revenues and lands. Many good monastic schools thus ceased to exist, and education throughout the country seemed to be at its lowest possible ebb about the middle of the century." (the sixteenth.)

This was when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, nor must it be imagined that she set to work to establish schools and educational centers, for if such were the case we should not find Dr. Johnson describing the contemporaries of Milton, who in their youth would have enjoyed whatever educational facilities Elizabeth brought into being, "As men to whom reading was not a general amusement," nor would he have had occasion to add that "neither traders, nor even gentlemen thought themselves disgraced by ignorance,—and of that middle race of students who read for pleasure or accomplishment their number was compara-

tively small." This remark was made with regard to the sale of "Paradise Lost," and as a supplementary remark, we might add the criticism of one of the literateurs, such as they were, of the day.—"The old blind poet," says Waller, "hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as a merit, it hath no other."

If then it be true that the Reformation did positive harm to literature, though, of course, it would require a longer dissertation than the foregoing to establish the point beyond cavil; if it be true that Milton's "Paradise Lost," is such as to deserve the following encomium from Dryden, the "founder of an age of Reason and of Prose,"

"Three poets in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no further go;—
To make a third, she joined the other two,—"

the question naturally arises: Whence did Milton's genius receive that impetus, that encouragement and inspiration which is essential to the production of great poetry?

We might answer this question in the first place by reminding the reader that whatever the state of learning was among the masses, Milton himself devoted his entire life to the study of the ancient classics of Greece and Rome. He lived and had his being, so to speak, in that wonderful atmosphere rendered pregnant with sublime thought and harmony divine by Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace and all the master Latin and Greek poets whose writings have ever been the food of those who aspire to excellence in literature. No one acquainted even in a slight degree with the poets of antiquity can read Milton without being insensibly drawn back to the ancient times when poetry was in its native vigor and youthful energy. We shall quote a passage from Milton and place it side by side with a similar passage of Theocritus, to show how intimately our great English bard was in touch with Grecian poetry. The quotation is from "Lycidas",—

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizzard stream."

With these, compare the following lines of Theocritus, as they appear in Andrew Lang's beautiful translation,—

"Where, ah! where were ye, when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus' beautiful dells or by the dells of Pindus? for surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch tower of Ætna, nor by the sacred water of Acis."

Indeed, such was his knowledge of the ancient classics, that Macaulay thinks "he is the only poet of later times, who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse"—and he says this, having in view the Latin poetry of Petrarch, Cowley and others.

We might remark here by way of parenthesis, that certainly Milton, such being his literary attainments, might have been called upon to fill one of the chairs in Oxford or Cambridge. We might think to find him in the very whirl and center of intellectual activity, a man honored by the King, lords and princes. If the age was the first dawn of light after the darkness caused by Catholicity in the middle ages, a man of Milton's caliber should have stood very high in the nation's appreciation. But such was not the case. On his return from visiting Italy, he took a lodging at the house of a tailor named Russel, and began the commonplace task of teaching the elements of knowledge, nor did he draw a great crowd of followers. He began with two pupils, John and Edward Philips, the children of his sister. It is shocking to think, especially if we are accustomed to consider the Reformation as a fostering mother of literature, that John Milton of whom an Italian admirer wrote:—

"*Graecia Maeonidem, jactet, sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactet utrique parem,*"

should have been forced for twenty long years to earn his livelihood in so prosaic a manner. Indeed, the only distinction he ever received as a classical scholar was when toward the end of his life he was appointed Latin secretary to Cromwell.

Milton, then, was a great classical scholar and though Macaulay thinks that this very knowledge was one of the difficulties he had to contend with in his poetical career, it seems that the critic is referring to the effect of excessive knowledge on the imagination only. This opinion of Macaulay is praiseworthy only inasmuch as we accept his definition and explanation of poetical

imagination. But were there no other fact at variance with his doctrine than that Milton, though a perfect classical scholar, had nevertheless an imagination inferior to none in the long line of great poets, we should be justified in repudiating Macaulay's dictum. It is moreover true that Milton owes in great part his imaginative power to the ancients. If we are able to cultivate in a measure this important poetical requirement by reading novels and second rate poems, what an influence must not the classics have brought to bear on the mind of Milton, the classics which formed his daily study? If, however, this were not true, Milton certainly owes his wonderful command of language to the ancients. To them he owes his harmony, his force, and his entire formation. Many of his stately lines are either borrowed from the ancients, or replete with their spirit.

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;"

"Confusion worse confounded;"

and a host of others might be quoted that so far resemble the ring of that mighty measure which the Mantovano wielded, or the felicity of the Venusian's boldness, that they remind us immediately of Virgil or of Horace.

And now we ask, "To whom was this great poet indebted for the classics?" Every student of history has a ready answer. He owes these treasures of learning to the mediaeval monks of the Catholic Church. For fifteen centuries the sons of St. Benedict, and the religious of other orders, besides cultivating the soil, feeding the poor and performing other works of charity, carefully guarded, annotated, transcribed and sent from monastery to monastery, from country to country, those precious relics of an age of intellect, the works of the Greek and Roman sages. It is of these monks that Wordsworth speaks,

"How patiently the yoke of thought they bear,
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng."

But there is another consideration in the make-up of our great Bard, to which we have already alluded, and which we shall now discuss in full. Braving the peril, for he must have known, with a certain author, who judiciously abstains from encumbering his page with citations from or references to historical documents, "that the Jesuits had plotted against his life, spurning the danger

with which the machinations of the greatest body of learned men of the time must have made him feel himself menaced, he dauntlessly passed from England to France, and thence to Italy, at the age of thirty. This sojourn of England's greatest poet in the land of poetry and art is not always taken into consideration when his poetical formation is inquired into; and yet on reflection it will be found to be not the least element that entered into his composition. Italy was at the time of Milton's visit, a land of inspiration, of enlightenment and of Christian faith, so that as the author quoted above, remarks, "To pass from England to Italy at that period was like going from darkness to light." Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," had but recently been published, and, unlike "Paradise Lost," it created an enthusiasm and admiration almost unequalled in the history of literature. The fame of Dante and Petrarch, though these celebrated authors had been dead for nearly two hundred years, was at its height. The arts and sciences were making steady progress, for the Italian golden age strange as it might seem to some, was not confined to the life-time of Leo X, but for centuries retained, in great part, the lustre of an undiminished glory.

Milton found the very atmosphere pregnant with the spirit of literature, and what must have pleased him even more than the literary taste of the Italians, he found on all sides a spirit of hospitality which he had never experienced, nor was ever destined to experience in his native clime. He soon became acquainted with the most celebrated men of the period—Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi and others, he was introduced to Cardinal Baberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII, by whom he was admitted into the Vatican library, then, as now, the greatest treasury of art and literature the world has ever seen. From Rome, Milton travelled to Naples, where he was introduced to Manso, the celebrated biographer of Tasso. The well known distich addressed to Milton by Manso will speak better than anything else of the spirit with which the poet received,

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, si pietas sic
Non Anglus, verum hercle, Angelus ipse fores.

Which Cowper thus translates,

"What features, form, mein, manner, with a mind,
Oh how intelligent! and how refined!
Were but thy piety from fault as free
Thou would'st no "Angle," but an Angel be."

The reference is to the saying of Pope Gregory when he determined to work toward the conversion of the Britons. Comparing with such evidences of high esteem and appreciation the treatment he experienced at home, we are safe in saying that Milton received more patronage, more encouragement from his friends during the years he remained in Italy, than he did during his entire career in England. We cannot suppose that this was the outcome of aught else than an admiration on the part of the Italians for his talents; for personally Milton would not only be regarded as a stranger, but, as an heretical stranger, and for that reason entirely neglected. But as he was a poet, and a man of general intellectual worth and refinement, he was received and welcomed as a kindred spirit by the cultured descendants of the intellectual Romans.

Milton's original plan was to go to Sicily and Greece, but we are told that the serious state of political affairs at home caused him to renounce his project. "I considered it dishonorable" he wrote, "to be enjoying myself at my ease, in foreign lands, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." And so he returned, not however, to meet with an enthusiastic reception on the part of his friends. Deplorable as it is to relate, his high minded devotion was doomed to waste away in the monotony of teaching school for a living in a poor out-of-the-way boarding house. And yet he it was who won the highest encomiums of the most learned men of Italy!

Such then is the answer to the question which we proposed to ourselves. The Reformation gave no positive assistance to the poetical talent of Milton. With the divine gift nature had given him he was able through his acquaintance with the ancient classics to work for himself, and if he ever received any incentive to move onward, it was in Rome, from the then real and only admirers of exalted talents. We by no means claim that Milton was favorably disposed towards Catholicity, for he seems to disregard every form of religion, but we do claim that as a poet, he owes whatever inspiration he received from extraneous sources to the influences of the Catholic religion, if not directly to the patronage and hospitality of the Catholic Italians, at least indirectly, through his acquaintance with the literature of Greece and Rome. As a man, with all his short-comings and even vices, we leave him to the Reformation, for Catholicity had no part in the formation of his morals and the instilling into his mind of the principles from which they flowed.

EDWARD L. KIRK, '05.

JACOB GRABSTEIN.

Peddler was Jacob Grabstein's profession. Profession it was, because he had raised peddling to the height of a profession. His was not the ordinary mode of proceeding when attempting to sell an article. A keen eye, coupled with unerring tact rendered him the most prosperous seller of small toys, such as fighting cocks, tin whistles etc, that Broadway could boast of. His method of persuasion was one which it had taken long years of experience and reflection to master. He had found out that his persuasive words fell on youthful ears with greater and more beneficent result than on any other ears. His siren-like phrases were redoubled whenever he would spy the children, always the dearest friend to the peddler of toys. There was no better student of character revealed in physiognomy in the whole of Greater New York. He knew precisely whom to accost; and of these whom to implore, whom to appeal to, whom to cajole and whom to swear at. Such was Jacob Grabstein who might be seen on Broadway morning, noon and night pursuing his profession with energy and intelligence.

The description of his appearance will, in a measure, dispel some of the surprise the reader may have entertained regarding the masterly business tactics of Jacob. Nature had bestowed on him a decidedly oriental or Mosaic cast of features. His whole anatomy was a curious jumble of the hard worked, battered and bent. His brown and dented pot hat, stuck on his head at a foreign angle, was the only one he possessed. His brownish-green coat was one that had survived many a tempest, and the sight of which left the viewer to wonder how much the coat covered, or how little.

The peddling profession at its highest degree of perfection is anything but lucrative. Poor Jacob had toiled earnestly and faithfully, and had succeeded in hording up fifteen cents at the end of a week's hard work. But fortune is fickle. He caught cold and fearing lest he should have to give up his business all together, Jacob invested that fifteen cents at the nearest drug store, in a bottle of curious liquid, which, according to the label on the exterior was the most wonderful cold-curing and preventive concoction ever made by man.

Jacob now came to the conclusion that peddling could not

bring him returns in keeping with his ambition. So it was that on a holiday he set out with a full basket for the last time, determined to peddle no more. Whether it was that he surpassed himself in his knowledge of human nature on that day, or that seemingly all the children of New York happened to pass by where he stood, certain it is Jacob did good business. Remarkably good business. Yes, the best day's business he had done in years. On that day he cleared five dollars.

"It never rains but it pours," is a well-worn saying, and one which turned out to be true in the subsequent career of Jacob Grabstein. On his return home he gazed long at the enormous wealth in his hand. He could not believe his eyes. Suddenly a morbid desire for gain seized his brain. Yes, he would make money, and this time his ambition should be fully satisfied. The next day Jacob went where, of all places he thought he would make most money. He went to the races. Clutching nervously at his shining piece, he dogged along at the tail of the bustling crowd. He watched the horses and their riders. He knew nothing of the merits of the horses. He knew nothing about horse flesh. After much thought he determined to stake all his earthly wealth on that most uncertain of things—an animal running in a circle. He hesitated long on which horse to bet, but something told him to put all he had on the horse with the green jockey; the color of Hope. It was a dreadful step. It was a hundred-to-one shot.

Poor Jacob turned in his money, said an oriental prayer or two, took his seat in the grand stand, and closed his eyes in terror. He heard the cry of "They're off." He heard the receding sound of hoofs and he waited with his eyes closed. As the race neared the finish there was a tremor in the crowd. Unable to resist, he opened his eyes. "Donner und blitzen." The red jockey was ahead, and his green jockey only second and some fifty odd feet in the rear. Already he contemplated going supperless and sleeping nowhere in particular, when down went the leading horse, rolling in the dust, and his rider was pitched far ahead. The next moment the green jockey flew by the winning post,—Jacob Grabstein was a rich man.

From that time on, Jacob's shrewdness and tact steadily and rapidly increased his fortune. He was metamorphosed. Tonorial artists gave the man a juvenile appearance. Tailors, the best in New York, so cut his clothes and padded them that he passed

everywhere for a swell. Nor did the jeweller go penniless, for one of Jacob's first acquisitions on his rise to opulence was a large sparkling diamond, which now became in reality, as it had ever been in hope, the "sine qua non" of his existence. Jacob Grabstein was the peddler, but Baron von Blumen was the swell.

Commensurate with the rapid progress of wealth, had been the growth in pride and self complacency of the Baron, as we are now forced to call him. But are we justified in blaming poor Jacob for falling a prey to that which becomes master of even the sage rulers of states? Do they not lose, as did the emperors of all-ruling Rome, that tranquil equipoise of mind which alone befits a king, through their enormous power, wealth and authority? The same inflating power, which had swelled the fat chest of the emperor nigh to bursting, caused an appreciable bulging out in the diamonded shirt front of the magnate.

According to the latest reports, he had been made the president of an automobile club and the papers stated, on good authority, that this fortunate financier had in mind the cornering of the wheat market in the near future and other herculean plans. He was the possessor of an elegant and speedy steam yacht. He was having plans drawn for a sky scraper, soon to be erected, and his mind was filled with many like and truly formidable projects.

The Baron believed in the principle which inspired the sentiment, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die," and according to his faith was it done unto him. Not that he had not made merry, almost to an exceeding and overwhelming degree, and not that he died the death of the flesh. Still he lost that, which, in the dictionary of his mind, was synonymous with life. He lost his wealth!

His downward course corresponded with that of his exaltation. The duration of the transition, the number of successive steps from poverty to wealth and from wealth to poverty, were amazingly similar. First his yacht, late at night, ran on a reef and was irreparably damaged. Fortunately all escaped with their lives. Then, a disastrous fire laid low and forever, the Big Blumen Building. One by one, things left him, in the same order as they had come to him.

At last, in reduced circumstances, the Baron—Baron, alas! for the last time, determined to try his hand again at the races. As before, he staked all his bright metal on the green jockey. As before, he went to the grand stand, not, however, retiringly or

meekly, but with the patronal air of one who had the most money wagered. As before, the red jockey neared the finish first. As before, the green jockey flew by the winning post, but here was the rub. On weighing out it was found that the green jockey had lost weight during the race and hence the glory and something else was carried away by the jockey in yellow.

The former Baron, now simply Jacob Grabstein, returned perforce to his old profession. The old brown hat and greenish-brown coat were donned once more. But among all the classes that passed by him, Jacob's quick eye recognized the swell, rejuvenated by tonsorial art, with the diamonded shirt front, and from him he would ever turn as one would turn away from a dry well, as being useless.

And thus Jacob's life wore on; he grew old in his poverty; he still vended at a sorry profit his varied wares. He worked for the present, but his life was in the past—the bright past and its dream of opulence, and his eyes would gleam with their old light at the recollection of what once had been.

'Tis better to have won and lost,
Than never to have won at all.

JOHN PARROTT, O5.

THEOCRITUS.

"Now-a-days, we have Homer and Horace by heart, but Theocritus, to most of us, is but the echo of a melodious name." (Stedman.)

There is, unfortunately, a vast amount of truth in the above quotation. The average college student is familiar, in his own way, with the productions of Cicero, Virgil and Horace, and has read, it may be, some two or three books of Homer, or an oration of Demosthenes; but the very existence of Theocritus, is not infrequently ignored, and if the student has heard the great poet named, it is all but certain that he has not had sufficient courage to work his way through even one of his idyls.

It suits his purpose very well to be able to talk learnedly about the terseness of Demosthenes, the thundering eloquence of Tullius, the native grandeur of Maenonides and the ditties of friendship and love that Horace sang. Often he flatters himself that his classical education has not been neglected, or boasts of having drunk deep of the Pierian spring, when he has not even enjoyed a few shallow draughts.

Grecian poetry is for its variety of theme and treatment, and for its originality of conception, the greatest treasure in the literature of the world. Homer has given us a monument of his genius in the heroic strains of his Iliad and Odyssey. He idealizes the trials and victories of ancient heroes, he describes the method of warfare among the Greeks of old, and gives us pictures even of the deliberations of the gods, so that in Homer alone we can find all the elements of true poetry. What Homer did as an Epic poet, Sophocles, Aeschines, and Euripides have done in the drama. They are the Grecian Shakespeares, bold, true, and realistic in their impersonations. Pindar is the Grecian representative of lyric poetry, and such were his poetic flights, that no one in any tongue has ever been able to approach him in grandeur of conception, loftiness of sentiment, or rapidity of movement.

Yet with all these bards, Greek poetry, we think, would be incomplete had it not been for the existence of melodious Theocritus in this brilliant galaxy of song.

The poetry of a nation must be Homeric, that is, to deserve the name of poetry, it must celebrate the heroic deeds of those who have fought and died for freedom; it must be dramatic, and

have as well the lyrical element, so that in addition to the more serious strains there may be also short, sweet, rapturous flights, such as those of Horace and Pindar, of Petrarch and Gray. Yet if there is wanting what might be called descriptive poetry, poetry that idealizes the beauties of nature, such as that of Wordsworth, the completeness is not what it might be.

While therefore the Greeks possessed all the other elements of poetry, it was not until the appearance of Theocritus that they possessed them in their fullness. He it was who saw for the first time the beautiful in the every-day life of the shepherds of Sicily. He it was who first found the poetical in the perpetual streams,

“Warm woods and sunny hills and fresh green fields,
And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds,
And thickets full of songsters and the voice of lordly birds.”

And such is the sweetness of that poetry in the original Greek that Austin Dobson has thus given voice to his appreciation:—

“O Singer of the field and fold,
Theocritus! Pan’s pipe was thine!
Thine was the happier age of gold;—
Alas! For us our songs are cold,
Our northern suns too sadly shine;
Thine was the happier age of gold.—”

And Dobson is capable of appreciating the Sicilian bard.

The surroundings in which Theocritus found himself may have been responsible for his poetic grandeur. “Nurtured,” as Stedman observes, “in the beautiful island of Sicily, where the sky and sea are bluer, the piny mountains with Ætna at their head, more kingly, the breezes fresher, the rivulets more musical, the upland pastures greener, than on any other shores which the Mediterranean borders”—he could not but enter into the harmony of nature, he could not but idealize the grandeur of his surroundings, possessed as he was of that gift of observing and crystallizing mentally all the objective poetry, as we might term that which Stedman has so beautifully describes.

If then such be the case, if Theocritus is the Grecian Wordsworth, or the Grecian Tennyson, as some are inclined to think, and there is truth in both opinions, the proposition which we are upholding, that the classical student to be such in reality, must have an acquaintance with and an appreciation of the sweet strains of Theocritus, is evidently true. For as we could hardly claim to be

English scholars without having read Tennyson and Wordsworth, so we cannot claim familiarity with Grecian literature, until we have reached that point at which Theocritus, the rustic bard, becomes interesting and delightful.

Unfortunately, for such as are ignorant of Greek, his poems are sealed, for there is no translation into English that retains both the harmony and the meaning. Our poetical versions sacrifice sense to metre and our prose translations sacrifice harmony to sense. The following translation is not perhaps a substitution for what is wanting, but it is original, and while aiming to retain the simplicity and meaning of the Greek, it has also a considerable degree of harmony.

RALPH HARRISON, '05.

THEOCRITUS' IDYL VIII.

MENALCAS AND DAPHNIS.

Menalcas, once while on the mountains high
He watched his sheep, saw Daphnis coming nigh—
Young shepherds twain, with golden tresses long,
Skilled both in flute and amoebæan song.—
Menalcas first addressed his rustic friend:

“Tender of lowing herds, wilt thou now bend
Thy mind to song? For if thou'lt sing with me,
How much soe'er I please I'll vanquish thee”—

To whom fair Daphnis made the brief reply:

“Guardian of woolly sheep, Menalcas, I
Shall ne'er be vanquished in the pastoral art
By thee, e'en though thou need'st must break thy heart.”

MENALCAS.

Wilt thou then try, and stake a worthy prize?

DAPHNIS.

I will to try, and stake a worthy prize.

MEM.

What wager place we then of worth enow?

THE REDWOOD.

DAPHNIS.

A calf will I, a full-grown lambkin thou.

MEN.

I cannot stake a lambkin as the prize;
At eve my parents both with anxious eyes,
Count o'er my flock.

DAPHNIS.

Well then, what shall it be?
What vantage urge us on to victory?—

MEN.

I'll pledge this nine-tuned flute, which I have made,
Beautiful with whitest wax inlaid;
This will I pledge and not my father's sheep.

DAPH.

I too, a nine-tuned flute about me keep—
Beautiful, with whitest wax inlaid;
I'll offer this. The same I've lately made;
This finger cut I, and 'tis paining still,—
But who'll be judge and pass upon our skill?

MEN.

What, if we call yon goat-herd to decide?
See where the spotted-dog stands by his side.—
The shepherds shouted and the goat herd came;
They sang and he, impartial, judged the game.
Menalcas first began the rustic strain,
And Daphnis answered him in like refrain.

MEN.

"Ye vales, ye streams! Ye progeny divine,
If e'er Menalcas sing with fitting cheer
Feed ye my lambs, feed too the lowing kine
Of Daphnis, if perchance, he drives them here."

DAPH.

"Ye springs, and herbage of a honeyed growth,
If Daphnis warble as the bird of night,
Fatten his herd, and if Menalcas doth
The selfsame pastures seek, his flocks delight."

MEN.

Oh, Phyllis fair, when thou art here, the smile
 Of blushing spring bedecks the golden fields,—
 Full udders wait the suckling calves; but while
 Thou'rt gone the shepherd's heart to sorrow yields.

DAPH.

The sheep, the goats bear twins, the busy bee
 Doth fill his hive, and oaks grow towards the sky
 Where Mile sets his foot; but when that he
 Departs, the herdsman and his herds are dry.

MEN.

Ye rams and ewes, ye flat-nosed kids, as well,
 Come drink your fill, where silv'ry colors blend,—
 And, thou, stump-horn this shepherd Milo tell
 That god-like Proteus too had herds to tend.

DAPH.

Let not the land of Pelops, nor the gold
 Of Pluto, nor the speed of winds be mine—
 But let me with the rustic muses hold
 Sweet converse by Sicilia's foaming brine.

MEN.

To forest trees the storm, to birds the snare,
 To waters drought, to beasts the hunter's net
 Are ruinous; to man the maiden fair:—
 Creat Jove, thou'rt too with such like snares beset.—
 Thus sang the boys their amoebean lay—
 And thus Menalcas ends the rustic fray;

MEN.

"Spare thou my lambs, grim wolf, their mothers spare,
 Nor harm thou me; though young, a mighty care
 Have I—Ah! sleep'st, Lampurus, dog of mine?
 Thou need'st must watch to guard thy shepherd's kine.
 Ewes, spare not ye, the herb that quickly grows;
 Feed on! Feed on! till every udder flows
 With richest milk; feed till your lambkins take
 Their portioned share: Then I sweet cheese will make."
 Then Daphnis' voice in triumph calmly swelled—

DAPH.

But yesterday, I drove my flocks afield:—
When me the girl with meeting eye-brows spied.
“How fair! How fair he is!” she rudely cried.
To her in turn no railing words used I,
But with a downcast look walked silent by.—

Sweet the heifer’s breath but sweeter still
To stretch at length beside the rippling rill.
Acorns the oak, apples the apple-tree,—
Adorn: My herd is fame enow for me.—

Thus sang the boys; the goat-herd judged the strains.
Thy mouth is sweet, O Daphnis, thy refrains
Are passing sweet to shepherd’s rustic ear.
Rather would I such strains and theme to hear
Than sip the sweetness of the honey comb.
Here take this pipe which bring in triumph home,—
And if thou’lt teach me some such dulcet lay,
This blunt-horned she-goat I will ready pay.
A price but half the value I bestow—
Yet she doth fill the pail to overflow.

Then Daphnis leaped for joy about the lawn,
And clapped his hands—just so the suckling fawn
Doth round about its mother leap for joy,—
But sad and wasted much with grief, the boy
Menalcas drove his woolly flocks away—
And Daphnis grew in glory from that day.

ANGELO QUEVEDO, '05.

ARDEN AND HIS "KID."

New arrivals at a university in winter produce little or no commotion, and so it happened that Jack Demeritts first week at Laguna was a very quiet, uneventful one. It was hard for him to become accustomed to the rather strict rules, and he was heartily glad that his trouble with them was unnoticed by any of his mates. Two weeks were gone and hardly observed was the quiet retiring lad, in the lecture rooms or campus. His slight build, intelligent, almost delicate features, and the sweetness of his voice seemed to fit illy with the rosy cheeked lads around him, and the bleak winter aspect of nature.

Only one of all the school took a particular interest in him, and that was Bob Arden, the captain of the 'varsity eight. From the first day in the "gym," when he had noticed that in the regulation suit, Jack's figure did not seem so slight, and that the muscles of his arms and legs, though not prominent, moved smoothly, under the clear, white skin, he was interested. For Bob was observant of all athletic traits, so much so indeed, that his chum Frank Nunn had laughingly called him the Sherlock Holmes of the World of Sports. A careful scrutiny of the lad's body over, he raised his eyes to where Jack's face showed brightly on the high trapeze.

"Say, feller, will you come down here, till I talk to you," Bob characteristically remarked to the two brown eyes suspended high in the air.

A moment's gaze into Bob's frank, open face, and then Jack sprang lightly to a swinging ladder and down hand over hand to the matted floor.

"My name is Arden, Bob to my friends, and I've been noticing your muscles a bit, and thinking maybe you can handle an oar."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Arden," rather stiffly replied the boy, then, after an instant pause, "I have heard that you are captain of the crew, and indeed I do row some." Then forgetting the bashfulness of the minute before he broke out with, "I've been awfully anxious to meet you for I live near the water and I love it. Anyone that can row or sail or skate always seems to me to be greater than a Senator."

"Well, that's quite a little talk in the right way, and if you

said it that way to all the fellows, maybe we'd have more candidates out;" but seeing Jack was growing timid again, he quickly added, "Well, when its time for the boats to come out, I want you to appear, for I like your make-up. But say, didn't you remark something about skating?"

Jack began to feel more at home, in the genial warmth of the big captain's smile, than he had since he had left his distant native home, so he answered modestly, "I can skate a little bit. Ever since I can remember I have been on the ice in winter, and I miss it a great deal here."

Bob somehow began to feel excited in the hope that perhaps he might have unwittingly happened on a "champ," for the annual contest with Dermot was only a week off, and no mile skater was to be had in the school. Frank Nunn and George Searles were good for short distances, and there were several for the three and five mile courses, but so far the mile was conceded to be Dermot's, for Dan Penson had won the race for three successive years and always with a large margin. He gripped Jack's arm quickly and almost hoarsely cried, "How well?"

Amazed though he was, Jack felt impressed with the earnestness of the question, and more truthfully than his usual modesty would permit answered, "I have done the mile within three seconds of the record."

"Boy, you have got to win the mile race for us Thursday, and I am going to run you in as a dark horse—now don't say no, but hurry and put on your clothes, and we'll go down over the course," In ten minutes they were trudging down to the lake and at supper that night, the boys could not but notice the light in Jack's eyes, and heightened color of his face.

In the seclusion of their room that night, Bob enthusiastically made free his secret to Frank Nunn, who, on hearing of the showing Jack had made at his try-out, danced a noiseless war dance and then breathlessly sat down to talk it over.

The knowing ones had reckoned that the points would be about even up to the last race, and as that was the mile, the outlook for Laguna was bad. Now if the "kid" could only win that race, everything would be changed, and the atonement, for the last three years' defeat, be ample! As Frank was on the committee he could arrange it so that Jack would be kept in the back ground till the time came, and Bob promised that his practice should not be neglected. Then the boys, having everything ar-

ranged, tumbled into bed to dream of the green and white high over the cardinal, and a slim dark lad presenting a pair of skates to the College trophy hall.

The secret was well kept during the week, but Bob's association with the "freshie" could not pass unnoticed, and Jack found it not at all conducive to his popularity to be taken up by the most popular man in the university. "Arden's kid," as he was called, was properly envied by many who had long sought for his favor, and by some almost hated in the bargain.

This envy and hatred all came to a head that night before the race, when several of the boys masked and dressed in red, slipped into Jack's room, bound and gagged his mate, and carried poor Jack swiftly to the boat-house where they deposited him in the center of a ring of other demons dressed like themselves. One spoke in low, sepulchral tones of the terrible crime of being a freshman, accompanied by the slow wavings of burning hands in the air. Then slowly those hands advanced nearer and nearer till he could see the flames, yellow and white, eating upwards. Then suddenly a handkerchief was whisked over his eyes, and what seemed like a branding iron pressed against his cheek. He felt the warm sticky blood trickling down his cheek and the smell of burning flesh sickened him. His brain reeled and he heard a frightened whisper, felt a cold sopping of blood upon his face, then a sharp voice cried, "He has fainted, something, quick!" A moment later he felt a bottle against his teeth, and opening his mouth he got a swallow of the most disgusting stuff he had ever tasted. A hollow laugh from all sides, then a quick pressure on his jaw and the mouthful went down. An hour of agony had passed before the crowd seemed satisfied—blocked tunnels, electric shocks, everything imaginable was tried on the guilty freshman, who bore it all in smiling silence.

At length, after much secret discussion, he was taken out into the air, without hat, coat or vest, and carried he knew not where. They finally stopped; he heard a cracking near him as of someone cutting ice, and immediately understood their plan. A ducking on a cold night like this, might mean pneumonia, and would surely mean the loss of all chance of winning the morrow's race. He gritted his teeth, but he knew that appeal to the fiends would receive its answer only in scornful laughter. He heard the gurgle of the water, as the detached piece was swept under the solid ice, and prepared himself for the shock. Willing hands

raised him up to carry him, but a quick zip, zip, on the ice caused a halt and out of the darkness swept a dozen skaters spurting down upon them at break-neck speed. The cowardly fiends started off in terror, but it was too late, the skaters dashed among them, and striking out right and left, while Bob Arden's voice cried with a note of anger never heard from him before, "Give it to the curs." And they did. "I guess we'll know them all tomorrow by their marks," laughed Frank Nunn, as the red figures disappeared in the darkness.

Bob was already bending over Jack, unbinding his hands; and several others were at work at his feet.

"Are you hurt, feller?" inquired Bob with a strain in his voice, for he had come to like and admire the quiet lad, as only he could.

"Not a bit, thanks," said Jack, "but I feel a little sore for to-mor—." As he stopped short at the thought of those out of the secret who were gathered around, Bob relieved his embarrassment by a hearty, "That's all right boy, they all know now. You see I went to your room to see if you were all right, for we must win the race, and when I found you were gone, I took in the situation right away, so I got these fellows and told them everything, and we started straight for the boat-house. We had just set out when I noticed a lantern far out on the ice. That was enough. We slipped on our skates and rescued you just in time."

Then Bob heaved a sigh of relief, muttering something like "Wasn't so winded in the boat race last year as I am after that speech," but to belie his words he picked up Jack and set off down the ice towards the boat-house. "Guess you want your things, huh, boy?" was all he said till the door was reached.

Meantime the other boys were talking of the outrage and vowing exposal if the perpetrators were caught. Some at least would be found out, for the blows dealt by the attacking party were meant to leave marks.

Frank Nunn voiced the popular opinion in the remark: "It was a dirty shame any time; but before that race, ye fishes of the field, what shall I call it?"

Inside the boat-house they found the instruments of torture, and as they crowded around, Jack's face paled and he put his hand to his cheek to find the place where the branding iron had been placed. To his surprise his face was as smooth as before; no trace of the fearful ordeal remained. He saw that the burning hands had been, as he surmised, but a pasty phosphorus compound; he

looked in vain for the iron that had been used, but found none. Only some pieces of ice were lying around. He picked up one and rubbed its sharp edge against his cheek and found, with a smile at his erstwhile fright, that it was the dread branding iron. A bottle of dyspepsia cure proved to be the restorative he had drunk. and all the various trials lay scattered, where they had been left by the hazers.

The boys remained only long enough to get Jack's things, for several beside Jack and Frank were to race, and badly needed the rest that had been broken. "If you win that race, feller, you'll be the pride of the college, and make those fellows feel like jumping into the hole they cut for you."

The next day was prime for racing. The sun shone down brightly on the ice, taking the moistness from the air, but leaving the crispness, which sends the blood flying through one's veins, as the sharp prick of the sabre inspirits the blooded war horse. The course was over the beautiful Lake Helen, ranging from the short distances, marked off by flags, to the lonely Rook-rock half a mile away, and back again. The site chosen was on the eastern shore where an almost straight bank bordered the water, except where it was broken by one promontory, which had been ceded to the press-writers. Along the shore all was excitement and color against the white background of snow. Green and white massed the bank below "Reporter's Point," and cardinal dominated above it. Between races a huge bon-fire a short distance away from the shore was the center of attraction. A small dressing room for the racers stood a little to the left, always surrounded by cheering admirers of the contestants.

A large crowd had turned out, and they were well repaid, for every race had been close, and with only the mile to run, the score of points was Laguna 20, Dermot 20. First counted three points and second two, a special arrangement, leaving the third place without value. Excitement was intense, for somehow the news of a dark horse had crept out, and though Dermot openly scorned it, in their hearts they were afraid for the hitherto unconquered Penson.

He was already on the ice, and the trainer was tightening the buckles of his racers, while the other contestants, except Jack, were trying their speed in the background. All were watching the door of the quarters for the new contestant, and when it opened and Jack, attended by Bob and Frank, appeared, a moment of silence,

quickly followed by a sigh of disappointment from Laguna, and a cheer and a blare of trumpets from Dermot broke the spell of illusion. What chance had this delicate, almost sickly looking lad against the broad-chested, long-legged Penson. Only that loyalty and spirit, which so distinguished Laguna, prompted her in the cheers and encouraging words she lavished on the "youngster." He tried his skates slowly, to where the starting point was, and without giving the crowd a chance to see his speed, slipped his coat over his shoulders.

No time was lost in getting the racers lined up, as it was growing late and everyone was impatient for the end. Bob took Jack's coat and with a last piece of advice and a cheering hand-shake sent him off to the starting point.

There were five entries, three from Laguna and two from Dermot, the latter resplendant in red jerseys and ribbons. The judge spoke to the contestants telling them that the course would be down on the right hand side of Rook-rock and back around it to the starting place. One of the Lagunas had the inside, then the Dermot man, then Jack and the other Laguna man, with Penson on the outside. At the first crack of the pistol they were off in a bunch with a splendid start. The crowd's pent up enthusiasm broke forth as soon as the first few yards were crossed, and rolled booming over the glassy ice.

Dermot's man led with a short, even stroke, that was only meant to pace the others for a short while. The others were bunched behind, and for the first few hundred yards, Penson kept with the rest, then he gradually drew off with a long, easy stroke, which bespoke the practiced skater. Seeing this, his pacer, together with one of the Laguna men, dropped out, leaving Jack and the other Laguna man about three yards behind Penson. In this order they continued to the turn at the rock. All eyes were leveled at the other side to see them appear. Here Penson swerved for the inside, thus attempting to cut off Jack's stroke, but, with a turn taught him in his childhood by an old Canuck, the lad wheeled to the outside abreast of his opponent. The other Laguna man now dropped out leaving the two alone, for the home stretch. Down the ice they flew faster than the wind. Penson tall and lanky, stretching over and striving with giant strokes, Jack, slight and bent low, gliding along smooth and lightly. They were perhaps ten feet apart, and looked, to the excited spectators, not unlike two swift sea gulls racing for some dainty thrown from a steamer's deck. Larger and

larger they grew, and not an inch could either gain. The crowd was breathless, as at the last two hundred yards, they swept along side by side. Jack was bent low, almost crouched, with his eyes on the shining ice, when glancing up he saw just before him a gaping hole in the ice, which he immediately recognized as the one cut for him the night before. It was too late to turn, a plunge in the icy water together with the loss of the race seemed to be assured. He snapped his teeth together, and jumped in the air clearing the hole but with the loss of his stroke. The crowd had seen the hole even before him, and for a moment every eye was strained, and every heart sympathized with the gritty youngster, who had put up such a game race. When he had cleared the hole every one cheered; even the Dermot rooters found themselves joining in the applause. But Penson had gained several yards, and with only one hundred and fifty to go, Jack settled down to overcome the lead. If there had been skating before, now it was flying. Their feet hardly seemed to leave the ice, but Jack, with eyes fairly straining in their sockets, slowly gained. A hundred yards to go, and Jack two yards behind, fifty and he had not gained an inch, twenty-five, fifteen, ten, and only a yard behind. Another snap of his teeth, and Jack put his last strength into the final stroke, and passed Penson with a foot and a half to spare.

Before he could come to a stop, he found himself in Bob's arms and hugged as he had never been before. A rush was made for him, but four sturdy fellows lifted him to their shoulders and carried him off, surrounded by cheering enthusiasts. One of the bearers had a black eye, and to his credit, he later apologized to Jack for the outrage of the night before, and became with Bob and Frank, Jack's dearest friend. That ovation will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it, for not only was it a victory of school over school, but of grit and skill over strength. And if the next day you had asked any Laguna boy who the most popular man of the 'varsity might be, he undoubtedly would have told you, with blood in his eye for the absurdity of the question, "Why, Arden and his 'kid,' of course."

JOHN M. REGAN, '04.

HIS SON.

Duke Arthur sat in state: the hall below,
In softest splendor shone beneath the glow
Of myriad flames, for in this revel bright
In times as these the haughty duke's delight
Confined itself, and through his broad estate
Nor worthy lord nor lord of trivial weight
But hastened to his lordship's hall,
When through the land rang trusty herald's call,
"Assemble."

But proud Duke Arthur's face this evening shows
A troubled mind or worse, the press of woes.
Too deep for blithsome music to disperse,
Or frivolous quip or song in warlike verse,
His thoughts would wander to a bygone day,
When he, his fearsome ire provoked, did say
The fateful words that to an erring son
Meant more than banishment. The deed was done
And praised.

The hall was silent, that last romance was through,
And glided in with lyre in hand to view
A slender youth who, with one trembling sweep
Drew forth a chord so sweet, so long, so deep,
That raptured all and hushed every sound:
But now rose on the air a voice unbound,
That floated softly through the hall and on—
That fell and soared, then paused and was gone
In air.

But scarcely had the first note died away,
When Arthur's face is lightened by a ray
That pierced soul and all; yet pain was there,
And now the trembling monarch from his chair
Risen in the ecstasy of an uncurbed joy,
Tottered forward toward the blanch-faced boy,
And pressing to his breast the minstrel lad,
Embraced with all forgiving heart and glad—
His son.

F. J. P.

ARE UNIVERSALS REAL?

A word or two, first, in explanation of the question heading this article. We all have certain notions which are predicable of a great many individual objects; such notions, for instance, as each one has of a house, a dog and a cat. Now notions like these are termed Universals, and of them it is asked are they real? Do they tally with what is in the world without? Have they the local habitations of facts, or have they the airy nothingness of logical figments? As in answering every other question which men have proposed to themselves, so in answering this, some say yes, and some, no. Nominalists and Conceptualists reply in the negative; Ultra-Realists and Moderates in the affirmative.

In justice to the Nominalists it is to be noted that they endeavor to make good the objective validity which Universals seem to common sense to be possessed of; with what success will be seen in the following presentation of their view.

With these thinkers as not with Shakespeare, much is in a name. With names they begin, and with names they end. A name is a verbal tag with which objects are linguistically labelled; a proper name being such a label for only one object, a common name for a number of them. Only one man of all is called George Washington. His name is a proper name. Every object on the shelves of an apothecary shop is a bottle, and every object on the shelves of a library a book. Book and bottle, then, are common names.

This stated, Nominalists infer that Universals are not the notions of things themselves, but of their names. Thus all the foggy subtleties which once enveloped the question, are with one husky word—name—blown away. On the one hand the objects themselves may be as many as you please, but on the other the name is one and common. The idea, therefore, of this one common name is predicable of all and consequently is a Universal. Moreover the name itself, being a word, is extra mental. A word is on the lip and not in the mind. Behold then in the name also the 'rationale' for the reality seemingly contained in a universal notion.

The position of this school of thinkers is easily seen to be unsound on reflecting that our words stand not first for things, but first express our ideas of things, and in consequence, and therefore secondarily, stand for the things themselves. Briefly, speech first expresses the thought, and secondly the thing thought of. Hence, if we do

label linguistically many things with a common name—all the objects, for instance, on the shelves of a library, books, and on the shelves of a druggist's store, bottles—we do so because we know beforehand their mutual likeness. We do not at first blindly give them a common name and afterwards, opening our eyes and observing what we have done, get a notion of what they possess in common.

Conceptualists catch the force of this reasoning. They see that speech primarily expresses thought, and they acknowledge the consequence, that speech contains common nouns because thought contains common notions or Universals. Still they hold with the Nominalists that a universal idea cannot be real, cannot tally with things as they are in themselves. The insurmountable difficulty of both schools is the following. Is not the universal a unit and are not the universal objects many, very many? How then could these objects be in themselves many and yet one? The contention is as absurd as the claim that one is four. On this account Conceptualists hold that our universal concepts of things are mere logical figments, mere logical artifices which the human mind, on account of its weakness, has recourse to, so that it may grasp with ease whole classes of things.

In reply it is argued that a mere logical figment can no more be predicated, and predicated truly, of what is in the reality of things than the childish notion of Santa Claus, or the childish idea of a bugaboo. A boy who is knowing will laugh at you if you speak to him of Santa Claus. There is no Santa Claus. But there are dogs. Come home from a bench-show, and no one, no matter how knowing he may be, will laugh at you for calling a dog, each and every animal you have seen there on exhibition.

The difficulty which drives the Conceptualists to their position of logical figments, and Nominalists to theirs of mere names is not so insurmountable as they feign would have it. Whatever exists out of the mind and in the world of fact, is undoubtedly single and separate, and forms a number with others, even of its kind. That must be granted. But it must also be granted that whatever is out of the mind and in the world of fact is a single and separate realization of a type of being which each realizes in common with others. Every blade of grass and every drop of dew jewelling it under the rays of the morning sun realizes in common with its companions its own tiny type of being. Remark now, that the type of being is one with the individual: for the individual is the realization of it.

Remark, too, that the type of being realized is just what is conceived when a universal is conceived by the mind neglectful of, or abstracting from what is particular in the realization.

This is Realism, and Moderate Realism. It is Realism. For, since a single blade of grass is a realization of its own type of being, the type of being is therefore as real as the very realization of it. Hence the mental conception of the type tallies with what is in the world of facts; the Universal is real. It is Moderate Realism. For since it recognizes the type of being to be one with the individual realization of it, such Realism does not exaggerate the reality of the Universal to the extent of declaring it to be representative of an object actually existing as naked of every particular trait and circumstance as the idea itself. Such exaggeration of the reality of a universal idea is Ultra-Realism.

Ultra-Realists, though they may hold that an idea is a mental representation, fail to reflect that in every representation what is represented is one thing, and the manner in which it is represented is quite another. The photographic representation of a bit of woodland, borrows from the natural scene whatever of tree and limb and leaf it pictures. So far and no farther it is true to nature, it is real. Still it does not reproduce the breath of the morning breeze or the sound of the rustling leaf. From these it, as it were, abstracts, and the scene thus abstractly represented does not, cannot exist in nature. Similarly with the intellect. In the intellectual representation of a man, the intellect takes from individual man whatever of that type of being it conceives to be realized in him. Thus far and no farther it is true to nature, it is real. It, however, abstracts from what is peculiar to the individual, from whatever is his alone, and the man thus abstractly considered, does not, and cannot exist in nature.

To sum up all in answer to the question first proposed, the Universal is indeed real as to what it represents, but it is not real as to the abstract manner in which it represents it.

FRED. RALPH, '04

DOLLY.

JUST before he reached the ragged, white-washed fence that ran around the apple orchard, Danvers paused and drew from his pocket a small oval-framed picture, and for a second he smiled regretfully at the dainty face that laughed up into his eyes, and then with sudden petulance he thrust the miniature into his breast and strode rapidly toward the small revolving gate, through that and on among the low-boughed autumn apple trees.

A seven day's voyage, composed chiefly of mal-de-mer and a rain-slopped deck, had not served to stimulate the flagging spirit that had commenced the downward course on the day before he left Heidelberg.

Three years ago he had told Dolly Pemberton good bye, and had gone forth to win fame and wealth, that he might lay them at her feet.

How different this from the picture of his home-coming! Then no piquant face with bobbing pulses hurried him on with outstretched arms as of old.

"Poor little Dolly," he mused, pityingly. "It is but the remnant of a heart that I bring back to you, but"—he choked down a rebellious knot in his throat—"the girl who has given me her trust and—and love, must never know what a—a wretch I have been."

He stole a final look at the pictured face over his heart and set his lips to the inevitable.

Where the path branched he stopped for a moment under a wide-spreading russet, and pulling off his hat, brushed back the thick mop of brown hair that clung to his forehead. On the grass at his feet a few over-ripe apples gleamed golden in the dapple sunlight. Danvers stooped and picked up one, biting into it reflectively with his strong, white teeth.

"Charley!"

He started and glanced about him; then up at the fruit-weighted limbs.

"Dolly!" he exclaimed, and dropped his apple.

"A quite unexpected pleasure," said she, smiling at him through the reddening leaves.

"Won't you come up?"

"I meant to surprise you," returned he, swinging himself to an

opposite branch, "and I'm glad you call it a pleasure. It is my first vacation in a good many moons."

"When did you arrive?" asked Dolly, "and who drove you out?"

"I reached the city last night and walked out this morning."

"Walked eight miles?"

"Of course; it was worth while, don't you think so?" he replied, significantly.

"You were very silly," was her comment. "Besides, how did you know"—she broke off, a trifle embarrassed, and toyed with the end of her tie.

"That you were here? Oh, I found that out, be sure. However"—

"Of course," she broke in, hurriedly, "I am always here, nearly."

Danvers stared at her curiously. Did she care so very much, then?

"Had I known that," he said, slowly, "I should have come last night."

"I'm very glad you didn't," said Dolly, "if you mean that you would have walked."

"Love laughs at—vehicles," he put in quickly, hating himself.

"Oh, love!" she laughed a little oddly and looked off. Then, after a moment, "I thought it was locksmiths." She spoke absently, her face still averted.

"At anything that stands in the way," Danvers pursued with deepening eyes. Something subtle and half-remembered stirred in his breast, and he felt a queer flush rise to his temples. True, he was but acting a part, but the part was all at once strangely real to him.

"In all those years," said he, "you did not write."

"Still, that was agreed upon."

"Yes," he admitted, with a slow smile, but I thought—perhaps—."

"Yes," she mimicked, "and I thought—perhaps—maybe."

"You are different," said Danvers in a sulky voice, "from the girl I left behind."

He had hoped that she would rally him on his delinquencies—anything but this flippant unconcern. A new light glimmered on the situation, and the girl in the picture dimmed suddenly, as he looked at the living girl who had been the first to stir his heart.

Dolly surprised his odd look and her cheeks pinkened.

"What is it?" she asked, smiling.

"I was just wondering," he replied, frowning.

"Well?"

"Oh, if you had forgotten; that's all."

"Forgotten—old friends? Certainly not. Do you think me a heartless ingrate?" she inquired, dimpling.

After a second's silence she clasped her hands at the back of her head, laughing merrily in the old way she had that he remembered so well.

Danvers grew hot and discomfited and bit his lip in quick vexation. Dolly pining for him and laying her heart and thoughts on the altar of his love, while another woman's face shrined his own, was a very different matter from Dolly casting his advances and protestations back in his teeth in this frivolous style. He had come home on his vacation with the express determination of acting the part of an honorable gentleman, he thought bitterly, and sacrificing his own dearest hopes to grim duty. In reality he had come to have the veil torn from his eyes and to learn that life held but one possibility of happiness for him—Dolly.

She loved him, of course, but with characteristic coquetry, was determined to make him suffer a little before the final capitulation.

"Darling," he began eagerly, throwing aside all rein, his hands outstretched to her, "you"—

A step cracked on the dry twigs under a neighboring tree, and Danvers muttered something ungraceful under his breath.

"It's just Jack," explained Dolly, with an inscrutable little smile. "Jack is my husband, you know."

HORATIO WAYNE, Senior '91.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNTING.

Sheep hunting in Mexico and Lower California is a sport to which we northerners are strangers, because we have nothing that can in any way compare with it. I had heard a great deal of the sport from a friend of mine, who lived in Lower California, and had read some very interesting accounts of the all-night hunts and the big game and all that sort of thing, but I felt that what I heard and read was not the reality. It was therefore a desire to experience some of the novelties connected with the trip and with the life of a Lower Californian, that influenced me in accepting my friend's invitation to visit his mine and spend at least part of my summer vacation there.

I had been on the farm for a week or two before an opportunity presented itself of demonstrating practically my skill as a marksman. But the circumstances under which the opportunity came, were singular in the extreme. A terrible storm had been raging for a few hours in the mountains, when an old Mexican brought us word that a fresh trail had been seen running, he thought, in the direction of Las Vivoras, a large well protected canyon, where the sheep were likely to seek shelter from the discordant elements.

The report of such a trail was the signal for preparations. Besides preparing our rifles and provisions, we had to procure a mule to carry our water; for water is a very rare thing in Lower California, and we needed a good supply of it as this was a very warm day, so warm that though the thunder and lightening rolled recklessly about the mountain peaks, you could actually roast potatoes in the sand.

So we set out, five of us—well provided and confident of big game. At noon we found the trail, and towards 4 o'clock, Martinez, our guide, who had been sent out to reconnoitre the country, returned with the delightful news that the sheep were in the canyon. That was all we wanted. Needless to say, we quickened our pace, and on towards 5 o'clock we reached the sheltering place of the sheep.

Las Vivoras is a canyon of such a peculiar formation, that no human skill could have devised a more deadly trap for these poor mountain sheep. On all sides there were steep proclivities, and in one branch of the canyon the wall of rock stood sheer five hundred feet in height, so that even these mountain climbers were

forced to seek an exit at some other place. To drive them hither was our intention, and to effect this, we were severally stationed at different parts of the entrance and along the less rugged sides, to keep a constant fire at the poor victims of our sport, when and wherever they might possibly escape.

It fell to my lot to guard a position somewhere to the left of the fatal wing, while my friend Ben, protected the ridge directly opposite. A dead calm of about fifteen or twenty minutes caused me no little anxiety, for though I had limbered my Winchester and was ready for action, I could see no game. Suddenly however, and all unexpected a sound in the canyon below attracted my attention. I looked and there in full view were nine sheep-headed by a splendid ram. They were coming around the shoulder of a hill from the main valley and making for me. All I could do, in the excitement of the moment, was to sit down and say to myself over and over again: "Shoot, man, shoot!" But I did not shoot, until the sheep seeing me, turned and fled in the opposite direction. My aim was not good and before I could load again they were out of range. The bark of Ben's 45-70 caused another turn and an echo from Martinez who was in the canyon below, drove the victims on towards the cliffs.

I soon recovered from my stage-fright, if I might call it such, and was pumping shells at them as fast as I could work the lever. They had now reached the "slaughter-pen," at the end of the canyon, and after endeavoring in vain to climb the cliffs, turned and made a run for life down the valley only to be repulsed or killed by the shower of lead, that continued pouring on them from all sides. Gradually we approached and it was an easy matter to pick them out one by one as they stood in groups of twos and threes, bewildered, but as far as the poor dumb animals were capable, willing to die. And they did die, every one of them, eight ewes and two rams, one a beautiful specimen with branching horns, which were given to me as a souvenir of my first experience in mountain sheep hunting.

Such is a specimen of the sturdy sport of Lower California, not a fictitious specimen, but a real description of what actually happens in that southern clime.

PHILIP F. SAGE, '06

BUCK WILLIAM'S ESCAPE.

American progress and industry were fast pushing a branch of one of our great railway systems through a spur of the Rockies, opening up fertile valleys and rich mining districts to settlers and boomers. A few settlers had already ventured over the rough wagon road into this rugged country where, if they liked their surroundings, they remained, if not, they either moved on further, or returned eastward to the great plain beyond. In a nook in the hillside shaded by wild grape vines, a wide gaping hole showed where some early adventurer had sought to invade the mountain's breast and bring treasures from their great strong boxes in the earth. He had apparently found the deity of riches sparing in his gifts, and sought better luck elsewhere, leaving the deep shaft with its half rotten windlass as the relic of his labors. Bushes and creepers were rapidly growing over it, and now almost completely hid it from view.

But if this one had sought in vain for the precious metal others appeared to be more fortunate, for the Monte Cristo mine, a mile or two distant, was running night and day, mingling the noise of its mill with the ring of the drills of the railroad graders on the other side of the canyon. The coming of the railroad seemed to have infused new life into the industries of the country.

The men of the first shift were returning from their labors at the mine just as Corby, the mine superintendent, alighted from a buggy and went into the office with a small valise containing the men's wages in his hand.

"Well, Jack, twenty-four hours from now and we'll be a little bit richer than we are now, eh?" said one of the men. "Yes," returned the one addressed as Jack, "but I won't be richer very long; not while my old debts last. Pay-days don't do me much good. I'd like to have all that's in that valise, though." "It's a wonder some one doesn't break in and steal the valise," said a third, known as 'Buck' Williams, "I should think there would be all the chance in the world to bust the old man's desk, or whatever he keeps it in, some night before pay day, and get your wages ahead of time, and somebody else's too." "That's right," Jack agreed, "and Corby's pretty careless about such things, too." With this the men dispersed, some going to the bunk house, while others stopped to talk and joke about the coming pay-day.

That night Corby, whose room and office were one, was awakened by the touch of something cold and damp upon his face. For one brief instant he was conscious of some one bending over him and holding a sponge to his mouth and nostrils; but the powerful chloroform did its work and he remembered no more till he regained consciousness sometime after, only to find that he was tied hand and foot, with a gag over his mouth. In this condition he was found the next morning, when the discovery was made that the chest in which the valise was kept had been broken open and the valise was missing. A short iron bar showed how this had been accomplished, and a raised window indicated the burglar's mode of entrance.

In an instant all was excitement; the men who were not on duty at the mine gathered at the scene of the robbery, but among them Buck Williams was not to be found. "Has anyone seen Williams?" was the question eagerly passed around. No one had seen him since the night before, when he went into the bunk house to go to bed. Evidently he had risen soon after everyone was asleep and was now well on his way. In a short time a number of men were on his trail. The available horses were pressed into service, and hopes were entertained of his speedy capture, "Don't worry, boys," said Corby, "we'll catch him, he can't go fast on foot, and the only way he can escape is down the canyon. You'll get your pay all right, probably not on time, but only a few days late at the most." But the tidings brought back by the weary messengers seemed to belie the superintendent's words. No trace of the missing man or of the money could be found. He seemed to have erased his tracks completely. With no clue to work upon the searchers found that they had a hard task before them. Day after day passed finding them no further advanced than on the morning after the theft. With such discouragement as this the search gradually lost interest till finally it was given up. The time came when the daring burglary and the escape of its perpetrator was nothing more than a subject of wonder and speculation, as one of the queer happenings in the history of the mine.

At length the railroad was completed and the great "iron horse" snorted daily up and down the canyon. Settlements filled the valleys and crawled up the hillsides. New mines were opened, and the great throb of life in the East spread itself in the faint bustle of new towns.

Corby had long since returned to the East, but the call of the

West proved too strong, and he returned once more to the familiar scenes around the Monte Cristo mine, this time determining to be a mine owner himself. With this end in view, he spent much of his time wandering around the mountains, looking for traces of gold in the ravines and hollows. That was how he found himself pushing his way through the thick brush surrounding the old shaft, which he suddenly came upon, yawning black and deep beneath him. With a gasp he clutched at a branch in time to save himself from falling into the dark, rocky depths. Bent on exploration he returned the next day with a rope and a light. Fastening the rope to a tree, he descended to the bottom of the shaft, where he stood a moment, shivering in the cold air. The light from his lamp made fantastic shadows on the sides of the hole. He started back as it fell upon something stretched before him, the skeleton of a man, to which the rotten shreds of what had once been garments, still clung. Beside it lay a half rotten valise. With an exclamation he seized it and ripped it open, within it were three or four mildewed buckskin bags which evidently contained money. The mystery of Buck William's escape was a mystery no longer.

LAWRENCE V. DEGNAN '03.

HIGHEST HONORS IN THE MID-TERM EXAMINATION

DECEMBER, 1902

COLLEGE COURSE *

	SENIOR CLASS	JUNIOR CLASS
Philosophy of Religion.....	J. Bacigalupi, L. Degnan, W. Regan..	J. M. Regan.....
Moral Philosophy.....	"	".....
Mental Philosophy.....	W. V. Regan.....	Fred Ralph.....
Physics.....	L. Degnan.....	J. Araneta, F. Moraghan, J. M. Regan.....
Analytical Chemistry.....	J. Bacigalupi, L. Degnan.....	".....
Elementary Chemistry.....	J. Bacigalupi, L. Degnan.....	F. Moraghan, J. M. Regan.....
Mathematics.....	J. Bacigalupi.....	J. M. Regan.....
Political Economy.....	J. Bacigalupi, L. Degnan.....	J. Araneta.....
Higher English.....	J. Bacigalupi, L. Degnan.....	J. Regan.....
Advanced History.....	J. Bacigalupi.....	F. Moraghan, J. Regan.....
Oratory.....	J. Bacigalupi.....	J. M. Regan.....

	SOPHOMORE CLASS	FRESHMAN CLASS
Religion.....	R. Harrison.....	G. Araneta.....
English Precepts.....	W. Johnson.....	G. Araneta.....
English Author.....	C. Russell.....	H. Kelly.....
English Composition.....	J. Parrott.....	E. Comerford.....
Latin.....	J. Parrott.....	J. Byrnes.....
Greek.....	J. Parrott.....	(Not awarded).....
Mathematics.....	F. Belz.....	W. Johnson.....
History.....	W. Johnston.....	G. Araneta, R. Fitzgerald.....
Elocution.....	W. Johnson.....	F. Sigwart.....

*The highest honors for the Academic or High School Course will appear in our March issue.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The object of The Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIALS.

THE PRESS.

The many expressions of esteem and admiration for our work of last month, and the letters of congratulation and encouragement received from all quarters, might on other occasions have puffed us up with pride; but as we are only beginning our career as editors we have no leisure to pause and gather up the complimentary bouquets that have been showered upon us in overwhelming profusion. The hearty welcome shown to our first number is but an additional motive to urge us to greater and greater efforts. Of course we realize that the REDWOOD deserves not half the praise that has been lavished upon it by friends and strangers alike, yet

we take this opportunity to thank those who have regarded our efforts favorably and to pledge ourselves to spare no labor that can insure the future success of the magazine. We do not wish to disappoint such as are interested in our well-being, and so far as in us lies, we shall not do so. The standard set in our initial number will, we trust, rise, and gradually but constantly tend toward the ideal.

We wish in a special manner to thank Mr. Gage, the editor of the "Santa Clara News," and Jas. H. Barry of the San Francisco "Star" for their encouraging editorials.

THE PASSION PLAY.

The friends of Santa Clara College will, we feel confident, welcome the news that the Passion Play which, during the jubilee celebration of two years ago, met with such hearty approval and generous support, is to be reproduced sometime in May of the present year. This Passion Play, written by Clay M. Greene, an old student of Santa Clara, as a tribute of love to his Alma Mater, is the only successful attempt outside of Oberammergau to dramatize that great mystery around which hinges the history of the human race. That it really was a success no one who saw or heard of it can doubt. The daily papers of San Francisco were full of praise, the crowds that came from all parts of the state to witness it, some perhaps to criticise, returned to their homes, feeling without exception, that they had witnessed a play at once interesting, instructive and sublime.

The secret of this success is twofold. In the first place, the Sacred Humanity of Christ is not introduced on the stage, and yet by artful contrivances everyone feels His sacred presence with uncontrollable emotion. The same art is used in bringing out the character of Mary, the Mother of God, and the holy women who accompanied her to Golgotha. They appear not, and yet their sorrow, their fidelity to the end, their presence even is realized.

Another factor that enters into the success is the character of the participants. Imbued as they are by their daily training with a living sense of the reality of the great mysteries of Christianity, they enter into their parts with a something almost indefinable of prayerful innocence and reverence, without which the production of the drama would be hollow and unreal, if not positively distasteful.

The play is essentially sacred, and at the same time eminently dramatic. The two elements have been so interwoven that the greater, the sacredness, is all that remains in the mind and no one can witness the play without being at once moved and instructed.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

Alumni of Santa Clara College, you are doubtless aware that one of the brightest days in the entire school year is the day on which we see you coming from all parts of the state to pay a tribute of love and respect to your Alma Mater. We doubt not that it is a bright day for you also, one that calls to mind all the memorable scenes of college days and bring you in contact with the companions of your youth. But unfortunately our annual gathering is on a week day when many of you are in the midst of business and so unable to attend.

To avoid this incompleteness we wish to suggest, that besides the yearly banquet at the College, there should be another in San Francisco sometime during the course of the year. As there are over a hundred old Santa Clara boys in the City and the vicinity it would be a comparatively easy matter to bring them together and make them realize that they form a strong intellectual body. Individually the sons of Santa Clara make themselves and their influences felt in whatever they undertake; but they must not content themselves with individual success. Arrange therefore to come together at least once a year for a social banquet. It will foster a spirit of fraternity among you and bring you back to boyhoods brightest scenes

Do not leave the initiative to others. Act yourselves, and when we, the present students, shall join your ranks, as some of us shall do very soon, the annual banquet will be a fixed number. "In union there is strength." In the union of old Santa Clara boys there will be great strength.

LOCK-STEP EDUCATION.

An article was published a short while ago in the "Literary West" on, what the writer, Herbert Bushford, termed "lock-step education." There were some very harsh phrases in the article, some expressions of opinion entirely unfavorable to the public school system, as it exists in our large cities.

"The public school is at best a machine," said Herbert Bushford, "It grinds out its grist and adds each year to its already bewildering complications."

"Their (the students') personal preference in matters of study has not been consulted."

"They have turned square corners, until the marked individuality of each is gone." "They have been literally turned out of a machine."

"While the presidents of our great universities are beginning to proclaim the need of an individual training, those responsible for that cultivator of mediocrity known as the graded city school have yet failed to see the ridiculous side of the machine system."

Such language aroused a certain degree of curiosity on the subject of public school methods, and the San Francisco "Examiner" decided to secure an expression of opinion on the subject from the leading educators of the state. President B. Ide Wheeler, and President David Starr Jordan, among others, contributed their ideas. As might be expected from the nature of the article under consideration, they insisted on individualism, its necessity, and the means to secure it. We shall examine the opinions of both.

PRESIDENT WHEELER VS. PRESIDENT JORDAN:—

After a few curt, epigrammatical remarks on the sacredness of the individual and the necessity of training the younger generation as such, he formulates his educational creed:

"I believe in the public schools!"

I believe "that a boy, who has to take his full part as an American citizen had better be brought up in the rank and file of the youngsters 'just as they come' in unassorted lots."

"I do not believe in private schools" etc.

In substance the Berkeley President insists upon individualism and thinks that the public schools of to-day can and do secure it.

David Starr Jordan, while as earnest in advocating individualism as his friend from Berkeley, is of the opinion "that the school system in large cities is forced to subordinate effectiveness to order and economy." "That the individuality of the teacher is obliterated, and that of the pupil lost sight of altogether, and "that the personal stimulus, the impetus to growth in originality is very slight," etc.

That there is a difference of opinion between the two presidents is readily seen, but it is not our intention to offer any comments on that difference. We disagree with them in the premises and shall accordingly confine our remarks to the individual and individualism.

What is individualism? Certainly not a system that advocates the development of the unassorted lots "just as they come" with all their faults and vices. Every youth in our large cities has individually the elements of a criminal, he has individually the germs of vice as well as those of virtue, and individually, like electricity, he follows the line of least resistance.

The real difficulty therefore that confronts the educators of today is how to develop the good qualities in the young and eradicate or reduce to a minimum the evil tendencies. Education, if its purpose is "to give to personality the maximum of effectiveness for good," must take into account the course whence that good springs, must foster every appearance of good and encourage, strengthen and assist every effort in the right direction. But because the public school system of today does none of these things, we disagree with those who praise its methods and its work, or who, speaking in vague terms about the sanctity of the individual, think they are solving this important question.

The effectiveness for good on the part of the pupil must be the outgrowth of his physical, mental and moral training. His head, hand and heart must be developed; else it is as useless to seek for results, as it is to endeavor to gather fruits in the desert. The moral development is professedly left out of the question in the public school, and the usual influences that surround the pupil, are detrimental to morals. Physical training is in most cases left to the youth himself, and the mental formation is at least, only partial and incomplete. The ordinary studies, as they are managed at present, tend toward an abnormal development of the memory, while the understanding, the superior power of the mind, is entirely neglected.

In view of these facts, we ask what is the use, *cui bono*, of speaking generalities about "lock-step" education and individualism? Were it not better to examine into the real difficulties of the case? The question to be answered today is—How are we to build up the whole man? How are we to develop head, heart and hand? And if we find private schools that are endeavoring to answer this question in a practical manner, we are led to form a

contrary opinion about the public school system to that formulated by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

That there are such practical solutions no one can doubt. The Catholic parochial schools and the Catholic colleges throughout the country, though laboring under difficulties, have the moral formation of the youth entrusted to them constantly in view, and with this in view they endeavor to build up the youth physically and intellectually.

THE LATEST IN THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

Matthew Arnold once said that "the future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its highest destinies, our race at times goes on, will ever find a surer and surer way." The remark is an innocent one and might easily pass unchallenged, because poetry can do and has done a great deal towards the amelioration of mankind, and because some of the most consoling doctrines of Christianity have, besides the stamp of truth, a certain degree of poetry. But to attribute such important functions, such high destinies to anything human, outside of poetry, would justly call forth much adverse comment. To maintain that in the *public schools*, when they reach their full development, our race, as time goes on "will ever find a surer and surer stay," to teach that on them we must rest for comfort and support, all other sources of comfort failing,—is not a little surprising.

Of course we live in an age of intellectual activity and to make one's self felt, it is necessary to advance something new, and it is perhaps for this reason, that Prof. John Dewey, of the Chicago University has propounded his novel theory on the future of our public schools. "The decay under modern conditions," (we quote from Ossian H. Lang's article in the December number of the Forum) "of modes of family and church discipline, which formerly controlled people's activities, was spoken of (by Prof. Dewey) as a further indication of the need of supplying *through the school* new agencies calculated to refine and direct people's lives." That is to say, we take it, Religion having failed, and the family having failed to control people's activities, the public school must, in future, take this important duty in charge.

Prof. Dewey, if he has been quoted correctly by Lang, has gone a whole bar's length beyond Arnold. His theory is bolder, has greater facilities for practical application and opens a field of

refinement and direction to such as could find no assistance in poetry.

But let us examine the manner in which the school is to play such an important part in the community. The school must be a social center; it must bring together and commingle the different races, classes and religious sects and so promote a common understanding and sympathy. When the heterogeneous mass is collected, there must be three lines of activity appropriate to the school as a social center: 1, Rational recreation and enjoyment are to be provided for the mass of the people; 2, Social intercourse must be promoted "through clubs, assemblies, lectures," and so forth; 3, Facilities must be supplied for enabling people, to whom the opportunity is elsewhere denied, to develop "any special talents they may possess in the way of drawing, music, scientific investigation, engineering, architecture, etc." Then there should be "free lectures, reading rooms, play centres, vacation schools, parents' meetings and free concerts." Again there should be "circles for dressmaking, millinery, cooking and all the household and motherhood arts, free associations for the study of the practical sciences and arts, for theatricals, photography, village improvements, etc."

Thus the whole community will be drawn together for "intellectual, moral, physical and economic improvement!" Thus the failure on the part of family and church discipline to control and direct people's activities aright, is to be made good!

Were we to enter upon the consideration of this theory, supposing as Mark Twain asks us to do, in his opening essay on Christian Science, that we are all partially insane, it would be an easy task to see our way out of the difficulty. We could dismiss the whole matter by remarking, that this is Prof. Dewey's or Ossian Lang's weak point, and we had better let them alone. But we do not like to admit the principle of Mark, and shall examine the new theory, supposing that the theorizer is perfectly sane.

In the first place then we have no objection to the establishment of night schools, or "circles for dressmaking, millinery, cooking and all the other household and motherhood arts." The only point we object to, and it is the important point of the new theory, is that this kind of business is going to do what church discipline and family discipline formerly accomplished. In other words it is something like a new religion, with dressmaking circles, and motherhood arts, and free concerts, and free associations for the

study of photography, for theatricals and so forth, as the fundamental articles of belief as well as the prime motives for doing good, and the means of directing people's morals, elevating their ideals, refining them and establishing sympathy and harmony between class and class.

Great Heavens! it seems strange that if Religion, with all its uplifting principles, with its doctrines of charity, of humility, of contentment, has lost its hold on men's minds,—a dressmaking or millinery circle is to regain what has been lost! It seems strange that what could not be done in the family, Nature's own assembly, the members of which are linked together by something more lasting than a code of rules, is to be accomplished "in free associations for theatricals, photography, village improvements, etc."

President Ide Wheeler said a short time ago: "I believe in the public schools." Under the condition which Dewey and Lang advocate, his creed would be a ridiculous one surely. "I believe in 'free associations for the study of local history and geography, in circles for cooking and the motherhood arts, in the use of vans to carry children to and from school in the morning and to convey adults to a common social center in the evening'."

These are the means prepared for the intellectual, moral, physical and economic improvement of the masses. Perhaps they are good things in themselves; they might even be a means of helping out the work of the church and the family, but to suppose that they are to do what the church and family formerly did, is certainly an indication that the common sense among the people of our age, is on the decline.

When Senator Tillman tells the legislators of this country "that they are laying the foundations for a condition of affairs in the near future, at which in some miserable condition of poverty and hard times and inability to obtain work and opportunities to earn a living, they will be face to face with hundreds of thousands of hungry men who will disobey not only their injunctions but be ready to take up arms to defend their rights, etc., etc.,—is it not lamentable and unjust even to advocate the expansion of our Godless system of education? Is it not ridiculous to speak of the elevating, moral influence of a sewing circle?

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Senate.

The first regular meeting of the Philalethic Senate was held on the evening of January 14th, Mr. Kavanagh, S. J., presiding. The earnestness and enthusiasm manifested during the last semester was in no wise dimmed by the Christmas vacation. It seemed rather as if the cessation of hostilities had increased the desire of the young senators to appear in the oratorical arena, as was evidenced by the readiness with which they responded, when called upon for speeches. The meeting was opened with an address by the President, who, after he had praised the diligence with which the members prepared for debates and the earnestness with which they entered into them, delayed for some time on the advantages to be derived from a debating society and exhorted the senators to increased diligence in the future.

The Senate then proceeded to regular business, and held its semi-annual election of officers. The honors were distributed as follows: Corresponding Secretary, Senator J. Regan of Idaho; Recording Secretary, Senator Edw. Kirk of Oakland; Treasurer, Senator J. Ivancovich of San Francisco; Sergeant at arms, Senator L. Degan of Yosemite; Librarian, Senator J. Parrott of San Mateo; Assistant Librarian, Senator Francis Moraghan of San Francisco; Assistant Sergeant at arms, C. S. Laumeister of San Francisco.

The newly elected officers were installed with the accustomed inaugural ceremonies, and their eloquent speeches extended through the remainder of the time allotted to incidental business.

Mr. Gage, editor of the Santa Clara News, was then introduced by the President, and he entertained the senators, and the members of the House and Junior Dramatic Society, who were guests of the evening, with an able rendition of Booker T. Washington's speech on "The Present Status of the Negro in the United States." The kindness of Mr. Gage was appreciated, and all three societies passed resolutions of thanks for the favor he had shown.

The House of Philhistorians.

On the evening of January 12th, the opening meeting of the House for the present semester took place, nearly all the old members being in attendance.

Amongst the absent were missed with regret Mr. Harry Sullivan, last year's efficient sergeant at arms, and Mr. Henry Kelly, who had ever shown the keenest interest in the society's welfare. Both were popular members and earnest debators.

The election of new officers, which took place at this meeting resulted as follows: Clerk, Francis D. Ryan; Secretary, M. Bryte Peterson; Treasurer, H. Jedd McClatchy; Librarian, Robert McCormack; Sergeant at arms, Henry Haack; Assistant Treasurer; Patrick Graham; Assistant Sergeant at arms, John W. Byrnes; Committee on Ways and Means, M. R. O'Reilly, Harold O'Connor; Committee on Questions, Joseph Curley, Edward Comerford; Committee on Library, William Sollman, Frank A. Belz. John W. Byrnes, who for three terms ably and satisfactorily performed the duties of clerk, declined a renomination, as at present he is busily engaged in the interest of THE REDWOOD.

After the election, the resolution, "It is good government for the United States to maintain a standing army greater than is actually necessary to enforce the laws of the country," was adopted for discussion at the first debate of the session. The following debaters were appointed to uphold the respective sides: For the affirmative, Joseph Curley, M. R. O'Reilly, Frank A. Belz; for the negative, Edward Comerford, H. Jedd McClatchy, Frank D. Ryan.

At this meeting the members finally settled a question that had been long before the House, the procuring of a stone for the printing of Honorary Certificates. As bids received from the Mutual Label and Lithograph Company were satisfactory it was agreed to give that corporation the work. The stone is to cost about \$125; it will bear in color the coat-of-arms adopted by the College faculty at the time of the Golden Jubilee, and will be quite an elaborate affair. On the shield of the coat-of-arms are to be engraved the year of the foundation of the Collège and that of the establishment of the House of Philhistorians.

Sufficient praise cannot be given the members of the House for the spirit of earnestness with which they enter into the weekly debates, and zealously labor for the success of their organization.

One of the local papers, writing of their open debate, and compar-

ing it with a similar performance of an older association, says "with equal, if not more brilliant success, the members of the House, in open session and before a select audience, discussed the advisability of high license as the best means of checking intemperance."

The Junior Dramatics.

The initial meeting of the Junior Dramatics took place the evening of January 7th, 1903. It had the honor of being the first of the College societies to reorganize after the Christmas holidays, and the first to elect a staff of officers for its business transactions during the present semester.

The officers chosen are: Vice President, Alexander T. Cody; Secretary, Robt. E. Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Edwin A. McFadden; Censor, James C. Brazell; Sergeant at arms, Frederick J. Ralph; Prompter, Milton B. Moraghan; Committee on Ways and Means, Ralph C. Harrison, George H. Casey.

As the principal object of the Society is to have weekly debates which are always preceded by a criticism, an essay or a reading, at the opening meeting the following resolution was agreed on for discussion: "Is labor justified in forming Unions?" with Messrs. Ed A. McFadden, Robt. E. Fitzgerald, affirmatives; and Messrs. Geo. H. Casey and Aloys Grace, negatives. Reader, Mr. Paul Carew; Essayist, Mr. James Lappin; Critic, Mr. Arthur Fleming.

That a spirit of interest and enthusiasm exists amongst the young debaters is evident from the earnestness with which each member enters into his allotted task, and the lively manner in which the weekly discussions are carried on.

Since the election two debates have taken place, one on the subject above mentioned, and another on the question, "Are Chinese eligible subjects for American citizenship?" Affirmatives, James Brazell, Bert Brown; negatives, George Fisher, Francis Lejeal. Proceeding this debate Mr. M. B. Moraghan gave a reading, and Mr. George Ivancovich an essay on Cicero.

The editors of THE REDWOOD wish to congratulate the members of the Junior Dramatic Society for their success in the Christmas play. It was one of the interesting features of the year, and such was the animation of all the young actors that the seasoned first division boys had better look to their laurels.

Improvements.

Not long since the spirit of improvement flitted through the smoking room and passed out leaving a cold chill behind. Its merciless spectral hands seized and demolished the time-scarred gas-jets, round which lurked such happy memories, and which had served to light so many a punk. The cheery voice of the flame is no longer heard singing its tales of the boys of yore, and the present generation must be content under the cold gaze of the electric bulbs of modern invention. The boys are bewailing their loss as that of an old friend, and the match famine is imminent. The advent of an oil stove with punk-lighting attachment is looked forward to with interest.

The Glee Club.

John B. Shea's marine guards, as they appeared a short time ago on the stage, have since been organized into a regular glee-club. Judging from the success of their first entertainment, and the humor and fun of which H. Haack, John Shea and their able companions seem to be composed, we have every reason to expect some very pleasant entertainments.

The Gymnasium.

Our new gymnasium is all but completed, the apparatus has been purchased, and in a week or two everything will be ready for indoor exercise. Santa Clara College has ever been of the opinion that study and exercise must go hand in hand, and hence the students have always excelled in the one and the other. THE REDWOOD wishes to extend the thanks of the student body to Rev. Father Kenna for his kindness in giving us this opportunity of developing our muscles and doing away with any noxious vapors which too much study might generate.

The gymnasium is a large, airy structure, with showers, dressing rooms, lockers, and all the accommodations desirable, besides a supply of gymnastic apparatus worth something in the neighborhood of \$1000. It is a grand gift, and we shall try to appreciate it.

The Old Boys.

Eugene J. Ellis, '91, one of the most popular of the old boys of Santa Clara, is general manager in Oakland of the Sunset Telephone Company. Success Gene!

We hear that C. H. Jessen, '88-'91, is indulging his taste for literary work as Pacific Coast editor of the San Francisco Call. His friends sympathize with him in the loss of his brother Gus, who died recently in Arizona, whither the hope of renewed health had carried him.

In our last number, we credited Romualdo Soto, '78, with election to the Auditorship of Monterey county. We should have credited it to his brother Pablo, an old student late in the eighties.

We hail with pleasure the appointment of John J. Barrett, '91, to the important office of Fire Commissioner of San Francisco. The San Francisco Examiner thus speaks of it (and the tribute is deserved):

"It is safe to say that no one of Mayor Schmitz' appointments will be received with more general satisfaction and genuine heartiness of approval than that of John J. Barrett, the brilliant and eloquent young attorney, who is to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Fire Commissioner Grady.

"As a member of this Board, which is one of the most important branches of the city government, it is predicted by all who know him that Mr. Barrett will reap new laurels.

"Mr. Barrett is not a professional politician. He is a very successful attorney. In politics he is an Independent Democrat.

"As an orator Mr. Barrett is without a peer among the young members of his profession, and he is just as convincing a speaker in court as on the political rostrum. At the last Democratic State Convention Mr. Barrett created a sensation by the masterly speech he delivered in presenting the name of James V. Coleman to the gathering as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. That forensic effort gave Mr. Barrett a State reputation. Many of the leading members of the convention enthusiastically compared Mr. Barrett's faculty for public speaking with that of the late Senator Stephen M. White.

"The new Fire Commissioner was born thirty-one years ago. After attending the preparatory schools he went to Santa Clara College, from which he graduated with high honors. Then he became an instructor in the College. Later he studied law with Mr. Garrett McEnerny, who immediately predicted for him a bright future in the legal profession.

"Mr. Barrett received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of California. He will concentrate his energies on ac-

complishing much for the Fire Department. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the fearlessness and picturesque bravery of the fire fighters of this city, and there is nothing that he would not do to better their condition and increase the efficiency of the Department. The duties of his new position will not interfere with Mr. Barrett's practice of his profession."

Last month we announced the re-election of W. G. Lorigan, an old student, to the office of Superior Judge of Santa Clara County. The new year has brought Mr. Lorigan an increase of honor as he has lately been appointed by Governor Gage to fill the place on the Supreme Bench left vacant by the death of Judge Temple.

The San Jose Mercury of January — publishes a well written article on "Poetry of Robert Burns," from the pen of J. G. Campbell, '72.

Robert Keefe, '02, has returned to Santa Clara College as an instructor in the Academic Department.

Father Bernard McKinnon, '88, is now pastor at Palo Alto, having been appointed to the important post toward the close of the past year.

We notice with pleasure that Robert R. Syer, '89, is meeting with the success we like to see the old Santa Clara boys achieve. "Bob" is practising law in San Jose, and has just won an important case before the Supreme Court, which he has brought, after a sharp contest, to reverse the decision of the Superior Court in the suit of the Sunol School District vs. L. J. Chipman, Superintendent of Schools for Santa Clara County.

The Rev. Wm. Fleming, '97, called at the College recently. Father Fleming is at present at the church of the Sacred Heart in San Francisco.

IN THE LIBRARY.

SOCIALISM; ITS ECONOMIC ASPECT.

BY WILLIAM POLAND, S. J.—B. HERDER.

It is natural that such a question as Socialism, the cause of so much of today's political agitation, should be analyzed, explained, defended or fought against in speeches, essays and treatises with a variety of treatment corresponding to the number of conflicting opinions regarding it. Many of these publications possess rare merits, but we seldom find one combining with brevity, rare lucidity and completeness. This merit undoubtedly belongs to the little pamphlet of Father William Poland, S. J., of St. Louis University. A masterly order, terse, lucid English, with clear-cut and logical arguments give it a character that elevates it far above anything of similar pretensions that we have seen on the socialistic doctrine. We admire especially the author's choice of Socialism in its present phase in preference to the Socialism of the past. Would that such publications were multiplied and made to pass into the hands of every American workingman.

SOCIALISM AND LABOR AND OTHER ARGUMENTS.

BY RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING—H. C. MC CLURG & CO.

Bishop Spalding's well known and popular works on subjects of national interest have been enhanced by the publication of a small volume of essays under the title "Socialism and Labor and other Arguments." Here the author, with characteristic mastery of style, impresses necessary truths upon the reader, and apparently without seeking it, clothes even common thoughts in a garb which seems to establish an affinity between them and the mind, so naturally do they appeal to it and sink into the memory. For instance, in his direct and forceful essay on "The Basis of Popular Government," he says, "Pure hearts are glad, and they who tread the paths of duty find God's world sweet." In this essay he gives us one of the best antidotes for pessimism we have yet met with, when he tells us that the merits of a few are the foundation upon which is based the claim of a nation's civilization. Without giving offense his words breathe solid, wholesome and direct advice, and show everywhere a patriotic love of country. In the essay, "Are we in Danger of a Revolution?" he warns against the peril of labor organ-

jization eliminating the individuality and free will so essential for the ennobling of mankind and the advancing of ourselves as a nation. Yet he condemns not that saving union of all in interesting themselves in the needs of each: . . . "let us keep a brave heart, and believe that where all men think and act, the common sense of most will prevail, and wisdom, virtue, and nobler manhood will be the result."

ROADSIDE FLOWERS.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE—A. M. ROBERTSON.

Among the new arrivals on our library table is a neat little book of poems entitled "Roadside Flowers," by Harriet M. Skidmore. In its ninety-nine pages of hymns, legends, etc., lofty subjects are handled with facility of versification and variety of style. The hymns are devout and far beyond the common in poetic merit. In the "Hymn to the Holy Face," simple and tender figures seem to breathe the penitent on Mount Calvary. The fruit of a less pensive mood, is "City versus Country." Here a light subject is well handled without descending from refinement, and the author's touch appears not less happy than when she treats graver themes.

THE "DOMINICANA."

The beautiful little poem by Harriet M. Skidmore, in the January number of the "Dominicana," has attracted our special attention. It is a legendary story done into verse, full of harmony, full of piety. An expression of grief, that, in this age of materialism, legend-lore has lost its place of honor,

"O days of legend-glory
To dark oblivion flown!"

opens the poem and then the writer goes on to tell, in her own poetic way, how an image of the Mother of God was miraculously borne over billows and through storms and tempests from Palestine to the favored city of Boulogne in France, and how it was placed on high,

"That long in loving pity,
Fond watcher thou should'st be
Of "belle Boulogne's" fair city,
Sweet Lady of the Sea!"

The image of Mary thus placed on high above the stormy billows is eminently poetical, but besides the poetical qualities and the legend-glory, it is rich in mystic meaning. Catholics love to regard the great Mother of God as the "Stella Maris" in a yet higher

sense. We realize that we are all struggling through the storms and tempests of a world of sin, and we love to look up to Mary for comfort and for light, and when the darkling clouds of temptation lower over us it is with joy that we heed St. Bernard's counsel "Respice Stellam!"

And yet another thought occurs to us as we read this sweet little poem. It was France, as the legend tells, that was chosen as a resting place by the Queen of Angels:

"To France her well-loved nation
From faithless Palestine."

Poor France, you have always been the special object of Mary's love; even now she is manifesting her regard for you at the grotto of Lourdes. And Oh! how ungrateful you have been!

FATHER JUNIPERO AND THE MISSION INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON—LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

The author of "Ramona" has again sought her inspiration in the old California Missions, so well suited to excite interest and to win the reader to a love of the sanctity and peace of early Mission life. In a simple, flowing yet vigorous style, she first relates, the adventurous and devoted life of Father Junipero Serra, the eminent Franciscan who in the 18th century scoured the Pacific Slope, which he studded with missions. She brings home to the reader the prodigious labors and the crowning achievements of this greatest of the Franciscan Missionaries who evangelized the Californias.

In the second part of the book the present condition of the California Mission Indians is the author's theme. The sincerity of purpose, which made "A Century of Dishonor" famous, is here not less clearly revealed, and sympathy with the Indian in his misery, admiration for the devotedness of his evangelizers with indignation at the brutal heartlessness of so many of her own race mark this no less forcibly than they marked the earlier work.

Helen Hunt Jackson deserves well of every friend of fairness, humanity and Christianity, and her work will in after times be looked back upon as that of one who did most to repair the wrongs of a century of wrong and dishonor.

Before taking leave of this work we wish to point out an old and oft repeated error, repeated in written histories and even in the hewn stone of the Serra monument at Monterey. Santa Clara Mission was founded not on January 18, but on January 12, 1777, as three different authentic documents still preserved in the College archives show.

EXCHANGES.

It is but right that THE REDWOOD, should introduce an exchange column in order to keep in touch with, and to contribute its little mite towards the encouragement of contemporary journals.

THE "GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL."

To begin, we have before us the "Georgetown College Journal," which has ever maintained a high literary standard. We turn over its pages feeling that our hopes will in no way be disappointed; nor are they. The December number contains several very excellent poems, prominent among which is the opening sonnet on "Christmas." "Ye Kyngedome of Kuss" is good, very good, though its plot is all but too simple. It is difficult to pick out the best in this magazine, for everything is excellent, and THE REDWOOD sends congratulations across the continent to the young editors.

THE "FLEUR DE LIS."

The "Fleur de Lis" of January has some very pleasant reading matter, and the sweet little poem "Sacrifice" is far above the ordinary in melody and movement. We make bold to suggest to our friends in St. Louis that they begin a little exchange work as soon as possible. It helps to keep up the good spirit and fraternal feeling which should exist among college publications. By the way, you St. Louisians had a poor football season. Better luck next time.

THE "DIAL."

From the same vicinity comes the "Dial," with a kind little notice of THE REDWOOD, (the first we met with in a college magazine.) We appreciate your kindness and shall return it every now and then, if you don't mind. Your Christmas number was highly commendable in some particulars; for instance, we liked that story, "Reclaimed," very much, and considering that it is the work of a second grade boy, we cannot but praise it highly. We are inclined to think that the pious thought of your filler, "In the Mother's Heart," might go better in prose.

THE "S. V. C. STUDENT."

The "S. V. C. Student," our contemporary from Southern California, has a well written and logically sound article on "God and Philosophy." The opening poem is a little crude and unpolished, with an occasional harsh line. It is the diamond in the rough.

THE "PHAROS."

Dear editors of the "Pharos," of course we know you didn't mean to do us harm, but, with your leave, we wish to point out a slight inaccuracy. "In your December number, we read that Belmont, one of the best teams on the coast, tied Santa Clara College and beat the Stanford Freshmen 12 to 0; but could only score ten points against the U. P." Now you know full well that it was Belmont's second team that could score but ten points against you, and that it was Belmont's first team that tied Santa Clara College and beat the Stanford Freshmen. Oh, the carelessness of that athletic editor!

THE "TOCSIN."

Prominent among our California exchanges is the Santa Clara High School Tocsin, one of the best High School papers that has come under our notice. We are proud to have the "Tocsin" for a neighbor.

THE "EXPONENT."

The following from the "Exponent," which comes to us from far-off Tennessee, admits, perhaps, of explanation, though it needs no comment: "From the graduates of five years, twenty-two are teachers, five are married, and the *others* are doing well." (The italics are ours.)

ATHLETICS.

The January number of the REDWOOD contained a glorious record of football victories, but football is now a thing of the past. The optimates, it is true, are still walking proudly about the campus, with the college monogram and sweater and little red cap, trying to attract the attention of all the new boys, and smiling inwardly, whenever they are pointed out as having made the first team. But beyond that there is not the slightest indication of the pigskin sport. But a short while ago, "low tackles," and "end runs" and "long punts" formed the burden of the conversation of such as would gather in little groups about the campus and discuss the topics of the day. Now, there is nothing thought of, nothing discussed on such occasions, but "stolen bases," and "place hits," and all that sort of thing. In other words we are now right in the midst of the baseball season.

"Good Heavens," some of our Eastern readers will exclaim, "Baseball season in January!" To be sure; while you, poor victims of anthracite coal famines are gathering around your gas stoves and waiting anxiously for the passage of the Vest resolution; while you are walking about with frozen extremities and big woolen scaafs, we, the favored Californians, are enjoying that "ver perpetuum" of which the poets speak.

Every day the baseball magnates may be seen on the diamond in anxious preparation for the struggles that are to be made. They realize that it is theirs to preserve a championship of twelve years standing, and the zest and earnestness, and enthusiasm even, with which they work, gives ample reason to believe that they will hold their own.

Under the watchful eye of Joe Corbett, of National League fame, who has already won the hearts of all by his kindness and impartiality, the veterans are being whipped back into shape, while the "youngsters" are becoming "old timers." It is, we know, entirely useless to say anything by way of praise, about our coach. Everyone who has any knowledge of the national game has heard the name of Joe Corbett, but outside of California he is not perhaps known as a coach; yet we doubt, and we have Stanford and Berkeley with us in our doubt, whether there is anyone in the country to-day, possessed of half his knowledge of base-

ball, or half his skill in imparting that knowledge. This year, if ever, we have every reason to look forward to the pennant.

Besides such an experienced coach, we have Frank Farry for captain, whose evenness of temper and clearness of understanding have, during the past few years, enabled us to avoid anything like a quarrel with our opponents. Invariably our boys received letters from captains of visiting teams thanking them for the kindness with which they were treated; and when it was ours to go abroad, we were *written up* in the various papers as the gentlemen of S. C. C.

Then we have such a pair of "slab artists" as Bob Keefe, and Carmel Martin. Keefe won every game but one, last year, and Martin, who pitched for the San Jose Normal team, was regarded by many as the first amateur twirler in the State. The youth, who this year is to wear the chest protector and pneumatic cushion, Pierre Merle, is well known as a sure back-stop. Nothing passes him, no one steals second under his watchful eye.

Again, Chase on second, Farry short, Keleher third, and Griffin or Feeney first, will form a stone wall of such impenetrability, that nothing will pass them, save an occasional fly, if our opponents succeed in finding Keefe or Martin for one. The fly, however, will be taken in as sure as day by our well-drilled fielders, Jones, Ivancovich, Sigwart, Ryan and others of such skill and speed, that to choose the men is the only difficulty the coach has to meet with.

Manager Laumeister is filling out the schedule with great rapidity. Besides a series with Stanford, Berkeley, Belmont and other colleges, a number of games will be played with the All-stars, an aggregation of California Leagues, who are hibernating in and around San Jose; and as the Portland team intends to practice in this vicinity, we shall try to give them something more than mere practice.

All-Stars vs. S. C. C.

Our first game was not in any way a game of disappointment. We lost, but we lost to professionals, and this in one inning, when, wishing to save our pitcher, because it was his first game, and feeling confident of victory, for we were ahead, we put in one, who, though a star behind the bat, was not able to hold the leaguers down.

They made in one inning five runs, leaving us three in the

rear. The game ended with a score of 11 to 8. The following is the score:

THE SCORE.

ALL-STARs.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
C. Doyle, c. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	1
Brockhoff, 3b.....	2	2	1	0	3	4	1
Graham, 1b.....	2	1	0	0	16	0	1
Hogan, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
G. Foley, l. f.....	2	2	1	2	2	0	0
F. Foley, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	0	2	1
Erle, s. s.....	4	2	1	0	1	2	1
Kent, c.....	4	2	0	0	4	3	1
Stockton, p.....	4	1	2	1	0	4	1
Total	30	11	7	3	27	15	7

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Feeney, lb, c.....	2	2	0	1	10	0	0
Martin, p., c f.....	4	1	1	0	0	1	0
Farry, s. s.....	5	2	2	0	5	4	1
Keliher, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	5	0
Merle, c. p.....	4	2	2	5	2	0	0
Chase, 2b.....	5	0	4	1	1	3	1
Keefe, c. f. lb. p.....	5	0	1	0	3	1	0
J. Ivancovich, l. f.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	0
Jones, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nicholl, r. f.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	0
Griffin, r. f.....	2	1	1	2	1	0	1
Total	37	8	13	4	27	16	3

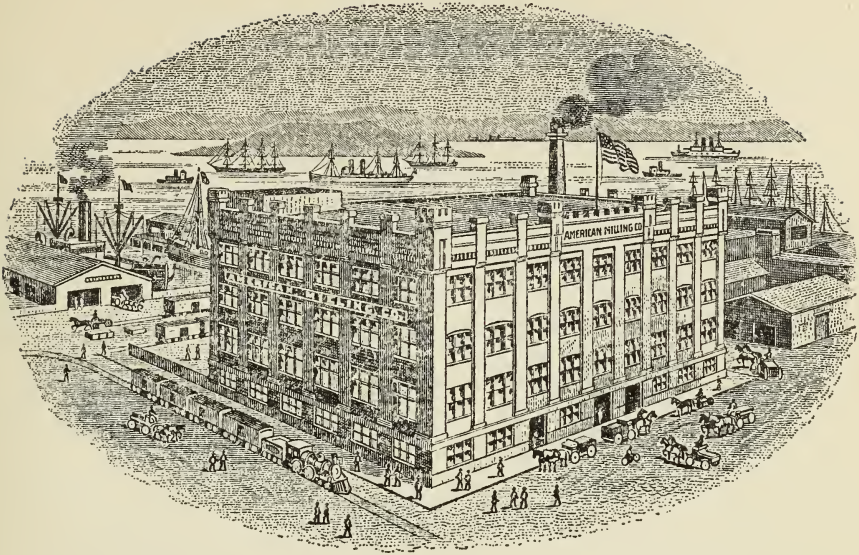
SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
All-Stars	0	0	0	3	2	0	1	4	1—11
Hits	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	2—7
Santa Clara Coll	3	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	0—8
Hits	3	1	1	2	0	2	2	1	1—11

SUMMARY.

Home run—Merle. Three-base hit—Merle. Two-base hit—Erle, Chase. Base on balls—Off Stockton 3; off Martin 6, off Merle 3; off Keefe 1. Struck out—By Stockton 3; by Martin 2; by Merle 1; by Keefe 1. Hit by pitcher—G. Foley; Hogan, and Graham. Sacrifice hits—Brockoff, F. Foley, Martin, Kelleher. Merle. Wild pitches—Merle 2. Passed balls—Feeney. First base on errors—All-Stars 1, Santa Clara College 4. Left on bases—All-Stars 8, Santa Clara College 8. Double plays—Keefe to Farry, F. Foley to Graham. Time of game—Two hours ten minutes. Umpires—B. Foley and J. Toomey. Scorer—Hoole.

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THE above cut shows the newest and best equipped Mill California can boast of to-day, and it has been the privilege of one of our representatives to go through and see the manufacturing of more articles than can be remembered. The deafening hum of the machinery and the transforming of the raw material into the finished article is a sight both instructive and interesting.

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The many other articles proved likewise interesting, and our representative left with the intention of eating the goods he saw produced, which are without doubt as near perfection as possible.

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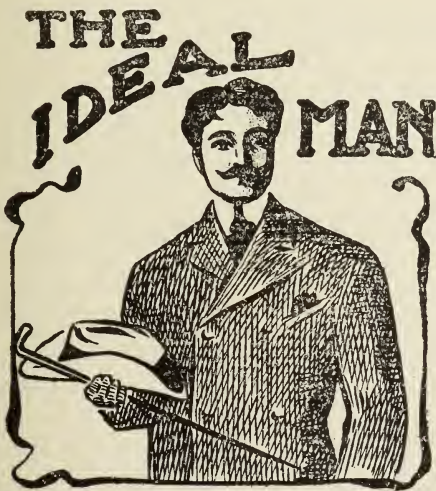
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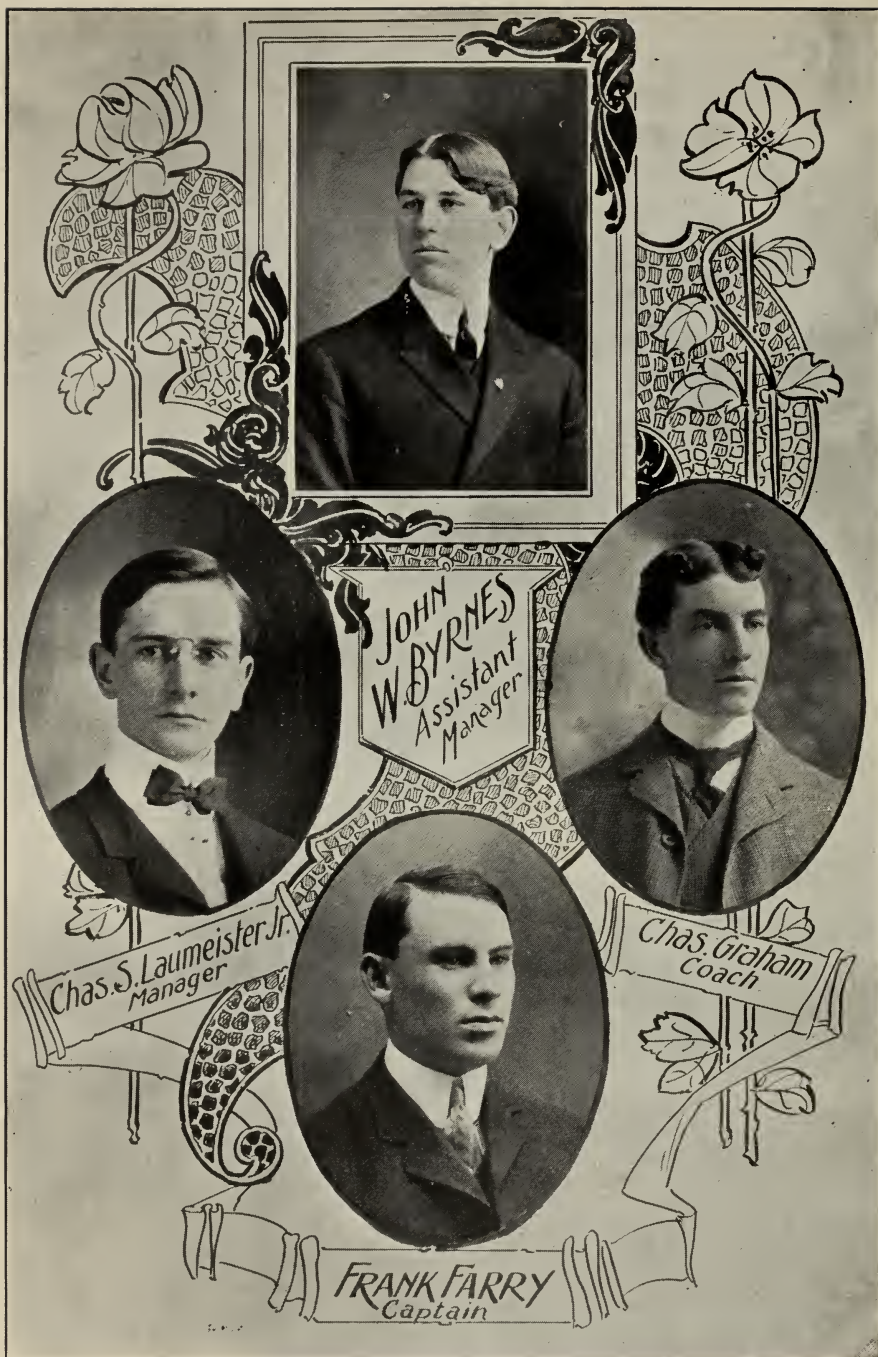
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PROVIDENCE.

By solitary midnight's ebon brink,
All silence save the murmur of the fall,
And phantom whispers breathing musical,
That blend and still in soft harmonious link,
Intent upon the mystery, I think
Of what man is and whither tends, what all
Life's meaning is when darks the fatal pall
And Earth's last cherished hopes in ashes sink:

But when the hushed skies through circling gloom
In dotted splendor, from th' eternal loom
A fabric wove, break forth, strong in this hour
Of reverent awe Thy glory, God, is known,
Thy love, Thy vastness, Thy most fertile power
That shapes the starry courses and my own.

Freshman.

HENRY GARNET, S. J.

There is in the British Museum a very interesting document, relative to some peculiar circumstances, subsequent to the execution of Father Henry Garnet. It is an endorsed "Copy of the Examination of Peter Wylkenson on the 1st and 2nd of December."—In it we read that "his (Father Garnet's) head, when severed from his body, appeared in that lively color, as it seemed to retain the same hue and show of life which it had before it was cut off; so as both heretics and Catholics were astonished thereat, and so much the more, in that according to custom being cast into hot water it received no alteration at all, as neither it did after it was placed upon London Bridge and set up there upon a pole.

. There have been so many to see it at once, sometimes, what from the bridge, what from palaces near thereunto, as from the water and houses, as divers there present have thought them to have been to a number of four or five hundred persons."

In another part of Wylkenson's examination we read of a miraculous image of the priest on an ear of wheat, picked up by an admirer, who had betaken himself to the awful scene of execution impelled by the "desire of dipping his handkerchief or other linen in the blood of one whom he regarded as a martyr."

In view of these facts we are led to inquire more particularly into the nature of this man's death and the causes which led thereunto. For particulars we are indebted to contemporary documents as found in the works of Henry Foley, S. J.

Father Henry Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuits in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and of James I, is undoubtedly known to many, who have been led astray by the ambiguous language of the official account of his condemnation and execution, as a vile traitor to his God, his conscience, and his religion. He has become notorious in English Annals on account of his alleged connection with the *gunpowder* conspiracy, which was nothing more nor less than a plan formed for the purpose of blowing up the parliament house with gunpowder, and involving in one common destruction, the king, the lords and the commons. But an unadorned narrative of his execution will show that he died the death of a martyr, rather than that of a traitor.

When after several months imprisonment in the tower of London, where he was several times racked and all but strangled,

the news was brought to him that he was to die on the first day of May, on which day, as had long been the custom in England, the people were wont "to go out at early morning into the fields and come home with green boughs in their hands, in sign of joy, and spend most of the day in triumph and pastime;" the good father made the brief remark, "What! will they make a May game of me?" This was indeed, but a slight complaint, and in fact the only one he had made during his severe and protracted trial; and undoubtedly he was inspired, as a contemporary writer remarks, to make the complaint, for it so happened that instead of the first of May he was executed on the third of the same month, the feast of the Invention of the Cross of Christ.

We shall omit his fervent preparation, his prayers for perseverance, his acts of forgiveness, and the penances even, with which he awaited the final day, and give a brief narrative of events from the tower to the scaffold.

"Farewell, good sir," said one of his prison attendants, as the condemned man walked slowly and thoughtfully from his cell in the tower.—"Farewell my good friend Tom," was the father's reply, "this day I will save you the trouble of providing me with dinner." He was then stretched out at full length on the hurdle, a piece of canvas or carpet, nailed to two runners, thus forming a sort of sled, which in the case of Father Garnet was drawn by three horses.

The capital punishment of our day, is by far more humane and refined, and in fact, such a cruel and barbarous spectacle as met the eyes of so many thousands on that, the third day of May, 1606, could not again be witnessed. Yet the humiliation, great as it was, was not too much for the christian fortitude of Garnet.

"He clasped his hands," says one who had witnessed the departure from the tower, "lifting them towards Heaven, and kept his eyes shut for the most part, as a man in deep contemplation." We are also told that as the hurdle moved slowly through the streets of London, the father was every now and then saluted by some sympathizer or insulted by enemies. To the friendly greetings he returned words of thanks, but to the insults he answered never a word. His treasure, his hope, his comfort was in Heaven and there too was his heart.

The procession had at length reached the place of execution, St. Paul's Churchyard, and here it was that the Deans of St. Paul's and Winchester made one last endeavor to win the father

over to the Church of England. He had already suffered and endured too much for the Catholic religion to be seduced at this late hour. He told the Deans that he had come to England in order, if possible, to convert his countrymen to the faith of their forefathers, and if that were not possible, to shed his blood in testimony to the truth thereof.

"After recovering from the dizziness," says Bishop Challoner, "caused by that infamous vehicle, he ascended the scaffold with a smiling countenance." The crowd but a moment before had called him a thousand infamous names, for many assembled there knew nothing of the life and virtues of Garnet, and from the fact that he was condemned to death, they regarded him as a reviler of all things sacred, as an enemy to the king and to the country. But they were so moved by his venerable and saintly appearance that instead of the accustomed shouts and insults, there was a long and profound silence. Garnet remained in prayer, until asked if he wished to address the people before his death. "My voice is weak," was the reply, "and the audience large, but, with the grace of God, I will do my best;" and turning to the multitude he began in a clear, distinct tone:

"Upon this day is recorded the Invention of the Holy Cross, and upon this day I thank God I have found my cross, by which I hope to end all the crosses of my life, and to rest in the next by the grace and merits of my blessed Saviour. As for the treasons which are laid against me, I protest now at my death, that I am not guilty of them, neither had I knowledge of the Powder, but in confession, and then I utterly disliked it and earnestly dissuaded it. Yea, I protest upon my soul that I should have abhorred it, even though it had succeeded. And I am sorry, with all my heart, that any Catholics had any such intention, knowing that such attempts are not allowable, and to my own knowledge, contrary to the Pope's mind. And therefore, I wish all Catholics to be quiet and not to be moved by any difficulties to the raising of tumults, but to possess their souls in peace. And God will not be forgetful of them, or of His promise, but will send them help and comfort when it is most to his glory and to their good."

The Father spoke at greater length, but the foregoing is sufficient to give the spirit of his last speech. While the executioners were preparing the ladder and scaffold, the victim of injustice spent his time in prayer for them. The scaffold of three centuries ago was not similar to the modern apparatus. It consisted of two

upright beams and a cross bar, to which was attached a rope with an iron ring adjustable to the neck of the victim, who was forced to ascend a ladder which was then drawn from under him, as was done in the present case, or else was placed on a cart which being withdrawn, left him hanging in midair.

While the Father knelt at the foot of the ladder pouring out his soul in devout prayer, some one approached him and said, "Mr. Garnet, it is expected that you will recant from your religion and become a Protestant." Such a report had indeed been circulated before the martyr's arrival at the place of death. "God forbid," was the answer, "I had never any such intention, but ever meant to die a true and perfect Catholic." And turning to the people, he exhorted them to attend to the condition of their souls; "for upon my conscience and salvation," he said, "I protest that there is no other way to eternal bliss than to live and die in the profession of the Catholic faith." "But, Mr. Garnet, we are all Catholics," some one suggested. "No, no," returned the Father, "you are not, for such only are Catholics as live in unity and profession of one faith under one supreme head, of God's Church, which is the Pope's holiness, and you must be all of the Catholic Roman Church or you cannot be saved. May God in His mercy, bring the king, the queen, the council and the whole realm to this unity."

Such boldness on the part of one at the very point of death, surprises us, but it is well to remember that in those days of persecution, when all sorts of reports were spread about the apostasy of the priests who were in the tower, these were forced to declare with all the directness and emphasis in their power, what their sentiments really were; and so Father Garnet disguised nothing that could be of assistance to his hearers.

The scene which now follows is one of intense interest. Imagine the scaffold which we have described, surrounded by an immense multitude of curious as well as devout spectators, and endeavor to realize their feelings, when the innocent victim ascends the ladder, and with a loud clear voice, as loud and clear, as under the circumstances was possible, makes profession of the faith for which he is about to die. "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. By this sign of the cross, (and he blessed himself)—far from me be all that is evil." And as for some reason or other the executioner delayed, probably to give his companions time to whet their knives, in order the more easily

to disembowel and quarter the victim, he appealed in a true Catholic spirit to Mary, the refuge of all at the hour of death. "Mary, Mother of Grace, Mother of Mercy, protect us from the enemy and receive us at the hour of death." "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" "We adore Thee, O Christ, and bless Thee because by Thy Holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world." "Imprint Thy Cross in my heart, O Lord." And again addressing himself to the Blessed Virgin Mary, he repeated the same ejaculation as before. Thus strengthened by the consolations of religion, he told the hangman that he was ready, and folding his hands on his breast, in the form of a cross, he was cast off the ladder. Suspended thus between heaven and earth, he remained, with his hands crossed and without the least sign of agony or pain, until he expired.

Such a pious and constant demeanor on his part excited the sympathy of the crowd. Their shouts and cries checked the impatience of the executioners, and the cruel operation of quartering was deferred till he was fully dead. When finally his body was cut down, his bowels were torn out and cast into the fire, and his heart was hewn to the people, with the words, "Behold the heart of the traitor!" There was no one heard to answer, "God save the King!" Not, assuredly, because there were any in the multitude of the opinion that such a prayer was not praiseworthy, but because they thought that there was no occasion for it at that time, when Garnet had shown in death that he was anything but a traitor, if indeed he had not shown it before, by his fortitude in prison, his reasoning in court, and by his entire life of self-sacrifice.

Such remarks as "He died a saint," "He was not in appearances a traitor," were passed from mouth to mouth, as the Catholics who were present pressed around the scaffold to obtain, if possible, some relic of one whom they regarded as a martyr.

Thus perished Father Henry Garnet, the intrepid warrior of Catholicity, whose only crime was, as we shall now proceed to show, a conscientious fidelity to duty and an apostolic love for the souls of his countrymen.

Born in Nottingham in the year 1555, he was educated at the famous College of William of Wykeham, whence he passed to New College, Oxford, with all the honors of his class. After a few years at Oxford, he submitted to the overpowering influence brought to bear upon him by some of his fellow students, became

a Catholic, and shortly after his conversion went to Spain and thence to Rome, where he entered the Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrea. Here he remained until May 8, 1586, when, in company with Father Robert Southwell, he left Rome for England. Two months later he once more set foot on his native soil, and immediately began the work of love and self-sacrifice, to which by solemn vow he had consecrated the remainder of his life. An heroic offering, and one of which no one, unacquainted with the history of England, under the reign of Elizabeth, can form a due estimate. Such was Father Garnet's success, such, the good opinion held of him, by his brethren in the faith and in religion, that after one year of toil as a private, he was created Superior of the Jesuits in England.

The office was not by any means an honorable one. It meant merely that he would become ever after an object of hatred—even horror—to those, and there were very many such, who imagined that the devoted missionaries were incarnate devils, coming into England with the intention of destroying order and law, and establishing in their stead, anarchy and confusion. Fr. Garnet, however, entered upon the office with a firm trust in God, determined either to win to Him England which had fallen away from the true faith, or to shed his blood in the attempt. So successful was he in governing his scattered subjects, directing them when free to labor, consoling them when in prison, and writing to them when abroad, that during his eighteen years of superiorship, no one was found to complain or in any way show disapproval of the rule of Garnet.

He was still at the helm, when in 1603 James I ascended the throne of England. In a letter written about the time of the coronation to Father Robert Parsons, then in Rome, he expresses sentiments of joy and satisfaction, that the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, is to succeed blood-thirsty Elizabeth, though he uses no such epithet as ours. "There hath happened a great alteration," he writes, "by the death of the queen. Great fears were, but all are turned into greatest security, and a golden time we have of expected freedom abroad. The Catholics have great cause to hope for respect, in that the nobility all almost labor for it, and have good promise thereof from his Majesty."

These hopes, however, were not destined to live. Through the influence of Lord Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, the king sanctioned a number of penal laws, which for cruelty and inhumanity have scarcely ever been outdone. "They made it death to

receive absolution from a priest, death to harbor a priest in your house, death to give him a cup of drink or any assistance in his need, death to persuade any one to embrace the Catholic religion, etc., etc."

Nor were these cruel laws promulgated in vain. In 1605 Luisa de Carvajal, a noble Spanish lady, who had gone to England for the purpose of consoling the persecuted Catholics, wrote to a friend in Spain: "We can hardly go out to walk without seeing the heads and limbs of some of our dear and holy ones stuck upon the gates, that divide the streets, and the birds of the air perching upon them." Some of the captured priests died in loathsome dungeons, after repeated and horrible tortures, but most of them suffered the death of traitors, i. e.—"They were drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution and there hanged by the neck. Whilst still alive they were laid on the ground, their members amputated, their entrails drawn out and burnt. After this was done, their heads were cut off, their bodies quartered and head and quarters placed where the king might appoint."

Such laws and such atrocities; for atrocities they surely were, are said to have induced a number of Catholics to form the now notorious powder conspiracy, though it is all but certain that, with the exception of Guy Fawkes and perhaps one or two others, the conspirators were urged on to the attempt, or pseudo-attempt, by certain ministers of state, and that the conspiracy was directed against the Catholic body, in general, and the unoffending priests, in particular, rather than against the Lords of England. Such is the opinion, which the eminent historian, Father Gerard, S. J., in a work recently published, has in great measure succeeded in establishing.

We shall, however, examine the plot, inasmuch as it was connected with the execution of Garnet, independently of the truth or falsity of the above opinion, and we think, that, whether the plot originated in the mind of Cecil, as is thought, or was the invention of some misled and exasperated men, who called themselves Catholics, it can readily be shown that Father Henry Garnet, whose heroic death we have described, was entirely free from guilt in the matter, and that he died for his conscientious fidelity to the faith of Rome, rather than for an act, that in any way, could be construed into treason.

How then was Father Garnet connected with the plot? We shall answer this question with all the evidence of contemporary

documents at hand. Catesby, the prime mover of the whole affair, is said to have manifested his intention to a certain Jesuit, named Tesimond, but under seal of confession. When the good father represented to him the wickedness of the scheme, Catesby was unaffected. He refused to desist, though he gave leave to his confessor to communicate the matter to Father Garnet, with the proviso, that both fathers should be bound, under secret of confession, to say nothing about it, until, if this should happen, the plot had been discovered.

Poor Father Garnet was horrified, as he afterwards declared, and though the duties of his office prevented him from saying or doing anything, that might in any way be the result of his secret knowledge, he prayed earnestly that the Catholics of England might not be led into such a crime.

But observe the suspicious character of Catesby's manifestation. If he came as a true Catholic to confession, he might naturally be expected to follow the advice of his confessor. Then, why did he give permission to manifest the matter to Garnet, if, as he declared, it was his intention to continue with the work? The difficulty can be solved only by supposing that the object in view was merely to implicate as many Jesuits as possible, and above all Garnet, the superior of the order in England.

We do not, however, wish to enter into this controversy. Let us come back to Garnet. He could not, as we have remarked, act on the knowledge received under the seal of confession, though in some cases it is permissible for a priest to ask advice from higher authority. Hence we find the good father writing to Rome to ascertain his duty under the circumstances and because from external manifestations it was evident that things were going wrong, he wished to obtain, if possible, an authoritative condemnation of anything in the line of violence on the part of Catholics.

Father John Gerard, a companion of Garnet, has preserved for us some very interesting letters written on the occasion. Originally the letters were in cipher, but Gerard has translated them for us, so that we are able to give them in full.

"If the affair of toleration goes not well, Catholics will not be quiet. Let then the Pope forbid all Catholics to stir." Thus Garnet writes to his superiors in Rome, and no further proof could be required to show his position with regard to the conspiracy. We find in another letter, written on the 8th of May, 1605, the reason why the Jesuits could do nothing to hinder the attempts of their

exasperated brethren in the faith. "All are desperate;" he writes, "divers Catholics are offended with Jesuits. They say that we do hinder all forcible enterprises, etc., etc."

Thus was the Superior of the English Jesuits endeavoring to exonerate the society of which he was a member, when he received a letter from Rome, commanding him and his fellow laborers, "to continue by all means possible to hinder any insurrection or undutiful proceeding against his Majesty or the State." Whereupon, Garnet again wrote, explaining more fully the nature of the situation, how certain Catholics had asked, "whether the Pope could prohibit their defending their lives?" which clearly showed that there was a certain class of so-called Catholics, who honored neither Pope nor king, who refused to give tribute to Caesar, and even to give it to God. Accordingly when Garnet suggested that his Holiness, the Pope, "should publish a Brief, forbidding any force of arms under censure," he realized doubtlessly that such a Brief could not put down the conspiracy, but he was at the same time anxious to have positive proofs of Rome's attitude, toward any possible out-break. Unfortunately all these precautions were not destined to obtain the end intended. On the 5th of November following, before the authorities at Rome had time to act according to the suggestions of Garnet, and beyond all expectations, the crisis of the notorious gun-powder conspiracy had been reached. The little band of conspirators succeeded against appearances of impossibility in charging the cellar under the house of lords with powder, by means of which they meant in their madness "to blow the king," as Guy Fawkes declared, "and all his ministers back to their native hills." The powder mine was discovered on the very day, which had been appointed for parliamentary session, the conspirators were either shot or apprehended, and within three months every one in any way connected with the treason had been done away with.

But to return to Garnet. We have already seen how far he was guilty of participation in this act; we have seen how he endeavored so far as in conscience he was allowed, to hinder it, so that it remains for us to inquire on what evidence he was put to death.

There was no need of evidence, to be sure, for he was a Catholic priest and as such, according to the laws of the land, a "traitor." For he was a traitor, who, to use the language of the law, was "ordained a priest in parts beyond the sea, by authority from Rome, in contempt of the said Queen's (or King's) crown

and dignity, and also against the form of the statutes in the case published and provided."

In fact, a priest was put to death simply for being a priest and saying mass. On this subject, Hallam, who cannot be suspected of favoring Catholics, speaks thus: "Treason, by the law of England and according to the common use of language, is the crime of rebellion or conspiracy against the government. If a statute is made by which the celebration of certain *religious rites*, is subjected to the same penalties as rebellion, or conspiracy, would any man free from prejudice, and not designing to impose upon the uninformed, speak of persons convicted on such a statute as guilty of treason, without expressing in what sense he used the words? A man is punished for religion, when he incurs a penalty for its profession or exercise to which he was not liable on any other account. This is applicable to the great majority of capital convictions on this score under Elizabeth," (and under her immediate successors.) "The persons convicted could not be traitors in any fair sense of the word, because they were not chargeable with anything properly treason."

Yet in the case of Garnet, the ministers of state wished to clothe their hatred for the Catholic religion in a garb of justice, and so they condemned him not as a priest, but as a conspirator.

What then was their evidence? Only this,—a poor man named Thomas Bates, servant of Catesby, was put to the torture, and in his agony certain statements were wrung from him, "for which," he states in a letter written a day or two before his own execution, "I am heartily sorry, and I trust God will forgive me, for I did it not out of malice, but in hope to gain my life by it, which I think now did me no good." And so it really was. The statements did him no good, for he was executed a short while before the arrest of Garnet, in order, as the martyr suggested, "that at his trial there should be none to testify against him, but dead witnesses,"—and dead witnesses cannot speak.

The statements of Bates were to the effect that Garnet had approved of the conspiracy in confession; and with this evidence, obtained under very questionable circumstances, the noble lords and ministers of England, convicted Garnet of treason.

We cannot for want of space give a detailed account of the trial. Suffice it to say that it was in all particulars in keeping with the rest of the drama. Garnet was condemned and executed as we have seen. But as long as there are men of intelligence and truth, he will be revered as a martyr for his faith, a victim of the fanaticism of England during the Reformation.

JAS. A. BACIGALUPI, '03.

THE PECULIAR MATE.

"You know well enough now, and ye needn't try to lie out of it. If that happened to anyone besides me there would not be enough left of ye to fill a bon-bon box. Why, boy, it's simply preposterous—preposterous. The idea serving up liquor in such a doo-dad."

"D'ye hear thet?" said Jack to his mates who were posted in good hearing distance of the noted Jack tar's tirade, "d'ye hear thet? Blast my main topsail halyards! Always mad and scratching up a scrap even if 'tis the cap's kid he do it with, shiver my fore clew-garnets!"

Joe Dobson was the new mate of the two sticker "Lady Baltimore" now tied up at Hop's wharf. Finely cut features, sturdy build and an especially bad temper were Joe Dobson's principal qualities. Some attributed the last to his failure in the coast captain's examination, but Joe had many remembrances of days when Mamma Dobson's best ebony backed brush patted merry tunes on a certain part of his anatomy just abaft the waist, "just because he got mad." Sprite, the cabin sweep, this morning had attempted to serve the mate's brandy and lime juice in one of the sailor's cast iron cups and the result was an explosion on the mate's part and a hasty retreat on Sprite's.

Joe came up the companion way—he generally came up the companion way because there was no other way to come up, but this morning he came up in a different manner. He came up backwards, the better to hurl thunderbolts of a purple hue at the cowed sprite. But when he saw a net snat that some galoot had left on the bulkheads, the rest can be easily imagined.

"Who the dev—" This piece of profanity was elicited by the galoot, but the interruption. The cause of it was dressed in white—regular yachting costume—and stood not over twenty-five feet away. Just then one of those darling sweet little New Orleans zephyrs took a cap off. Joe saw it go and in a moment he was sputtering in the water.

"Thank you, captain," some one was saying, as Joe, water-soaked, handed a nice prim cap to the owner, "it really wasn't worth the trouble."

Instinctively Joe's hand went up in a salute, for Captain Wheeler was a strict disciplinarian, and exacted this duty from

his subordinates. But Captain Wheeler was not there, and as Joe realized the fact he became at once thrice important. No doubt it was the first time he had been called Captain.

"None but the brave——" Joe was going to say, but he checked himself and said instead, "You are welcome an' it was no trouble at all. Nice day, isn't it?" Joe always liked to begin a conversation properly. Once while in Atlanta—sunny Atlanta—(temperature something like 112 °) he ran into a fat gentleman and after the usual pardons, etc., he politely said, "Nice day, isn't it." "Young fool!" was all the old man had breath enough to say.

"Why, captain, I don't see how you can say that since you appear to be chilled," the young thing answered, and then added with something like annoyance in her tone. "Who is that impudent man?"

It was indeed Captain Wheeler. Joe saw his finish unless he put on a bold front.

"That's only the first mate," he ventured, "I suppose he wants to ask me something."

"O Mr. Dobson, you had better go below and take a quick change or you will catch a peach of a cold. Say, and have those extra bales hoisted aboard before noon." Then, with a wink, "also tell Sam to try some of that new coffee for lunch." It was Captain Wheeler who spoke.

Joe felt a nudge in the ribs, and a voice said, "Why don't you order him about his business."

"Well, you see," Joe answered, "this is a peculiar sort of a mate—gets cranky once in a while and if he isn't humored he is liable to get a fit. O, yes a bad fit too," in answer to an interrogative look. "Pretty queer sort of mate."

"Mr. Dodson," came again sternly, "go aboard at once!"

"Yes sir," and Joe feeling all his iniquities on him at once, slunk away. He looked back once and saw the Captain talking to the girl.

"Blast my spanker gaff downhaul if that ain't th' queerest, consarnedest blame fool mate I ever sot my blinkers on," said old Jack, as Dobson disappeared down the companionway. "Jumped in the water like an ass t' get a piece o' rag, then talked t' the girl then—then came back here. Shiver my maintop gullay purchase weather shrouds."

A DROP OF WATER.



*HO am I? What am I? No man can tell;
Yet mortals all know me, and some love me well;
The silvery cloud in the blue sky above,
Is the heavenly home, that I rest in and love.*

*Oft I race in the chattering brook
Through woody glen and mossy nook;
And oft again I leap and rave
On the foamy crest of the ocean wave.*

*Well supplied with wings am I,
With which I soar up to the sky;
And then descend with might and main,
In drifting snow or pelting rain.*

*Oft am I forced to perish, alas!
As a sparkling gem on a blade of grass;
Or to linger awhile and then to die—
A glistening drop in the violet's eye.*

*Bathing the rose in radiance new,
A drop of heaven's ambrosial dew;
Who can aught but envy me—
A tiny member of the deep blue sea.*

Gerald Beaumont, '07.

JAKE'S GHOST.

"What, you've never heard that old yarn? Well, well, well!" The old man stretched his arms, lit his pipe deliberately, and then settled himself on a packing case in front of the only store in Tracey. Surely his was a noble face, and, as the strong manly lines about his mouth broadened into a pleasant smile, the simple, rustic heart beneath his faded coat beat with inexpressible emotion.

"Though my days of story telling be almost over," he said, "this old faltering frame of mine beats once more with the throb of youth, when I sit among ye children. Gather around closer, then, for my voice is not so strong as it used to be, and my breath comes short and hard.

"Far up on the mountains beyond the canyon where the flag-pole now stands, dwelt old Jake, the hermit. The poor old man was not always thus, but once lived down here among us. Heaven blessed him with a loving wife and children, who when he returned from the field in the evening, prattled around his chair, as he smoked his daily pipe. But like all good things, his home, his wife, and all passed away, leaving him to nurse his bitter grief alone.

"Yes, surely he was alone, but through it all, an old parrot, the last remains of happier days stayed with him. He drove it away, he cursed it, yet it slung the curses back and would not go. At night, so the parson said, he would sit hand in hand with the evil one, whilst the spirits of hell, would dance around, singing all sorts of fiendish songs.

"One day when they went to his cottage, Jake was no more. His soul, from the cares of earth, sought refuge in happier lands, but his body remained, with the head parted from it. People used to gossip then as they do now, so every man had a different story. Murder and suicide were proposed, but the majority shared the opinion of the parson that Jake while feasting with the demons, was cut off from this world by their accursed hands. However to settle the question beyond doubt, a committee was chosen to examine the premises on the following day.

"It was a reckless party that set out from Tracey on that afternoon. A white flag with skull and cross bones was their emblem, while their only weapon was a supply of what they termed, "good

old stuff." All indulged freely until every man swore with horrid oaths that he wasn't 'skeered' of no man's ghost. But alas, how often do one's actions belie his words!

"When the doughty committee emerged from the gulley, the stars had already taken their stations in the heavens. Far in the distance, a faint silver ray strayed over the dark mountains, yet no moon could drive off the melancholy rustling of the leaves. Yes, it was solemn out there around the lonely cabin, where the unburied dead, lay in the midst of his very life blood.

"A low growl, perhaps a groan rang out mournfully in the sleepy night. What could it be? The crowd gazed at one another spell-bound, while all guilty hearts heaved with fear. Their knees quivered, the chattering of their coward teeth sounded like the babble of so many apes. Again and again was the cry repeated yet no one dared approach the dead man's haunt.

"No one? Not so. An old gray haired man leaning on a heavy staff stepped forth. Ah, it was a glorious sight, as he stood there, his bold frame magnified in the uncertain light. Whether it was a spirit or an angel that lit up his countenance they never dared to say, yet a face like his must have come from happier lands than ours.

"'Children,' said he, "'why do you tremble and fear? This is but the spirit (if spirit it be) of a man—one who has dwelt among you. We feared no evil from his animated clay, then what is there to harm us. Forward, my friends, let Heaven protect us.'"

"True to his word was he, and each man as he awakened, flushing with shame at his own weakness took up the cry, which echoed and re-echoed on the chill night air, 'let Heaven protect us.'"

"All went well, the line moved on in silence, every man holding his own counsel as to his hopes and fears. But lo! Nearing the cabin, their greatest fears were realized. Standing near the window, now approaching, now retreating, stood the horrid spectre. Though wasted and ghastly it stood there, it's head severed from it's body, the form was that of the late hermit. Who of you all blame these simple country folk for being frightened? One by one as their hearts failed them, the men slunk away, but undaunted the gray haired old man stayed. Then as the last coward moved silently away, he mumbled, 'Conscience makes cowards of us all.' Then he thrust his hand through the open window, and drew forth the ghost. No wonder its head was gone for it was only the old miser's shirt hanging on the line.

MILTON B. MORAGHAN, '07.

A SUDDEN EXTINCTION.

Professor Mirocci was a small weazened man, thin and pale, with shaggy eyebrows beneath which shone a pair of bright eyes glowing with the fire of genius. A pair of short, gray side whiskers graced his sunken cheeks, and lent a more scholarly appearance to a countenance furrowed and wrinkled with lines of age and deep thinking. This was the picture formed in the minds of his neighbors, from the fleeting glimpses they caught of him when, on rare occasions, he appeared in the street.

He lived in a little old weatherbeaten house on the outskirts of what had once been a promising city of the Middle West, but was now only a remnant of what once had been. When he moved into this old and rickety shanty, people wondered who would ever want to live there? The general air of mystery about the man, and the transportation into the house of a varied assortment of boxes, trunks and barrels, excited their curiosity. That was seven years ago, and their curiosity remained still unsatisfied. No one knew what took place in that gloomy house. Once in a while strange smelling vapors arose from a funnel he had constructed through the roof, and the wise ones decided that operations in the great and mysterious something, known as Chemistry, were going on within. This was the extent of their knowledge. He never spoke to anyone on his infrequent appearances in the street. Finally people set him down as a crank, one of those harmless scientists seen chasing butterflies on summer days. Very likely he had moved to this place in order to carry on his investigations undisturbed.

At last a day came when the people suddenly remembered that the old man had not been seen for quite a while, and that the vapors and smells no longer came from his dwelling. Those who mustered up the courage to investigate, found the door broken down, and things inside in disorder, but no trace of the professor. For a while the excitement was considerable, but, like the interest aroused by his advent, it gradually died away, and nothing remained but the house, to arouse in the passerby uncanny feelings as if he were near the scene of some supernatural event.

One day the firm of Fizzles and Sharp, of Chicago, manufacturers of natural mineral water, received a great blow in the death of their head chemist. Among the papers of the dead man was

found a large yellow envelope, sealed, and bearing across the back these words, "To be opened after my death." It contained a manuscript dated several years before, and interest was aroused when these lines were read on the first page:

"The real facts relating to the disappearance of Professor Mirocci in the town of Tardopolis, June 9, 1890."

The manuscript was eagerly opened, and read as follows:

"Although little is known at present about Professor Mirocci (which, by the way, is not his real name), he was at one time famous as a professor of natural sciences in a certain eastern college. It was while attending this college that I first knew him. Though he was one of my instructors, and I was, in a certain way, a favorite of his, I never became very intimate with him, nor, in fact, did anyone. His treatment of everyone was cold and distant, and his only passion seemed to be his beloved chemistry. Indeed it was this that caused his downfall, and in more ways than one.

"A few years after I was graduated from college, I was surprised to learn that he had left it, partly of his own accord and partly through the advice of the college authorities, who disapproved of his radical views on science. Whither he had departed no one knew. There were rumors that he was in some out of the way corner of the world, pursuing his investigations after his own fashion.

"One night, a short while after being promoted to my present position, I was returning from the laboratory, and on entering my rooms, found a letter under my door. I tore it open and was astonished to read the following:

'Tardopolis, June 8.

I have made a great discovery. Mind has triumphed over matter. Before making my discovery public, I wish to have it tested in the presence of incontrovertible witnesses. For this reason I would have you come down as soon as possible and bring with you my old associate, Professor Silury, who lives on ——— street. Telegraph and I will meet you at the station. I will make the final tests in your presence.

Very truly yours,

B. N. D. MIROCCI.'

"My surprise at receiving so abrupt a note from my old professor can well be imagined. For a long time I debated as to how I should consider his request, or whether I could spare the time to visit him, although Tardopolis was only a couple of hours' ride from Chicago. I was also astonished at his knowing my whereabouts, but supposed that he had kept track of me some way or other.

"The next morning I hurried on to Professor Silury, and

showed him the note. He gave a whistle of surprise. "Well," he exclaimed, "so he has at last made a discovery! I wonder what it can be. He was always fooling around at the college, but from the nature of his experiments I never thought they would have any result. But I will go down anyhow, and see what's up.

"That afternoon we boarded a train for Tardopolis, which we reached after a couple of hours, and found the professor at the station waiting for us. He greeted us in the cold, preoccupied way characteristic of him, and led us down the dusty street toward his lodgings. After a few minutes walk we turned into a dreary looking lane, bordered with unpainted rickety houses. In front of one of these our guide paused, and extracting a complicated looking key from his pocket, after many twists and turns of the key. 'That lock is my own invention,' he volunteered, 'it is so constructed as to require a certain combination of turns, backward and forward, before it can be opened. I have it as a necessary precaution against those who might break in during my absence and spoil the result of many years' labor. But let's go on and proceed with the business in hand.'

"He conducted us through a dark passageway into a large room, filled from floor to ceiling with bottles, retorts, crucibles, and other chemical instruments. Near the center stood a large brick furnace, from which a chimney led up through the roof. This also was covered with retorts and crucibles, and upon it was a bottle made of heavy blue glass, and tightly corked. This the professor took in his hand and holding it up said, 'Here is the result of seven years of investigation and research. I have always held that many so-called immutable laws were far from being such, and here is the confirmation of my belief. Within this bottle is a substance neither liquid nor gaseous, but half way between the two, and possessing the wonderful power of destroying the property of impenetrability, commonly supposed to be co-existent with matter, which prevents two bodies from occupying the same space at the same time. By injecting a drop of this into my arm, I can free myself of the law of impenetrability, and will demonstrate that freedom by walking through the furnace to the other side of the room. In this iron flask here, I have another compound which counteracts the effects of the first one, and restores normal conditions. But now for the proof.'

"He took a small peculiarly constructed hypodermic syringe from a shelf and filled it with the substance. Baring his arm to

the elbow he inserted the syringe. The arm apparently remained the same, but after a minute or two, to our infinite astonishment, he calmly drew his arm through the table, very much in the same manner as one would run a stick through smoke. 'It takes some time for it to permeate the whole system,' he went on, 'I do not know how long. In my former experiments I let its effects extend only to my arm.'

"Suddenly and while he was talking, an extraordinary thing happened. He began to sink through the floor! Faster and faster he sank till he was up to his waist. 'Quick!' he yelled in a voice of terror, 'the flask! Gravitation!' He could say no more for at that instant his head disappeared beneath the floor and we two were alone! For fully two minutes we stared, gasping in our amazement at the spot.

"Then a horror seized us and we wished ourselves far from the place. Breathless we hurried through the corridor, but the front door was locked; we threw ourselves against it with a strength lent by terror, and with a crash it gave way, letting us fall headlong into the street. We scrambled to our feet and hastened with all speed to get away from the scene. After a minute or two we stopped, and my companion broke the silence. 'Poor Mirocci,' he said, 'He didn't think of the force of gravitation until it was too late. It was acting upon him all the time, and of course when impenetrability was destroyed, began to pull him through the ground toward the center of the earth. Naturally he will keep on till he reaches that center, and there gravity, acting equally in every direction will keep him in one place in which he must remain forever. Why didn't he—why didn't we think?'

"True it was. The unfortunate man was at that moment falling nearer the center of the earth there to remain four thousand miles from human aid, as long as the earth should exist.

"We decided not to say anything about the occurrence, in order to avoid inconvenience, as the proof of our story was lacking; for in our hurry to escape the bottle was upset and its contents lost. Very quietly we boarded the next train for Chicago, leaving Professor Mirocci's disappearance to excite what sentiments it might."

This was the tale unfolded by the dead chemist's manuscript, and although proof of its veracity could not be found, its publication caused the old house of Professor Mirocci to take on a more gruesome aspect, and quickened the footsteps of the belated wayfarer who chanced to pass it by.

LAWRENCE V. DEGNAN, '03.

IS LIVY AN HISTORIAN?

History in its ideal state of perfection is an harmonious combination and symmetrical blending of philosophy and poetry. It is on the one hand the part of history "to make the past present. to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of great men, or on an eminence, which overlooks the field of a mighty battle." That is to say, the historical narrative must be rich in all those appeals to the imagination which please us so much in poetry. On the other hand, it must subject the purely imaginative to the real. When there is question of men and events, or some continuous link between one action and another, it is the part of history, and not the least part, to direct our judgment aright, to point out the relation of cause and effect, and to draw, or at least allow us to draw, lessons of moral and political wisdom from the attempts, the failures, the successes of former generations. This is philosophy.

Few histories now-a-days aspire to such perfection. They are for the most part dry chronological narratives, or if written in a critical style, the principles applied and conclusions drawn are not always sound and free from prejudice. Indeed history has been made, though not always with success, to prove the reasonableness of religious, political and even scientific speculations. Rousseau appeals to history as the foundation of his "Social Contract." Darwin appeals to history to bolster up his evolutionary hypothesis, and the countless religious sects appeal to history as to their Magna Charta.

For this reason, that there are so many and such different opinions agitating the human mind at present, our critical histories are not what they ought to be, and because in ancient times there was no such great variety of political or social doctrines, the historians of Pagandom, possess a great advantage over the modern. Livy, then, of whom we wish to speak, had not so many difficulties in his way as historical writers encounter at present. He lived at a time when there was not much danger of ventilating false philosophy, especially in religious matters, for his age was in this regard, dark; and men find it easier to stand together in the dark than in the light.

The poetical element too was a characteristic of his age. A poetic glow was thrown around the most common place occurrences. Rural scenes, banquet scenes, war scenes, everything

was rendered poetical by the magic touch of a Horace, a Virgil, a Tibullus. It is not then surprising to find that Livy, writing under such advantages, approaches very near the standard of excellence mentioned above.

He is not a mere chronicle writer—he does not record events of Roman history, as if he were looking back on scenes that had passed. He sees, hears, and is present at everything. For this reason we feel justified in comparing him with our own Shakespeare. The historical plays of our great English bard are said to be “dramatic revivifications of the Past, wherein the shades of departed things are made to live their lives over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye; so that they have an interest for us such as no mere narrative can possess.” So too is it with Livy. Take for instance the description of Hannibal crossing the snow-capped Alps. We cannot read the account without that poetical sensation that we experience in reading Shakespeare. But when Livy represents the great Carthaginian standing on an eminence and addressing his fellow warriors in words of fire, our rapture is unlimited.

Of course we are aware that this very quality, which we have praised in Livy, has been frequently urged against him, has been frequently pointed out as his one great fault. He is too dramatic for an historian. We admit that he is dramatic, but at the same time it must be remembered that it is the part of the reader to separate the dramatic elements from the frame work on which they hang, and thus in his own mind to discriminate between the substance and the ornament. It is not an impossibility to study geography from a richly colored chart. Why then should we say that because the Roman historian has adorned his writings with ornaments of style and ideal speeches, he is not at all reliable?

But has he any well grounded facts? Assuredly he has. Tradition, treaties signed by the Roman magnates, official records of the senatorial proceedings from time immemorial, monuments, statues, works of art;—all these were at his command. He has, we admit, blended the fictitious tales of mythology with parts of his narrative, but even these give us a clear insight into the customs and manners of those ancient times.

We conclude, therefore, by repeating once more, that Livy is an historian as far as the frame work of his history goes, and that we generally can admit the main facts of the case, if not all the particulars.

To apply this to the case in point. We intend to subjoin a translation of the trial scene found in Livy, Book XL, in which Demetrius, accused of attempting fratricide, Perseus his brother, who accuses him, and Philip their father, are represented as making long oratorical speeches. It seems to be historically certain that the general outline of the whole affair is well grounded on facts, though the speeches are of Livy's invention. As may be seen they are rendered so probable, that, at first sight, one might be led to imagine that the accused and the accuser really uttered the words which we find in Livy. But such is not the case. The whole scene is made dramatic with the effect that the particulars thereof are the better impressed upon the reader's mind.

What is said of this scene applies to all similar scenes in Livy, and hence we think that we are justified in saying that the great Latin writer is an historian who blends the poetic with the philosophic element, or if you prefer, he is an historical poet, whose work, though not without its defects, is possessed in a marked degree of the chief virtues of true historical writing.

LEO HICKS, '05.

FRATERNAL DISCORD.

(LIVY, BK. XL.)

By way of introduction to the trial scene which follows, it is but proper to give an account of the particulars that led to the accusation of Demetrius by his half brother Perseus. We shall give the substance of Livy's own narrative.

Philip, king of Macedonia, had two sons, Demetrius and Perseus. The former was an exemplary youth, kind, brave, affable; while the latter was ambitious, cruel and undutiful towards both his father and brother. Demetrius, on a certain occasion, was sent as a hostage to Rome, and while there, so won the good will and patronage of the nobility that he was sent back to Macedonia loaded with favors and bearing letters of congratulation to his father. At home he soon became very popular among the citizens, and some of the Macedonian princes expressed openly their opinion that he alone was worthy to succeed his father. Perseus, cruel as he was, instead of imitating the virtues of his brother and endeavoring to become first in worth, as he was first in age, began to plot against the life of Demetrius. He accused him of having won the favor of Rome merely for ambitious ends, that he might succeed in winning the crown by force of Roman arms, against all law and right. He accused him of seeking popularity among the Macedonians for the same selfish purpose.

But all these accusations, though not without some effect on the father's mind, could not induce him to punish his son whom he still considered innocent. He was an indulgent father and had hopes that Demetrius and Perseus would outgrow these little animosities, and so he frequently called them together and told them stories of brotherly love and brotherly hate, being always careful to add the consequences of the one and of the other.

All this, however, was in vain. As the popularity of Demetrius increased, the envy of his brother grew greater and greater, until it reached its fiercest intensity on the Day of Purification, one of those peculiar feasts among the ancients which cause us to thank God that we were born in the light of Christianity. "The head and forepart of a dog cut through the middle is laid at the right side of the road and the hinder part with the entrails at the left. Between these parts of the victim the troops are led under arms," and are thus purified from whatever crimes they might have been guilty of.

After the purification the army was generally divided into two parts and a mock fight ensued.

It was, then, on an occasion such as this that Perseus thought to ruin his brother. Demetrius with his men so vanquished him in sham battle, that he was much grieved and showed signs of anger. When therefore Demetrius while at supper that night, sent an invitation to his brother to come and enjoy his hospitality. Perseus refused outright, saying that he would not sup with an enemy. Demetrius, whose intention seems to have been to remove the ill-feeling of Perseus, or at least to show that he had none himself, thought, that at all events, his brother would not be so loath to receive a visit as he had to pay one; and he went with several of his men to the house of his brother.

About four of the comrades, to be ready in case of need, carried weapons concealed under their robes, without however intimating so much to the prince. Perseus was informed of this fact through a forerunner and took it as an occasion to refuse his brother admission. "For the purpose of blackening the matter," says Livy, "he ordered his gate to be locked, and from the upper windows shouted out against the revellers, as if they had come to murder him." Demetrius after chiding his brother for shutting the doors against him, returned home, without any further suspicion or fear.

These incidents seem trivial in themselves, yet from them, as will appear in the speech of Perseus, he brings the serious charge of fratricide against Demetrius. Early the next morning the king hears that one of his sons attempted the life of the other. He summons them, inveighs in a fatherly manner against their discord, listens patiently to the accusation of the one and the defense of the other.

We shall allow our speeches, which, because our space is limited, are somewhat abridged, to tell the remaining portion of the tale.

CHAS. RUSSELL, '05.

SPEECH OF PHILIP.

I sit, in judgment here, a wretched sire,
Between two sons, accuser and accused
Of fratricide! The heinous stain will out
Of accusation false, or guilty mind.
For long I've seen this storm's thrice dreaded frown
Hang o'er your looks of hatred and of scorn;
I've heard the distant thunder in your words,
And yet, withal methought the storm would pass,
Methought your angry passions soon might cool;
I hoped to see the cloud of envy rise;
For even as the strifes of hostile camps
Come soon to naught, so private brawls must end.
I trusted fondly that the time would come
When in your minds, the memory of youth,
Of boyish sportful love, of innocence
Would waken once again, and in your hearts
The teachings of your sire would bear some fruit—
Those teachings which I fear on barren soil
Have fallen and can take no wholesome root.
How many a time, you hearing, have I told
Examples of fraternal differences,
How brothers wrangling wrecked themselves, and
brought
Fell ruin on their homes and fatherland?
I told you how with love the Spartan kings
Cemented fast their famed thrones, and raised
The glory of their names to sun-tipped heights,
And how that self same kingdom fell to naught
When enmities arose between the kings.
Nor blushed I to recount from Roman lore
Examples I had either seen or heard,
Of Titus and of Lucius Quintius;

The two famed Scipios whose love-knit lives
E'en death, with all its power, could not disjoin!
But neither could the mighty deeds of those
Who loved, nor yet of those who hate
The fate defiled, move you to love; naught could quench
Ambition's restless frenzy in your souls,
Ambition that hath turned your hearts to stone!
E'en while your father lives you thirst to rule,
And plot that I, before my death should have
A sole, a sure successor to my throne.
You cannot now endure so much as see
Your father or your brother tread the earth!
Come, then, pollute your father's aged ears!
Contend with mutual accusation now,
As soon you will with sword; speak openly
Whate'er you choose to urge, or false or true!
I listen now, but soon shall close my ears
Against the secret charges of you both.

RALPH HARRISON, '05.

ACCUSATION OF PERSEUS.

Then I, forsooth, should open wide my door,
Receive with welcome armed revellers,
And bared my neck unto their thirsty swords,
If I, the victim of the plot, must hear
Complaints more suited to the criminal !
'Tis not, it seems, in vain that men have said,
Thou hast an only son, Demetrius;
For if I held the rank and love a son
Should hold, thine anger loosened would not thus
Spend all its force on me, when I complain
Of plots against my life, nor would that life
Appear so vile in thy paternal eyes,
That thou should'st hear the danger unconcerned !
If then I needs must die, I'll silent die,—
With but an humble prayer unto the gods,
That as in me this danger had its source,
So it may end in me, and that thy life
May not be sought through my untimely death !
Yet if 'tis true that nature's self suggests
To men in danger to implore the aid
Of those they know not, even so will I
Raise now my voice and beg thy kingly aid.
By that dear name of Father,—and thou know'st
I love it more than he,—by that dear name,
I ask naught else but that thou list to me,
As e'en thou would'st if roused by cries of woe
Thou did'st discover armed men by night
Within my very doors. As I should then
In terror have exclaimed, I now cry out
In accusation 'gainst the deed that failed.
'Tis long, my brother, since we lived on terms
Of mutual love and hospitality.

'Tis thy desire to reign; but yet my age,
The law of nations and the custom here
In Macedonia stand obstacles
In way of thy ambition, nor canst hope
To overcome these obstacles unless
By shedding blood; which thou refuseth not.
Thou hast attempted every wickedness
To work my doom. But yesterday we fought
A mock fight on the plains. Thou sought'st me there!
And I was saved from death, because my men
And I gave way before thy thirst for blood.
Then from this hostile fight thou would'st induce
Me to thy house, to sup; which I refused;
When thou still thirsting for my life didst come
On false pretense to drink within my halls,
Why didst thou come at such an hour of night,
Unless 'twas thy desire to spill my blood?
Father, if I unlocked my door to him,
Thou would'st not now be listening to complaints,
But mourning o'er my corpse blood marked and pale!
What can he say? Deny he came by night?
And with him drunken revellers in arms?
Bid them, to thee, and so thou wilt; to dare
The trait'rous deed, full bold are they,
But dare they not deny. Suppose we took
Them even at my door, begirt with arms,
Could there be further proof of their intent?
What need then is there now of evidence,
Since they acknowledge all that hath been said?
Curse, if thou wilt, this thirst for power; but let
Thy curse fall on the guilty head not mine!
Let him, who willed to slay, feel all thy wrath!
Let him, who would have perished, refuge find
In thy compassion! Else where may I seek
Asylum? Not where solemn rites are held,

Not at my house, nor in my banquet hall;
Not even night, fair nature's bounteous gift
To men, can shield me from my brother's sword!
Father, thy son has courted none but thee;
No Romans favor me! They rather seek
My death, because, forsooth, I cannot brook
The loss which thou hast oftentimes sustained
At their approach. They wish me dead because
Full well they know that Macedonia ne'er
Will yield unto their cursed yoke, while I
Can wield a sword, and thou dost rule the land.
Thou saw'st Demetrius attempt my death
In mock-fight, yesterday; and why? he has
Ambition still for wider, greater rule;
He cannot bear the sight of thee or me.
Men call him king, whom Romans love so well,
And who can do all things in Roman courts.
What was the meaning of those letters sent
By Titus Quintius, asking thee to send
Demetrius and others back to Rome?
This bold ambitious Roman has displaced
Thee, father, in the heart of thine own son!
And so because I cannot brook these wrongs,
Because I cannot see thy kingdom rent
And cities captured by the lords of Rome,
I must be charged with crimes I dream
Not of, nor this by enemies alone,
But even by him I love to call my father!
Thus then the case doth stand; thou can'st ward off
The danger that on all sides threatens me,
But if thou'rt careless to avenge these wrongs
In time thy power debased shall pass from thee
Into the hands of those who urge him on
To do this deed of blood, our Roman foes!

ANGELO QUEVEDO, '05.

DEFENSE OF DEMETRIUS.

Father, how can I answer to this charge?
I cannot weep! His feigned tears have cast
Suspicion's cloak about my heart-felt grief!
He calls me villain, thief and murderer,
That thou may'st shrink from hearing my defense.
Since my return from Rome, by night and day,
He plots in secret with his hireling aids,
To make thee, father, fear thy loving son.
No place of rest for him on earth, he says,
That I may have no rest, no hope in thee!
Alone, despised, and outcast here I stand,
Accused of foreign favor and of blood!
But mark thou, how accuser-like he blends
The deed of yesternight with crimes of days
Agone! thus to arouse paternal hate.

Now, Perseus, if I a traitor were
To thee, to father or this regal state,
If I had plotted with the Romans, why
Hast thou delayed thus long to speak of it?
And if these heavy charges brought are false,
And tend to naught but to fan my father's ire,
Why not defer them to some future time
And here discuss the deed of yesterday?
Yet will I answer, as in present storm
Of mind I may, what thou dost thus confound,
That all may see whose was the guilty hand.
He said I wished to spill a brother's blood;
But why? To gain the crown of Macedon!
What means he then in saying I had hope
To gain that crown by means of Roman aid?
They can, he said, enthrone their own elect.
Why then should I thus crave a blood-stained crown,

When it would come to me untainted, pure?
But let us further weigh his arguments.
One brief day's work has covered all the ground;
I fain would kill him during solemn rite,
I fain would kill him in my banquet hall,
I fain would kill him in his vestibule!
These seem but poor occasions for the crime;
Feasts, revels, sports! And what a day!
A day to sacred expiation given!
How could I ever wash my blood-stained hands,
If I defiled them at this sacred time?
So then thou see'st how blinded with desire
Of ruining me, confusion grips him fast.
If I had craved to poison him at home,
And he, this knowing, would not come to me,
How could I hope that he would welcome give,
When I set out to drink within his halls?
Father, I must acknowledge, while at home,
To have out-drunk the limits of my age.
Had I not cause? The time was festival.
So, brother, if it were my base intent
To storm thy house or kill its rightful owner,
Were it not better far to leave the wine
And see that all my soldiers did the same,
Than drink and gorge ourselves before the fray?
But, father, lest he seem in proof too weak,
He bids thee call the soldiers who had swords,
That even their confession may remove
What else were doubt. Methinks 'twere better far
To call them and investigate the cause
Why they had swords unbidden and unknown.
My case confound not with my soldiers' deeds.
Did they, I ask, intend a common fight,
Or private? If the first, why did not all
Approach in arms? If private, 'twas not mine

To see and hinder what they might have meant.

Far wiser, brother, to have dropped that tale,
And to recount the reasons of thy hate.
Ask rather why it is they call me king,
Why I appear more worthy of the crown,
Than thou, my elder brother dost appear.
These are thy thoughts, though thou wilt speak them
not.

I have no right to hope by force of arms
Or foreign aid to gain my father's throne;
Yet neither ought I now or any time
Conduct myself unworthy of the faith
That others place in me. My duty is
To yield obedience to him who reigns,
Be it my father or my brother, not
To prove myself unworthy of the crown.

Thou throwest Roman friendship in my face.
Is that a crime? I sought not to be sent
A pledge of peace to Rome, protested not
When sent. So father, thou'rt the cause of this
Not I, who now and ever shall remain
On terms of friendship with the lords of Rome,
While peace doth grace our land, but war declared,
I'll be the first to lead thy soldiers, father,
Against the foes of Macedonia!

Brother, had I incurred my father's wrath,
'Twere thine to intercede with him for me,
But now in thee, whom I should find protector,
I have a sworn accuser! Here I plead
On charge of fratricide, yet if 'twere mine
To plead another's cause, I'd come prepared
And answer every argument brought forth.
Today, I've had no time to think or form
The briefest outline of my own defense,
Save when he spoke, and then so wroth was I

That I could scarcely understand the charge,
Much less prepare an answer to his speech.
No hope remains, my father, but in thee,
My judge, and though thou lovest him much more,
Can I not find compassion when accused?
My only prayer is, Save me, father, save
Thy younger son ! for thine own sake and mine !
For, if, as he commands, thou doth decree,
And put to death a guiltless loving son,
What will he do, who now demands my blood,
When he has ta'en possession of the throne?

JOHN RIORDAN, '05.

THE SENATOR-ELECT.

The campaign manager sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief and a half muttered, "Thank the good Lord." For a while the room was silent, and the heavy spirals from the Havanas filled the lobbying chamber with wraithy shadows. The last shout for the senator-elect was over, and the cheering crowd dispersed, but the picture of the soldierly old man, with the slender, white-haired wife beside him; and the manly young son behind, bowing his thanks in his frank, open way, could not be easily erased from the minds of the gathered lobbyists.

The stump of the manager's cigar had almost burnt his fingers, before a word was spoken. Then he slowly changed his feet from the table to the radiator, and musingly droned, "It's strange, but I've always loved the fellow, from the day we first met. All through college we were chums, and yet I loved him more like a son than a chum, though our tastes and pleasures were similar. And when he was shot and near to death," and here a faint, reminiscent light glowed in his clear, brown eyes, "I believe if he had gone I'd have felt it more than she," with an involuntary glance at the porch where Mrs. Rendal had so lately stood.

The spell of the evening was on all the lobby, and when Sam Bround, the heavy-necked boss of the city vote, called for the story of the shooting, the sigh of contentment that rose came from sufficient number of compass points to have caused a minature whirlwind had the requisite force been present. The cigars were passed around and each politician settled himself in his favorite position for listening (a very unusual thing, by the way, for a politician to do.)

Manager Burton bit off the end of the new cigar offered him, and after lighting it from the old stump, took a long draw before beginning his tale.

"You've all heard a hundred times, during this campaign, that Rendal graduated from Yale in '52, and most of you know that he and I were classmates, and came West together. At the 'varsity he was just as he is now; liked by all who met him. His hearty, open smile won his friends everywhere, and as he swung along the walk in his easy, dignified way, even the gruffest of the old professors returned his smile. His inborn Southern chivalry set off by the best of good breeding, made him a welcome visitor in

every parlor, and his feeling and expression of manly good will to all made him the idol of the boys." The cigar had been laid on the table, and his hands were clutched around the arms of his chair, while he spoke on dreamingly, as if forgetful of his hearers.

"It was no wonder then, that when he wooed Greta Watson, the prettiest and brightest girl in New Haven, he won her, and that all but one rejoiced with him. There was one fellow at the college, Roy Refton, who had by chance, been Frank's rival in everything, and had always come in second best. He too, loved Greta, and when on our graduation day, the engagement was announced, he vowed to a friend he'd have her yet, hook or crook.

"The Colonel's father had died the year before, leaving him in somewhat straitened circumstances, and though Greta would have married him then, he wished to come West and make his pile first, that he might keep her in the luxury to which she was accustomed. Well, we sailed down to Panama, came across the Isthmus and up to Frisco, then out in the hills to a mushroom mining camp called Argentina. We were partners in everything, and after several months of disappointment, we struck a series of pockets about three miles from the camp. A little tent town grew up around us, and though we went to Argentina for our supplies, Eli became quite self centered.

"About six months after our strike, coming to our tent after a hard day's work, we met to our great surprise Leighton's erstwhile rival, Roy Refton, dressed as the showy type of rough miner. As soon as he saw us, his eyes lit up with a baleful glare, and I knew that the old hatred had not burnt out. However he recovered his composure, simulated the greatest cordiality, and Leighton received him as warmly as if he were his greatest friend."

Manager Burton sat erect in his easy leathern chair, and as he relit his cigar, the light of a deadened hatred slowly died from his eyes. He had dropped the title of Colonel from his idol's name, and called him by the old familiar name of Leighton. Resuming his ruminating position he continued his tale,

"Refton had plenty of money, it seemed, and became quite friendly with the wild crowd so much in evidence in every camp. Meanwhile we were making our little pile and Leighton had sent word to Greta, that he was ready to receive her. Of course it would be months before she could arrive, as the letter had to

cross the plains, ere she, with her brother as escort, would follow in our tracks.

Since the coming of Refton Argentina had become even wilder than before, and several months after the sending of the letter this wildness was succeeded by the worst form of outlawry. Robberies, usually so few in mining camp, became frequent, murders more so, and a more lawless camp did not exist in all the lawless West. This reign of malefactors was entirely beyond the control of the legitimate officers, so a vigilance committee was organized with Refton at its head. This came as a surprise to all, as he was a 'hale fellow, well met,' with the roughest miners in the camp, while the rest of the committee, with the exception of a few, were honest, steady fellows, who had suffered much from the depredations. While this organization put some stop to the outrages for a while, they soon broke out again, and culminated one night in the murder of the most popular miner in the district, 'Parson' Mendall, who was stabbed while he was sleeping in his tent. This raised a storm of indignation and many threatened to take the work out of the hands of the vigilantes, if they were not more enterprising.

"The day after this murder Leighton had occasion to go to Argentina for some delicacies, as Greta might be expected any day now, and he wished to celebrate her coming. He had some trouble in getting them, because of the excitement at the store, consequent on the murder. It was nearing Christmas, and by the time he had started for home the sun was nearly set, and he knew it would be dark by the time he reached there. His course was along a small creek which wound down between high banks through a deep gully to within a few feet of our tent. A heavy snow had fallen, covering the creek to the depth of nearly eight feet, and the heat of the stream had eaten a tunnel through it, perhaps eighteen inches above the surface of the water. Here and there also, the heat had broken through to the top of the snow, leaving an air hole several feet in circumference.

Leighton had trudged perhaps half the distance home, once in a while making a ball of snow, and casting it at a rock, which had slid the snow from its perpendicular sides, for his heart was full of the joy of expectation. He had just reached one of the blowholes in the creek, when, from behind a clump of trees, several men, bearing the insignia of the Argentina Vigilantes, a gun held by the barrel with the stock high in the air, stepped out. A placard

with the dreaded sign was held up and he was accused in a voice pregnant with a fierce joy and a fierce hatred, which he well knew as Refton's, of the murder of "Parson" Mendall. Without giving him a chance to prove his innocence, the vigilantes took aim. He had time to see that they were the cronies of Roy's who were among the vigilantes and to draw his pistol, but before he could fire the crash of their guns smote on the evening air. He felt one bullet strike his right shoulder and another his thigh, ere he tumbled back into the creek through the airhole behind him.

The shock of the cold water, though it numbed him, kept him conscious, till a torpor almost overcame him. The creek was small, the current swift, and it bore him on in its icy water down perhaps for a mile, when he saw light ahead, which showed another blow hole. He was chilled almost to stiffness and faint from loss of blood, but he managed after a struggle to crawl out to the bank, where he fainted from exhaustion. Fortunately I had gone to meet him, for Greta had come in his absence, and I wished to hurry him home. I came upon him soon after he had emerged from his icy bath, and I did not stop to ask myself how it happened, though my heart told me it was Refton's work. Lifting him up I carried him to camp which was perhaps a quarter of a mile away. I won't say anything about his convalescence, for no one but Greta can ever tell how he got well, but get well he did, and in a few weeks, despite seven bullets probed out of his body, he was well enough to travel to Argentina for the wedding. Meanwhile everything about the shooting was kept quiet, as we wished to cinch Refton before he could get away, and, if he thought Leighton had recognized him and had escaped, he would certainly jump the country.

Near the place of shooting, Refton had run a tunnel in a few hundred feet, and, we heard, had been working it constantly since the visit of the vigilantes. Our party, consisting of Greta, Leighton, Tom Watson, and myself, were passing by its mouth, on the way to town for the wedding, when we heard a low groan from its depths. Fearful of treachery, yet more so of leaving some one in distress, we passed inside, and to our surprise the tunnel turned at right angles to the left. In the flickering light of the candle I had lighted, a startling sight met our eyes at the end of the cave. The top of the tunnel had caved on Refton, while he was eating his lunch, and a huge boulder had fallen on his back, pinning him to the ground. In his efforts to loose him-

self, he had worn the nails and flesh to the bone, and the weight was fast squeezing the life out of him, as it became harder and harder to draw a breath. He opened his eyes and they fell on Leighton, and hardened to the old deadly hate; then he looked past him and softened at sight of Greta who had followed us into this cave of horrors. He gasped and a wonderful change came over his face, scarred and bruised from the avalanche of stone and dirt. He looked like a picture I saw once in a gallery, of a man with a face of loving repentance mingled with a dying hate. The cords swelled out on his face and neck, and with a last effort he drew a locket from his breast with his maimed hands, and whispered, "God forgive me, and you also, Greta and Leighton, and be happy for——" That was all. Leighton drew Greta away to the outside and we stopped only long enough to satisfy ourselves he was dead, and take the locket, from which a little stamp picture of Greta smiled up at us.

Well, we reached town and found that no one knew of Leighton's shooting, except as a piece of mistaken identity, so, as Refton was dead, we contented ourselves with giving notice to his six cronies to clear out for other diggings. And do you know what Leighton did? He paid the expenses of the funeral, for Refton was broke, and made us all go as mourners."

The manager lapsed into silence, and Sam Bround stepped over to the bell and rang for refreshments, in honor of the Senator-elect.

JOHN M. REGAN, '04.

THE FUNDAMENTAL IDEA OF ONTOLOGY.

A branch of philosophy or a particular science is to its fundamental idea as is a house to its foundation. The understanding of the subject matter rests for its depth and solidity on the clearness with which its fundamental idea is conceived. A physicist's intimate knowledge of Optics depends on his idea of light itself. Wherefore a physicist of to-day conceiving light to have about it something of the mode of motion, on account of this advanced and more nearly correct conception of his, understands better than his fellow scientist of a century back the manifold and varied phenomena of light; its propagation, its reflection and refraction, its diffusion, dispersion and absorption, its diffraction, interference and polarization. Now what is the similar notion in Ontology? What notion in Ontology is like that of light in optics? Certainly, the notion of being. For it is the usual practice of the learned to name a branch of knowledge after what is fundamental or primary in it, and Ontology literally is the Science of Being.

To conceive this notion, the notion of being, clearly and distinctly; mentally to edge it so sharply, as to remove all blurredness of outline; mentally to burnish it till what it imparts stands out in bright relief, is the task of the present paper. The worth of the labor is to be estimated both according to the intellectual need of every man to think clearly and distinctly lest he err, and the degree in seriousness of the error into which otherwise he might fall. "To be," the verb of which being is the present participle, has in English, among other uses chiefly these two: one to signify the agreement which the mind judges to obtain between two objects, and the other to express the same meaning as the verb to exist. The former use is exemplified in the following theorem of Plane Geometry: The sum of the three angles of a triangle is two right angles. This use of "to be" is the logical use, and according to it the verb is wont to be termed the copula of propositions. Further consideration of what is thus imported pertains to the province not of Ontology but of Logic.

The latter of the two uses above mentioned is illustrated and verified by the proposition "God is," in the sense that God exists. So used, being is synonymous with existing. It is to be noticed here that in English as in many other tongues, participles

often serve as nouns. Singing (it may be said) is a graceful accomplishment. Conformably to this common usage the participle being also is used as a noun, as is seen from these two affirmations: Some beings are visible and others invisible; the world before God gave it being was purely possible. In both affirmations being is a participial noun; in one it is the subject of a co-ordinate clause, and signifies persons or things which exist; in the other it is the object of a subordinate clause, and means existence.

Of these three significations, the signification of existing, of whatever exists, and of existence, the second alone is closest to the fundamental idea of Ontology. From it, the mind can rise at once to the transcendental notion of "real being." The ascent is made thus. Whatever exists; whether sun, moon or star; whether rock, bush, bird or man is neither what is absurd nor what is purely mental or logical.

It is not what is absurd. The absurd is self-contradictory. A square which is not a square,—a square circle—is of this nature, and such a thing surely does not exist.

It is not what is purely mental or logical. What is purely mental abides only in the mind. The distinction drawn by the mind for the comparison of one with oneself in order to affirm one's identity; the distinction implied in the affirmation that I am myself stands only in the mind and not out of it. *Non ex-sistit*. It does not exist.

Remark, now, that whatever exists, differs from what is absurd and from what is purely logical not only on the score that it actually is while they are not, but also on another count. The absurd and the purely logical can never exist. How many inventions which now are, once were not? In colonial days there were no dynamos. Then they no more actually were than the absurdity, a square circle, than the purely mental distinction between me and myself. Still, unlike an absurdity or a purely logical entity they could be and would be realized, as eventually they were. Again, how many inventions, which now are not even thought of, will be made in the near or the far future. The time is sure to come when some fertile mind will think them out, and some skillful finger realize them. Though as yet we have no idea of these future inventions, though for ignorance we cannot name them, we are far from confounding them with the many absurdities and purely logical entities which we know of. We judge the former to

have about them what the latter are in no way possessed of. They have the competency to be; for they can be.

This competency to be is reality, and any and every real being is possessed of it. Every real being is competent to be. If for a fact the thing does exist, the very fact of its existence shows its competency to be. If as yet the thing does not exist, its possibility to exist is due to the competency it has to be, is the consequence of the reality it possesses.

Some confusion may here arise in the mind on account of the current meaning of reality. The word to-day often signifies the same as actuality or existing for a fact. The confusion will quickly dissipate itself in the reflection that the question regards the choice of a word. Reality, as has been said, often signifies the same as actuality. In the present paper it stands for that which differentiates even the purely possible from the absurd and the merely logical. And not without reason. The word actuality serves sufficiently to distinguish every existing thing from what is non-existent; the word reality originally had the meaning herein given it. Moreover no other word remains to a writer who would convey with a distinct word the distinction between even the merely possible and the absurd and merely logical. Hence, instead of using two different words to express one and the same idea which is at least to be prodigal in language, the present paper uses the word actuality to express the idea of existence in fact and the word reality to express the idea of mere competency of existence.

A final word. Mere competency of existence ought not to be confounded with mere possibility of existence. Mere possibility of existence openly excludes actual existence as actuality of existence openly includes the same. For that has mere possibility of existence which merely can be and therefore as yet does not exist. The greater Santa Clara College is an instance. But that has actuality of existence which does exist and therefore is not what merely can be. The present Santa Clara College is an instance. But competency of existence or mere reality neither includes nor excludes actual existence, it prescind from it. For an idea openly includes that only which it contains, and it openly excludes that only which contradicts or antagonizes its content, and not that which is merely not contained in it.

To apply this to the question in hand. It is easier to state first what mere competency of existence openly excludes. As has

been already explained, competency of existence or mere reality excludes openly what is absurd and what is purely logical, no more, no less. It includes then no more nor less than what is positively opposed to the absurd or to the merely logical. Actuality of existence and possibility of existence are the positive and negative sides to be regarded from one point of view. Competency of existence or reality on the one hand and absurdity and merely logical entity on the other, are the positive and negative sides to be regarded from a different point of view. Hence a real being, a thing which has reality, a thing which is neither absurd nor merely logical may be either possible or actual. It is possible if it does not as yet exist and it is actual if it does for a fact exist.

This idea then of real being is the fundamental, the central idea of Ontology. From it radiates the entire subject matter of the science into its thousand and one conclusions.

F. R. '04.

The Redwood.

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EDITORIALS.

QUID PRO QUO.

Two very important questions have during the past month been agitating the minds of the people of California. The first question has been the cause of an amount of ludicrous comment. Some people have advocated the removal of the State Capitol, others have expressed their desire for the removal of the Capital itself. We must confess that the REDWOOD agrees with neither party; but on the contrary is anxious that both Capitol and Capital remain where they are. We realize that the Capitol is in need of repairs, and the people of San Jose are not of the repairing class. We also realize that the Capital is a malarial town and as such will not be likely to invite prolonged sessions of the legislature, which is no slight commendation in a capital city. But, seriously, San Jose is certainly a more desirable seat for the State government buildings.

The climate is better, the city is more central, and the people,—well we shall speak about the people presently.

The other question regards the removal of Santa Clara College from its present site to Sacramento, and we think that it is a question of even greater importance than the first. An offer of two hundred acres of land and five hundred thousand dollars made to the faculty by the people of Sacramento has caused a little indignation over in San Jose. The citizens of this last named city, while trying to get possession of that which they have not, and while making all sorts of generous offers to the legislature have suddenly been aroused to a realization of the fact that there is something in their hands which they may lose. The San Joseans have come to understand that, like the dog in the fable which dropped the substantial piece of beef for the shadow that he saw in the water below, in attempting to gain the Capitol they are in danger of losing what the Sacramento Bee has been pleased to speak of as, in the opinion of many competent judges, the best educational institution in California. Indeed Santa Clara College has for half a century been a hidden gem so far as San Jose's appreciation goes, though her system of education is superior to any in the state. While we think that there is a strong tendency against the removal of the College from a spot consecrated by the labors of the old missionaries, and rendered twice sacred by the sweat of the pioneer Jesuits of California, yet it is not to be wondered at if a college, which has pioneered higher education in the west, and toiled unassisted by endowment through more than fifty of California's years of alternating prosperity and depression, should now, that its growing work demands newer and more extensive accommodations, feel the need of that pecuniary assistance which it alone of the great institutions of learning in California has failed to receive.

THE McKINLEY MONUMENT.

Standing on the exact spot whence three years ago our late beloved President addressed the people of this valley, is to be seen the heroic statue of William McKinley. It is unquestionably a work of art and a magnificent testimony of the spirit which animates the people of Santa Clara valley. It is needless to say that the students of Santa Clara College take a personal interest in the monument, the erection of which was first suggested by our President, the Rev. Father Kenna, and was afterwards greatly furthered both by him and by the students of two years ago, whose

contributions helped not a little in swelling the subscription coffers.

But what does it all mean? What does that great bronze statue standing on its elevated pedestal in St. James' Park signify? This is the question which Father Kenna answered in his speech delivered at the unveiling of the monument. It means that we, the citizens of Santa Clara county, protest against the crime that carried our President off, that we protest against all pernicious principles that in any way tend toward disrespect for civil authority or civil officials. It is meant in the second place to give evidence of patriotic sentiment; for love of country were false and futile did it not embrace him whom Heaven has willed to rule our country and to guide our countrymen. Thirdly it is there as an object lesson for coming generations. From that silent monument the children of our time and of the years to come are to learn many things, the first of which undoubtedly is that in the murder of William McKinley irreligion has shown to the world what might be expected, if it ever comes to pass, which may God in His goodness avert, that men refuse to submit to the saving doctrines of Christianity.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT!

Speaking of the McKinley monument and of the doctrines of Christianity, we wish to express our sentiments on a peculiar feature of the celebration we have referred to. There were present thousands of men, women and children, and as they stood around with heads bowed low, the soft strains of Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" floated sweetly through the air,

"Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on!"

"Light," "Dark," "Gloom," "Home." What do all those words mean? What did they mean to the promiscuous crowd that gathered there? It is a religious hymn to be sure, but are we in the "dark" on religious matters? Has Christ founded a religion and allowed the followers of that religion to remain in gloom so long? Or has He not replenished His Church with Light? We are inclined toward the latter opinion, and we think that there came a time in Newman's life when he too felt that having found

the religion of Christ, he had found Christ, who is the "Light that illumineth every man that cometh into the world." If any of our readers are of the contrary opinion and feel that they are still in the dark, we recommend to them the daily recital of that sweet little hymn, with a thoughtful meditation on every line, especially on these of the second stanza:

I was not always thus, and prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to see and choose my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!

For we fear that there are many men and women in the world to-day who like to choose for themselves in matters of religion, who like to interpret things sacred to suit their own ideas, their own way of thinking. There are many more perhaps who stifle the voice of conscience, whenever it urges something contrary to their tastes, and who pull down the curtain of disbelief in order to shut out the Light of Truth, that floods the world around about them. For these it is necessary to change the wording of Newman's great hymn, and beg not that they may be led by the Light,—for how can the Light lead such as are blind,—but that their eyes may be opened, lest they stumble by the wayside, and in consequence of their wilful blindness, be "cast out into exterior darkness" forever.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At the McKinley Monument.

"Not the least pleasing feature of the unveiling ceremonies was the presence of the College boys and the College band." Thus a neighboring newspaper speaks in commenting on the celebration in San Jose on the occasion of unveiling the monument to President McKinley. In perfect military order our boys, headed by the band, marched down First street, and the eyes of hundreds were on them. They gathered around the statue and joined in the national airs with a thorough-going zeal and earnestness. Rev. Father Kenna who delivered an eloquent address on the occasion, had every reason to feel proud of his boys, who were without a doubt as patriotic and as interested a body as any there assembled. To Captain Johnson, U. S. A. and John B. Shea, U. S. N, all the praise is due, and though in their heart of hearts they may have secret thoughts as to our aptitude and docility, we take this opportunity to thank the "old soldiers" for the training they gave us during the previous week.

Washington's Birthday Celebration.

The time-honored plan of celebrating Washington's birthday with a dramatic entertainment was slightly modified this year. As the histrionic artists are at present engaged in rehearsing for the St. Patrick's day celebration and for the Passion Play, it was thought proper to relieve them of any further trouble in this line, and we commemorated the natal day of Washington on the College Campus. A bon-fire of gigantic dimensions was built in the center of the yard, and kept alive by a constant renewal of logs and barrels it cast a martial glow on all the College buildings, and lighted up in a special manner the rostrum whence the orators of the evening addressed the enthusiastic gathering of students and invited guests. Walter Healy was chosen chairman of the evening, and his was the pleasant duty of announcing the different numbers of the program, and of introducing the speakers. John Ivanovich, the first orator of the evening, with his customary grace and eloquence paid a handsome tribute to the memory of

Washington as "First in War." He gave a very realistic and picturesque account of the great Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army, and, judging from the continued applause, he was listened to with attention and appreciation.

Chas. Laumeister, the second speaker of the evening, delayed for about a quarter of an hour on "Washington, First in Peace." He spoke of the virtues that adorned the home on Mount Vernon, the noble qualities that guided the first President of the United States in the duties of his office, and ended by showing how with generous self-sacrifice the great father of America renounced a third term as ruler of the nation.

When the applause had died away Angelo Quevedo, the popular young orator of San Jose arose and taking for his theme "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen" brought the enthusiastic cheering of the evening to its summit. The national hymns were sung at the close and before the speeches, and there was not one silent voice in the yard. At the completion of the exercises the boys crowded the handball courts for a dance and when they retired everyone felt that he had spent a very enjoyable evening.

The Senate.

The senators have been somewhat unfortunate during the past month in as much as their nights were twice taken from them for other business. It was however with great pleasure that we yielded to the House members for their public debate, which showed such ability in oratorical lines, that we are beginning to fear a challenge from the lower branch of the Congress. At the last meeting of the Senate the question of the municipal ownership of public utilities was discussed very vehemently on all sides. Senator Laumeister began the battle, giving his reasons, and they were strong ones, why municipal ownership of public utilities was not desirable. "Talk about Trusts and the evils of Trusts all you please," he said, "but what, I ask, would this municipal control amount to? what would be the result of the system advocated by the opposite side but one big mighty trust? Trusts may be very disagreeable things in a community such as ours, but while there is a government to resist them the danger is kept in the back ground," etc. This and other arguments of the gifted speaker from San Francisco were answered by Senator J. Regan. He was of the opinion that it would be a difficult thing to show the evil of Trusts as such. "The whole source of evil is that these monopo-

lies are in the hands of individual owners and that these individual owners are in for money and for the maximum amount of money, whereas the government if it were to own and control the railroads, for instance, would try to accommodate the people in the first place, and if from such accommodation there were a surplus of money, it would mean a lowering of taxation." Senator Feeney then rose to prove that this lowering of taxation might be a very good thing to speculate on, or to enjoy in anticipation, but that in reality there would result from municipal ownership an increase in taxation and a decrease in the line of accommodations. He urged another strong argument against the proposition by showing its socialistic tendencies, which are always evil.

Senators Moraghan, Parrott, Riordan, Ivancovich and Kirk spoke in their turn, and the young debaters continued the discussion with animation and eloquence even after the meeting had adjourned.

Since our last issue the Senate has taken three more members into its fold: Carmel Martin of Monterey, John Collins of San Francisco, and John Riordan of Salinas, all good speakers, acute reasoners and ready debaters.

The House of Philhistorians.

Notable among the questions proposed for consideration during the past month was "The Removal of the State Capitol," which was first debated in private session, at the regular weekly meeting, on February 9th, and later with open doors in the Senate chamber on the evening of February 18th.

The resolution as proposed read as follows: "The State Capitol should not be removed from Sacramento to San Jose." At the first discussion Representatives H. Jedd McClatchy, F. D. Ryan and M. Bryte Peterson, all of Sacramento, spoke for their home city, and Representatives Harold O'Connor of San Francisco, J. W. Byrnes of San Rafael, and Henry Haack of Los Angeles favored San Jose. Needless to say the debate was a very lively one, and so deeply interested were the contestants in its pros and cons that the speaker was obliged to extend the time of adjournment far beyond the usual hour.

The vote cast gave the victory to the San Jose partisans by a majority of 19 to 13.

The Rev. Father Kenna and the members of the Senate were guests of the evening.

Owing to the importance of the subject and that it might receive a more thorough sifting it was agreed to rediscuss it in open meeting on the evening of February 18th. Accordingly on that evening in the presence of the Senate, the House members and a large and appreciative audience, among whom were the Rev. R. E. Kenna, President of the College, the Rev. Father Crowley of the Youths' Directory, San Francisco, Revs. M. A. McKey and J. F. Collins of San Jose, Judge I. Herrington, Attorney H. Wilcox, Editor C. A. Gage, Drs. D. A. Beattie and A. E. Osborne, etc. The debate took place shortly after 7:30 p. m. The Rev. Father Culligan, S. J., speaker of the House, called the meeting to order, announced its purpose, told of the origin of the open debate at the College which, he said, was contemporary with the establishment of the Literary Congress in 1859. He then paid a well-merited tribute to the memory of Father Young who had so long and so successfully guided the destinies of both Houses almost from the time of their formation.

At the close of these remarks Representative James McManus of Sacramento read a paper on "Patriotism and the Moral Law," which won marked attention from all present.

District Attorney Jas. H. Campbell, M. A. '72, who, notwithstanding many pressing demands on his precious time had come in response to an invitation from the speaker of the House, was next announced for the address of the evening. "Oratory" was the theme he chose. His words were replete with sound practical instruction and felicitous illusions to past members of the Santa Clara debating congress who have won themselves state and even national distinction.

It was with pleasure and a goodly share of honest pride that the Literary Congress welcomed Mr. Campbell back to its halls. His career as an esteemed citizen, an honest and successful attorney, and an honored public official, is such as to reflect great credit upon his Alma Mater, and the organizations of which he was a member during his college days.

After Mr. Campbell's address the resolution for the evening's debate was read, and the first speaker of the affirmative, Representative H. Jedd McClatchy of Sacramento, took the floor. Having courteously expressed the thanks of the House to Mr. Campbell for his highly appreciated address and said a word of praise to

the essayist, he at once entered into his subject and very clearly brought forward all that could favor his home city and the retention of the capitol where at immense cost it has been established. Such points as he did not touch upon he made sure his seconds in the debate, Representatives F. D. Ryan and Bryte Peterson would not overlook.

For the negative Representative Harold O'Connor made a strong fight. In him San Jose had a worthy advocate in her contest for the much desired capitol. He was ably supported by Representatives Henry Haack of Los Angeles and M. R. O'Reilly of San Francisco. Much praise is due Mr. O'Reilly for his carefully prepared speech, which had it not been for the strong closing argument of Representative McClatchy, would undoubtedly having given the laurels of victory to the San Jose partisans.

As it was the Judges, the Rev. Fathers Crowley and Cunningham, Judge I. Herrington and Attorney H. Wilcox gave an unanimous decision to the Sacramentans.

The debate was greatly enjoyed all through, and reflected most favorably upon the good work of the House of Philhistorians.

The following new members were admitted into the House of Philhistorians during the past month: John Gall, Walter Healey, J. R. Griffin, F. J. Sigwart, T. F. Leonard, P. S. Sage, F. J. Plank, and Jas. A. McManus.

Junior Dramatics.

With their usual earnestness the Junior Dramatics held several very spirited debates since the last issue of the REDWOOD.

Amongst the more interesting were, "Money has more influence upon mankind than education," "The average young man of the present day has greater opportunities to succeed financially than his forefathers had," "The Chinese should not be admitted as American citizens."

The last drew forth a very heated discussion in which nearly all the members participated. The leaders, Mr. J. Brazell for the affirmative and Mr. Ralph Harrison for the negative, made a particularly favorable impression on their hearers.

The subject for the next debate, is "Resolved, that Sacramento's offer to Santa Clara College of 200 acres of land and \$500,000 should be accepted." Affirmatives, F. Lejeal and Jas. Maddock; negatives, Ed McFadden and Alex Cody.

The new members admitted during the past month are Jas. Maddock, James Maher and Richard Maher.

The Junior Sodality.

On Sunday, February 8, Rev. Father Rector received twenty-four candidates into the Junior Sodality. The Sodality is directed by Mr. W. J. Deeney, S. J., and the following were recently elected to serve as officers during the present semester: Prefect, Fred J. Ralph; First Assistant, Alex F. Cody; Second Assistant, James A. Brazell; Secretary, Edwin A. McFadden; Treasurer, George Fisher; Censor, Robt. Eitzgerald; Vestry Prefects, Eugene A. Ivancovich James P. Maher; Consultors, Jas. C. Lappin, A. E. Rispaud, Richard Maher and M. F. Brown.

Social Hall Orchestra.

A new source of pleasure has been given the boys through the formation of a Social Hall Orchestra, which is under the able leadership of "Fran" Farry, and is composed of the following members: "Fran" Farry, Frank Ryan, Chas. Plank, Walter Fleming, Alfred Rispaud, and Bryte Peterson. The spirit manifested by these musicians is a generous and self-sacrificing one, and is heartily appreciated by the boys who crowd the floor of the Social Hall on the evenings on which they favor us with dance music.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

John E. McElroy, '90, is announced as a candidate for city and county attorney in his native Oakland. We learn with pleasure that John is one of the most prominent and successful attorneys in Oakland.

Edward H. Julien, Freshman '88, called at the College a few weeks ago. "Count" graduated in 1895 from the Detroit College of Medicine, and is at present about to resume an interrupted course of post-graduate work at the New York Polyclinic.

Clay M. Greene, Ph. D. '01, writes a letter from New York on the "excellence of the 'get-up' and the worth of the contributions" of the REDWOOD, and promises to respond very soon to the invitation extended to the "old boys" to contribute to its pages. We

need not say that we shall be delighted to hear from one the memory of whose genial personality is still fresh among us. May we not trust to have Mr. Greene with us again for the second production of his great Passion Play, "Nazareth?"

Lewis F. Byington, '84, was in San Jose lately at the banquet of the Native Sons of the Golden West, of which he is Grand President. Mr. Byington is at present district attorney of the city and county of San Francisco.

James Bacigalupi, '03, was honored by being chosen to represent his Parlor at the recent gathering of the Native Sons in San Jose. The address delivered by him on that occasion was regarded as one of the most eloquent addresses of the evening.

Chas. D. South, M. A., '01, whose literary work has attracted much attention, and who is at present on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Call, sends us a little recollection of a time-honored institution at Santa Clara, for the existence of which unfortunately, many see no sufficient reason. We congratulate "Bill Shirk" on the good which he derived from it, and commend the parable to the attention of those who frequent Room No. 90, which is what Room A was when the institution of which we speak received its title.

BALLAD OF "LETTER A."

How fondly we cherish the memories golden
 Of glorious youth on the old College green—
 The star-glowing diamond of hero days olden
 When baseball was played, not by two but eighteen!
 When sturdy Bob Enright was prince of the sluggers,
 Unfailingly swatting the sphere out of the play;
 And Father Caredda was king of the "juggers,"
 Whose "keep" bore the ominous sign, "Letter A."

"Letter A" (which was "hoc" "soak" in durance) was rather
 Of strife a deterrent, of idlers the dread;—
 There guilty Behindbacks discovered that Father
 Caredda had "eyes in the back of his head."
 The frequent offenders, in punishment, wondered
 How one single mind stored such records away
 That rule-breakers, one, two or three, or a hundred,
 Knew just what was coming in bleak "Letter A."

Bill Shirk never willingly glanced o'er the pages
Of hist'ry, and fell to the foot of his grade;
But he sullenly copied the annals of ages
On days when his diligent college-mates played.
His comrades might revel in contests gymnastic—
Might swim in the College pond, over the way,
Or roam through the orchards; while Bill "cussed" the drastic
Old measure that doomed him to dull "Letter A."

A medal of gold, worth a hatful of dollars,
Was hung up for history students at last;
The betting all centered on two or three scholars,—
For none in the racing had records so fast.
But all of them fell—and the prize was awarded
To whom?—To Bill Shirk, the surprise of the day!
Quoth Father Caredda, "Be credit accorded
To strenuous teaching in grand Letter A."

Among the "old boys" who visited the College this month are
Leo Marks, James Nealon, Ed Cosgriff, Frank Lawler.

Charles A. Thompson, '00, is clerk of the assembly at Sacramento, and a candidate for city treasurer of Santa Clara.

THE REDWOOD.
IN THE LIBRARY.

THE PILKINGTON HEIR.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER, BENZIGRR BROS.

Every reader of fiction will find in this recent publication an interesting, instructive novel. It is not in our opinion a work in which the "devourer of everyday print" will read, but the scholarly reader may find therein something upon which to feed his thoughts. Lucid in style, distinct and real in characterization, true to life, with genuine interest of plot, the novel can stand the severest criticism and survive the ordeal.

THE TALISMAN.

By the same author and publications, though less complicated in plot is none the less praiseworthy. The same style, the same reality, the same trueness to life is observable in both novels.

A ROUND TABLE OF REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

BENZIZER BROS.

On the title page of this excellent book there is a brief notice that gives a rather compendious view of the publisher's idea. A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists "*at which is served a Feast of Excellent Stories*." It is without a doubt a feast. There are stories from Joseph Spillman, S. J., the author of "Lucius Flavius," from Antoine Jungst, M. Herbert, Karl Dom-aing and others of no less literary fame. German fiction has during the last fifty years reached a very high place of excellence. It may compare very favorably with French fiction with this exception however that while the writers of the Zola type are engaged in trifles, the Germans, spend their time and talents on more serious works. Historical novels are their specialty and it has ever been the opinion of able critics that historical novels are the best when all other qualities are present. Nor are social novels neglected in Germany as the present volume testifies.



VIEW OF INNER GARDEN.

Photo by Nelson

The Portraits, the Biographical sketches and the Bibliography contained in the "Round Table" add not a little towards the perfection of the work. The translation is done in a style idiomatic, clear, easy and natural.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

This magazine always contains something praiseworthy and thought provoking, and the February number is even above the usual high standard. The "Pen Picture of English Life in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries" attracts our special attention. It is in truth a picture, and an interestingly instructive one at that. We are introduced by the author into the interior of an old Benedictine Abbey where we form an immediate and close acquaintance with two learned and venerable monks. From their lips we hear some particulars connected with the War of the Roses, the ravages of the "Black Death," the uprising of the peasants under Wat Tyler, and other interesting points from the history of the time. The entire narrative is given a reality which leaves a lasting impression. We feel that a series of articles written in the same strain would do much to convey to the popular mind the truth regarding many varied points in the history of those abused ages of "Monkish Ignorance," and we hope that Mr. William Seton will continue the good work which he has so ably begun.

The "Mystery of Grace," though unpretentious, is a well written little story. The quotation from Newman's *Apologia*, on which the conversion of Lucy hinges, is one that ought to make any serious minded non-catholic think and think earnestly.

In the "Ebb and Flow of the Oxford Movement," the author suggests some reasons why there have been but few results in the way of conversion during the sixty years of the famous Tractarian and Ritualistic controversies. The reasons given or implied are weighty, though we venture to suggest that in the matter of conversion to the Church of Christ, the first essential requisite is an humble submission of mind and heart to God and that where this humble submission is wanting, there is no room for the workings of grace. Hence, however the Oxford movement might appeal to the intellect of the interested ones, there could be no conversion, while there was not humility; and humility must come from other sources than controversies.

THE MESSENGER.

The article on Martinique and on the terrible eruption of Mt. Pelee, is all the more interesting for being told by one who was a witness of that dreadful scene. What the author says about the irreligion of the Secret Societies, is terrible, but surely not surprising to such as are acquainted with the history of Europe for the last fifty years. The European masons have been endeavoring, and, unfortunately, in many places succeeding in their endeavors to abolish as far as possible religious education. Why these men are opposed to Religious orders and to Catholic sisterhoods, we can explain only by supposing that in all things religious they find a secret rebuke for their own vices and wickedness. At all events as we see from the article under consideration, they were in Martinique waging war against convents and nuns. But the avenging hand of Providence spared the sisters and covered the "dark lantern" folk with ashes!

OUT WEST.

California has many things to boast of. Nature has been lavish in her gifts, nor are her blessings confined to material goods; she seems to have given to the children of the west an intellectual grandeur, unique and sublime. Witness in this matter the magazine "Out West." It is a model; well-written, carefully and richly illustrated, attractive in matter and form.

We would call our readers' special attention to the article on Mrs. Fremont.

EXCHANGES.

Our February exchanges are not all at hand. Those however that have come to us are good—good with that wider goodness which makes them interesting not only to their own colleges but to outsiders as well.

THE "DIAL."

The "Dial" for February contains a well written essay on the Louisiana Purchase, and two very creditable short stories. "At Wisdom's Feast" is a poem in diction which unites ease with gentle dignity. The slight blemishes which weaken the fourth stanza,

though compensated for in a measure by the merit of the rest of the composition, are nevertheless to be regretted in a poem which possesses much felicity of phrase and delicacy of thought.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

The January number is the last we have received—and here, if we may venture so far without impertinence, we are inclined to remonstrate with one or two of our most welcome exchanges, the advent of which is so eagerly looked forward to that it is hard for us, as we feel it must be for their other friends, to be kept waiting until the end of the month for their regular issues. The verse of this number is in keeping with the time. "New Years Eve" is one of the best poems in the issue, and would be the best, we should say, were it not so reminiscent of Tennyson. Lines such as

"Steal peaceward past their dumb dead lips,"

"Ere day can half his journey walk,"

"And so to-night I like to sit,

And entertain a spectre-guest,"

"His voice is cracked, his hair is snow," etc.

are, we think, too Tennysonian to bear multiplication in a short poem of forty-eight lines. Yet, even so, the poem is of more than ordinary worth and promises much for its writer.

We rejoice with Fordham in the honor which it has received by the elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity of its distinguished alumnus, the Most Reverend Archbishop Farley.

THE "SANTA CLARA COUNTY STUDENT."

The "Student" comes to us in black and gold, an exterior which cannot but win our attention. The stories it contains are worthy of the Santa Clara High schools; and we doubt not that the "Student" is a welcome visitor at every school in the county.

THE REDWOOD.

ATHLETICS.

After one or two little disappointments in the way of games arranged and called off, without, we fear, any special reason, our baseball team is once again at work. We were sorry to lose our coach, Joe Corbett, who, through stress of business, was forced to withdraw. But we were not long in securing another capable and faithful guide in the person of Charles Graham, an old boy and captain and catcher of the Sacramento League Team. Under his direction, we shall march to victory, and in fact, as will soon be seen, have already begun the march.

The inter-scholastic championship will mean something more than usual this year, as Berkeley and Stanford and Belmont are putting teams on the field of such speed and experience that the fight will be a stubborn one. Everywhere there seems to be an intense desire to take from old Santa Clara College the pennant that has floated over her campus for so many years, but the team that accomplishes this feat will have to play ball, as may be seen from the following account of our February games:

All-Stars vs. S. C. C.

We have had three games with the All-Stars, an aggregation of Leaguers from San Jose and the suburbs. We lost the first two, because we were but beginning the season, and won the third, because we were then in condition. We gave an account of the defeats in the February number of the REDWOOD, and, as space will not permit us to describe all our games in detail we shall here give an account of our victory, which will serve to even up matters. The game was snappy, clean-cut and full of life, showing, as nothing else could, that the rough edges had been worn away by our daily practice, and that we were getting into shape for our inter-scholastic encounters. The fielding was good, very good, the batting was better, but the "rooting" was perhaps the best feature of all. How those silver-tongued youngsters of the second division did yell! How the bronze-throated seniors thundered as the baton of Shea urged them on! The game was one of practice in fielding, base-stealing and batting, but the "rooters" had their practice too, and to them the team owes a good deal of its success. The following is a detailed score and will tell the tale better than words:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Griffin, r. f.....	5	4	1	1	0	0	0
Farry, s. s.....	6	1	2	0	3	2	1
Keefe, p. & c. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	3	0
Chase, 2b.....	3	2	2	2	3	1	1
Whealen, 1b.....	4	1	2	0	6	0	1
Martin, c. f. & p.....	5	1	3	0	1	1	0
Feeney, l. f.....	3	0	0	1	1	0	0
Keleher, 3b.....	4	2	0	1	1	0	0
Merle, c.....	4	1	3	1	12	1	0
Totals	38	13	14	6	27	8	3

ALL STARS.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
G. Foley, 3b.....	5	1	2	0	2	2	2
Hogan, 1b.....	4	0	2	1	11	0	1
Erle, s. s.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	1
Kent, c.....	5	2	3	0	8	2	0
Decoto, c. f.....	5	2	1	1	0	0	1
B. Foley, r. f.....	5	1	0	0	1	0	1
Doyle, l. f.....	4	1	3	0	0	0	0
Carrera, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Ruth, p.....	4	1	2	0	0	5	0
Totals	40	9	15	2	23	10	6

SUMMARY.

Innings pitched in—Keefe 7, Martin, 2. Hits off Keefe, 6, off Martin, 9. Home run—Kent. Three baggers—Kent, Erle, Martin and Merle. Two baggers—Kent, Whalen and Martin. Double play—Farry to Chase. Sacrifice hits—Erle and Feeney. Struck out by Keefe 8, by Martin 3, by Ruth 8. Bases on balls, off Keefe 2, off Ruth 5. Hit by pitcher—Merle and Griffin. Passed balls—Merle 3, Kent 1. Wild pitch—Ruth. Left on bases—Santa Clara 9, All Stars 6. First base on errors—Santa Clara 3, All Stars 3. Time of game—2 hours. Umpires—Toomey and Chichizola.

Stanford University vs. S. C. C.

With this game began, in earnest, the work of the season. Stanford came down from Palo Alto with more than a determina-

tion to beat the "youngsters." They were sure of victory. But to win a game in anticipation is a dangerous thing to do. Our men were neither confident nor diffident. "Do you think you'll beat them?" Tom Feeney was asked just before the game. "Well," was the answer, "I think we shall, if our men play ball." His answer gives our position exactly. We knew we were about to meet worthy opponents and that there were no reasonable grounds for claiming laurels until the game was over.

Stanford was first at bat. Brown fanned; Crawford and Cowden reached first on errors, for our men were a little nervous. Crawford was hit by a batted ball and died before he reached third, Cowden came home on a single by McGilvray, thus scoring in the first inning—one run. In our half of the first, we scored one run too, and thus equalized matters. In the third Stanford crossed the plate for a second run. So did we. We then remained with this score neck to neck, until the sixth, when our opponents brought in three runs leaving us as many in the *lag* (Shakespeare!) We stood five to two until the eighth, when all the innate fire of our men broke out and caused an immense amount of damage to the Stanford pitcher's reputation. "What! lose the first game of the season to Stanford!" thought all the Collegians, as our men came in for the eighth. "Never!" ran through Martin's mind as he took the stick and with eagle eye watched the sphere fly to and from him several times. "One strike! Two balls!" cried the umpire. "Two and two!" he shouted a moment after. There was a pause, then a movement of a bat, a collision, and the reaction was a pretty single. Martin, who had reached third on errors, was now looking hopefully at Bill Whealen, who in turn was looking hopefully at the Stanford twirler. Another collision of bat and ball, another single and a run! "Now is the time to score!" shouted the rooters, and Keleher and Merle, aroused by the shouts, made safeties. Merle had been caught asleep on second, Keleher was on first and Whealan was on third, when Ryan came to bat. Ryan is only a "sub," but Oh my! He took the "stick," thought for a moment and brought in two men, thus making the score five to five! Stanford failed to score in the ninth, and when we appeared at bat there was a brand new pitcher on the slab. Speedy, fresh and heady he retired our first two men on strikes. But the third and fourth gained first on balls, and it was Ryan's turn again. He hit the ball, brought in a run and won the day. The following is the score:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	R
Griffin, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	1	0
Farry, s. s.	4	1	2	0	1	5	1
Keefe, p.	4	0	3	0	0	3	0
Chase, 2b.	5	1	0	0	2	5	1
Martin, c. f.	4	1	2	0	1	0	1
Whealen, 1b.	5	2	2	0	15	0	1
Keleher, 3b.	3	0	1	2	2	1	0
Merle, c.	4	0	1	1	5	5	1
Feeney, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, l. f.	2	0	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	6	13	3	26*	20	5

*Crawford hit by batted ball.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	R
Brown, 2b.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Crawford, s. s.	4	1	0	0	3	2	2
Cowden, 1b.	4	2	3	1	7	2	0
McGilvray, c.	4	1	2	0	12	2	0
Lowenthal, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Ball, c. f.	3	0	1	0	2	0	0
Knight, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Copp, 3b.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Sales, p.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Parker, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	5	9	3	26*	7	3

*Two out when winning run was scored.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara College.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	1—6
Base hits	2	0	3	1	0	0	1	5	1—13
Stanford University	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0—5
Base hits	1	1	1	1	0	4	0	0	0—8

SUMMARY.

Innings pitched in—Sales 8, Parker 1. Hits off Sales 12, off Parker 1. Two-baggers—Keefe 2, Farry and Cowden. Sacrifice hits—Farry and Ball. Struck out by Keefe 4, by Sales 7, by Parker 2. Bases on balls—Keefe 1, Sales 6, Parker 2. Hit by pitcher—Copp.

Wild pitches—Keefe and Sales. Left on bases—S. C. C. 13, Stanford 4. First base on errors—S. C. C. 1, Stanford 3. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes. Umpires—Hogan, Parker and Williams.

Independents vs. S. C. C.

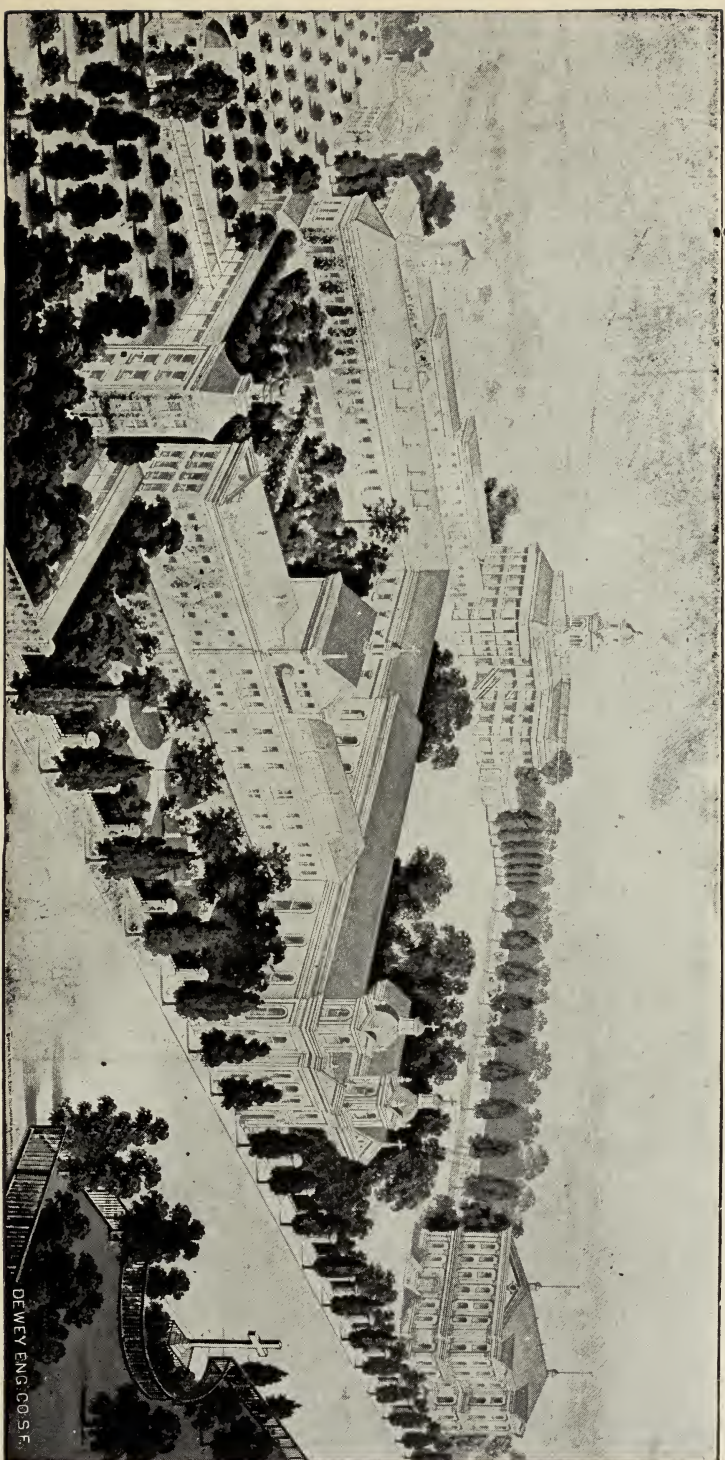
Our next game was with the Independents, a professional nine from San Francisco. The latter, to do them justice, were not perfect form, but what could they have done if in form against our men who during the nine innings did not make a single error? The only thing that had the semblance of an error was seen when Whealen, trying to tag a man on first, missed him and sent the ball a few yards into the air, allowing his man to steal second. The fact that there were no errors but the one mentioned is all the more remarkable because Keefe, though a star pitcher, was able to strike out but two of our opponents. The rest of the story can readily be gathered from the score.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Griffin, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Farry, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	2	5	0
Keefe, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	2	0
Chase, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	6	3	0
Martin, c. f.....	3	1	2	0	3	0	0
Whealen, 1b.....	4	2	2	0	11	1	1
Keleher, 3b.....	3	1	1	0	0	1	0
Merle, c.....	2	0	1	0	4	1	0
Feeney, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	4	8	0	27	14	1

INDEPENDENTS.

	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Devereaux, s. s.....	4	0	1	0	4	2	2
Stultz, 2b.....	2	0	1	0	2	2	0
Kennedy, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	1	3	1
Hogan, c.....	4	0	2	0	2	4	0
Brashear, 1b	4	0	1	0	9	1	1
Ireland, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Eels, c. f.....	4	0	4	0	2	0	1
Perrine, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Gorton, l. f	3	1	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	33	1	9	0	24	14	6



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

DEWEY ENG. CO. S.F.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Santa Clara College.....	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	*—4
Hits.....	0	1	1	2	1	2	0	1	*—8
Independents	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Hits.....	0	0	0	2	0	3	1	2	1—9

SUMMARY.

Two-bagger—Whalen. Sacrifice hits—Merle. Bases on balls off Keefe 2, off Perrine 2. Struck out by Keefe 2, by Perrine 1. Passed balls—Hogan 2. Left on bases—S. C. C. 5, Independents, 7. Double Plays—Devereaux to Brashear to Hogan, Ireland to Brashear, Chase (unassisted). Time of game—1 hour, 25 minutes. Umpire—J, Doyle.

Reliance vs. S. C. C.

The Reliance team of Oakland is composed of the best amateur material in the state. Five of its players have signed with the professionals for the coming league season, and others of their number have refused tempting offers. But with all their experience, they feared our College team and for this reason secured the valuable assistance of twirler Dick Williams, one of the fastest pitchers in the California league of last year, and now signed with the Columbus, Ohio, team, and the recipient of offers from the Philadelphia, New York and Boston teams. Dick is an old St. Ignatius boy and naturally well disposed to Santa Clara, but for all that he is a dreadful man behind the ball and the five safeties we secured were well scattered, and didn't mean much. Besides lining up against a team of such a reputation, we had the additional disadvantage of playing behind a strange pitcher. Keefe was to pitch the day following and Martin's arm was not in shape, so we were forced to secure Emerson, a first class slab artist, surely, but a stranger on the team. Under these disadvantages we lost to Reliance with a score of 2 to 5. The following will show the work of the innings,

Runs by innings,

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0

Errors 6, Hits 6, Struck out by Williams 5.

RELIANCE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	0

Errors 5, Hits 7, Struck out by Emerson 4.

University of California vs. S. C. C.

The California 'Varsity players have frequently returned home from Santa Clara with defeat written on their countenances, but never before, as far as we recollect, did they suffer such an ignominious defeat as on February 25th. The score was 10 to 0 in our favor. Only on two occasions did the Berkeley men succeed in reaching third, and then it was only to meet an untimely death. What was the cause of such a slaughter? Ask anybody in the yard, and without exception the answer will be "Bob Keefe's wing." Bob pitched an historic game, striking fourteen men out and allowing but three hits. He was in the game from start to finish, and the Berkeley men could not find him. This game has a special significance from the fact that the University of California men had a few days before defeated the Reliance team, though weakened by the absence of Dick Williams and Raymond. The enthusiasm which this great victory elicited deserves that we should write it up in detail, but we are in a hurry to get to press and content ourselves with giving the score:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

	A B	R	H	O	A	E
Griffin, r. f.....	5	0	1	0	0	0
Farry, s. s.....	5	0	3	3	3	0
Whealen, 1b.....	5	0	1	4	0	1
Martin, c. f.....	3	3	0	1	0	1
Chase, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	1	0
Keefe, p.....	5	5	2	1	1	0
Merle, c.....	4	3	2	12	3	0
Keleher, 3b.....	3	1	2	2	1	1
Feeney, l. f.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals.....	38	10	13	26	9	3

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

	A B	R	H	O	A	E
Adams, s. s.....	3	0	1	1	0	1
Kennedy, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	1	2
McKeown, c. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Heitmuller, 1b.....	4	0	1	9	0	1
Overall, p.....	3	0	0	0	6	0
Bliss, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	2	0
Hatch, c.....	4	0	0	10	0	2
Schuline, r. f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Causley, l. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	35	0	4	24	9	6

Bases stolen—Santa Clara 9, California 2. Base on balls off Keefe 3, off Overall 3. Struck out by Keefe 14, by Overall 8. Three base hits—Keefe, Keleher, Heitmuller, Double plays—Farry to Kelleher. Hit by pitched ball—Adams, Causley. Umpires—Hogan and Dick Williams. Time of game, two hours.

Second Team.

During the past month a second team has been organized with Stephen Nicholl as Captain and Leo Jones as Manager. There is daily practice on the sodality campus and from present indications the team is to be as follows: F. Plank, catcher; O. Eberhard, pitcher; Fred Sigwart, first base; S. Nicholls, second base; Chas. Russell, third base; L. Normandin, short stop; fielders, F. Ryan, J. Ivancovich, L. Jones. The entire nine is well selected and is waiting to cross bats with the University of the Pacific, the Santa Clara, San Jose, Palo Alto and other high schools.

Track Team.

The cinder path has been the scene of some very lively contests of late. Captain Walter Fleming, who for two years past has made the track experts of the coast a little nervous, has been training his men during the month in all the departments of field sports. Parrott of San Mateo has improved very much as a mile runner. His wind is more faithful than ever, and his leg muscles are more enduring. Some attribute this to his ardor in the study of physiology. Belz is developing into an all-around man, 440, 880, etc., are his favorites. Comerford of Nevada is very promising, and Collins, the Olympic star, can make the 100 yards in ten flat. Our high jumpers, Graham and Tom Leonard, are in better condition than last year, especially the latter who has reduced his weight considerably though he still has some to spare.

Henry Haack is said to be determined to snatch the laurel crown from Curley's brow. The irony of fate was hard indeed when Henry, after a week's planning to distance all competitors in the try-out for the mile run, was forced to lower his colors. It is an open secret however that the smoking room which Curley does not frequent had something to do with Henry's Waterloo, and now that the latter has taken abstinence from tobacco as his special mortification during the Lenten season there may be

something in his threats to lower the colors of his victorious adversary.

With such men the team will be ready in a week or so to meet any track team in the valley and give it a race for its glory.

Tennis.

The Tennis Club has been reorganized and the following officers have been elected: President, John M. Regan; Treasurer, Baldo A. Ivancovich; Secretary, John Parrott. The court is in excellent condition and much interest has been excited by the tournament which is now in progress. The scores of the matches so far played are as follows:

First round (A) F. Marten beat J. Parrott 1-6, 6-2, 6-4.

H. O'Connor beat J. Collins 6-1, 6-0.

T. Leonard won from F. Moraghan by default.

V. Durfee beat J. Ryan in two hotly contested sets, 6-4, 6-5.

First round (B) Baldo Ivancovich beat J. Smith, 6-5, 6-1.

F. Smith beat T. Ena 6-1, 6-0.

In this round L. Hicks and D. McGregor, John Ivancovich and J. Curley have yet to play.

Round second (A) and (B) will be played at an early date, and the winners will then contest for the championship of the court.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR JANUARY COLLEGE COURSE

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
Philosophy of Religion.....	J Bacigalupi, L Degnan, W Regan, F Moraghan, F Ralph.....	
Ethics.....	J Bacigalupi, L Degnan, W Regan.....	
Mental Philosophy.....	J Bacigalupi.....	F Ralph.....
Natural Philosophy.....	J Bacigalupi.....	F Moraghan.....
Chemistry.....	J Bacigalupi.....	F Moraghan.....
Mathematics.....	L Degnan, W Regan, T Sweeney, T Feeney, F Moraghan, J Regan.....	
Political Economy.....	J Bacigalupi, L Degnan, W Regan, L Jones, F Ralph.....	
Higher English.....	L Degnan.....	F Moraghan.....
Advanced History.....	J Bacigalupi.....	O Eberhard.....
Oratory.....	J Bacigalupi.....	J Collins, L Jones.....
	SOPHOMORE	FRESHMAN
Religion.....	A Quevedo.....	R Fitzgerald.....
English Precepts.....	L Hicks.....	G Araneta.....
English Author.....	J Riordan.....	E Comerford.....
English Composition.....	J Parrott.....	E Comerford.....
History and Geography.....	R Harrison.....	G Araneta.....
Elocution.....	E Kirk.....	F Sigwart.....
Latin.....	G Araneta.....	J Byrnes.....
Greek.....	G Araneta.....	F Lejeal.....
Mathematics.....	C Budde, J Curley.....	Ed de la Guardia, J Boschken.....

HIGHEST HONORS.

The following received highest honors in the Academic and other courses:

ACADEMIC COURSE.**FIRST ACADEMIC**

C. Fuller, I. Guerrero, E. Ivancovich, C. Budde, J. Brown, E. McFadden, R. Schirber, R. Shepherd, W. Curtin, F. Smith.

SECOND ACADEMIC.

H. de la Guardia, C. Smith, E. Cowing, E. de la Guardia, J. Brin, H. Broderick.

THIRD ACADEMIC.

N. Whealen, J. Maher, H. Broderick, J. Shea, A. Zarcone, H. Luzuriaga, H. Lyng, W. Love.

FOURTH ACADEMIC.

L. Farrell, B. Budde, A. Deipenbrock, P. Wilcox, J. Daly, J. Jamora, A. Ivancovich.

ACADEMIC COURSE (English).**FIRST ACADEMIC, ENGLISH.**

G. Beaumont, H. Oswald, J. Menihan.

SECOND ACADEMIC, ENGLISH.

V. Durfee; P. Duggan, W. Maher, R. Maher, E. McDougall, P. Humphrey.

THIRD ACADEMIC, ENGLISH.

A. Mattei, A. Grace, R. Durie, J. Maddock.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.**FIRST CLASS.**

J. Chichizola.

SECOND CLASS.

Ed. de la Guardia, Henry de la Guardia, Richard de la Guardia.

SPECIAL CLASSICS.**FIRST CLASS.**

E. Kirk.

SECOND CLASS.

J. Shepherd, R. Schirber.

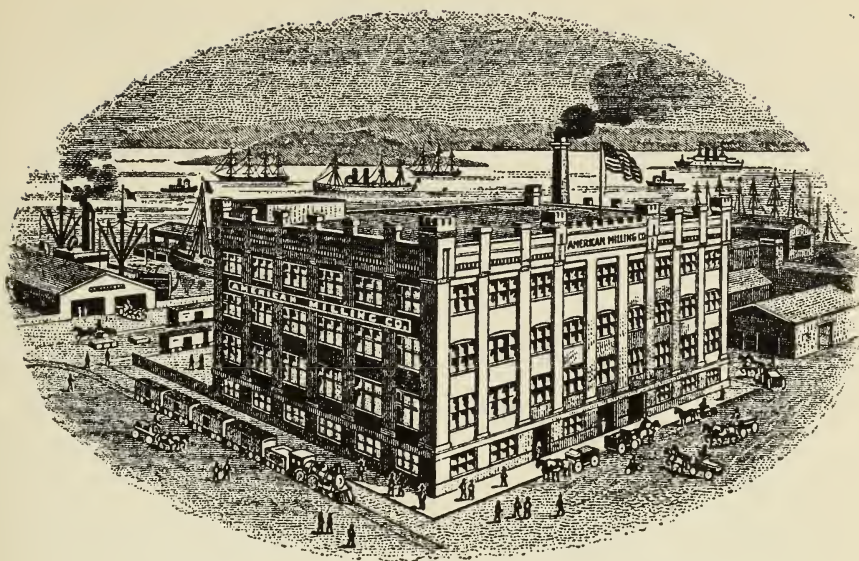
THIRD CLASS.

T. Leonard, A. Sundell.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE.

J. Curley, J. Riordan, G. Araneta, G. Beaumont.

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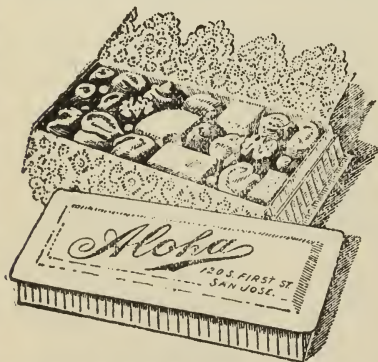
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THE PHILAETHIC SENATE.

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The Redwood.

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VOL. I.

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No. 4

RESURREXIT!

What! doth Heaven's high God His Son decree
To live an exile from His Father's light,
To plod a desert earth, to feel the blight
And leaden sorrows of mortality!
No bitterness untasted, nor the sea
Of ingrate shame that shrouded in the night
Of anguished passion the Redeemer's sight,
The while God's Angel lingered pityingly.

Yet not an outcast on this barren way
For lo! when Angels at the feet and head,
And rolled stone and throbbing thunder showed
That He had willed to quit the darkened clay
And rise in glory splendrous from the dead,
Ah, then His wondrous might and beauty glowed!
Freshman.

AUBREY DE VERE.

"I have lived among poets a great deal," says the gifted daughter of Lord Coleridge, speaking of Aubrey de Vere, "and have known greater poets than he is," (she had known Wordsworth and her own father), "but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful and so gracious; sportive and jestful, yet with a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present. It is rather the habit of his mind to idealize *ad libitum*; but this, if a defect, is a defect of a large and beautiful intellect. His mind is like his face which seemed to be all eye and forehead; not that it is disproportioned in size, but that the eye and forehead alone fix the attention and seem to constitute the face."

We are indebted for the above quotation to an article in the March number of the Irish Monthly, written by Father Matthew Russell, to whom also we owe many of the facts from the life of Aubrey de Vere, on which we propose to build our essay.

Aubrey de Vere was an Irish poet; Irish by birth, Irish in sentiment and in religion. This is saying a great deal in his favor, for Ireland has ever been known to the world as the Isle of Song, and she alone, among the nations, has for her national emblem a musical instrument. "When other nations stand in the battle field, in the hour of national effort and national triumph," says Father Tom Burke, "when other nations celebrate their victories, when they unfold the national banner, we behold there the lion or some other emblem of power; the cross or some emblem of faith; the stars, as in the Star-spangled Banner of America, an emblem of rising hope; but it is only in by gone days, when Ireland had a national standard, and upheld it gloriously on the battle-field; it was only then that Ireland unfolded that national standard, which floating out upon the breezes of heaven, displayed embodied in that that 'field of green,' the golden harp of Erin." And that same harp has ever been adorned with the shamrock, the emblem of Ireland's faith. Hence the "note of her poetry is nearly always Catholic, and Catholic with the pathos, the patience and the passion of persecution added to its religious fervor."

In the whole national career of Ireland, there is something

religiously poetical, and though we have been told that:

"The Harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed"

was long mute, even as with the muteness of death; yet the silence was only apparent. It was but the oral expression of poetry that was wanting; for during the interval the children of Erin lived lives of poetry, even though her bards were still.

There is poetry in every phase of her history; poetry in the first centuries of peace, poetry in her opposition to the Danes, poetry in her constancy and perseverance under the persecution of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and during the long years of penal servitude. In fact, even the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, colored as they are with countless myths, grow pale before the real account of Ireland's career.

"But the austere nobility of the Irish-Catholic Muse," we are told by Father Russell, "and her loyalty to Faith and Fatherland have not recommended her to the multitude, or to the dispensers of contemporary reputation." This seems to be true in spite of the fact, that this same Irish-Catholic Muse, to use the poetic language of Aubrey de Vere, is

"A Muse that flatters nothing base
In man, nor aught infirm,
'Sows the slow olive for a race
Unborn.' The destined germ,
The germ alone of fame she plants, nor cares
What time that secular tree its deathless fruitage bears.
Pleased rather with her function sage
To interpret Nature's heart;
The words on Wisdom's sacred page
To wing through metric art
With life; and in a chariot of sweet sound
Down trodden Truth to lift, and waft the world around."

Since then it is well for each of us to right a wrong when he finds one; we have chosen to write of de Vere, with the desire of introducing into more popular notice one to whom the age has been unjust, for, as we shall show presently, the nature of Aubrey de Vere's poetry, is of that nobly austere kind which finds little favor with the "dispensers of contemporary reputation." His writings are devoted to Faith and Fatherland, and we have thought it necessary to delay on the poetic elements in both, in order to guard

against the possibility of having him looked upon as a mere national songster, such as we have had in America. He is in truth a national bard, at least in part; but because his nation is Ireland, this fact is of itself sufficient to gain for him a place among the poets of the world. His prime motive in all or nearly all his poetic works was to give expression to the eminently poetical characteristics of the religion of his country and the history of his country. What he says in a letter to a friend about one of his poems, "Inisfail" is applicable to most of his other productions.

"Besides the poetic design, this poem has another two-fold purpose,—that of imparting a more religious character to our Irish patriotism, which will do nothing till it discovers that Catholicity is Ireland's true cause, and, secondly, that of stirring up a little remorseful patriotism in those who have none as yet, in a great degree because they are so ignorant of Irish history that they do not know they have a country. They took upon the people and the Church of Ireland (the only realities in the land) as their enemies, and stupidly cut themselves off from what might be the root of all their greatness and dignity."

This then is the general spirit of his works. It runs through his "Legends of St. Patrick," his "May Carols," his "Inisfail," and many more of his poems. Is this spirit a poetic one? Is such matter and substance of a nature to come up to the requirements of genuine poetry? We can answer these questions, only by determining what the requirements of poetry are, what poetry is, and whether or not, the one and the other are found in Aubrey de Vere.

What, then, is poetry? "It is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth," says Matthew Arnold. What is poetry? "Poetry is a combination of the simple, sensuous, and the impassioned," answers the immortal John Milton, and Keats seems to agree with him when he exclaims: "Oh! for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" Again some maintain that poetry should be something mid-way between the intellectual and the sensuous, that is a commingling of thought and sensation. We have here a variety of opinions, surely, and it is necessary to fix something definite in mind before we attempt the work of criticism. We shall therefore suggest a compromise between the two general opinions, or rather endeavor to reconcile the one with the other. The sensuous element of Milton and Keats is readily rec-

onciled with the demand for truth made by Arnold, for sensation plays a very important part in feeding the imagination, and the imagination is the medium through which, in great part, we apprehend the "Beautiful." Now the "Beautiful," properly conceived, is the "True," the very splendor of truth; or, as Keats unconsciously puts it:

"Beauty is Truth; Truth Beauty; That is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

There is more common sense, and therefore more *thought*, in these two lines, than the sensuous bard bargained for.

If this reconciliation between the sensuous and the intellectual holds, we might go on with our reasoning; but it is precisely here that we must proceed cautiously; for according to one's idea of beauty and of truth, a variety of view-points, whence he may judge of poetry, are apt to have their origin. Because the human mind is, in a certain degree independent, in so far at least as it is influenced by an entirely independent will, we find that what some people will to regard, and thus practically regard as true, is not so in reality. The most perfect speech of man should of course be convincing, so that the utterance of truth may force its way into the minds of readers or hearers, but the intellectual prejudices of man are such that he receives as true only what agrees with his own way of thinking and rejects all else. For this reason the work-shop of the critic is the strangest thing of its kind on earth, such a variety and such a contradiction of opinions does it turn out.

Hence the importance of establishing a doctrinal basis on which to build a criticism. We have already established ours, though for the sake of clearness we wish to formulate it again, before entering on the critical examination of Aubrey de Vere's works. Poetry is an harmonious blending of the sensuous and the intellectual, of which the expression of truth is the outcome.

But, *Quid est veritas?* What is Truth? This is the difficulty, though there is, strictly speaking, no need of difficulty. That question has been answered once and forever by the Eternal Son of God; *Ego sum Veritas*. I am the Truth, He said, and though in our age of self-sufficiency and conceit His answer is unheeded, it nevertheless remains true that He is the Truth, and that inasmuch as the mind of man is conformable to His Eternal Mind, in so much will it be possessed of the Truth.

According to the foregoing reasoning, "Revealed Religion

should be especially poetical, and is so in fact," says Cardinal Newman. "While its disclosures have an originality in them to engage the *intellect*, they have a *beauty* (that is, as we understand it, the *sensuous* element), to satisfy the moral nature." Newman is careful to guard against a misapprehension in this particular, and expressly states that he is not concerned with the *practical*, but with the *poetic* element of revealed Truth. He then goes on to explain in detail in what this poetry consists. "We are bid to color all things with hues of faith, to see a Divine meaning in every event, and a superhuman tendency. Even our friends around us are invested with unearthly brightness, no longer imperfect men but beings taken into Divine favor, stamped with His seal, and in training for future happiness." So, too, is it with the virtues. Those which are "peculiarly Christian are especially practical."

This doctrine of Newman is admitted and even insisted on by Sidney in his "Defense." It is admitted after a fashion by Arnold when he says that the "best part of Religion is its unconscious poetry."

It is in view of the truth of this fact, that we wish to examine the poetry of Aubrey de Vere. We have already said that the history of Ireland is in great part a history of the faith of Christ; that during her years of penal servitude she lived a life of poetry, in as much as she remained true to her convictions and true to her God. There might not be much of the sensuous element in the reality, but when those sufferings are idealized and explained in the light of Christian heroism, they are as poetic as any thing may be. Talk about interpretation of life as much as you will, but be mindful of the fact that life has thorns, as well as roses, by-ways as well as high-ways, and to color the one is as poetical as it is to color the other. Aubrey de Vere has given several pictures of Irish distress, and of Irish heroism in distress, but perhaps none touch the fibres of the heart more than those contained in his sweet little poem entitled: "The Year of Sorrow; Ireland 1849." After a description of spring, that rivals any in the language, with such strains as

Who knows not spring? Who doubts when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

And these,

By streams released, that singing flow
 From craggy shelf through sylvan glades,
 The pale narcissus, well I know,
 Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

After several beautifully sensuous outbursts, he gives us an insight into the *truth*, that permeates his poetry,—Christian truth, to be sure, and, as we have shown, this is the most perfect kind:

“From ruined huts and holes come forth
 Old men, and look upon the sky.
 The Power Divine is on the earth
 Give thanks to God, before ye die?”

And ye, O Children, worn and weak
 Who care no more with flowers to play,
 Lean on the grass your cold, thin cheek
 And those slight hands and whispering say:

Stern mother, of a race unblest,
 In promise kindly, cold in deed,
 Take back, O Earth, into thy breast
 The children whom thou wilt not feed.

And so through the entire poem we find a union of the intellectual with the sensuous, as the critics say, or in more common language a union of Thought and Imagination. His description of “Summer and Autumn” is rich in poetic beauties,—so too is his “Winter.” We shall give a line or two from the close of this poem, which are master touches:

Fall snow and cease not! Flake by flake
 The decent winding sheet compose;
 Thy task is just and pious; make
 An end of blasphemies and woes.
 Descend and clasp the mountain’s crest;
 Inherit plain and valley deep;
 This night on thy maternal breast
 A vanquished nation dies in sleep.

And then his sad strain is succeeded by a deeper, fuller stream of emotion:

This night the Absolver issues forth;
 This night the Eternal Victim bleeds,
 O winds, and woods, O heaven and earth,
 Be still this night! The Rite proceeds!

How typical of Irish faith and constancy even in sore trial.

We meet with the same sweetness, the same pathos in all his works. Strange indeed it is that he is not more widely known and read. Alas for the "dispensers of contemporary reputation!" While we linger pensively on Tennyson's

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,

and with reason admire the unutterable therein, and find consolation in the strains of Longfellow and of Bryant, we are insensible to the ethereal music of de Vere! Look you for thought? Here is a passage chosen at random from Ethell:

Ah me, that man who is made of dust
Should have pride towards God 'tis a demon's spleen!
I have often feared lest God the All-just
Should bend from heaven and sweep earth clean,
Should sweep us all into corners and holes
Like dust of the house-floors, both bodies and souls.

We should like to quote more, but we fear we have already gone too far; still from what has been given to illustrate the Irish-Catholic spirit that vivifies the productions of this gifted son of Erin, we feel that it is clear that de Vere deserves to be read by every lover of true poetry, pure and undefiled. He will certainly find in the poet's works a rich mine of thought and a sufficiency of color to satisfy the most exacting—to entrance the imaginative, to move the thoughtful.

We must not dismiss this subject without animadverting to a common saying, that the poetry of the de Veres, with reference to Aubrey and his father, (the latter was also a poet of no small worth), is distinctively English, formed by English traditions, the product of English culture. True, the poetry of the father has a certain amount of English spirit, but the assertion cannot be applied to that of his son. There are some passages in which he seems to inherit the spirit of Chaucer and Dryden, rather than the spirit of Romance Poetry, characteristic of his native clime; but these passages are few and entirely out-balanced by the strictly Hibernian pieces, in which he abounds. His beautiful Autumnal Ode might be cited as an instance of his English inspiration:

"It is the Autumnal epode of the year;
 The nymphs that urge the seasons on their round,
 They to whose green laps flies the startled deer
 When bays the far off hound,
 They that drag April by the rain-bright hair,
 Though sun-showers doze her, and the rude winds scare,
 O'er March's frosty bound,
 They by whose warm and furtive hand unwound
 The cestus falls from May's new-wedded breast,
 Silent they stand beside dear summer's bier
 With folded palms and faces to the West,
 And their loose tresses sweep the dewy ground."

With one or two such specimens of universal genius he has given greater variety to his song, but his Irish pieces predominate both in quantity and quality. A few lines from "Inisfail" are at hand and will serve to illustrate the spirit of his Irish verse:

O that the pines which crown yon steep
 Their fires might ne'er surrender!
 O that yon fervid knoll might keep;
 While lasts the world, its splendor!
 Pale poplars on the breeze that lean,
 And in the sun-set shiver,
 O that your golden stems might screen
 For aye yon glassy river!

We cannot forbear from giving in conclusion the words with which Father Russell closes his masterly article in the *Irish Monthly*:

"If any of our readers have been ignorant hitherto of the claims of Aubrey de Vere on the gratitude and veneration of all lovers of literature, especially those of the Irish race and Catholic Faith,—gratitude and veneration for the high gifts he received from God and for the noble use to which he devoted them perseveringly and disinterestedly through a long life—we trust that enough has been said to induce such readers to study the writings of a poet of the purest inspiration, a fervent Catholic, and a true-hearted son of Erin, who is bound to cherish his memory forever.

EDW. KIRK, '05.

THE FALL OF DAMIETTA.

So here the roar of furious battle ran,
In thundering clash of steel or hoarse applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
The turmoil grows; each hour ope's more the jaws
Of War. And bloodier scene man never saw.
Yet such the meed of life, and wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maw
Of worms? On the battle field or listed spot?
Both are forgotten; each a lowly lot.

Proud Damietta falls: her forces gone to waste
No longer bear the surge of infantries,
But bending o'er her burden and in haste,
Drops the splendor tempting to the eyes,
And flees, while on the air the fallen's agonies
Float. Nor gurgling groanings want
To fill the scene, as o'er the red sand flies
An army. On the conquerors gloating pant.
Proud Damietta weeps, a suppliant.

F. J. P., '06.

ANSTRUTHER'S WAY.

It did seem as though there was to be no breakfast in the trenches that morning. The commissary's wagon made four attempts to reach the men, but each time it was driven back by the pickets who were perched in the trees. To be sure the Philipinos were not the best of shots—but who knows?—Things do happen. The field that stretched between the trench and the clump of trees opposite was massed with dry yellow grass that lay dead in the humid atmosphere. To the right and left of the trench were rows of trees which were occupied by the pickets, each one armed and ready to take off the first man who might venture into the field. The trees opposite the trench alone were unoccupied, and it was here that the commissary decided to station the wagon where it would be sheltered from the enemy's bullets. In the trenches the men were huddled together in their desire for warmth, for a swift steady rain had poured down upon them during the night, and cleared the atmosphere of the terrific humidity, leaving it chill and damp. Every now and then some of the men braver than their companions, would venture their heads above the wall only to drop back again out of range of the enemy's bullets. Not since noon the day before had a morsel of food been passed over the trench. They were beginning to feel their want, and the case looked serious.

Four men of Co. K, which was composed mostly of students from a certain California college had gathered around a little blaze that had been coaxed from a few damp twigs. They tried to lose their thoughts of hunger in stories of college days gone by, not to return perhaps—for some. Williams, of the class of '01, was telling of the brilliant play that Cranford, the Varsity full-back, had made in a game played on a Thanksgiving day not long gone by. He related how the man, with the pig-skin beneath his arm, rushed through the line down past the shouting rooters to the goal; how the great body of spectators rose to their feet and yelled their bravos amid the frantic waving of a sea of flashing colors. The men forgot their hunger as Williams talked; even Cranford himself was interested in the account of his victory, the magnitude of which he had, perhaps, not realized until that morning, when he heard it told under the prevailing circumstances. The other two fellows applauded the story and then the four lapsed into silence.

Suddenly, Seering, who had drawn back from the fire, shuddered and then fainted. The lack of food had told on him: Anstruther, who sat next to him, was on his feet in a moment, and ordered Cranford to fill a tin from a pool that had formed the night before. With this they revived Seering, but he was weak and stared wildly at the three. Hunger was stamped on the man's face, and in his eyes was the vacant light of despair.

"It looks pretty bad when Seering gives in," said Cranford.

"Yes," answered Williams, "I thought he would be the last."

"Something must be done," said Anstruther, simply. He was tall, fair and straight, a man of few words who seldom offered a conversation.

"Something must be done," he repeated in the same simple way, "and that in a hurry."

"But, what?" asked Williams:

"We must get some food," said Anstruther.

"How?"

"I will go for it," answered Anstruther, as he rose from his knees and buttoned his coat about his neck.

Cranford caught his arm. "Surely," he said, "you wouldn't think—"

"Yes," interrupted Anstruther, sharply, "I would!"

"But, man," insisted Cranford.

Anstruther shook his arm free.

"Don't make it harder than it is," he said. "Can't you see that some one must do it? We can't go on like this, so get me a couple of tins and I'll do my best."

"You can't do this," shouted Williams, "why, man, you're crazy!"

The other men in the company began to gather round.

"Don't stop me," said Anstruther, quietly,—or I may go crazy."

A murmur passed through the crowd, and the sun came out above.

"See here," commanded Cranford, "you listen to reason."

"Reason!" snapped Anstruther. "This is no time for reason. There is no reason when a man leaves starvation to face death. I know what I am doing. I may scarcely leave the trench when I'll be shot down by those niggers out there—and I may reach the wagon and get back alive.—That's not reason. My God! That's plain fact!"

The thought of this one possible chance for food siezed the

men, and they shouted and cheered for Anstruther. There was a hope, faint it is true, but nevertheless, hope; and what won't man do in the light of hope?

Seeing Anstruther's determination to go, Williams called some of the men into consultation, and after a few minutes arguing they were agreed. Anstruther should go. He was bending over Seering when they told him, and the sick man pressed his hand and whispered feebly.

"God bless you, old man."

The tins were forthcoming, and these Anstruther tied on his back that they might not be in his way. "Good-bye boys," he said, and in a moment he climbed out of the trench and was gone.

The men listened breathlessly for the shots that would tell them that the man had been seen. They did not wait long. Williams bobbed his head above the trench when he could, and tried to follow Anstruther's movements. The man was lying prone, stretched out at full length in the tall grass. The tins on his back glistened in the sun, and showed the men in the trees their target. His arms were out before him, and with their aid he dragged his body through the field. It almost seemed that he did not move. Bullets whizzed past him in rapid succession, but he crawled on. For a moment he was lost from sight in the tall grass, then the tins would again flash into view. His head could not be seen. It was the color of the yellow grass. To him the other side must have seemed like a mirage. But it was not; no indeed it was not, for it was coming nearer. With a final effort he reached it and disappeared behind the trees.

A wild shout went up from the men of Co. K when Williams told them. The news spread down the line and the air was rent with their shouts and bravos. Someone started a college yell and the men took it up with a will. The guns of the enemy were silent.—They would give the signal when Anstruther started back.

A death-like stillness suddenly came over the trench, and the sun dried up the water near where Seering lay asleep. He had started up when the shouts rang out, but closed his eyes again with the silence. Years it seemed to those men, as they hung close together waiting for the shot to warn them. And when it did come it rang out into the air and pierced the heavy stillness.—Anstruther had started back!

Cranford relieved Williams at the lookout, and reported in quick, sharp sentences the movements of the man coming toward

them. His voice at times was lost in the crack of the rifles in the trees,

He's coming!—The tins are on his back!—He seems to be moving faster than before!—Now he has stopped!—He's shifting the cans!—There, he has started again!—Can't see him now! Yes, there he is again pulling this way!—Wait! Wait!—Yes, yes! I see! He's not coming straight; making it in a round-about way!—I know the grass is taller over there!—Now the smoke hides him! Thank God, he's moving again!—I saw his face then! It's white as death!—Men! Men! Pray!—pray on your knees for that soul who is coming to us!—My God! one of the cans is leaking! I can see brown stuff! It's coffee!—No! No! he's not hit, for he's moving faster now! He's getting close; I can see him quite plainly now! No! don't shout yet! It would rattle him!—He's almost here! Pray! Pray!—He has stopped!—Wait till the smoke clears!—There, he doesn't move! Is he hit?—No, here he is again, coming on—but slower; growing weak, maybe.—Wait!—Ah! Thank God! Thank God! he's here!—"

The crowd took up the cry as Anstruther crossed the trench and fell down into their arms. How they yelled and shouted and cheered him. Seering awoke and looked feebly at his preserver.

Now the men gathered around Anstruther, for he had fainted. Williams unfastened the tins and Cranford rubbed the prostrate figure. Then he unbuttoned the coat at Anstruther's neck, and ran his hand down to the man's heart. Just before he touched it, he shuddered and turned white. Then he withdrew his hand.—It was covered with blood.

* * * * *

Two days had passed. The sun shone down on a little group standing at the foot of the hill. They had covered Anstruther's body with his country's flag, and now they lowered it into the rude grave. There was a quick sharp volley,—then a moment's pause. The bugler raised his bugle to his lips, and taps floated out on the soft summer breeze.

MARTIN V. MERLE.

AD REDUCEM DILECTISSIMUM.

(Read by Edward Kirk, '06, at the reception tendered His Grace
Archbishop Montgomery by the Students, on March 3, 1903.)

Dicite, Pierides, Montgomery carmine laudes,
 Multa mihi doctæ, dicite, Pierides.
 Hic quondam Sancti Francisci vixit in urbe;
 Discessit.—Superos sic voluisse patet.
 Expectate redis pulchra a Los Angeles urbe,
 Qua tibi Divini est credita cura gregis.
 O, qui, nominibus cum sis generosus avitis,
 Exsuperas morum nobilitate genus!
 Cujus inest animo patruī candoris imago,
 Non careat nervis candor ut iste suis;
 Cujus in ingenio patriæ facundia linguæ est,
 Qua prior in nullo non fuit usque foro.
 Sacrorum antistes, redis a Los Angeles urbe
 Qua nulla in terris pulchrior urbe sedet.
 Illa sedet lugens, lacrimis et litora complet,
 Cærule Pacifici litora nota maris.
 Ast nobis gaudere licet, qui munere tanto
 Divum donati tempus in omne sumus.
 Jam violas puerique legant spargantque puellæ,
 Rustica quos nullo terra serente gerit,
 Prataque pubescant variorum flore colorum,
 Indocilique loquax gutture cantet avis,
 Altaque velentur de more palatia sertis,
 Thuraque in igne sonent, inficiantque diem!
 Redditus est etenim nobis Montgomery; grates
 Placato referant et mea vota Deo.

"THE SINS OF THE PARENT."

It was one of those oppressive evenings in the month of August, which generally follow the heat of a summer's day. The sun had long since set and already the darkness was fast closing around. All was still save for the croaking of the frogs in their green nooks and a low murmuring that came from a room next to the veranda that surrounded the hacienda. Inside were two men talking. The one, an old man with a pale and careworn face was sitting in a rude chair by a table with an oil lamp on it. The strong glare from the lamp, the only source of light in the room, deepened the lines in his seamed and wrinkled face, and cast a large fantastic shadow on the rough wooden floor and papered wall. The companion of his conversation was a stalwart, finely proportioned bull-puncher, with sombrero, red neckerchief and spurs, and loosely girded with a cartridge belt and revolver case. He was sitting on the table with his arms crossed, and one foot on the floor. His great square jaw denoted determination, an undaunted courage and a steady purpose to do whatever he spoke. His dark, deep eyes glittered piercingly. In fact he was the head of a large number of those wild, lawless "vaqueros," good men, but men to be kept under control by an iron master, and strong character. They had called him "Truthful Tom." He meant what he said, and they had found that out by experience.

"So, dad, they told you to get out?" he muttered in a deep voice.

"Yes, my boy, the section superintendent of the Texas Pacific told me that as soon as I should get well again, he would give me back my job of station master. Well, you know I was a long time gettin' well, Tom, and when I finally got on my feet again, and the "Doc" told me I was all right, I went down to Aroya and applied for my old job. You know they had promised me. I told 'em what I came for, but they laughed at me, and told me to call again to-morrow. I thought perhaps they meant it, so I went down to town again the next day. But I am getting old, son, and it was hard for me to get there. I applied to them again. They laughed at me even louder than the day before, and told me that they were having arrangements made to appoint me president of the road, and that I should call again to-morrow. I am an old man now; I could not do anything. My hand is no longer steady, and

my eyes are dim, my boy. I just shut the door and heard 'em laughin' at me. Tom, I couldn't help it. I opened the door again. I could hardly see. The 'lectric lights danced in front of my eyes. I says, 'You'll pay for this,' and I left 'em. Now Tom, I'm old and poor, and can't do nothing, and I've led a hard life." The old man buried his head in his hands and the lamp light shone on his white hair.

Tom looked straight ahead, out through the open door, into the dark night, and still further to the place where feebly sparkled the town of Aroya. He got off the table heavily, and turning to his father, said in a low husky voice, "Never mind, dad, I'll see to it." He walked out and his heavy footstep rang through the light wooden house. The ring of his spurs could be heard for a short while on the gravel walk, and all was once more quiet.

Tom had said that he would see to it, and he meant it. Never had he spoken an empty word. Vivid in his mind, as he strode in the cool night air on the way to town, was the picture of the old bowed head and sad plight of his aged father. He felt the wrong far more keenly than if it had been inflicted on himself. He went to settle a few matters in town. He might be away for a few days he would say, and he wanted to do a little business. At a late hour he returned, treading softly on the boards. As he passed by the room in which he had, several hours before, left his father, he saw the light still burning, dimly however. He walked to the chair and there saw his father asleep. Throwing a rug over his sleeping parent and turning down the light he left the room.

Next morning, almost before the sun had begun to cast its rays over the arid soil, Tom went to the barn adjoining the house and saddled his most trusty cow-pony. He saddled her with care, and taking his rifle down from the wall filled its magazine; then he swung heavily into the saddle and loped down the dusty road that led to town. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but sat moodily in the saddle, rapt in thought, and as he rode through town, he paid little heed to the salutations of his friends. At the railroad station of the Texas Pacific Railroad Co. he dismounted and walked to the ticket office. He asked for a time table and scanned it hurriedly. His eyes were arrested at No. 5 west bound express due at Aroya at 8:20. It was then a quarter past seven. He lifted his eyes for a second and seemed contemplating some move, then walked to where his sorrel mare was waiting for him. Getting into the saddle, he started off at a

lope, directing his course to where the line of track vanished in the haze.

The lone horseman kept on and on, the sun in the meantime climbing in the heavens, and the heat increasing rapidly. Finally a spot was reached where several large boulders lay on each side of the track. Here he halted, dismounted, looked quickly about him a few minutes, taking in the state of the ground, and then with a sinister expression on his strong face, he walked his mare onto the track, drawing her head around until the faithful animal stood across the two iron rails that extended for miles in both directions. The sorrel mare looked affectionately at her master. She had implicit trust in him. Many were the steers he had skillfully roped from her back, and many a long day had she carried him safely and with steadfastness. She looked at him and he looked into her placid eye. Then after slowly pulling out his revolver, he raised it and touched the white star on the pony's forehead with the glittering muzzle. Tom turned his face away with an indescribable agitation in the depths of his dark eyes. There was a report and with a great muffled gasp the sorrel mare went down by the hand of her master. It was full several seconds before Tom turned his face around and looked at the body of his pet mare, now resting quietly across the iron rails. But there was no time to be lost. In the distance a whistle sounded, and little by little the far off rumbling increased. Nearer and nearer it came. Tom seized his rifle and so propped it behind one of the boulders that its glittering barrel pointed directly at the track. Then he went back to where his mare was lying a lifeless bulk, and crouched behind her. Away off in the distance he saw the smoke and a small black speck indicating the approach of the express. On it came, the thunder on the rails increasing constantly. He could now see the great engine distinctly, and the figures of the engineer and fireman leaning far out in the cab windows. He saw the white steam issuing from the whistle hurled high in the air, and a few seconds later heard the warning shriek. Then the great mass of iron fighting against the awful impetus from behind, rocked and throbbed under the tremendous pressure of its powerful brakes, and the express came to a standstill only a few yards away from the prostrate mare.

Tom got up from behind his shield, and called out in a clear voice, easily overheard by the trainmen, and directed to the boulder supporting the rifle, "Don't shoot, boys, till I tell you." He

then walked with unfaltering step up to the engine, his revolver firmly grasped, and with a look in his eye that declared he would brook no opposition. A rash brakeman jumped from one of the cars, rifle in hand, but scarce had he shouldered his weapon when he reeled to the snap of Tom's unerring revolver. Losing no time, he sprang into the now empty baggage car and went straight to the desk, upsetting everything in his eager search. At last he came to the object of his pains. He drew from out a deep recess in one of the drawers a heavy canvas bag, containing he knew not how much, but what he deemed sufficient.

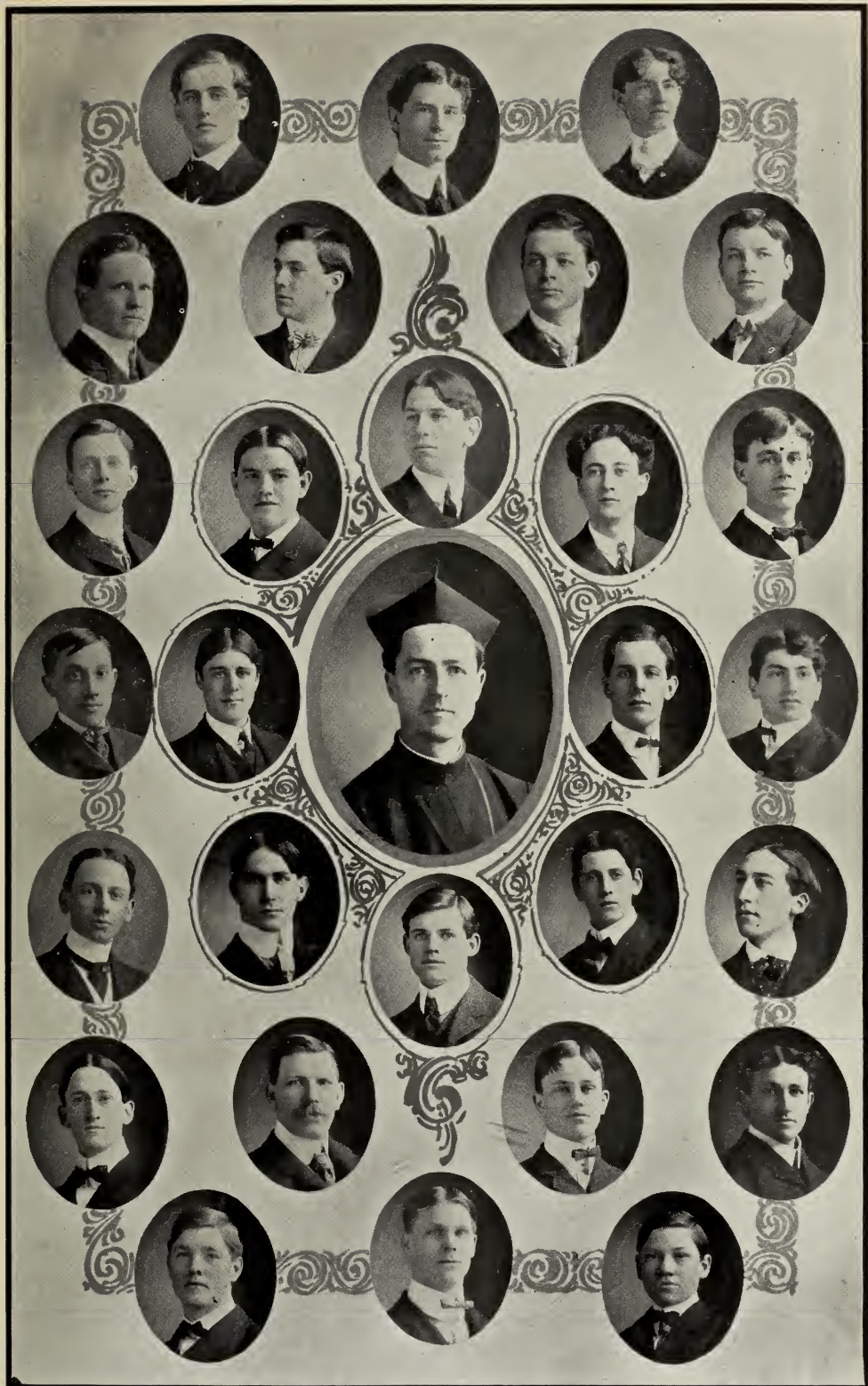
By this time, the trainmen had recovered their wits and seeing that they had to deal with really only one desperate character, had conceived the plan of locking him in the baggage car. The door was shut with a slam. Tom heard the click of the closing lock. Then the train started to move. He looked about him. There was no means of escape. He would be arrested at the next station, and —— his father. He had told him that he would see to it. And so he would.

By this time the train had gained considerably in speed. He sprang to the rear door with a bold resolve, and once more drew his revolver. The muzzle was already on the lock when a muffled concussion ran through the car. He started and turned his head; then uttered a low curse as he realized what it meant, and in fury his revolver rang out three times, scattering fragments of wood and lock in all directions. A heavy shove and he stood on the platform. But there must be no delay. Pulling out his dirk he slipped down between the couplings and with difficulty cut through the air tubes of the Westinghouse brakes. A shock disturbed both sections of the now severed train, and his plan had worked, for he now saw the breach between the two cars widening rapidly. With strength and agility, scarcely sought in one of such heavy mould, he sprang up to the roof of the baggage car, ran along it, and coming to the other end jumped into the coal piled high in the tender. The ready revolver covered engineer and fireman, and the word to halt rang with a curse on their ears. They turned around in fright, obeying his orders immediately, and quickly alighted at his command and walked with him some hundred yards away from the steaming engine. "Go back now," he said to them at length, still keeping pointed at them the hostile mouth of his revolver. Five minutes, and the engine drew away, and was soon out of sight.

He had done what he intended to do. He had made restitution to his father for the injury that had been done to him. He laughed a boyish, giddy laugh, and with the heavy bag slung over his shoulder, toiled on until he reached a small settlement. A few dollars bought him another mount, but the mount was not Sparks nor anything like her. Poor Sparks! She had died in the carrying out of her master's rash plan. "But I told dad I would see to it," he muttered.

Under cover of night he rode homewards. Past the town he walked his horse, then up the hill, and into the lane that led to his father's dwelling. At the gate he dismounted and unstrapping the bag from the pommel of his saddle, walked up the narrow gravel path that led to the veranda. There was a faint light in the nearest room. With the same loud assurance as when he had gone forth, his foot-fall resounded through the wooden house. Probably no one had entered since he had left. The echo rang in his ears with a sadness that smote on his conscience, but he downed the feeling as well as he could by the thought that he had kept his word and done his duty. Opening the door he strode in. Again he saw the poor, feeble, old man with bowed head sitting by the dim oil lamp that was on the table. The old man lifted his head on hearing the door open, and glanced up. "Tom, where have you been?" he said in a sad voice. "I've been wait-in' for you all day. What have you been doing?" Then in the feeble lamp-light Tom placed heavily on the table the bag of money. The old man looked up at his son with an expression of hope, joy, and expectancy. "I told you I would see to it, dad," Tom said with a kindlier voice than one would have expected from him. Then he started as he caught the heart-sick light that faded in his father's eyes. "My God, my God!" the old man faltered, staggering slowly to his feet, "The sin of the parent shall fall upon his children; my sin has cursed and outlawed my boy! Merciful Jesus, Mercy!" His eyes were riveted on the single print of the Crucified that was pinned to the wall above the table; his knees weakened, one quivering hand sought his heart, he sank to the floor; and Tom stood alone, stupidly looking on the face of the dead.

JOHN PARROTT, 05.



THE HOUSE OF PHILHISTORIANS.

Photo by Bushnell

Reading from left to right—W. Healy, '07; J. Leahy, '06; J. Comerford, '06; P. Kell, '06; F. Sigwart, '06; J. Shepherd, '06; R. Shepherd, '07; W. Sollman, '06; H. Haack, '06; J. Byrnes, '06; M. O'Reilly, '06; J. Curley, '06; B. Ivanchich, '06; M. Peterson, '07; Rev. Father Culligan, S. J. F.; Ryan, '06; F. Plank, '06; J. Marten, (Spec.); P. Graham, '07; H. McClatchy, '05, (Spec.); R. McCormack, '07; H. O'Connor, '05; J. Minahan, '07; T. Leonard, '07; P. Sage, '06; J. Griffin, '07; J. Gall, '07; F. Belz, '06; J. McManus, '05.

IS REVELATION AN ABSURDITY?

(Introductory paper read in the specimen in Apologetics given by the Junior Class before the faculty and students, March 4.)

It is the opinion of Professor Tait that "a revelation of anything which we can discover for ourselves by studying the ordinary course of nature would be an absurdity;" so he writes word for word in his volume on "Recent Advances in Physical Science." This opinion of so profound a physicist and mathematician, as is this illustrious British scientist, at once illustrates and verifies how baneful is the system of education that would develop a pupil along one and only one line of thought. That system, I mean, which would develop a specialist only.

Professor Tait is a scholar of no ordinary ability. Of this, his wide research within his own field of thought and his deep understanding of what is buried therein give manifest proof. Still the eminent professor on leaving physics and mathematics which he knows so well to venture into theology of which he is profoundly ignorant, sinks to the level of a very ordinary mortal. And need we wonder? Must not a man judge and reason as he knows? If a man's knowledge be narrow or one-sided, must not his conclusions naturally enough to partake of the narrowness or one-sidedness of his personal view of things? In truth, man is too consistent by nature to argue much wider than the width of his premises allows him. The logical rule that the conclusion follows the weaker premiss, like the physical law that bodies fall toward the earth, expresses the findings of daily experience. Orators who know a trick or two wisely and effectively play upon this common human tendency to reasoning according to one's knowledge and experience. If their hearers be farmers they draw on field and plough for means of illustration and conviction. If their hearers be business men they use instead banks, notes, bulls and bears. A physicist then, who by his training and experience is a physicist alone, will speak and write on other subjects, say the religious one of revelation, as he is wont to speak on light, electricity and other kindred physical topics.

To return now to Professor Tait and his opinion. It is not absurd to have a revelation of anything which we can discover for ourselves by studying the ordinary course of nature. The fact is—and *contra factum non valet argumentum*—God has revealed to

man not only mysteries, i. e. truths which wholly transcend the ken of human intelligence and reason, but also truths the knowledge of which is attainable through human reason discoursing from the visible things of earth below to the invisible things of heaven above.

To help another to fulfill an important task, to help him to do it easily and readily, and even more easily and readily than he could had he been left to his own endeavors, all this is evidently far from being absurd. Now it is true that men can reason out for themselves the existence of God and His providence over heaven and earth and all they contain. They can reason out also the existence of the moral law together with its obligation and its sanction of a future reward or punishment in the life beyond the grave. In a word men can work out for themselves the foundations of a moral life. But had men been left to themselves, had not God aided them, had not He himself revealed to them the fundamental truths of religion and morals, truths so necessary for their temporal and eternal welfare, the great majority of men on account of a lack either of ability or of time and industry would not have attained a clear and certain knowledge of truths so vital, or would have attained it but slowly and after a manner quite insufficient.

How hard it is for men to obtain a due knowledge of religion and morals is unmistakably evidenced in the history of the past. What monstrous errors obtained among all peoples save the Jews, previous to the advent of the Savior. What countless false doctrines prevailed in the celebrated schools of pagandom. What vicious opinions were held by Plato, and taught by him even in his most famous work, the Republic. The most ancient enlightened scholars grieved much for their own ignorance and acknowledged that light could come to them only from on high. "The truths necessary for right living are easily learned," writes Plato, "if some one were to teach them to us, but no one will teach them unless God show the way."

An honest infidel then, an infidel bent not on shirking or dodging his duty, but on knowing and fulfilling it, might surmise God to have made man a revelation. Knowing on the one hand how good God is, and seeing on the other how dark of intelligence and weak in purpose man is, he might well infer that God has deigned to point out for man the safe road to eternal happiness. His happy inference would lead him to look up the question for

himself, and sooner or later he would come to the knowledge of God's revelation, not of the truths of natural religion alone but of supernatural truths as well.

But men in general and infidels in particular are not over fond of doing the right and avoiding the wrong. We ourselves are as most men, and the still small voice of our own conscience testifies strongly against us. Infidels as a class are not in search after the truth of holy writ. Rather they prejudge it false and hunt high and low for the slightest evidence against it. Infidel cosmogonist and geologist, infidel palaeontologist, infidel astronomer, infidel biologist and philologist, each from his own vantage point, has fought hard and long to dislodge the Bible from the stronghold of credible history. But in vain. Christian savants, at least as learned as their adversaries, have successfully repulsed every attack, and today the Bible holds its ground as firmly as ever. With such evident success has infidelity been repulsed that the victory has been honestly acknowledged by the more fair minded in their ranks. Thus Virchow himself, who was once wont to see in virtue and vice only chemical products like sugar and vitriol, and in thought, a secretion of the brain, lived long enough to think more sanely and to write more truly that the movements of matter being no longer the supreme cause of the production of beings, there remains the intervention of a superior cause. Then arises before us the question of Theism in all its grandeur and power. Thus again when, in 1868, Mr. Ebers the most illustrious Egyptologist of Germany published in spite of the protests of his friends, rationalists like himself, his first volume treating of Egypt and the books of Moses, the evidence of facts drew from him this significant avowal, "It is with much reluctance that I publish this laborious work. I hope undoubtedly to secure thereby the good will of a certain number of the friends of the Bible, but on the other hand I cannot refrain from thinking that I shall meet with bitter criticism at the hands of its opponents."

"We may fitly conclude by citing an eloquent passage from the Abbe Darras' History of the Church.

Will the numerous discomfitures which unbelieving exegesis has encountered render rationalism more cautious in the future? We would gladly wish it might be so, but on looking back and counting one after another all the foes of the Sacred Book who have come each in his turn, eager to cast his handful of sand against the immovable rock of the Divine work, we may say that

this revolt of the intellect against the known truth will never cease. Rationalists, you say you do not believe in miracles: for twenty centuries you have followed one another unceasingly in your efforts to destroy a book written in the olden times by a few Jews in an obscure province of Asia. In this warfare all human passions are your allies. Thousands of other books have ceased to be, under a less merciless criticism, and yet you have not succeeded in obliterating one passage of this Book of Holy Writ.

Truly *this* is a miracle.

HUGH L. JONES, '04.



Photo by Bushnell

THE JUNIOR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Reading from left to right—R. Harrison, F. Ralph, M. Moraghan, E. McFadden, A. Grace, R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Culligan, S. J., A. Cody, A. Fleming, J. Brazell, J. Maddock, F. Lejeal, J. Lappin, G. Fisher.

H O P E.



*When the darkling pall of gloom o'erspreads the dome
Of Life, and Melancholy pressing down
In stifling folds upon the brain doth come,
When angry clouds of Spite together thrown,
Press round about thee and by Malice blown
Are heaped in threatening mein above thy head,
And deep Despondence clothed of sombre gown
Thy footsteps dogs, and all is dark and sad,
A struggling rift divides the deadened air,
And Hope, a silver star, is twinkling there.*

Edwin Comerford, '06.

THE REDWOOD. OSTRACISED.

That Laguna had won all her games but the last, and that the last had been lost by treachery was a fact that rankled deep in every student's heart. After defeating Hudson and Chesapeake, it was exceedingly humiliating to have let Dermot cross their line, while, with all their own efforts they could not pass hers. The only grain of consolation left was the fact that Dermot had known all their signals and plays; and since one of their own players must have revealed them, all their humiliation was turned to anger against the traitor. If there had been any sure evidence of his identity there is no doubt that he would have been ducked as never boy had been ducked before, and life made so unpleasant for him that he would not have stayed long at Laguna.

After the game, a wild rage against the treachery took possession of all, and only the cooler heads could keep the rooters from an assault upon the Dermots. In the gymnasium the team took their showers and rubdowns in grim silence, but when they were dressed and ready to sally forth, the smoldering fire broke out, and they became as frantic as the light headed Freshmen. Even Bob Arden, the full back, and Jack Demeritt, the little quarter, usually the most goodnatured and forbearing men in the university swore to be even; a promise they were sorry for and forgot long before their hatred of the trick was over. In the general outcry Frank Nunn, their dearest friend, alone was silent. He was the left end of the team, and outside of Bob and Jack, the most popular fellow in the school. Always full of fun and cheerful, he had helped many a lad through the last week before examination, to the detriment of his own studies. But now his silence seemed portentous, and many a suspicious glance was thrown at him. Jack perceived the dark, distrustful looks, and stopping his vituperation of the other team, walked over and took one of Frank's arms while Bob took the other, and they left the "gym" arm in arm.

This little incident raised a furor throughout the college, and by the next day it was all over the campus, that Frank Nunn had been the traitor. He found himself scarcely noticed by the professors, while right and left his greetings were cut short by vacant or contemptuous glances. At the door of the "lab," however, he met Jack and Bob, who greeted him with all their old time cordiality. At first he met their advances coldly, but seeing in their

faces and manners that they really believed in him and were not kind to him for old-time's sake alone, he thawed out and with a grateful heart for the two true friends, passed in to work, one loving hand on each broad shoulder.

At class and on the campus it was ever the same; even the old "squad," which was wont to gather about the three, was almost broken up. Six good-hearted followers of their idols they were, but they could not believe in Frank's innocence against the opinion of the whole university. Indeed they gave notice to Jack and Bob that the two must give up either Frank or them; but on the indignant refusal to do either, they could not enforce their threat to "cut them dead."

One other friend Frank still held, and that was the gray haired president. In the old days he and Frank's father had walked arm and arm on the same campus and triumphed in the same lecture rooms as Jack, Bob and Frank did now. He would not, he could not believe Frank guilty, and he did all in his power to lighten the burden of his trouble.

The winter months passed by, broken in upon by the season of peace and good will, which did not, however, restore either to Frank. A sore ankle prevented him from skating, and this year Dermot won the pennant, in spite of Jack winning the distance race. So the spring was ushered in with the feeling as hard against poor Frank as ever. He and Bob were to be graduated in June, and he did not wish to leave the 'Varsity with such a cloud hanging over him.

When the call went forth for candidates for the baseball and track team, Bob responded on the diamond, to win his old place on first, while Jack and Frank appeared on the cinder path. Frank's reception was anything but flattering, but the captain was a square-jawed Scot, who was just, and would not exclude him if he merited a place on the team. Nunn had never tried for the track before, but Jack had been on it in the "prep" school, and the year before had been in the "sprints" for the 'Varsity, though he had never beaten Garter who had since won the amateur championship.

Frank showed up well in the vault and hurdle; so he was retained, when after two weeks the squad was weeded out; while Jack immediately took first place among the sprinters.

About this time Jack's brother came to Rosalia, detailed to write up some natural phenomena for one of the great magazines.

He was a handsome young fellow, tall, lithe, with the popular V shape of an athlete. He was a graduate of Harvard and had captained the track team there for two years. After an evening spent in watching the practice he called the three chums for a walk and unfolded a plan which might assist Frank to gain his lost popularity.

"You see," he said, when they had left the more frequented walks, and had strolled under the trees where only here and there a scattered two or three were lounging, "I've been thinking about this trouble and to-night it struck me that if Frank should win one of the contests without any one expecting it, it might go far towards getting him justice. Now I'll tell you what I'll do if you think my plan has any merit."

Jack and Bob, as if by preconcerted agreement, exclaimed, "Sure, we'll try it," then laughingly shook hands, but Frank's face clouded, for he had been buoyed up by the hope of something more promising.

"All right, then," Will continued, "I'm getting rather portly, and a little exercise might diminish at the same time my waist and my tailor-bill, so if you boys will come out every morning, early, mind, I'll promise to make you both winners for the seventeenth of March when you meet Dermot, so that you may make up for the mean trick she played on you." Putting his hand on Jack's mouth to save an interruption he continued, "You can't practice here, but I've got a spot picked out near my den which we'll fix up. It's an old reservoir, surrounded by a high wall, and with a good sediment over the cement. The old fellow who owns it owes me a favor and I am sure we shall be able to get it. All we need is a vaulting pole and some hurdles which I have ordered in anticipation of your consent. The president has also given his permission; so if you're willing, practice commences Friday morning at five."

Before he had finished, Jack had leaped up behind on his shoulders and was promptly tossed by him over to Bob, who sat him on the branch of a low oak that bordered the path-way. Frank only looked up piteously into Will's face and held his hand out in thanksgiving, then with a gulp he murmured, "Thank you, old fellow, but I can't ask you to do that much."

With the firm grip of a true friend, Will responded, "Not at all, remember how kind you were to my 'kid' brother when he was alone here. Only one thing more; you must practice every

day with the regular team, without showing yourself to be too good. Just go enough to make the team and the meet with Dermot." Then he broke into a rollicking college song in which even Frank was constrained to join. The four had often sung the song together thus, since Will had come, and their voices rang out like one in the twilight, swelling and sinking like the morning song of the now sleeping thrushes. They saw the other group of strollers stop and listen, and then pass one by one out of sight into the dusk, before they made their way back to the campus.

As Bob was throwing his first shoe in the corner that night, Frank came over and laid his hand on the first baseman's shoulder and said, "I'm going away Bob, I know I can never get back what I lost, lost without, as far as I can see, deserving it, and I am only a drag on you, my best friend, and Will and Jack; so to-morrow I am going to look for work."

In a second Bob had sprung up, and had him by the shoulders looking deep down into his eyes; for a minute his earnest, loving look held them, and then Frank's eyes dropped. "Why, you old horse thief," Bob broke forth, "do you think I'll let you go? No I know you don't; why boy, when we go we go together, with a big A. B. tacked on behind, and you'll be more popular then than you ever were. I feel it and it's got to be!"

The affection and enthusiasm in Bob's face seemed to be communicated to Frank, who broke into one of those smiles, which had become so infrequent since the Dermot game. They finished undressing in silence, but when the light was out and Bob called out his cheery good night, there was the ring of a new hope in Frank's answer.

Friday morning saw Jack and Frank in their overcoats covering their suits, hurrying along to the new track, while Bob mounted a bicycle to keep up to them, as he had no mind to tire himself for the hard base-ball practice of the afternoon. The field was surrounded by a wall of tall boards, erected perpendicularly and supported here and there by braces, well checkered with initials. They entered through a heavy gate and found Will already on the ground with his well formed arms glistening in the rising sun as he tried the new vaulting pole.

The banks of the reservoir were broad, and, though it had been unused for many years, the clayey substance of the sides had prevented vegetation, and the few holes had been filled up the day before, so that it made an excellent track. The bottom of the res-

ervoir was covered with the sediment of years and the weeds were rank here and there, while the little early buds of spring dotted them with their peculiar beauty. The hurdles had been placed at their proper distances around the bank and the "sprints" marked off, while the vaulting standards were placed in one corner near the gate.

After the greeting, Will put his friends through their paces, and showed Frank how to use his strength and weight to advantage in vaulting, and how to lengthen his stride for the hurdles. Though out of practice and condition himself he almost beat Jack in the fifty yard run, and promised in a week to "show him his heels" in the hundred.

So the practice went on from morning to morning, with Frank improving quickly after the first week's work. For three weeks they continued, till when within a few days of the meet with Dermot, Jack had the hundred down easily to ten "flat" with promise of improvement before the end of the season, while Frank had cleared the bar above the best mark of the track. He had so far stayed second in all the try-outs of the team, though he could have won first place in both the vault and the hurdle had he not been waiting for the surprise party.

At last the day of the meet came, and the Dermots arrived in crowds, arrogant because of their victory in football, unabashed by the remembrance of their treachery. The sight of them and their supercilious glances about the place, fanned up the old hatred and with it the feeling against Frank Nunn.

The 'Varsity track was not a lovely place. The cinder path stretched around like a great black snake, while of the unused part of the enclosed space the youngsters of the town had made a base ball diamond, the gray stretch of which in the glaring sun contrasted malignantly with the track. A high board fence surrounded it, and the great brown stand, with its dressing quarters beneath filled one corner.

By two o'clock the stands were well filled with the supporters of the two teams and the bands tried strenuously to drown each other and the busy chatter of the crowds. The green and white occupied the extreme right, while the cardinal was almost opposite it. Between, were the supporters from the town and the pretty maidens, always interested in brawny athletes. In the small stand was the reporters' bench, and here the sporting element of the

neighborhood had their headquarters so as to have a better view of the contests.

At two thirty the officials, who had long been in earnest consultation, separated, and the brazen voiced announcer came forward with his shining megaphone held lovingly. The chatter ceased for a minute and then the conflicting yells broke forth in sharp, whip-like detonations. The ribboned yell leaders waved their arms in frantic time and then sank into their seats, while the band leaders sprang up to continue the battle of noise.

The man with the megaphone, a black-haired giant with lungs like two forge bellows, shouted out that there would be thirteen events in the meet, the first to count five points, the second three, the third one, and that the events would be run as scheduled on the program. He then retired to gain his breath for the next announcement. Will Demeritt had been chosen as one of the judges, while one from Dermot, and Trelton, the retired professional, made up the bench. Bob was to do the starting in the races and was industriously looking after his Smith and Wesson.

The first event was the broad jump and the last the mile run, while Jack's races, the fifty and one hundred yard dashes, were fourth and eighth, and the pole vault and low hurdles, for which Frank was entered, third and twelfth. In the broad jump Bert Doolan, one of Bob's "faithful six," marked first, while Dermot secured second, and Laguna third, giving Laguna 6, Dermot 3, but in the next, the 440 yard run, Dermot took first and second, leaving the points Laguna 7, Dermot 11. The pole vault, which came next, was taken for granted to be Dermot's, as none of the Laguna men had equalled her mark of the year before.

Dermot's champion went over the bar first, at eight feet six, then Ray of Laguna, then a second Dermot man, and lastly Frank. All the men as they had advanced for their first trial had been cheered by their followers, but when Frank took the pole not a cheer or word of encouragement came from the green and white section. All day long there was talk of asking the track captain to keep him from taking part, but they knew that though Donald felt strongly, his Highland honesty would not allow him to grant their wish.

Frank cleared the bar, and it was jumped to nine feet; every one was over with a rush; up three inches again and every one over; three more, and three again, and here Frank showed his form, sailing over easily and gracefully without seeming exertion. Ten feet

was passed by all, though Ray and the second Dermot man took two trials. Ten feet three and the Dermot man was dropped after his three trials. Now was the rub. The champion's record was but three inches higher, while Ray had never reached that in the try-outs, and Frank had always been several inches behind him. The swaying bar was again raised three inches. Porter of Dermot on his first trial went over, but carried the bar with him in his descent, then Ray repeated the trick, but Frank, to every one's surprise, cleared it by fully five inches. The whispers began to go the round that he was a "dark horse" and would show them a play or two before the day was over, and the ruffled feelings of the Laguna rooters against him began to be smoothed out. Some of them even went so far as to acknowledge to themselves that they had perhaps been a little hard on Frank. Porter and Ray cleared the bar on the second trial and it went up to ten feet nine. Ray had never before passed ten feet four, so he had little hope of reaching the new mark, while Porter had always been stranded at ten feet seven. The hopes of Laguna went up that Frank might pass it, for they thought this height would surely win. Porter tried and failed, Ray followed suit. Frank took his favorite pole, measured the height, backed a little run and—failed. Again Porter and Ray essayed, but were disappointed; Frank, however, cleared it with some two or three inches to spare. On the third trial Porter slid over amid the frantic cheers of the Dermots. Ray took his last chance and dropped out to third place.

Now the pole went up but one inch, Dermot, hoping against hope that Porter would clear it, or at least that Frank would fail, while Laguna, even in its hatred of Nunn, was waiting open-mouthed for his trial. On the first attempt each failed. Frank, at the second cleared it, and Laguna was constrained to cheer. Whereupon Bob struggled to keep down a triumphant smile, and Jack turned handsprings behind the judges' stand. In spite of the cheers and encouragement of Dermot, Porter could not reach his mark on the second trial and he gathered all his strength for the attempt that meant a tie or defeat. He rose well, but just at the turning point, his nerve failed and he came tumbling down, breaking the marking pole in his fall. Amid the cheers of Laguna and the silence that told the feelings too keen for utterance of Dermot, he retired crestfallen to the quarters, while almost at the same time the pistol for the fifty was fired and the six contestants came down the field straining every nerve. Little Jack forged to the front im-

mediately and won in a walk, while the grandstand went wild, for his fidelity to Frank was now remembered and had by no means lessened his popularity.

So the sports went on, the honors being about even, Jack again winning the plaudits of the crowd by taking the line several feet ahead of his opponents in the hundred yard dash.

The afternoon wore on and the twelfth race was called. This was the low hurdles in which Frank was entered and on which the winning of the meet depended. For the score was fifty to forty-nine, with eighteen more points to count, of which the Lagunas were sure of six in the last—the mile. But these six could not win the day. Hence she must take at least second in the hurdles, so victory practically depended on the five winners who toed the scratch; three in red, and two in green and white.

Frank was at the extreme right, while in the middle was Dermot's star hurdler, with Dallington of Laguna on his left. The track was five laps to the mile and the hurdles were scattered at regular intervals over two thirds of the lap ending in front of the grandstand. Laguna's hope was all in Dallington, for they could not and would not believe in Frank, in spite of their erstwhile enthusiasm at his success in the vault.

The whole large grandstand was on its feet, while the smaller one was emptied of its contents, in spite of the guards inside the track. The red section waved defiantly and scowled in scorn at that of green and white, who returned their grimaces with interest. The judges were bent forward and the timers nervously fingered their stop-watches. Three times they were off, but the starter called them back. At last the pistol cracked and they came around the gentle curve like so many huge grasshoppers. For the first few hurdles they hung together, then Dallington drew off from the rest with Garber and Frank at his heels. All the way around to the last hurdle they held this order, then Frank leaped forward over the last obstacle with a startling burst of speed and led Garber by six feet at the line. This practically won the meet and the outburst from Laguna could not have been more hearty and enthusiastic had Frank been the idol he was formerly.

A new feeling seemed to spring up in their hearts for him, but it was really the old love and affection which never had been quite killed and now budded forth again with a new vitality. Yet, though they cheered him as they went to the quarters, suspicion was still strong in many who were unwilling to believe or to ac-

knowledge that they had been mistaken all this time and had done him such injustice. Yet they could hardly believe otherwise, for if the Dermots had had any hold on Frank, as they must have had if he were a traitor, they would surely have prevented him from winning the events. Plain as this seemed, and much as it was discussed in the stand, no one wished to break the ice toward a reconciliation.

The last race was run off and Dermot secured only the second place which gave Laguna 62 and Dermot 55. The field then became the revelling ground of the rooters, who went wild with joy. Around and around they circled, in serpentine dances, the band in the lead with the American flag and the banner of green and white leading the joyous throng, until with ringing cheers they boarded the special cars which were to take them to their own campus to continue their celebration.

The grounds were a mile and a half from the university and the Brandon electric cars, connecting them, were crowded to their limit, while the college cars were streaming with green and white, with hundreds of joyful students crowding their tops, hanging from platforms and windows, and singing and yelling in turn with seemingly boundless gusto.

The car track ran between great rows of majestic trees, broken in upon here and there by green hedges and little white homes, with the climbing roses just budding on their porches. Through the middle of these the swarming cars sped and the leaves whispered fretfully at the tumult.

Just before the cars reached the campus, there was a sharp turn, where, because of repairs in the street, but a single track lay and a high wall shut off the view. A little signal board turned automatically red or black when there was another car coming or the track was clear.

The first car came on, with Jack standing at the head on the outside, while Frank was sitting just in front of him on the seat. The motorman noticed that the sign board said "coast clear," and he ran the car on the single track; but just then he heard the board click back, and with all his might set on the brakes to stop the car, while his face blanched to a sickly hue. The car slowed up, but slewed around the corner and there was the other car not thirty feet away, its motor-man bent on the brake with all his weight and strength. A wild scramble for safety was made, but Jack seemed powerless to move. He who had stood as cool as ice

on a football field when all but he seemed to have lost their heads in excitement, who had not quailed at an icy ducking or a supposed branding iron, seemed to have lost his nerve completely. Frank saw it and in a second had whirled him off and jumped to safety.

The roofs of the cars crushed together, and a large piece flew off to the ground, carrying with it Dick Blethen, the big guard of the football team. He fell on his side and head and lay over senseless on the ground. The cars had been stopped and no one else was hurt, so every one crowded around, pushing and elbowing for a nearer view of the injured man. While Will was mopping away with his handkerchief the blood that streamed from an ugly gash over his ear, he sat wearily up, only to meet the compassionate eyes of Frank who held the basin of ruddy water. In an instant he had sprung forward.

"Forgive me, Frank," he cried, "for letting you bear the blame of the Dermot game so long." Then turning penitently to the crowd, "Frank Nunn did not give away the signals," he said, "they were stolen from me." He paused and then cried louder as if in pain, "By my cousin who played on the other team."

There was silence a moment; then twenty fellows sprang forward for Frank's hand, and before Jack had finished hugging him, the crowd had him on their shoulders and had borne him off with a roar of exultant cheers.

That night when the celebration was over and every one had gone to bed, Will, Bob, Jack and Frank joined hands in a silent "good night," in which joy and thanksgiving and love were blended. And now one of the most popular traditions of Laguna is Frank Nunn's ostracization, but still more so is the story of how the Laguna boys made up for it before his graduation in June.

JOHN M. REGAN, '04.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The object of The Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIALS.

CHARTER DAY ADDRESSES AND THE JESUIT THEORY.

The following editorial which appeared in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin of March 25, on the occasion of the celebration of Charter Day exercises at the University of California, will be of interest to our readers. It is entitled "Charter Day Addresses and the Jesuit Theory."

"The speeches at the Charter Day exercises in Berkeley yesterday were noteworthy for their unanimity on the point that the university ought to turn out men and women that can do something definite and do it well. David Starr Jordan quoted the remark, made at and concerning Oxford, that 'our men are not scholars and our scholars are not men,' and said it was sometimes true of our American universities. 'One-fourth of our professors could

not earn a living,' he said, 'if they were to be forced upon a job,' and he commented on the fact that bricklayers are earning more on an average than college professors. 'A good many of our college men,' he added, 'could not possibly live in any other profession.' Benjamin Ide Wheeler said that 'the university of today has its greatest pride in having its graduates go out into life to participate in its activities. We do not believe in a learning which selfishly feeds itself. We believe in a learning that is for a purpose; that is effective in life; that serves.'" And Governor Pardee declared that he has asked graduates of the university to serve the people to whom they are indebted for all they have of intellectual worth, and they have refused, some courteously, others gruffly; from which it may be inferred that the Governor must have asked them to serve without pay.

"General culture, not specialized power, was the ideal which university students and professors sought to attain until a few years ago. Colleges endeavored to train a man's mind by putting it through a course of gymnastics on the horizontal bars of Latin and Greek. Students were not permitted to elect a course of studies. But in the American university of today, as in the German universities, the student makes up his own curriculum, and while Latin still holds its ground pretty well, Greek is one of the most unpopular of all the studies. Even at Oxford, the last ditch of the humanities, there has been agitation to make the study of Greek elective, and the vote of the Oxford Congregation, retaining Greek as a compulsory subject for a pass degree, is not likely to be final.

"Through all these changes in scholastic theories the Jesuits have held fast to their system, which makes the study of Latin and Greek compulsory, and the judgment of this cosmopolitan body of learned men and experienced educators is not to be despised. Every Jesuit goes through a regimen of studies that makes the preparation of a secular college professor seem a primary course in comparison. A Jesuit is not ordained priest until he is at least 33 years of age, and he has to study as regularly as any schoolboy, and stand examinations, until that period and often longer, and he is expected to keep up studies always. Education is the business of his life, and he works without pay and without hope of fame, for the Jesuit order discourages its members from seeking personal renown.

"The Jesuit theory is that while all boys have not equal

power of mind, there is a certain similarity among all minds, and that every mind profits by the study of Latin and Greek. The study of these languages teaches a man to think and to express his thought clearly. It exercises the reason and cultivates the esthetic taste and produces a well-rounded culture. A certain degree of general culture and aptness of language is essential for a man that intends to do good work in any line; in other words, the distinction between culture and power as ideals of college education is more verbal than actual.

"The Jesuit college takes a boy young and drills him up to about the end of his seventeenth or eighteenth year in Latin, Greek, English, mathematics and history. He is compelled to center his energy on those studies. As the classes usually are small, the teacher knows the students intimately and they must learn something. During the last two years of the Jesuit course Latin, Greek, history and English are dropped (except special lectures on literary and historical subjects), and the student gives all his time to physics, chemistry, mathematics and mental and moral philosophy. This course, which is invariable in every Jesuit college in the world, turns out graduates at 20 who are in pretty good condition to take up the study of a profession or a post-graduate course in a special study at a secular university. The Jesuits contend that Latin and Greek are the best media of education for every mind, and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the Jesuits schools and Oxford, representing the humanities, whether judged by the average manhood and "power" of their graduates, or by the achievements of their most successful alumni, have nothing to fear by comparison with the universities conducted on the German plan. In fact, we in America have carried the German plan farther than the Germans have, for their universities, like our John S. Hopkins, are essentially for post-graduate or professional students, and the German universities are for older men than the students of American universities. The American university in its academic department is really a college with a long name. It goes only a little beyond the point reached by the German gymnasias and the Jesuit colleges.

"Not that the Jesuit system is or pretends to be perfect. But it is so good a working system, and its graduates do so well in life, that it merits some study from our secular writers and speakers on systems of education."

UP-TO-DATE METHODS APOSTOLIC.

No one can seriously doubt the efficacy of advertising in this age of novelty and invention. In fact, advertising has developed into an art, and it is a pleasure to notice in magazines, on house-tops, on broken down fences,—in a word, on everything available for the purpose, the wonderfully ingenious methods made use of to bring home to the multitude the many opportunities they have at their command of living in ease and blessedness. There are President Suspenders, Milwaukee's Famous Beverage, Vacuum Caps for the Education or Hair on Bald Heads, and so on without end. Of course we do not object to such a system,—no one could object reasonably. It is the outgrowth of nineteenth century push and progress; but when we find churchmen having recourse to similar schemes of advertising their services, we are led to inquire into the appropriateness of the system for this kind of work.

We shall give a sample advertisement from a San Jose paper, together with an explanation by the Reverend Thornton Mills. The advertisement runs as follows: "Found Asleep—So you slept in church yesterday, did you? Well, it was rather a drowsy day, but if you had been at the Second Presbyterian church you wouldn't have dozed. The pastor preached two earnest, enthusiastic sermons, and the music was alive and inspiring. Mrs. Hillman Smith sang that old favorite, "The Holy City," to the enjoyment of all, and the chorus choir rendered two anthems. * * * * * An old-timer there looked around and remarked to a bystander, 'Well, I declare, I thought I knew everyone who came to this church, but the last few weeks I don't seem to know more than one-half of them.'"

And here is Dr. Mills' explanation: "The reason we have put this advertising in the paper is that we feel a sense of obligation to dozens of people who do not go to church. * * * It is those who attend no church we seek. It is an experiment to see if we cannot do good to those not attending other churches."

The whole affair seems innocent enough. Yet, judging from the advertisement, ("So you slept *in church* yesterday, did you?") one would be led to conclude that this is a case of competition. Competition in religious matters is justifiable only in as much as we endeavor to win others to our way of thinking, because we are in the right, and surely not because we have better singing on better music. But the Reverend Pastor's

explanation forbids us thus to interpret the advertisement under consideration. It was meant for those who do not go to church. The principle thus understood may be plausible, yet we object to the practice for three several reasons.—Firstly, church services are so far superior to things that are generally advertised, that it is somewhat *degrading*: it gives the pastor and his church a rather cheap appearance; secondly, the whole matter smacks of *indifferentism*, that is, the system of those who claim that one church is as good as another, and that as long as we attend service somewhere, we have fulfilled our duty towards God. The pastor of the Second Presbyterian church would welcome Baptists or Methodists, but what about their conscience? If they are persuaded that their own religion is the true one, how can they partake in the services of another? Protestantism is *one* only in as much as it opposes Catholicity. Thirdly, the system is *useless*, for if a man attends service at some other church, why not let him alone? If he is not a church-goer? will the singing of "The Holy City" induce him to go? If it does, he will go to hear the singing, and not for religious motives.

It is useless to give further reasons. The real difficulty lies in the fact that since the reformation, many regard churches as social centers, and church services as social gatherings, and as long as they continue in that state of mind, they may advertise all they choose, and fill the empty pews as full as possible, yet no solid good will come of such church-going. The sooner pastors come to learn that the reason why so few attend their services is not a lack of good management in the matter of advertising, but something deeper and more serious, the sooner will they begin to put themselves in a way to afford substantial help to their fellow-men.

DOGMATISM AND INTOLERANCE.

"Dogmatism and intolerance are always cowardly!" says a writer in the San Jose Mercury, speaking of the "Congress of Religions" recently held in that city. As Catholics are dogmatic and in a certain degree intolerant, we wish to examine the justice of the above statement. Religion is a form and indeed the highest form of Truth. Now if in natural truths, dogmatism and intolerance are not only justifiable but even plausible, why not so in the supernatural order? Let us see.—A mathematician, for instance, proves a proposition to a demonstration, say that in a triangle

there are two right angles. Is he not justified in maintaining that such is the case, in putting it down as one of the *dogmas*, and indisputable truths of geometry, and in being *intolerant* of any other conclusion? Tell him in your ignorance that there are three, four or maybe five right angles in a triangle. and his answer will be that you are wrong, absolutely wrong! He is both dogmatic and intolerant, but by no means cowardly. The case in religious truths is the same or nearly so. If Jones holds that individual interpretation of the Bible is dangerous, and Smith maintains that the essence of religion consists therein, they cannot both be in the right, they cannot both have the truth. If Jones has a certainty that his idea is true, he must be both dogmatic and intolerant—otherwise he would be cowardly. If I think the Catholic Religion is the Religion of Christ, and you think that Protestantism is the Religion of Christ, we disagree fundamentally and either the one or the other is *wrong*. If I am certain that I am right, I must logically hold that you are wrong, and be in consequence intolerant as far as the right and wrong of our beliefs are concerned.

Of course before a man can claim for himself the Truth, he must have reason, and we shall not examine into the reasons for or against any special form of Religion just now; it would require a long essay. What we insist upon is that dogmatism and intolerance are of the very essence of Religion, that in Religion more than in any other matter, on account of the importance of the interests involved, are intolerance and dogmatism necessary.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

According to the foregoing arguments, the Congress of Religions must be looked upon as a phenomenal thing surely. "To determine the common denominator" of the various sects that agitate the religious world, is like to an attempt at finding some common link between all the intellectual errors that distract mankind. The search should not be difficult, the link consists in this, that all, or all but one, are false. Why? Because Truth cannot be contradictory. The object, therefore, of these Religious Congresses should be to find the one, true organic Church which teaches the Truth of Jesus Christ, and not to settle upon some form of fellowship between error and error.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

Every one knows that the purpose of a college is the education of man, but not everyone considers these words in their true signification.

True education must be suited to man as such, and therefore must aim at perfecting all that is proper to a rational being. Intellect, body and soul must all receive their share of development. But in the rush of affairs of present interest in the last named is very apt to be neglected, and hence the necessity of laying aside all worldly cares for a while, and trying in some measure to give it the consideration it deserves.

This is the purpose of the three days annual retreat on which we are about to enter, and during which athletics and the arts and sciences are forgotten and a reckoning is made in matters spiritual. The importance of this reckoning is patent, as is also the advantage of taking it at a time when there is no fear of distraction. In regard to the first it is to be remembered that not for the sake of the three days alone is it entered on. It concerns itself chiefly with the past and the future. Calmly and quietly the years that have gone before can be reviewed, their mistakes noted and profited by, and with this meditation and the instructions as a foundation, resolutions may be formed on which the future shall be moulded.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Archbishop Montgomery's Visit.

On March 3rd we were honored by a visit from His Grace, Archbishop Montgomery. It was a day of joy for students and faculty alike, who united in offering their congratulations and well-wishes to one in whom they have always found a sincere friend and zealous pastor. The honored guest was met at the depot by the reception committee, and thence escorted to the College by the band, where he received a hearty cheer from the assembled students. In the evening a formal welcome was given to the Archbishop in the College Hall, at which an apt and entertaining program was rendered. On this occasion the instrumental quartet, composed of Walter Fleming, Pierre Merle, Frank Ryan, and Bryte Peterson, made its debut, and at once won a high place among the musical organizations of the College. James Bacigalupi recited an original poem, entitled "The Warrior of Christ," in which he described in graphic and glowing language the struggles of an Apostolic man in this material and conceited age, against the Powers of darkness. He concluded with a touching address to the guest of the evening. The "Address of Welcome," by John Regan, the gifted young orator of senatorial fame, received enthusiastic and well-deserved applause. Other numbers on the program were "A Floral Offering," by Cyril Fuller, a Latin "Salutatio" by Ralph Harrison, a Latin poem, "Ad Reducem Dilectissimum" by Edw. Kirk, besides a number of vocal selections by the Glee Club.

At the close of the program the Most Reverend Archbishop addressed the students in forceful words of manly, Christian advice, interspersed with well timed humor and happy allusions. The conclusion of His Grace's remarks was especially felicitous—a holiday.

Arbor Day.

Arbor Day celebration, held in the city park, was enthusiastically participated in by the citizens of Santa Clara and the College students. These latter headed by their band marched to and from the scene of action in soldier-like fashion. The object of the

celebration was to plant two monumental trees, the one in honor of the Reverend Father Nobili, founder of Santa Clara College, the other in honor of Dr. Saxe, an old pioneer of Santa Clara. The tree-planting was simple enough, but the speeches delivered on the life and character of these pioneers were impressive and eloquent. Professor Smith, Principal of Santa Clara High School, was chosen to pay a tribute to the memory of Dr. Saxe. His forceful earnestness of word and manner won the warmest approbation of his audience. Charles Laumeister, of the College, whose effort has since been widely commended, spoke eloquently on the life, character and achievements of Father Nobili, the man to whom California owes so much. Needless to say, the students were proud in having one of their number chosen as a speaker on this occasion, and made the city park ring with their loyal applause. At the special request of the committee in charge of the celebration the music was supplied by the College Band under the leadership of Mr. Frank Farry.

The Play.

On March 16th, before a crowded audience, so crowded that standing room was at a premium, our histrionic artists presented "Robert Emmett," an Irish drama in three acts, and "Toby Trotter," a farce in two. It was the beginning of our St. Patrick's day celebration and an interesting one at that. James Bacigalupi had nothing in his make-up that night, except perhaps the name, that was not suited to the impersonation of the Irish Patriot, Emmett. An organ-like voice, a graceful figure, a kingly bearing, an honorable pride unbending, composed and defiant, with noble resignation to the Divine Will, when condemned to death, all united to make him a true Irish hero. Michael O'Reilly, William McKagney and George Casey were evidently in the favor of the audience, and Fred Sigwart, Alex Cody and John Shea, though in minor parts, won frequent applause. But great as was the success of the drama, the farce all but out-did it. With those born wits, John Regan, John Ivancovich, Henry Haack, the perfect "Sambo Piper," August Aguirre, and Wm. McKagney it could not but be a side-splitting production. The Rev. Wm. Deeney, S. J. who directed the two productions, and Mr. Martin Merle, whose faithful and capable drilling of the actors is above praise, deserve to be congratulated on the complete success of their entertainment.

St. Patrick's Day.

Saxon, Frank, Cimbric, Gael,—all united to make the celebration of Erin's great festival a memorable one in the annals of Santa Clara College. Baseball games, social hall gatherings, where Durfee sang his "Come Back to Erin," and Tom Leonard danced an imported Irish jig, open air speeches by John B. Shea, and Chas. Laumeister, and the universal wearing of the green, were prominent among the features of the day. Irish or not, we all enjoyed the celebration, and when at evening we gathered in the Chapel to listen to the panegyric on the great Apostle of Ireland, we felt that with all the "ups and downs," with all the persecutions and hardships suffered by the sons of St. Patrick, they are nevertheless a wonderful race, a race of heroes, saints, scholars and martyrs, an honor to their Catholic Faith in the crown of which they are one of the fairest jewels.

The Senate

The upper branch of the Literary Congress has, during the past month, devoted its time chiefly to the consideration of the Negro Question. The resolution, "Resolved, That the re-appointment of Mrs. Cox to the office of Postmistress at Indianola, Miss., was impolitic," was the first one to be taken up, and Senator John Regan of Idaho began the battle with some clear-cut, logical arguments, making the most of his side. "I shall not," he said in part, "attempt to prove that President Roosevelt had no right to appoint whomsoever he chose, White or Black; I shall not enter upon the discussion of the race problem as such. The social difficulties of the Southerners in this regard may arise, from what Daniel Webster once called, in speaking of slavery, the '*vulnus immedicabile*,' of our system, and so with Webster, I leave this with those whose right and duty it is to decide. But apart from these general problems, I wish to state that in my opinion the re-appointment of Mrs. Cox was not *politic*. You all remember how clearly Edmund Burke establishes the distinction between right and policy, 'The question with me,' he says, 'is, not whether you have a *right* to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your *interest* to make your people happy. It is not what the lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I *ought* to

do.' So it is in the present case. We do not inquire whether the President has a right to make the people of the South miserable, but whether it is not his interest and the interest of the people of this country at large to make them happy.'" He then went on to prove how in his mind the re-appointment of Mrs. Cox was calculated to make the people of the South miserable.

Senator John Ivancovich of San Francisco was the next to obtain the floor, and with his wonted acuteness answered one by one the arguments of the preceding speaker. "Negro domination calculated to render the Southerners unhappy? Why? Because, Mr. President, the Southerners have an innate horror for the poor Blacks. If the cause of their misery is inhuman, unjust, wrong, who can concern himself about their quietude? Let them see to it themselves, let them remove the cause, and their misery will cease. We of the North have, so to speak, a duty towards them, that is, as fellow-countrymen, we ought to do our part in removing the hatred that exists there between class and class; but no other means are at our disposal than those made use of by the esteemed President of the United States,—that of appointing the negroes to political positions, and proving to the South, and to the world as well, that the colored people have, besides the ordinary physical make-up of mortals, a certain amount of intellect. It is only by elevating them to a level with the Whites that we can secure for them a recognition of their place in human society. If it is a duty on our part to do this, it is certainly *politic*; and so the resolution before the Senate should not stand approved."

Senator Ivancovich then proceeded to speak at length on our duties towards the colored people, and with an eloquent commendation of President Roosevelt's policy, he yielded the floor to Senator Kirk, the second affirmative. This silver-tongued orator from Oakland held the assembled Senators attentive, and provoked re-iterated applause as he defended the cause of the Whites against the Blacks. He was followed by Senator Feeney of Gilroy, who ably defended the policy of President Roosevelt.

Such was the animation and earnestness displayed on either side, that another session was given to the consideration of the same resolution. It was during this session that the representative of the REDWOOD had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent maiden-speech of Senator John Riordan of Salinas.

After a discussion of two nights, the resolution was passed negatively, and a kindred subject was proposed by the President

for the next session. "Resolved, That the White Citizens of the South are justified in using all lawful means to retain their political supremacy." A great debate is expected, and though the Senators are all preparing for the final examinations, and busy in other directions, they are none the less earnest in the field of verbal fence.

The House of Philhistorians.

Last month's open debate, which reflected so favorably upon the good work of the members of the House, tended in no way to cool the fervor of our coming statesmen in their weekly debate, or lessen the interest they have shown in the welfare of their organization. Just as before that event, so since its occurrence, all meetings are regularly attended, and a great spirit of earnestness is manifested in discussing the various subjects proposed for consideration.

The two principal resolutions that claimed the attention of the House during the past month were, "It is to the best interest of all the people for the Government to own and control the coal mines," and "It would be advisable for our Government to grant absolute independence to the people of the Philippines."

On this latter subject, Representatives M. Bryte Peterson, B. Ivancovich and R. Shepherd defended the affirmative, and Representatives Jas. Shepherd, W. Sollman and P. Kell spoke for the negative.

The former, however, drew forth from the young Representatives a very heated discussion, J. W. Byrnes, F. Belz and F. D. Ryan supporting the affirmative, and H. Haack, H. Jedd McClatchy and J. Gall arguing for the negative. The debate called for two sessions, and on the evening of the second session brilliant impromptu speeches were heard from Representatives Joseph Curley, T. J. Leonard, and Joseph Griffin. The two latter deserve well merited praise for the success with which they addressed the House, as this was their first appearance and augured a prosperous future as efficient debaters. On this same evening Representatives Philip Sage and Jas. McManus made their first bow in debate. The House may deservedly congratulate itself this year on the body of earnest workers that constitutes its membership.

It may be remembered that in the January number of the REDWOOD, mention was made of the Honorary Certificates the

House was procuring from the Mutual Label and Lithographic Company of San Francisco. Within the past month the certificates were received, and for perfection of work and neatness of design have been greatly admired. They are printed on imitation parchment. A very delicate border, the four corners of which are set off with shields and our stars and stripes, surrounds the words, Literary Congress, House of Philhistorians, Santa Clara College, Honorary Certificate, etc. In the upper center, under the words Literary Congress, is the College Coat of Arms in red, white and Gold, bearing the dates 1851-1859, indicating the year of the College foundation, and the year the House was established. The certificate will bear the seal of the society and the signatures of the President, Speaker and Clerk.

The Junior Dramatic Society.

The Junior Dramatic Society shows the keenest interest in its Wednesday evening debates. Each literary program is carefully prepared; and discussions are carried on with a will and an earnestness that would do honor to our state senators.

Among the subjects proposed for consideration since the last appearance of the REDWOOD, that which brought forth the young orators best efforts, was the college removal to Sacramento. The resolution as debated, read, "The offer of 200 acres of land and \$500,000 as an inducement to remove the Santa Clara College to Sacramento should be accepted."

For the affirmative, Messrs. George H. Casey and James Maddock proved able supporters; and for the negative Messrs. Edwin McFadden and Alexander Cody made a strong argument.

Great stress was laid upon the generous offer of the Sacramentans—200 acres of land and \$500,000—the only real generous offers made to help Santa Clara College out of difficulties since its appeal at the time of the Golden Jubilee, in 1901.

"Santa Clara as a location is alright," said Mr. Casey, "but it is not the locality that is going to erect our much needed college buildings. A good substantial offer is made by Sacramento, extensive lands and a handsome sum of money. Why refuse elsewhere what is not forthcoming from our home people and for the present mission site." Almost all the members took part in the debate, and were so intensely interested in it that a second session was devoted to its consideration.

The Junior Dramatics, we understand, hope in the near future to appear in an open debate, and will, no doubt, do credit to themselves and their organization.

The Passion Play.

An event which is being looked forward to with more than ordinary interest is the reproduction of Clay M. Greene's famous "Passion Play of Santa Clara College." A tribute of love to his Alma Mater by an old student, this drama has been looked upon by men who are able to judge as the finest contribution to the modern American stage. Whether this high commendation be deserved or not, it is certainly undeniable that the play is the only successful dramatization, outside of Oberammergau, of the greatest event in the history of the world, the Sacred Passion of Christ, the Lord. Already the rehearsals are well under way and judging from the present outlook, we have every reason to predict a successful repetition. Several of the principal parts have been given to those whom Father Ford, S. J., trained on the former occasion, and who were the chief instruments of its success. John Ivancovich will appear again as "Judas," James Bacigalupi as "Jechonias," Joseph Farry as Dathian, Michael Griffith as Ammon, John Clark as Matthew, Henry Wilcox as Peter. Besides these we have been fortunate in securing some new talent. Wm. Johnson, a man of unusual vocal power is to impersonate Caiaphas, and with his commanding appearance, and apt interpretation he will undoubtedly score a triumph. The part of Archelaus has been intrusted to Wm. McKagney, and that of Pilate to Wm. Regan, both of whom are well known throughout the valley for their grace in action, clearness in enunciation and strength of voice. John Regan will appear as the Beloved Disciple, John Collins as Nathanael, and the others will do justice to their several parts. Rev. Mr. Kavanaugh, unfortunately, was obliged by his onerous professorial work to relinquish the active management of the rehearsals shortly after he had fixed upon the cast and begun the rehearsals. His place is being filled by Mr. Martin Merle, whose devoted and painstaking care and exceptional ability give assurance that the May production of "Nazareth" will be all that our friends expect it to be. Mr. Clay M. Greene, we regret to say, will not be able to attend the second presentation of his dear Passion

Play of Santa Clara. He sends us his good wishes, however, and promises to be present with us in spirit, and we feel that the affectionate remembrance of him will nerve our students to do fuller justice to his sublime production.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

We have been pleased to learn that John Covert, '01, the present Congressman from Kings county, is making his mark as a legislator. The record which the "Gentleman from Salida" left in the debating halls of the Literary Congress augured this success. Continue, John, but tear yourself away from grave cares now and then, and let us see you.

The first Democrat ever elected City Attorney of Oakland, this is the distinction won by John E. McElroy, '90. Yet it is not so surprising that John should win out against such odds. We once heard of the manner in which he took part in planning and effecting the capture of the southern part of the Pan-American vote some years ago in the College election, and since that time we have felt certain that John has the knack of politics. Congratulations to the City Attorney-elect and to his constituents, who have put a true man in the right place.

Robert McGettigan, '88, who is a successful medical man in Honolulu visited the College recently.

The Reverend Joseph Conway, '91, who during his years at Santa Clara was one of the most popular boys on the campus, is now successfully working at Napa where his old school-boy popularity still clings to him. His friends will rejoice to learn that Father "Joe's" weak health, which necessitated his leaving San Francisco a few years ago, has become in the solubrious air of Napa a thing of the past.

The REDWOOD staff has been gladdened by the greeting and good wishes of Mr. Maurice Joy, S. J., who is remembered as the founder of the Junior Reading Room. Mr. Joy is nearing the end of his theological studies in Montreal, Canada.

Among recent visitors at the College was John O'Gara, '92, President of the Alumni.

Several of the Seniors attended the scientific lecture given on

March 31, in the St. Ignatius College Hall, San Francisco, by the Reverend Mr. Rupert S. J., their professor of last year.

Victor Scheller, '86, is an enterprising and esteemed attorney in San Jose, where he is President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Irwin J. Bounds, Senior, '02, is at present attending the University of Washington. The many friends of "Joe Bush" wish him the success he deserves, though they believe that he was born for California.

Thomas Kelley, our old pitcher, who is now one of the managers of the Butte baseball team of the Pacific National League visited the College a few days ago. He has arranged for four games, two on the College campus and two in San Jose, between the Butte players and our team.

IN THE LIBRARY.

MODERN RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM.

BY THE MOST REV. P. J. RYAN D. D. —B. HERDER, ST. LOUIS.

Men of the twentieth century are as a rule more easily led into error than men formerly were, and this, perhaps, because modern infidelity has made considerable progress during the last two or three decades. 'Honey-tongued sucklings', as most of the dispensers of current opinions are, they have none the less been successful, because of their systematic methods in propounding error, in gathering large and willing audiences. Many there are who seek darkness rather than light, and who, blinded by passions, are willing to be led by the blind. It is against such that the Lecture of Archbishop Ryan is directed. With a nervous, lucid forcible style, he exposes and refutes some of the most wide-spread errors of the day, and this by determining the causes which underlie the whole fabric of modern irreligion and godlessness.

The propagation of new religious is taken as the first cause of our religious skepticism, and surely if a man is not well grounded in the principles of Christian truth, these religious novelties are very apt to exert a bewildering influence on his mind. With one little quotation from the "wily old French statesman Talleyrand," the remedy against all possible confusion from this source is suggested, "If you would be a successful founder of a new religion, I respectfully suggest that you be crucified, and rise again on the third day—if you can."

Agnosticism comes up next, the system of the 'Unknowing,' which advocates the " 'running of the world,' without the aid of religion," We could "run" the world *surely*,—regulate its flight through space, prevent collisions with the other immense bodies that dash through the great void in God-directed unison! Why, we can not regulate the paths of the pigmies of our own little world without religion.

The Archbishop goes on, examining one by one the popular errors of the day, and offering able, logical reputation. Every thinker should read the Lecture.

ORATIONS OF HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

ADAMS-CANNON COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Henry Austin Adams, formerly a Protestant clergyman, now, by the grace of God, a Roman Catholic layman, has recently published some of his lectures in book form. He is a man of national reputation as a thinker and speaker, and as a man who fearlessly foreswore many golden opportunities both social and ecclesiastical in response to the voice of conscience. No one therefore interested in the claims of intellect and moral intrepidity can fail to welcome the publication named above. It is an unified volume containing the thoughts of a convert on the Reformation, so ably touched upon in the lecture on Bl. Thomas More, on Anglicanism of fifty years ago, which he examines in his address on Newman, on Catholicity and its supreme Pastor Leo XIII, and other topics of no less interest and moment. The lecture on Newman possesses an additional merit in as much as the great convert's onward progress from Protestantism to Catholicity, his struggles, his doubts, his prayers for light, can be best understood and appreciated by a man, who, like Adams, has made the same great step towards Catholicism.

GREEK EXERCISE BOOK, I.

AUTHORIZED ENGLISH EDITION, JAMES A. KLEIST, S. J.—B. HERDER.

Text-books on Greek are by no means a novelty, and the different ideas shown in their make-up are almost countless. Yet a successful attempt to make Greek-theme work a more inviting and beneficial task than it now is, has long been a desideratum in College circles. This demand has, in great part, been satisfied by the work of Professor Kaegi of Zurich, which has recently been given us in an English edition by Mr. J. A. Kleist, S. J. A careful gradation of text, a comprehensiveness of matter, with the additional convenience of appropriate explanatory foot-notes on every page recommend the book strongly to all who are interested in the most important part of a Classical Education. We trust that the English editor will soon let us have the remainder of the Exercise Book.

THE UNRAVELING OF A TANGLE.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.—BENZIGER BROS.

This novel may be favorably compared in interest with the best fiction of the day. Like most of the stories of this writer, it is short, concise and free from the needless and tiring details in which many recent fiction writers show such fertility. The plot has all the elements of interest—a beautiful young heiress, a bold and wily distant relative who would change identity with her in order to secure her fortune, other characters fascinating and otherwise but always real, and an easy, natural progress of events replete with the freshness of life and motion. Amy the heroine is a true American girl in her candor, directness, sincerity of character, and in the generous spirit in which she forgives the Count de Foutanges, her abductor. The style is easy and fluent; and though in the matter of description we might wish for something more than the author gives us, we rather suggest this point as a possible improvement than censure it as a defect. "The Unraveling of the Tangle" should be in every library to which young and old, who like a good, wholesome story interestingly told, have access.

THE DOMINICANA.

The "Dominicana" is always a delightful visitor. We are pleased to find that Mr. John A. Mooney is continuing his discussion of French Romance. His articles thus far have shown a deep and wide range of thought, a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and a rare gift of expression. The department devoted to book reviews is always well written and choice in its criticism.

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

Every Catholic,—Irish, Irish-American or otherwise—should read this admirable publication of Father Russell, S. J. Its spirit is the spirit of Ireland, the spirit of Faith. We take this opportunity to give to the kindly editor of the Monthly, the desiderated explanation of the "why" of our title "THE REDWOOD." To be very brief we would say that we were led to choose it because it is a title at once rare and distinctively Californian, since nowhere else does the Redwood, the "*Sequoia sempervirens*" grow. Besides, these gigantic trees, which rise three and four hundred feet over

the oak, and stand firm amid the wildest storms, clad in the calm majesty of the centuries, are fitting emblems of strength, endurance, grace and vitality, qualities which we trust our little College magazine may in time and in its own modest way acquire.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The Overland Monthly for March is a very entertaining number, replete with original and entertaining articles. "The Builders of California" gives an account of the early civilizers of this state the Franciscans, and deserves an attentive perusal. The writer shows a clear appreciation and thorough knowledge of his subject, —the career of those men whose patient labors worked so much towards the civilization of the natives, until the cold hand of ambition scattered them or else drove them back to their native Spain.

EXCHANGES.

THE "HOLY CROSS PURPLE."

From Worcester we welcome for the first time "The Holy Cross Purple." Two very interesting essays, one literary, "Realist or Idealist," the other ethical, on "The Moral Consequences of Agnostic Teaching," have attracted our special attention. The writer of the latter essay has given us some very logical forms of reasoning on an old, but by no means exhausted, subject. Agnostic teaching is very prevalent in our days, and every right-minded man should combat the evil tendencies thereof. The "Awakening of John Grey" is fascinating. Of the editorial departments, the College Chronicle is especially well conducted.

THE "STYLUS."

The Boston College organ is full of enjoyable matter. We notice especially, "The Poet Horace," an essay of not a little literary merit. The title, we must confess, led us to expect a more complete criticism of the famous Roman bard, something more about his principles, moral and literary, about his wonderful rythm, his command and variety of language, and so forth. What is said, is well said, but not enough is said. We make bold to recall to the memory of our Eastern friends a peculiar, though interesting method of translating the Horatian Odes, which we saw

once somewhere. A sample line or two will explain the system perfectly:

Heu fugaces!

That is what Horace says.

Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume !

Years roll by and are lost to me, lost to me !

Together with the essay on Horace we wish to commend the "Pedigree of an English Ode," together with the ably conducted "Exchange." But how about athletics?

THE "FORDHAM MONTHLY."

One thing more than all else pleased us in our exchange from Fordham, a Latin Poem. We mention this by way of contradiction to an opinion to the contrary expressed in a middle-west magazine of some months ago. Why, all, or nearly all of our great English bards had similar practice when young, Milton, Gray and a host of others. There are many other praiseworthy contributions in this paper, in fact all the articles are admirable except, perhaps, "My Valentine," an acrostic on Mother, a beautiful theme, surely, but one which rarely seems to be at ease in a mechanical acrostic. Let us relegate this *lusus poeticus* to album inscriptions, and apply the more elevated forms of poetry to such a worthy subject as that mentioned.

THE "DIAL."

What the "Dial" has is good, but "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." The March number fails to give us one real essay, though the State that christens battleships with water can not be looked upon as deficient in serious thought.

THE "FLEUR DE LIS."

St. Louis is by no means in the rear so far as journalism is concerned. Rare appropriateness marked the articles in the March issue of Fleur de Lis, in which the spirit of the Lenten season was not neglected. The beautiful little poem and artistic drawing of Magdalene arrested our attention, and the new and literal version of "Stabat Mater" is above praise, especially as it is the work of a college youngster. We shall watch and wait for more poetry from the same pen. Well done, J. A. C !

THE STANFORD "SEQUOIA."

Our neighbor, the Stanford "Sequoia," lies on the desk before us. What shall we say of it? We have read the story entitled, "Fool or Knave," and to speak our minds, no more shocking article has ever come to our notice since we were weaned of the youthful follies of Jesse James and Deadwood Dick. Such a mixture of pathos, of drink, of swear words! Poor Pascal! we are forced to exclaim, what is the Carnot medal to you, won under such uninviting circumstances? Still there is an amount of good prose in the Stanford paper and we are willing to believe that the gruesome, unhealthy article which we have censured was admitted in haste or through mistake.

THE "BELL."

The most peculiar feature in the San Jose "Bell" is the Exchange column. The editor of this department seems to have entered upon a cover reform, or else to have had no time to go beyond the cover of the magazine reviewed.

ATHLETICS.

We have not lost all hope of the inter-scholastic championship, though our team, considerably crippled, with only four men in their regular positions, has suffered a telling defeat at the hands of Berkeley, and this too after we had sent them home with a 10 to 0 humiliation by our regular team. Berkeley's victory may result in moving us down from first to second position in the race for the pennant; but if Stanford wins the series from U. C. which is not impossible, our team proper may justly claim the championship. The series with the "Cardinals" was easily decided by our fourth game. In our March number we have given an account of the first victory; here is the second:

Stanford vs. S. C. C.

It was February 28th, at Palo Alto, on the Stanford University campus, that the "Cardinal" base-ball tossers went down to a defeat of 3 to 0. In the presence of an enthusiastic crowd of sympathizing students, with the band playing and colors flying, they could not succeed in making a single run. Why? Because the S. C. C. twirler, Carmel Martin, was an enigma, and his support was perfect. Only once or twice did the Stanford men succeed in reaching second, and then not by stealing, to be sure; for to steal second, under the watchful eye and sure wing of Pierre Merle is a very rare occurrence this year.

Though so successful in shutting our opponents out, we failed to accomplish much at the bat. The fast playing was contagious and Stanford held us down to three runs. The pitching of Parker and the steady support of his fellows were responsible for the small score. The three runs we did make were due to the batting of Feeney, Chase, Farry and Keefe. The first named secured two beautiful hits, and Keefe found Parker for a three-bagger. The score:

STANFORD UNIVERSITY	A B	R	B H	P O	A	E
Brown, 2b	3	0	0	1	2	1
Crawford, s. s.	4	0	0	1	6	0
Cowden, 1b	4	0	1	13	0	1
McGilvray, c	3	0	0	6	1	1
Lowenthal, 1f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Ball, c f	2	0	0	1	1	0
Knight, r f	3	0	0	1	0	2
Copp, 3 b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Parker, p	3	0	0	0	1	1
Total	28	0	1	27	12	6

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE	A B	R	B H	P O	A	E
Griffin, r f	5	0	0	2	0	0
Farry, s s	4	0	1	2	4	0
Whealen, i b	4	0	1	13	0	1
Martin, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Chase, 2 b	4	0	1	2	3	1
Keefe, c f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Merle, c	4	2	0	5	2	0
Keleher, 3 b	4	1	1	1	2	1
Feeney, 1 f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	36	3	6	27	13	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stanford—Hits—o	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Runs—o	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. C. C.—Hits—o	2	0	1	1	2	0	1	1	
Runs—o	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	

SUMMARY

Bases on balls—Off Parker, 1; off Martin, 2. Struck out by Parker, 1; by Martin, 3. Three base hit, Keefe. Double plays—Crawford to Cowden to McGilvray; Ball to Crawford. Passed balls—McGilvray 1. Umpires, Edwards and Hogan. Time of game, 1 hour 30 minutes.

Stanford vs. S. C. C.

It was a cold, wet, sloppy day. The Palo Alto field was slow and slippery and errors were in order. Still the game was in some particulars one of the most interesting events of the season. In our first inning we secured two runs and filled the bases. We anticipated a repetition of the 3 to 0 game, but such was not the case. With three men on the bags we retired, and Stanford, who had been shut out in the first, came to the bat a second time and oh! the change! McGilvray opened the chapter that records our only defeat from Stanford, with a two-base hit, the next two men were forced to retire, but with two down, five men crossed the plate, making the score five to two. What fun it was to see our scientific fielders run about that slippery field, Tom Feeney "the old reliable," falling all over himself, "Coon" Keleher, the star third base man trembling like an aspen leaf, "Fran" Farry, the errorless short stop and popular captain growing pale, and Bill Whealen, all but sure on first base, as nervous as a midget! What a consolation too, to hear the erswhile mutes and co-eds break out into a wild cry of anticipated victory, and that too over the unconquerable young men of S. C. C.

After this inning of manly batting on the part of Stanford and ragged fielding on our part, we came to bat, and after a momentary

struggle retired without an additional run. Stanford again in their third inning scored two runs, making things look bad for S. C. C.; but our boys never lose heart, and from the third to the ninth inning the Cardinals were able to cross the plate but once, while during the same time, we netted five tallies, just one short of the number required for victory. It was up-hill work to be sure, but that's where we are shown to advantage. Bob Keefe's phenomenal catch and throw from center field was the feature of the day and indeed the only feature if we except the errors. The score:

STANFORD UNIVERSITY	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Brown, 2 b	5	1	2	0	2	1	0
Crawford, s s	5	1	1	0	1	3	1
Ball, 1 b	4	0	0	0	9	1	1
McGilvray, c	3	1	1	0	6	1	0
Williams, c f	4	0	3	0	1	0	0
Knight, r f	3	1	1	0	1	0	1
Copp, 3 b	4	2	1	0	2	1	2
Blake, 1 f	4	1	0	0	4	0	0
Roosevelt, p	3	1	1	0	3	0	1
Parker, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	8	10	0	29	10	6
SANTA CLARA COLLEGE	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Griffin, r f	5	0	1	0	0	0	1
Farry, s s	4	1	0	0	3	2	1
Whealen, 1 b	4	2	1	0	11	0	1
Martin, p	4	0	1	0	0	5	2
Chase, 2 b	5	1	0	0	3	1	1
Keefe, c f	5	1	2	0	1	1	0
Merle, c	3	1	0	0	5	1	1
Keleher, 3 b	5	0	2	0	2	2	2
Feeney, 1 f	2	1	0	0	2	0	0
Ryan, 1 f	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	7	7	0	27	12	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Stanford—Hits—	0	3	2	0	1	0	2	2	0
Runs—	0	5	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
S. C. C.—Hits—	1	0	0	0	2	2	1	2	0
Runs—	2	0	0	0	3	1	1	0	0

SUMMARY

Two base hits—McGilvray. Stolen bases—Williams and Knight. Double plays—Keefe to Whealen. Struck out by Martin 4, by Parker 4, by Roosevelt 4. First base on called balls—Stanford 1, Santa Clara, 6. Wild pitch—Martin. Hit by pitched balls—Knight, Merle, Feeney. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes. Umpires, Toomey and Edwards.

Stanford vs S. C. C.

The fourth game with Stanford was arranged for March the 14th, but on Thursday and Friday there was a heavy rain-fall and it looked like another postponement when on Saturday, to our de-

light, old Sol came out in all his glory and with a good old Irish smile, succeeded in drying mother earth's face, before he reached his turning point at noon. An enthusiastic crowd had gathered on the College campus to witness what was thought to be a decisive game in the series, and it was so indeed. Had Stanford won, a fifth game would have been needed to decide the contest, but Stanford did not win. How could they against Bob Keefe's puzzles? The story of the game is interesting.

Brown of Stanford was the first at bat. With all the earnestness of a student athlete he gazed steadfastly towards Keefe. The latter's good natured smile encouraged the batsman, and with all his might he landed on the ball sending it high into the air, out towards center field. It was misjudged and amid the applause of friend and foe, little "Babe" Brown reached third. An angry look on Keefe's face, a neat sacrifice by Cowden and a run, all came in an instant. "Fall to!" shouted Captain Farry. They fell to and with no more gains Stanford retired. Our half of the first was short and featureless. Keefe and Farry were thrown out on first, Whealen singled and stole second, and Ryan failed to reach first—1 to 0 stood the score at the end of the first. The second inning opened with a fan out. This was followed by a three base hit by Copp, and the S. C. C. sympathizers trembled dreadfully. "What's the matter with Keefe?" some one whispered in an undertone. Bob heard him not, but made quick reply by striking out the next two men, leaving the heavy hitter on third. We began our second inning with a neat but unlucky hit by Chase. It was received by a fielder, and Merle thought, as he stepped to the bat, that it would be safer to send the ball over the fielders heads, and he did it for a three bagger and was immediately brought home by Keleher's single. The latter stole second, and was able to cross home on Tom Feeney's drive to right field. Here's where the band began to play, interrupted by a slight discord as Gilroy Tom crossed third on Keefe's safety into center, and met with an obstacle in the person of Stanford's third baseman, who purposely stood in his way and gave him the "cold shoulder." A little trouble was in the air, but peace-making "Fran" Farry and manager Charles Laumeister prevented the cloud-burst by timely interference, so that all went well again as Tom walked unconcernedly towards the goal, scoring the third run. Keefe stole second and died there on a strike out. Again Stanford came to bat and again she was retired in our most approved fashion. We came to bat and Whealen scored on a neat

hit by Ryan. And so it went on till the eighth round when Ryan again brought Whealen home on a beautiful two-bagger. It was in this game that Martin and Chase proved their ability in the field, and Whealen, Keefe and Merle showed us what we might expect from them in the line of batting. We subjoin the score for further particulars:

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Keefe, p	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Farry, s s	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Whealen, 1 b	4	2	3	1	6	0	1
Ryan, r f	4	0	3	1	0	1	0
Chase, 2 b	4	0	0	0	5	4	1
Merle, c	4	1	1	0	9	1	0
Keleher, 3 b	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Feeney 1 f	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
Ivancovich. c f	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	5	10	3	27	8	3
STANFORD UNIVERSITY	A B	R	B H	S B	P O	A	E
Brown, 2 b	4	1	2	0	0	4	0
Williams, s s	4	0	1	0	0	9	1
Cowden, 1 b	4	0	0	1	13	0	1
McGilvray, c	4	0	0	0	5	1	1
Lowenthal, 1 f	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Knight, r f	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Copp, 3 b	3	0	1	0	2	2	0
Wirt, c f	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Parker, p	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	1	6	1	24	14	3

SCORE BY INNINGS

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. C. C.—Runs—	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0
Hits—	1	4	1	0	2	0	0	2	0
Stanford—Runs—	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hits—	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0

SUMMARY

Three base hits—Brown, Copp and Merle. Two base hits—Ryan. Double plays—Farry to Chase to Whealen, Chase to Whealen. Struck out by Keefe 8, by Parker 6. Bases on balls—none. Left on bases—S. C. C. 5, Stanford 5. Time of game. 1 hour, 35 minutes. Umpires, Edwards and Toomey.

Reliance vs. S. C. C.

While the green flag of Erin floated proudly over our grand stand and every true Irisnman sported a shamrock; while the band was playing its beautiful Irish pieces in honor of St. Patrick, our boys went down before the Reliance club men of Oakland with a score of 4 to 2. It was a fast, snappy game, one of those that keep every lover of the national sport in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. We did not expect to win against such an

aggregation of professional and semi-professional players, especially as three of our men were listed with the vigilant infirmarian, but we expected to, and in fact did, hold them down to a low mark.

Reliance led off in one, two, three style. We followed with a hit by Whealen, though we failed to score. In the second Reliance tallied one, on an error, a stolen base, and a sacrifice hit, while our half was a blank. The third added two more runs to the Clubmen's column, while we remained at zero until the fifth, when Keleher crossed the rubber on a neat hit by Merle. To this one we added another in the sixth, when Farry singled, stole second, made third on a wild throw and came home on Whealen's long drive to center. The seventh saw Jacobs, the Reliance man, make the rounds for a fourth run, and with this the run-making of the day was ended.

Emerson pitched for the college, surprising the stars from Oakland by his speed, curves and headwork. He held them down to seven hits, and as hitting is the Reliance strong points, he deserves much praise for this. The pitching for the Reliance was done by Nicholls, who has since signed with the Spokane league team.

The following is the score:

RELiance	A B	R	B H	S H	P O	A	E
Walters, c. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
Jacobs, r. f.	4	2	1	0	2	0	0
Ehrenport, l. f.	5	0	1	0	3	0	0
Nealon, l f.	5	1	2	0	6	1	0
Burrows, c.	4	0	0	0	12	1	0
Williams, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Eagan, 2b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Raynaud, ss.	3	0	1	0	2	1	0
Nicholls, p.	4	0	1	0	0	2	1
Total.	37	4	7	0	27	6	3
S. C. COLLEGE.	A B	R	B H	S H	P O	A	E
Keefe, c. f.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Farry, s. s.	4	1	1	0	2	5	2
Whealen, 1b.	4	0	2	0	10	0	1
Ryan, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Merle, 3.	3	0	1	0	7	2	0
Keleher, 3b.	4	1	0	0	0	1	1
Chase, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	1	0
Feeney, l f.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Emerson, p.	3	0	1	0	0	2	1
Totals.	32	2	5	1	27	11	5

SUMMARY.

Two base hits—Ehrenport. Struckout—By Emerson 7, by Nicholls 10. Bases on balls—Off Emerson 3, off Nicholls 1. Wild pitches—Nicholls.

Stolen bases—Nealon 4, Farry and Jacobs. Time of game 2 hours. Umpires—Nealon and Concannon.

University of California vs. S. C. C.

With only four men in their regular positions, we went to Berkeley and suffered defeat, 4 to 0. Oh, how we felt it! How we determined to wipe away the stain in our next! This has surely been an unlucky month for us. With Martin, one of our best batters, our sure pitcher and reliable fielder down with the grippe, with Griffin off for a vacation, enforced by illness, with Merle's sore hand, and Keleher's lame leg, we have played good ball to be sure, but who could expect us to win?. The Berkeley men scored four runs in the first two innings and were held down to zero during the other seven. Our men could not hit Overall to safe quarters, though we did bat him, but without an error on the part of our opponents, and with only three safe hits we were unable to cross the plate even once. So we came home with a 4 to 0 defeat, our only consolation being that we had sent the same team that thus beat us home with a 10 to 0 defeat.

The Second Team.

During the past month the second team has been practising hard and greatly assisting the first team to get into the finest fettle. Besides their excellent work with the first, they defeated Santa Clara High by a score of 7 to 6, and Belmont's second team in an eleven inning game by the tally of 5 to 4. The former game was not especially interesting except for the fact that Santa Clara High did not score after the third inning, while the college boys overcame a big lead and won out in the ninth. The game with Belmont deserves better mention as being the closest game played by the College in a long time. The following extract from one of the papers gives the story.

"In a well played and protracted game between the second teams of Belmont and Santa Clara College, played on the Belmont ball field yesterday afternoon, the young Santa Clarans won by a score of 5 to 4. Up to the ninth inning the score was four all, and it was not till two additional innings were played that a timely hit brought in the winning run. Both teams played good ball and the twirling of both pitchers was of a high order. Eberhard, the young Santa Clara slab-artist, pitched a remarkable game, only five safeties being knocked off his delivery in the eleven innings, while he fanned seven. He met a worthy opponent in Rowland who

allowed but eight hits and struck out eight. Four errors were registered against the collegians and six were dotted down for Belmont."

The batting of the game on our part was done by Jones, who secured three hits, by Normandin who secured two, by Durfee, Nicholl and Russell.

The clean score of the second team thus far is a consolation, and we feel confident that in the games still to be played the youngsters will continue the good work. The following is the line up: Frank Plank, catcher; O. Eberhard, pitcher; Fred Sigwart, Captain S. Nicholl, Charles Russell on the bases; L. Normandin, short stop; Leo Jones, V. Durfee and Bryte Peterson in the garden.

Junior Leagues.

The students of second division, not less enthusiastic over the national game than their elders, have formed two leagues: the Juniors and the Midgets. The former is composed of a Sacramento, a San Francisco and a Los Angeles team. The latter of the All-Americans, the Nationals and the S. C. C. The teams are made up as follows:

SACRAMENTO	SAN FRANCISCO	LOS ANGELES.
Capt. Richard Maher.	Paul Humphrey.	Joseph Finigan.
C. William Maher.	Paul Humphrey.	Oscar Philippe.
P. James Lappin.	Edward Hallinan.	Joseph Finigan.
S. S. James Brazell.	Francis Ramos.	James Maher.
I. B. Richard Maher.	Mervyn Callahan.	E. Ivancovich.
2 B. Henry Broderick.	John Costello.	Fred Ralph.
3 B. Alex Husson.	Edwin McFadden.	Paul Carew.
C. F. Peter Dunne.	Ignatius Guerrero.	Harold Spridgen.
L. F. Charles Olivares.	Trinitario Delgado.	George Casey.
R. F. William Love.	Harold Ivers.	Edward Laberge.
NATIONALS.	ALL-AMERICANS.	S. C. C.
Capt. Alex Sandoval.	Louis Bazet.	Devereaux Peters.
C. Searle Deering	Carmel Pezzola.	Andrews Sanchez.
P. Alex. Sandoval	Louis Bazet	Devereaux Peters.
S. S. George Ivancovich.	Alfred Rispaud.	Francis Lejeal.
1 B. Joseph Raffetto.	William Downey.	Francis McGovern
2 B. Howard Lyng.	Cyril Smith.	Bernard Bradbury
3 B. Michael Brown.	Joseph Diepenbrock.	Cyril Fuller.
C. F. John Ena.	Felix Bazet.	Ray Brown.
R. F. Andrew Bunsow.	William Hanlon.	Lester Pierce.
L. F. Paul Maggi.	Amante Gherini.	Arthur Graves.
Subs. George Mayerle	James Daly.	Harry Fraser.
Fernando Pereira.	Ramon Corral.	Joseph Horcasitas.

Thus far the relative standing of the teams is as follows:

	Games Lost	Games Won	Percent
1. Sacramento.....	6	10	.622
2. San Francisco.....	8	7	.466
3. Los Angeles.....	9	6	.400
1. S. C. C.....	1	4	.809
2. Nationals.....	4	2	.500
3. All-Americans.....	4	1	.200

TENNIS CLUB.

During the past month there has been great enthusiasm shown on the college courts. The tournament which was played a few weeks ago ended as follows:

First round—F. Marten beat J. Parrot 1-6, 6-2, 6-4. H. O'Connor beat J. Collins 6-4, 6-3; F. Leonard won from F. Moraghan by default; J. Durfee beat J. Regan 6-4, 6-6; B. Ivancovich beat J. Smith 6-5, 6-3; L. Hicks beat F. Scheich 6-3, 6-4; J. Curley won from J. Ivancovich by defeat; F. Smith beat T. Ena 6-3, 6-4.

Second round—F. Marten beat H. O'Connor 6-3, 6-4; V. Durfee beat T. Leonard 6-2, 6-4; B. Ivancovich beat L. Hicks 6-3, 6-4; F. Smith beat J. Curley 6-3, 6-4.

Third round—F. Marten beat V. Durfee 6-4, 5-6, 6-4; B. Ivancovich beat F. Smith 6-5, 4-6, 6-4.

Fourth round—B. Ivancovich won in the finals against F. Marten by 5-7, 6-4, 6-4. The championship of the court thus goes to Baldo Ivancovich.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR MARCH, 1903.

SENIOR

Philosophy of Religion.....	W Regan.....	F Ralph.....
Ethics.....	W Regan.....
Mental Philosophy.....	J Regan.....
Natural Philosophy.....	J Bacigalupi.....	T Feeney.....
Chemistry.....	J Bacigalupi.....	J Regan.....
Mathematics.....	L Degnan.....	J Regan.....
Political Economy.....	J Bacigalupi.....	J Regan.....
Higher English.....	A Grisez.....	L Jones.....
Advanced History.....	J Bacigalupi.....	O Eberhard.....
Oratory.....	J Bacigalupi.....	J Regan.....

JUNIOR

SOPHOMORE

Religion.....	R Harrison.....	G Areneta.....
English Precepts.....	J Riordan.....	E Comerford.....
English Author.....	J Parrott.....	F Ryan.....
English Composition.....	J McClatchy.....	F Plank.....
History and Geography.....	J McClatchy.....	R Fitzgerald.....
Elocution.....	J Riordan.....	F Sigwart.....
Latin.....	C Russell.....	J Byrnes.....
Greek.....	C Russell.....	F Sigwart.....
Arithmetic.....	C Budde.....	A Sundell.....

FRESHMAN

1st ACADEMIC

Religion.....	E McFadden.....	H de la Guardia.....
English Precepts.....	J Brown.....	H de la Guardia.....
English Author.....	J Brown.....	H de la Guardia.....
English Composition.....	C Budde.....	Richard de la Guardia.....
History and Geography.....	I Guerrero.....	Ed de la Guardia.....
Civil Government.....	J Brown, C Budde.....	H de la Guardia.....
Elocution.....	A Aguirre.....	C Smith.....
Latin.....	C Budde.....	H de la Guardia.....
Greek.....	E Ivancovich.....	H de la Guardia.....
Arithmetic.....	J Brin.....	H Broderick, E Hallinan.....

2nd ACADEMIC

3rd ACADEMIC

Religion.....	A Zarcone.....	J Daly, Albert Quevedo.....
English Precepts.....	A Zarcone.....	P Wilcox.....
English Author.....	H Broderick.....	Albert Quevedo.....
English Composition.....	J Shea.....	Anthony Diepenbrock.....
History and Geography.....	J Shea.....	B Bradbury.....
Elocution.....	J Shea.....	J Daly.....
Orthography.....	M Callahan.....
Latin.....	H Broderick.....	A Ivancovich.....
Greek.....	H Broderick.....
Arithmetic.....	W Love.....	A Clark.....

4th ACADEMIC

Academic Course—(English).

	1st ACADEMIC	2nd ACADEMIC	3rd ACADEMIC
Religion	H Oswald	V Durfee	R Durie
English Precepts	G Beaumont	J Hearn	R Durie
English Author	G Beaumont	V Durfee	R Durie
Composition	G Beaumont	P Humphrey	R Durie
History and Geogr	H Oswald	J Hearn	R Durie
Civil Government		F Schleich	R Durie
Elocution	H Oswald	V Durfee	J Maddock

Commercial Course.

	1st CLASS	2nd CLASS	3rd CLASS
Commercial Branches.	J Politeo	{ R McCormick ... M Peterson	F Arburua

Special Classes.

	1st SPECIAL	2nd SPECIAL	3rd SPECIAL
Latin	E Kirk	J Shepherd	A Sundell
Greek	E Kirk	G Fisher	A Sundeil

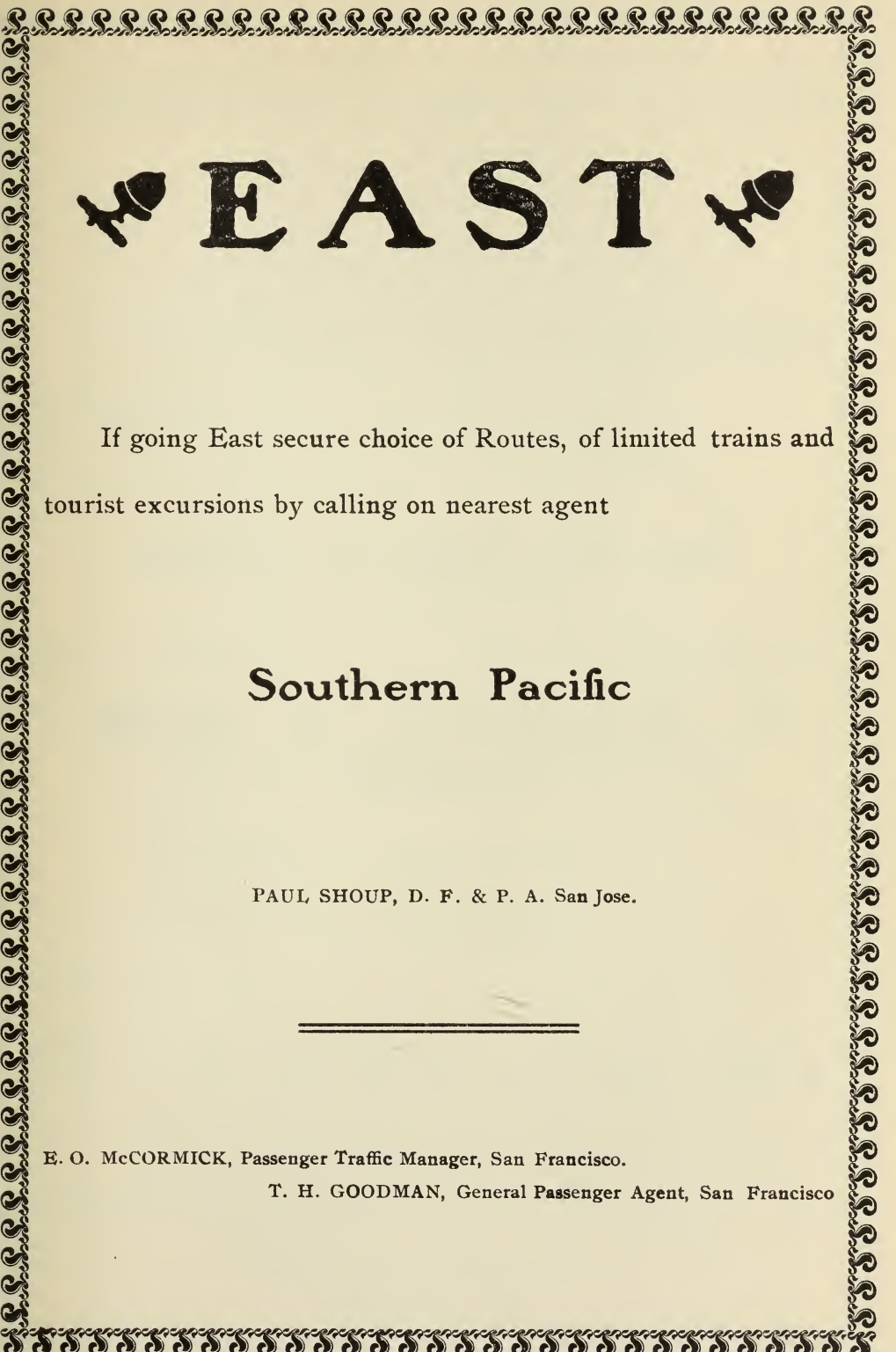
Pre-Academic Classes.

	1st.	2nd.
Religion	C Olivares	J Manha
English Precepts	C Olivares	R Corroll
English Author	A Bunsow	
English Composition	Jos Diepenbrock	J Manha
Hist. and Geography	C Olivares	J Manha
Elocution	A Bunsow	M Pereira
Orthography	A Bunsow	{ J Manha
		{ J Illich

Elementary Science.

Div. A—J Riordan
Div. B—Edw de la Guardia, I Guerrero

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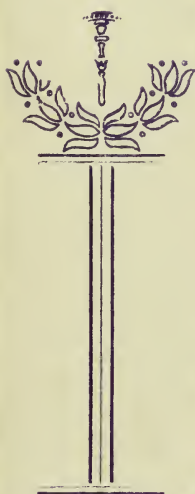
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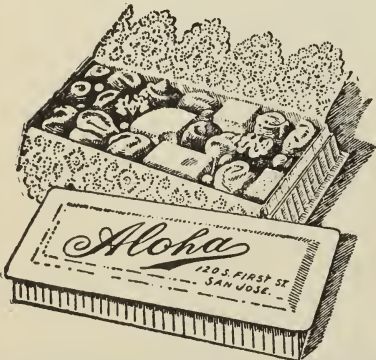
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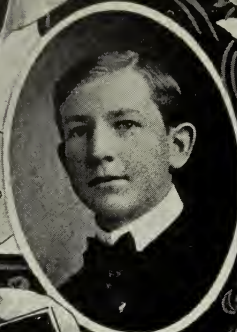
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VOL. I.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MAY 1, 1903.

No. 5

MAY.

he hallowed spring-time blossoms burst amain
Upon the view, and Heaven and cloudless day
Conspire to form the harmony of May.
No more need anxious eye be raised in pain
'Gainst pallid depths of sky and ashen plain.
Now Nature joyous holds her verdant sway
And casts foreboding omens far away,
Lest to this season fair they prove a bane:

Nor stops she in her course, save but to kneel
Before the lofty throne, where wields the Queen
Her gentle sceptre, spreading joys about.
Oh would I worthy might approach and feel
The tender blessing-touch of hands unseen,
And lisp, O Mother mine, thy name devout.

Freshman.

NEWMAN'S DEPTH AND RANGE.

The vast extent of truth and imagination, the subtleness of thought, the beauty and harmony of expression possible in prose, have given to this *sermo pedestris* of the ancients, a lightness, a buoyancy, a life, that lends something "of the winged grace which is the native movement of poetry." Vague, general outlines along which good prose tends are familiar or, at least, not unknown to many. But when the master-hand arrays great thoughts with unerring precision and weaves a mighty whole, simply, purely, grandly and sweetly, then do we stand in awe at the power of prose, and look upon it with reverence. We mention this because it might seem to some at first that, because prose is *prose*, excellence therein has been more frequently attained than in the more restricted and hampered form of expression—poetry. Such, however, is not the case. The English speaking race of the present day can boast of more classical poets than classical prose writers. Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, would be a sufficient number to substantiate our proposition. Comparatively few prose writers stand as high in their peculiar sphere, as the above mentioned poets stand in theirs. Why this should be the case in English literature, we do not intend to determine. The fact is stated merely in order to remind the reader that taking a high standard for prosaic excellence, we shall find the number of good prose writers comparatively small. Addison, Steele, Burke, Ruskin and others occur to our minds, who have excelled not in harmony and ornaments of diction alone, but in the underlying thought as well.

By universal consent the name of John Henry Newman has been placed among the first of our classical prose writers, and it is of Newman and his claims to that place, that we wish to speak. In thirty-four volumes, he has gone over the entire field of human learning. He has displayed a range of thought, a depth of learning, a felicity of diction, a massive strength, unequalled in the history of English literature. He is at home in the various branches of Philosophy, Patristic commentary, history, romance, poetry and even in Theology he has attained a place of merit, principally on account of his struggle and his victory over the errors of Anglicanism, which few of our English scholars with the same inborn prejudices have reached.

We cannot therefore find in our annals of English Literature, a man with whom to compare Newman, such was the universality of his acquirements, such the peculiar cast of his intellect. We must seek his equals elsewhere, either among the master-minds of the middle ages, or among the early Fathers of the Church, whom Newman admired so much; or else among the sages of ancient Greece and Rome. Of course of the many who flourished during the middle and early ages of Christianity, some there are, who, in intellectual range, were superior to Newman. Thomas Aquinas was his superior in Theological and Philosophical departments. Augustine, Basil, Gregory were his superiors; but this is not dispraise, for these intellectual giants and intrepid champions of Truth attained such an eminence in the realms of thought that their inspiration seems little short of Divine. Among the ancients we shall find that, in literary attainments, Cicero was much of the Newman type. In fact what Newman says of the Great Roman orator and philosopher may with equal justice be applied to himself. "Terence and Lucretius had attempted simplicity; Cotta, Brutus and Calvus had attempted strength; but Cicero rather made a language than a style, yet not as much by the invention as by the combination of words. His great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of a language into beauties, in enriching it with circumlocutions and metaphors, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematizing the structure of a sentence. This is the *copia dicendi* which gained Cicero the high testimony of Caesar to his inventive powers and which constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has ever seen."

If all this be true of Newman, we are naturally anxious to know more in detail, in what his excellence consists and how he attained it. We shall do so assisted by a quotation from Mabie: "Of an eminent writer it is said: 'He habitually fed himself with every kind of knowledge which was at hand. If books were at his elbow, he read them; if pictures, engravings, gems were within reach, he studied them; if nature was within walking distance he watched nature; if men were about him, he learned the secret of their temperaments, tastes, and skills.'" The foregoing quotation is taken from Mabie's *Essays on Books and Culture*, and though the truth of the saying is not, in all particulars, applicable to the subject of our essay, we may unhesitatingly state that Cardinal Newman's career as a man of letters was much of the nature de-

scribed by Mabie. "If books were at his elbow," books of sterling worth, he read them and read them with that mental concentration that distinguishes the student from the man who is accustomed to the intoxicating shallow draughts of which the poet speaks. "Newman watched nature," not alone in her variegated hues and forms, but going beyond the surface. he studied the source of the beautiful, the noble, the sublime. "He learned the secrets of men's temperaments, tastes, and skills," not as is generally attempted from books and the sayings of others, but by his own penetrating, far seeing intellect. His was a "waiting mind," such as is described by Mr. Burton in his Yale Lectures, by which he says, is not meant, "a non-affirmative, non-energized, Mr. Micawber sort of mind, waiting for something to turn up, but a mind intent, a mind that goes to its windows and looks out and longs and thrusts forth its telescope to find something . . . and when this or that comes into the windows of such a mind, it is stamped by that mind, and specialized to its uses, with a three-fold vigor, and all the incomes thus explicitly stamped are the more explicitly germane and visibly of one species." Again, "if pictures, engravings, and gems, were within his reach, he studied them," and the pictures, engravings and gems within Newman's reach, were in the first place, the monumental works of the ancient Latin and Greek thinkers and the treasures left to posterity by the early Fathers of the Church. These he studied, and studied with that characteristic assimilation which resulted in giving to his mind a shape and a power equal even to the master-minds of old. Accustomed to the society of the old thinkers, he became imbued with their own intellectual methods, and acquired that "infinite capacity for work," in which, Carlyle tells us, true genius consists.

If the foregoing ideas are understood, the reader may readily grasp the meaning underlying our title: *The Range and Depth of Newman*. Some there are who may be said to have a depth, but whose range is limited. The scientist as such may be as deep, as thoroughly immersed in his subject as you please; he may have mastered all the intricate problems of mathematics, and the marvelous theories of physics or of chemistry, he may have formulated and sustained hypotheses of his own; but remaining in the domain of physics or of chemistry, he cannot be said to have an intellectual horizon of any great extent. The same truth holds, in some cases, even with the poet. Possessed of an imagination he may be poor in straightforward, prosaic thought as it has been said of By-

ron: "He colored nature and without color he viewed nothing at all." Hence it sometimes happens that men who possess a certain depth in one department of thought, become hopelessly tedious when they venture out of their proper sphere, as when the scientist attempts to reason on Theological truths.

But depth, even with an absence of range, is a good thing, especially when we reflect on the many who have neither the one nor the other, or on the still more deplorable position of those, who, without depth in any one department, assume a dictatorial tone on many various and different topics. The accomplishment therefore to be aspired to, or at least admired when found, is the combination of these two elements essential to the make up of a genius.

That Newman possessed both intellectual range and depth is a fact now generally admitted by all who are able to judge. His Historical Sketches are, without a doubt, the greatest works of their kind in the language. Compare his essays on Basil, Gregory, Augustine, on Cicero, Athens, Oxford with the character sketches or critical essays of Macaulay and the result will be that, while the latter rushes ahead, *currente calamo*, Newman calmly, thoughtfully, truthfully establishes premises, and draws his conclusions in that logical, clear-cut, masterly manner so often postulated, but so seldom found. Place his Lectures on Universities side by side with Herbert Spencer's volume on education, and though Spencer's style,—as style is sometimes taken, an embellishment from without,—may not suffer much by the comparison, yet in the matter of thought—deep, logical, consequential thought—Newman will be found to tower so far above his illustrious contemporary that the comparison will seem unworthy of the great Cardinal. In point of fiction he is not, of course, to be placed on an equal footing with Scott, Thackeray or even Lytton, but by his "Callista" and his "Loss and Gain" he has won a place, though perhaps an humble one among the novelists of the nineteenth century. His poetry, too, though not bulky, possesses that richness of thought and felicity of diction which we admire in the more voluminous poets of England. His "Lead Kindly Light," a short, sweet little ballad, contains all the philosophy of a treatise on Faith and Doubt, and his "Dream of Gerontius" may stand the test of the most exacting criticism. Again as a controversialist (and be it remembered that controversy is not the least form of literature requiring as it does all the skill of argumentation, all the force of language, the power of refutation, and above all the considerate courtesy of a

gentleman), Newman had surpassed all who have gone before or come after him. His "Apologia," his "Present Condition of Catholics," besides many of his sermons, are polemical and the soldier-like way in which the Cardinal defends his positions, has gained unstinted praise even from such as differ from him on dogmatic grounds.

But were we to speak thus in generalities, there would be no end to the discussion. The works of Newman are colossal, and therefore must be examined separately. We cannot hope to see all at one view,—

"But piece-meal we must break
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations part by part
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart."

We shall therefore direct our thoughts and attention to but one of his essays and an insignificant one, we might almost say, when compared to his other works. We refer to his essay on poetry. It is an attempt to determine the fundamental principles of the poet's art, with reference to Aristotle's poetics. "This Essay," says Cook, "challenges the attention of students of English on three several grounds. The first is Newman's eminence as a stylist; the second, his attempt to determine fundamental principles; and the third, his inclusion of ancient and modern writers in a single view." We have already delayed in a vague manner, on Newman's eminence as a stylist and shall now direct our consideration to the poetical principles which he has established.

It should not be supposed that Newman alone sought to determine this unknown quantity. Arnold, Sidney, Shelley, and Hood made similar attempts; but Newman, with a genius all his own, with thoughts new and original, with no aped theories, no borrowed phrases, casts a ray of light on the subject of poetry, that for brilliancy and effectiveness has never been surpassed. His idea may be briefly outlined thus: "Poetry is a representation of the ideal It delineates that perfection which the imagination suggests and to which as a limit the present system of divine Providence actually tends By confining the attention to one

series of events and scene of action, it bounds and finishes off the confused luxuriance of real nature. . . . While it recreates the imagination by the superhuman loveliness of its views, it provides a solace for the mind broken by the disappointments and sufferings of actual life; and becomes, moreover, the utterance of the inward emotion of a right moral feeling, seeking a purity and a truth which this world cannot give."

After this general outline of the poetic principles, Newman particularizes and shows how in the various forms of poetry his doctrine holds good. He notices descriptive poetry first, and here, as indeed throughout the entire essay, he displays that admirable range of thought mentioned before and includes ancient and modern poets in a single view, to illustrate his doctrine and to serve as references to such as are interested. The office of a descriptive poet, he tells us, is "to represent known phenomena in a new connection or medium. Under his hand facts and scenes are painted with a meaning, beauty and harmonious order not their own." We are referred to Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* as examples of how the poetical magician can invest "the commonest scenes of country life with views first of a cheerful, then of a pensive imagination." But it is not so much the color, in which the beauty consists as in the coloring matter, that exists in the mind of the poet. We can idealize only in proportion as we view things. Viewing nature moodily, cheerfully, humorously, sadly, we shall idealize in the same manner. Seeing things in a moral connection we shall idealize religiously. "Ordinary writers, for instance, compare aged men to trees in autumn—a gifted poet will in the fading trees discern the fading man. Thus:

'How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won,' etc."

Idealization therefore cannot be artificial. It must emanate from a sensitive, stirred soul.

The same truths hold in the case of narrative poetry. What Newman says on this point is briefly this. The poet must connect events which are separated from each other by time and place; he must limit the scene and duration of the tale and dispense with a host of characters by condensing the mass of incident and action in the history of a few; he must select, combine, refine, color, in a word, poetize, so that his facts lose their actuality and become

ideal. Hence the same *poetry of the mind* necessary in description is required here. Newman instances the respective descriptions of Scott and Horace Smith, which have to do with the profligate times of Charles II., as examples of how two writers may view the same facts. Both accounts are interesting, he says, but for different reasons. Smith's account in "Brambletye House," had the fidelity of history; Scott's picture, as found in "Peveril of the Peak," is a hideous reality, unintentionally softened and decorated by the poetry of his own mind.

These remarks seem simple enough; but they are not simple. Let their truth be well understood and appreciated and there will be less danger of being led astray by the excessively colored narratives of our modern novelists and poets, there will be less danger of accepting as gospel or as history that which is mere fiction, and we shall not be apt to add color to what is already too highly colored. In fact the true method of proceeding in many cases is to separate in order to understand or else to disregard altogether.

Character, Newman tells us, is made poetical by a like progress. The poet must depart from the actual. All novels and tales which introduce real characters are in the same degree unpoetical, or if in some cases poetical, it is because there is poetry existing in the characters themselves and not in the poet's representation of them. Lady Macbeth is a character of one deeply learned in the poetical art. She is polluted with the most heinous crimes and she meets the fate she deserves. Romeo and Juliet, Ophelia, and the Bride of Lammermoor are cited as characters inconsistent with correct beauty, because they are too good for the termination to which the plot leads, and therefore unpoetical. There is however a remedy mentioned by Newman, which may serve as an alleviation in such cases and which may either be suggested by the writer himself or supplied by the reader, the belief in a future state, where the innocent sufferer may receive due recompense. Thus Southey refuses present comfort to his Ladurlad, Thalaba and Roderick, but carries them on through suffering to another world.

It is needless to examine Newman's doctrine further. What he says of idealization of opinions, feelings, philosophy of the mind and so on, we leave the reader to investigate for himself and shall sum up his entire doctrine in a few words.

It is ever the *unobvious* that pleases and marks the character of art. The unobvious is the fundamental quality of much of the

poetry existing in all directions. Yet it must be the *unobvious* presentation of the *obvious*. It must be the presentation of that which is well known and appreciated in a new and entirely original garb. In this consists the charm.

We might go on multiplying our comments on this one essay, it is so suggestive, so teeming with thought; but one word more and we have finished. Idealization is the manner of coloring and viewing all things as we have seen, but Newman is careful to suggest that beyond what is commonly regarded as imagination there is another essential constituent of true poetry which is not unfrequently disregarded. It is the Poetry of the Mind, to which reference has already been made. On this point Newman does not hesitate to say that "Poetry is ultimately founded on correct moral perception; that where there is no sound principle in exercise, there will be no poetry; and that on the whole, in proportion to the standard of a writer's moral character will his compositions vary in poetic excellence. This, which will strike some as a very novel position is defended and clearly established by Newman in the most forcible and logical manner. This topic would admit of more comment, but from what has been said it may readily be gathered how extensive Newman's range really was, how great his intellectual depth. We have suggested but one proof of this, his Essay on Poetry, an infinitesimal part surely in his voluminous productions.

Were the question now asked:—what was the cause of Newman's success?—our answer would be, that he reached such eminence in literary matters, because of his great devotion to thought throughout life. An eminent scholar, a past master in everything and anything pertaining to his art, he none the less worked and trained his mind and cultivated his taste with all the means at his disposal. Nor must we neglect to state that his Religious career had a great deal to do towards making him what he is. For this very reason, however, prejudice on the part of a few has limited and in a measure hindered the due appreciation of his writings. That he had a mind and a strength of purpose to drop what he considered error and enter on a life of sacrifice is regarded by some as a weakness. Yet as time goes on, the works of John Henry Newman will be regarded by all, as they now are by most critics, as the grandest, noblest best contributions to the literature of England.

JOHN PARROTT, '05.

OLD JOE'S SACRIFICE.

"Joe's a good enough name for any Injun," said Charlie Granger, as he sat on an up-turned cracker box, on the porch of the Yuba post office, calmly chewing an immense nugget of tobacco and taking an occasional shot at any fly that came within range. "And what's more," he added, "that Injun's no good no how, so I say call him just plain Joe."

"Joe," by the way was an ancient and much abused yellow dog that hung around the post office and did nothing but eat and sleep and bark, and was held in contempt by every one. After giving his opinion on the matter Charlie arose, changed the piece of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, stretched himself, and went out to look after his horse.

The village of Yuba was a typical western cattle town, consisting of a few houses, one or two stores, a bank, a post office and the inevitable saloon. The post office was the general place of recreation, and today being Sunday, an exceptionally large crowd was in attendance.

It was a warm June afternoon, and hitched to every available tree could be seen the tough wiry ponies of the ranchers, some softly neighing, or tossing their little heads impatiently, others munching away contentedly at the oats in their grain bags. Occasionally the ring of steel spurs grating on the post office porch, or the boisterous talk of the cowboys was borne across the still air.

Those on the porch had gathered together for the purpose of choosing a name for an Indian who had drifted into Yuba from no one knew where. He generally minded his own business, but whenever he was under the influence of liquor he lost control over himself completely. Various names had been proposed, but none met the approval of the crowd save that suggested by Granger, and it was unanimously decided to call the old fellow by the name of Joe.

Charlie Granger was a general favorite among his comrades, though he was envied not a little by some for he had in his possession the handsomest horse in Yuba. Many a hundred had been offered for the horse, but Charlie could not be induced to part with him, a very king amongst the other ponies of the village, pure jet black, with long flowing mane and tail, and such a kind light in his eyes that he looked almost human. On the occasion of which we speak

Charlie has gone out to adjust the grain bag on his horse, and see if all was well with him. Patting him tenderly on the back, he once more returned to the post office porch and resumed his seat upon the cracker box, biting off a new piece of tobacco and gazing intently around him. Men were stretched in various attitudes, some smoking, others talking and laughing, some in a corner playing cards, and on the opposite side the post master was seated on an empty vinegar barrel, dozing away under the effects of the warm June sun.

"There's Joe now," shouted one of the vaqueros, "Let's have something" he added, for in those rough days the western pioneers were cruel towards the poor simple Indian. All was excitement; the card game was broken up and the post master rose and stretched himself and prepared to join the little group. All eyes were turned on the subject of their conversation, a tall dark Indian of middle age with a faded red blanket hung loosely over his shoulders, buckskin moccasins and a delapidated fedora hat on the back of his head.

"Come Joe," said Charlie, "Come and have an appetizer for your health." Joe stopped, gazed at Charlie for a moment, and then quietly said in a guttural tone, "Joe come."

* * * * *

A half hour passed, when a commotion seized upon the crowd. Shouts of "Stay thief!" "Head him off!" and such like came from across the way. The only definite explanation of the shouting that could at first be obtained came from an excited cowboy, who dashed hurriedly into the saloon, shouting: "Old Joe stole Charlie's horse, 'Black King'! He drank too much; and now the boys are after him." Ten minutes later, a group of horsemen were thundering along the prairie chasing a cloud of dust to the east. One by one they all dropped out of the chase until Charlie alone was left. On, on he went. Three miles were passed and still he was no nearer. Of a sudden he stopped, lifted his hand to his ear and listened. He noticed that the cloud of dust, but a few minutes before retreating, was now approaching rapidly. Nearer it came and then he heard the hoof beats of not one, but hundreds. Only the experienced rancher knew what this meant. It was a stampede, which no man could stop. He turned his horse and once again tore back the way he came. On rushed the cattle, nearer, still nearer. As he turned in his saddle he could see the tips of

their horns through the clouds of yellow dust. His horse was beginning to give out. He turned once more, and saw that Black King and old Joe were leading the rush by a hundred yards. King was loping along with his long graceful stride and at perfect ease. Charlie was again turning around in the saddle, when his horse stepped in a chuck hole. There was a sudden jerk and Charlie Granger lay senseless on the ground with a gash in his forehead from which a tiny red stream was trickling. On came Joe and Black King. As they passed by the prostrate body, Joe bent low, grasped Charlie by the collar and with a mighty effort swung him into the saddle. He had seen that to leave Charlie to the mercy of the awful stampede, was to leave him in the hands of death. He had often risked his life before, and it was not fear but a nobler manhood that now sent a flush to his dark face as the thought of risking everything to save for the first time a white man.

As the overburdened horse bore on Joe, soon saw that he could not stand the weight of both and escape. After a moment's thought he unloosened the blanket from his shoulders, tore it into strips and securely bound Granger to the saddle. By the time he was through, King was panting heavily and the sweat was pouring off his sides and foaming flanks. Granger was safely fastened to the saddle and Joe taking a last look at the on-coming cattle, silently slid to the ground, while on went King with a new burst of speed.

* * * * *

A week passed, and Charlie Granger with a bandage on his head was once more seated on the post office porch. Once more he was amongst his friends. Many were the questions as to the manner of his regaining King, but all to no avail, for whenever the subject was brought up, suspicious moisture was seen to gather in the toughened rancher's eyes and he would quickly change the subject.

Miles out on the smooth prairie, one lone coyote sits by a small group of bones, sending his shrill cries over the still calm air.

PAUL O. HUMPHREY,
2nd Academic.



THE SENIOR CLASS.

Reading from left to right—C. S. Laumeister Jr., T. W. Sweeney, J. A. Badgalupi, L. V. Degnan, L. O. Normandin, W. V. Regan,
A. J. Grisez, Rev. P. J. Foote S. J., Rev. R. Bell S. J., Rev. J. Ricard S. J., C. J. Grisez.

Photo by Hill.

THE MAY QUEEN.

O Queen in Time's revolving pomp,
 O verdure scented May!
Why hast thou wreathed the earth in smiles,
 Why makest holiday?
Adown the eastern mountain slopes
 Bedight with softest green,
The sun-god sends his streaming shafts
 Of golden tinted sheen ;

Sweet incense rises everywhere
 From Nature's vernal shrine,
From roses and from violets
 And honey-suckle vine,
And flake-like blossoms fill the air;
 With songs the forests ring,
Where feathered choirs echo loud
 To Angel caroling.

Tell me, ye gentle gales that blow
 Through incense-laden bowers,
Why earth hath donned its fairest hues;
 For whom these myriad flowers?
" 'Tis Mary's month," the soft wind sings,
 Responsive to my cry;
" We wreath the earth in smiles for her,"
 All nature makes reply.

JOHN RIORDAN '05.

THE FEAST OF "LA CRUZ" IN MEXICO.

Some years ago I chanced to travel with a small party of friends along the Pacific Coast of Mexico. It was purely a pleasure trip and as the party was congenial and well provided with letters of introduction, we enjoyed a hearty welcome from the hospitable Mexicans. Starting from El Pazo, Texas, we journeyed southwards to the City of Mexico, and thence westward across the mountains and along the Pacific Coast as far as Acapulco where we intended to embark for home. Our trip was enlivened with many incidents both amusing and interesting; but one impressed me more than the others and this I shall endeavor to relate as exactly as I remember it.

One of the towns on our visiting list was Tepic, which was about sixty miles east of San Blas, the latter town being situated on the coast. On arriving there, I met to my great surprise some old friends of mine, and our party was accorded a hearty welcome. I found that we were exceedingly lucky in having reached this little town at the time of one of the grandest feasts of the year, El Fiesta de la Cruz (The Feast of the Cross). I had never heard of the festival before, but when its origin was explained to me, I was not anxious to witness the celebrations which are usually held on such great festivals in Mexico.

It seems that nearly twenty years ago a terrible draught accompanied by a pestilence visited that part of the country. Crops were destroyed, the cattle perished, and the people were on the verge of starvation. In this dire calamity they gathered together in the cathedral—every town in Mexico, no matter how small, has a cathedral—and prayed with religious fervor and devotion. That same day the rain came, and with its coming the pestilence vanished and abundant crops followed. A few months later, a peasant having occasion to enter the court-yard of a deserted monastery that stood near the outskirts of the town, found to his amazement the grass growing in the form of a cross, nearly fifty feet in length. The astonished peasant hastened to the priest and on the following day the whole town flocked to see the strange spectacle. The monastery had been the abode of some early Jesuit missionaries, who had been forced to leave the country on account of an edict published against their order, and the building was now in such a state of delapidation that it was no longer of any

practical use, and served merely as a relic of days gone by and as a reminder of the early missionary toils and conquests. It was regarded as a sacred pile, and something of the supernatural seemed to hover around the deserted buildings. When, therefore, the people heard of the miraculous cross, it was not so much with wonder as with satisfaction that they flocked to the monastery to witness it. The parish priest on viewing the cross, feared lest it might be the work of fraud and caused some of the grass to be dug up and examined carefully. It was found to be of the ordinary kind and firmly embedded in the soil, which would not have been the case had the grass been recently planted.

This was in the rainy season, I was told, when the country was for the most part covered with verdure, and as summer approached, the people watched the cross with anxiety, fearing that under the scorching rays of the sun, it would fade away. Their anxiety was ungrounded. The grass in the fields and even the few scattering bunches growing in the corners of the court-yard withered and succumbed to the excessive heat, but the cross remained as fresh and as green as ever, though it had not been watered and no hand was ever allowed to touch it. Even to this day the beautiful emblem of Christianity is still there in the monastic enclosure, as green in summer as in winter, in autumn as in spring.

This was the substance of the explanation accorded me and my informant added that he had it in turn from the village priest. Though my companions were not Catholics, they were anxious to behold the cross, and it was unanimously decided to remain. On the morning of the feast we were awakened by the pealing of the church bells and the noise in the usually quiet streets made it evident that the entire town was astir. Provided with the regular "ranchero" costume that is worn by nearly all the male population in that part of the country, we joined the crowd that moved along to the scene of the miracle. Our Mexican dress enabled us to proceed without attracting too much attention, for when Protestants join in the religious ceremonies of Catholic villages abroad, they feel very much as though they are intruders and seek to avoid notice.

The day was a glorious one and the light hearted "peons" were evidently in humor with the day. Dark skinned Mexicans strolled around the streets with the inevitable cigarette between their lips and on their shoulders hung blankets of varied hue.

Groups of peasant women stood on the corners chatting and laughing merrily. All along the market place hastily constructed booths were in evidence, where ginger-bread and other Mexican dainties were temptingly displayed, while venders of fruit astride diminutive donkeys rode through the streets calling out their wares. We were at first very indignant at seeing a big, fat Mexican sitting calmly upon a heavy load of cotton bales that was being borne on the back of a little "borro" not much larger than a big New Foundland dog; but we afterwards discovered that if the load was properly balanced these little animals will trot along contentedly while carrying three or four times their own weight. When informed that the visit to the cross would not be made till nearly noon, we spent the day in wandering aimlessly about the streets, now stopping to purchase some curios, now hastening off to escape the troop of beggars following at our heels.

The time for the procession at length arrived, and we sauntered leisurely toward the plaza which was to be the starting place and where already a crowd had gathered. Tepic has a population of about five thousand and this number was swelled by the arrival of peasants from the surrounding villages. When all was in readiness, the priest issued from the Cathedral, clothed in his priestly vestments, and accompanied by "peons" bearing lighted candles. A sturdy Mexican took the lead bearing a crucifix, the priest and his assistants followed and the rest of the people joined the procession walking two by two, most of them carrying lighted candles. I noticed in the ranks men and women bowed by the weight of years, led and supported by children, who in this country would scarcely be considered old enough to walk. Another thing that impressed me was the fact that the higher and lower classes mingled together in the ranks; a very unusual thing in Mexico, where the lines separating the better educated Spanish class from that of the common peasant is very strongly marked. We were in the rear of the procession and passing through the walls I noticed that we left a deserted town behind. The shops were all closed and not a person was in sight.

Like a huge black snake the procession now wound itself out across the level fields into the direction of the monastery, and as we approached this venerable pile, I gazed at it curiously, striving to impress every detail upon my memory. There was nothing very imposing about the structure. Like all other buildings in that part of Mexico it was made entirely of adobe. The roof had

long since fallen in and the crumbling walls gave evidence of a similar fate; the front of the building, however, still remained intact, and on one of its turrets there stood an immense wooden cross. The entrance to the enclosure was guarded by a massive iron door, evidently placed there recently, and in it there was a small grating; while directly over the door, fitted into a niche in the wall, stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin.

When nearly all had arrived, the Priest unlocked the door and entered, the great mass of people remaining without. The door was again closed, and the Priest kneeling at the foot of the Cross recited aloud the Litany of the Saints, while the people formed a single file and approached the grating, stopping only long enough to gaze through at the miraculous cross. Our turn came at last and never shall I forget the scene that met my eyes. I stepped up and stood for several minutes steadily looking into the court yard. No attempt had ever been made to repair the monastery, and its long corridors and small rooms had degenerated into a heap of ruins. The interior had evidently been a garden in the days of the Missionaries, and the basin of a small fountain was still visible. In the front portion of the court yard was the object that instantly attracted my attention. It was a large cross, about fifty feet in length and formed entirely of fresh green grass with a distinct outline. No other sign of vegetation was visible.

The priest knelt at the foot of the cross, chanting the Litany in a loud voice, and the people on the outside uttered the responses. On either side of the priest were several Mexican children dressed in cassock and surplice and bearing lighted candles and holy water, while directly facing them stood a sturdy "peon," supporting a golden crucifix. Despite the excessive heat, all hats were removed and no one gave signs of fatigue. The whole scene was deeply impressed upon my mind and I could see that my companions were affected more than they cared to admit.

On our homeward voyage many an hour was passed in discussing the miraculous nature of the cross, and every one in our party admitted that however skeptical one might be when living in the uneventful atmosphere of the United States, a sight such as that which we had seen, ought to convince him of, at least, the possibility of miracles.

GERALD P. BEAUMONT, '07.

IN REVERENDISSIMUM DIOMEDE FALCONIO.

(The following ode was written on the occasion of The Most Reverend Monsignor Falconio's visit to Santa Clara College and read by Richard de la Guardia.)

Dum levi carmen meditor sub umbra,
Temperans grandi citharam cothurno
Adstitit Phoebus pater, et renidens
Talibus inquit:

"Immemor recti, quid inepte Reges,
Bella quid castis nuribus timenda,
Aut quid impulso ruitura cantas
Moenia ferro?

"Non decet laudes memorare nostras,
Non decet Faunos et aprica rura
Dicere et Musas, tenuique sacras
Carmine sylvas.

"Namque venit nunc Italis ab oris
Venit Falconus, columen decusque
Grande Musarum, tibi solus ille,
Ille canendus.

"Inclyti coram datur intueri
Praesulis vultus. Viden' ut serena
Fronte Majestas sedet, et beatos
Fundit honores!"

Vera dixisti, pater. Impar ergo
Sum viri tanti celebrare laudes;
Sume tu solus cytharam, tuique est
Fundere carmen.

BOB ARDEN'S OFF DAY.

Bob Arden carefully arranged his necktie for the fourth time, pulled down his vest, looked at his hat a moment, then at his coat, as if undecided which one to put on first, made a grab for the latter, and only succeeded in knocking it from the hook. He then sat down on the trunk edge, with tragic despair written on his face. "Its no use, fellows, I can't get ready, I'm late now. What will they think?" His voice had sunk as low with sorrow and self-reproach as so rich a base could sink, and he spitefully snapped the catch of his cuff-holder.

"Come on, come out of it,," Frank Nunn sang out from his corner across the room, where he was decorating a cane in wondrous combinations of green and white, while Jack Demeritt, who had been brushing off Bob's dusty coat, held it up for him to slip over his shoulders. The coat went on with a rush, and then Bob discovered he had forgotten to brush his hair, the most important part of his preparation, and the neglect thereof was for him a calamity which showed an exceedingly perturbed state of mind. Those dark curly locks were his greatest care, and his one vanity. Off came the coat again, and Jack endured a siege of waiting while all those various operations known only to Bob were being gone through; but the time was enlivened with a constant stream of joking satire on Bob's hair, his nervousness, and the purpose of all this preparation.

It was a bright April morning with just a trace of gray in the clouds that threatened a short April shower, and the college youngsters noted with anxiety the direction of the wind and speculated on the possibilities of fair weather; for in the afternoon Laguna University was to cross bats with Dermot for the amateur championship of the state. As the bitterest rivalry existed between the two colleges, a spirited battle was assured, and both teams were keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and both anticipated a victory.

Bob, Laguna's first baseman and prize batter, had steadied himself down to this game as to the effort of his life. But just the day before, who should arrive in town but Miss Helen Chartran, a friend of Bob's family and of Bob too! They had known each other ever since the time Bob used to carry her books home from school, and thrash the other boys who pulled her diminutive pig-

tail. His joy, which bubbled forth on the preceding evening after his afternoon call, was somewhat dampened now, by the thought that she would be at the game watching him. He could take the remarks of a whole section of rooters without the slightest tingling of nerves, but to have Helen watching him—umph! that was different. He had been called upon to escort Helen and her mother through the college buildings just prior to the scene of anxiety which we have witnessed, and for some unaccountable reason he could get nothing to suit him or to satisfy his taste. So he spent a full half hour "primping," as Frank called it, and then with a farewell dab of the whisk broom from Jack, and a last volley of teasing from Frank, he set out on his unpleasant task.

He was indeed a fine specimen of the college-bred youth, as he strode along toward the parlor. Broad shouldered, slender waisted, with a splendid head, surmounted by wavy brown hair, and set gracefully on a strong white neck. He walked not like a modern business man, but with his head thrown back, with steady strides, and such a boldness of front, that one could not but admire him. Indeed, he had been called the Daniel Webster of Laguna, and deservedly, for his oratorical abilities were in nothing inferior to his fine physical parts.

Such then, was the graceful figure that Helen and her mother watched and admired, as Bob approached the college parlor where they had been waiting for fully an hour.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting," faltered Bob as he entered.

"Not at all," Helen answered, and looked at her mother.

"And will you be kind enough to take us through the college buildings, Robert?" asked Mrs. Chartran.

"Why of course, with pleasure," and a smile of complacency lighted up Bob's big face as the three started together towards the quadrangle. He escorted the visitors through the different places of interest, the reading room, the class rooms, the laboratories, the social hall where Bob had given many a speech on festive occasions, though in his modesty he mentioned not a word of himself. Helen seemed to take care of this feature, and on reaching any new department, she was always careful to inquire whether or not Bob was in any way connected with it. She questioned him "right and left," as he afterwards told Frank Nunn, though it was not until they reached the debating hall that Bob grew impatient and nervous. He had just begun an explanation of the system of debates, after having dilated on the superior oratorical abilities of

some of his fellow students, when Helen interrupted him.

"So you're a debater too, Bob?"

"Oh! I belong to the society, but never do much," he said and blushed.

"But you are vice-president, and did not tell us," continued Helen, who was admiring a picture of Bob that hung on the wall, "and didn't send us a picture, either!"

"Oh, I don't like to be 'tooting my own horn' Helen. That's one thing we get over in a boarding school," was the modest reply and Bob was becoming a little anxious to rid himself of his inquisitive friend. If she had asked more questions about the college and less about him, he would have gone on answering all day, but he did dislike to speak about himself.

"I'll be at the game this afternoon," Helen said, when their visit over, she and her mother were saying good bye, "and I'll wear the green and white. Don't forget."

For a moment Bob's nervousness, which he had partly lost during the morning, returned in an even increased degree, so when he asked her mother if he might escort Helen to see the celebration after the game, he became so confused that he failed to interpret her "maybe" into an affirmative, and with a mixture of joy and fear, nervousness and elation, which promised ill for a steady hand in the game, he bade them good bye, and returned to his room.

Before the preliminary practice Bob spotted Helen out in the grandstand almost directly behind his back when at his position on first. Feeling that he could not hold a ball with her eyes boring through him, he asked the captain to substitute some one, but of course his request was denied, as everybody expected Bob to deliver hits at any time they might be needed. In practice he managed to hold everything, but he felt a nearly irresistible desire to turn and look at the place where he knew a green and white pennant waved.

Dermot was first at the bat, and retired on two strike-outs and a fly. For Laguna the first man walked, reached second on the next batter's hit, and both advanced a base on a sacrifice; the next man fanned out, so when Bob came up, there were men on second and third and two outs. A wild cheer came from Laguna for their "sure two-bagger," and Bob gave one agonized glance at Helen, stepped up and perforated the atmosphere with three big holes, allowing the ball to sail over in a tantalizing manner. He groaned

as he picked up his mitt on first, and wished he had cholera or something else that would take him away quickly from those demure and trustful eyes.

Dermot was again at bat. The first man up succeeded in knocking a two-bagger and a moment later made third on a safety into right field. Laguna's pitcher looked disheartened, but with all the earnestness of a professional, retired the next two men on strike-outs. "That's holding 'm down some!" shouted his comrades from the field. "That's pitching a few!" echoed back the green and white supporters from the bleachers. Encouraged thus by his college companions, the pitcher was a puzzle and the third Dermot man, though he found the ball, was not able to place it. An easy grounder to short, a neat throw to first, and the Laguna players threw down their gloves, and started to come in amid wild shouts of triumph, such as college youngsters can throw out when their comrades work their way through a difficulty. For a moment the applause was deafening, then there was a lull, and then from the Dermot quarters an enthusiastic yell arose and echoed far and wide. What had happened? Bob, the sure first baseman, the errorless, intrepid, favorite player made an error and a costly one at that. Two men reached home and the other stood triumphant on third, looking over at Bob and laughing as if to say, "You old dub! where did you learn base ball!" In fact all seemed to Bob to have some such reproach, in their very countenance, and he gritted his teeth, trembling in every limb, and tossed the ball despairingly to the pitcher. Nor did the cries of consolation from his sympathizers help him to overcome his nervous awkwardness. He felt extremely miserable as, after the third out, which followed quickly on his error, he walked over to the players' bench and took his seat in silence. Captain Franks came up and spoke encouragingly to him, but still he kept quiet, with his chin resting on his breast, and his teeth gnawing carelessly on his under lip.

"I'm a kid, a stage-frightened kid," he said at length and looked at the captain.

"Of course you are, if you continue brooding over a little error like that. Forget it, you'll do the next time," retorted Franks, and by this time Laguna had retired in one, two, three style.

Again Bob walked to his place on first, with his temples still burning and his lips as dry as live coals. The bright sun was shining gloriously, the alternate shouts of Dermot and La-

guna enlivened the monotony of a game otherwise uneventful, for during the fourth, fifth and sixth, no one scored on either side, nor were their any unusual occurrences, except perhaps the two-fold strike-out of Bob, the erstwhile sure batsman.

Up on the grandstand, amid the forest of green and white, Helen sat and prayed. An occasional glance from Bob sent a thrill through her delicate frame and not being an expert in base ball knowledge, she applauded when others around her grew pale with indignation. It was in the seventh that she thought Bob had reached the height of his baseball glory. Dermot was at bat, there was but one out and a man on third. Laguna's infielders moved in to shut out, if possible, a third run. Two balls and one strike were called on the batter and then a swift grounder to first. Bob caught it,—Helen cried "bravo" beneath her breath,—in a moment he was on first, and the umpire cried "Runner out!" A yell of triumph was heard from the Dermot quarters and Helen thought within herself that the neat catch and put-out of Bob's provoked applause even from his opponents. It was not until her neighbors began to sing out such endearing terms as "Dub," "Rummy play," "Come out of it," etc., that she began to think something had gone wrong.

"Wasn't that a nice play?" she asked a young Laguna man at her side.

"A nice play!" was the answer, "He should have thrown the ball home and prevented that run."

"Oh!" said Helen, meekly, in sign of recognition, though she really thought within herself that Bob knew more than the excited youth who explained matters.

Poor Bob meanwhile was in a stupor; the ball seemed as large as the pigskin oval he had often times carried across Dermot's line; his mitt seemed as heavy as a dictionary; and up and down his sympathetic ganglions, there rushed in sportful succession those cold chills he had often read about, but never experienced before. And so when Jack and Frank, his old chums, came over from their seat in the grandstand to "jolly him up" as they said, he answered nothing, but kept gazing out on the game, as if it were but a painted panorama.

The eighth and part of the ninth inning were uneventful, without runs, hits or errors. So when Laguna came to the bat for the last time, the score was 3 to 0 against them. Things looked good for awhile, for Captain Franks lined out a two-bagger with a

man on first, filling second and third bags, then Williams, the center fielder, fanned, and catcher Norton walked. Bixton was next up and then ill-fated Bob. The former slammed out a high infield fly which was easily caught, leaving the three men on bases with two outs. Bob walked up to the plate and dazedly struck at the first two balls, then two bad ones were called, when a dispute over a throw to third gave him a little respite. In the meantime the Dermots jeered at Bob unmercifully, telling him to shut his eyes and hit it, for they remembered how he had plowed through their line the preceding Thanksgiving day. He turned from them and looked towards Helen to meet a look that thrilled him, for though there was surprise and pain in it, he also noted a great confidence showing through her great violet orbs, that straightened him up like water does a fainting man and that for the moment gave him new life and confidence. The change was magical and yet he simulated well, for when the pitcher laughingly tossed a rather easy one over, the whole grandstand rose to go. "Three balls," the umpire shouted, and the crowd remained in a standing position to see the outcome. Three and two with three men on bases was a situation the pitcher did not fancy. A bad ball meant a run and then he would have to begin all over again with perhaps a better batter; a straight ball meant maybe a hit, even by Bob. What then would he do? He determined to put the ball over the plate but with all the mathematical curves he could command. His arm was now in action. Round and round it went through all the gyrations that serve the double purpose of frightening the batsman and adding increased strength to the pitcher. The spectators were breathless, Bob was confident, and Helen whispered a little prayer. And now the ball is delivered! With an eagle eye, and agonizing groan such as men in hard straits emit, Bob whirled around his bat and struck the innocent air in the very spot where the ball would have been had it not dropped several inches below the usual mark. "Three strikes!" the umpire shouted, and Bob turned to see the catcher dashing madly after a passed ball. The pitcher had "fooled" both batter and catcher and Bob was safe on first, smiling his first sweet smile that afternoon.

"Three to one; three men on bases, and a good batter with the willow promised well for Laguna. A volley of thunder rolled from grandstand to grandstand, the Laguna people applauding, the Dermots hooting. It was a crisis and Keefe the batsman summoning up all his strength met one of the balls and sent it far out

in the clover. The three base runners started the rounds with Keefe after them. One, two, three they came towards the plate and the shouts were deafening. Bob Arden had crossed third where, to his surprise, he was told to remain. He did remain, though he might have easily reached home.

"You dub," shouted the Captain.

"He told me to hold third," answered Bob, pointing out his coacher. It was a Dermot sub and Bob grew angry. The third out soon followed and with 3 to 3 at the end of ninth, another inning was inevitable. The Laguna men, encouraged by the outcome rushed joyfully to their places, but there was one place vacant.

"Where is Arden?" the Captain asked in dismay, just as Bob was hurrying out towards first after having had an earnest talk with Frank Nunn. What he said no one knows, but a sudden disappearance of Helen from her place in the grandstand seemed to suggest that he sent Frank to ask her to leave the field or at least to change her position.

The tenth inning came and went uneventfully and the eleventh seemed destined to pass likewise when, with two outs Bob made another appearance at the bat. Mechanically his eyes were for a moment directed to the place where Helen had been seated. She was not there. That sweet smile which all but lost the chief game of the season was missing, and in his heart Bob whispered "Thank Heaven," as he grasped the wood and looked towards the twirler. The first ball pitched he met right in the face and Mrs. Gwendolyn O'Shaughnessy, whose mansion borders on the center field, was forced to call in the glazier the following day. The ball was found later under the boudoir in the second story front, and given to Bob as a souvenir of the only home run of the day. The game was won and Bob Arden was the hero of the day.

A letter to Helen that evening explained the mysterious nervousness of Bob and the answer was as consoling as the victory, "She thought he had played a star game all through and regarded the home run as but in keeping with his general good playing." What a silly thing to be nervous! thought Bob, and began his studies with renewed energy.

JOHN M. REGAN, '04.

THE SWEETS OF DEATH.

Why dread response unto the call,
That beckons out of wordly strife
To bring the dust unto the pall
And smother out the restless life?
Sweet Death! with ne'er a trace to blind,
To grieve the sight, the loosèd soul
Aloft returns a joy to find
And seek a refuge in its goal.

Freed, it wanders far or near
Beholding images in space,
And taking from occasion dear
The joys that haunt each hallowed place.
No earthly tie to bar, no word
To stay the flight of spotless wing,
But fleeing of its firm accord
It tastes the sweets that Death doth bring.

Death—the word no longer dread
Falls music to that soaring breath,
The fear forgot as soon as said
Disclosed beneath the ominous Death!
Fear, all things of earth it flees,
Leaves all without a sigh behind,
And looking on its God it sees
The Wisdom of the Eternal mind.

F. J. PLANK, '06.

TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTION AND MEDIAEVAL THOUGHT.

"When a mariner has lost his chart and compass and finds himself the sport of wind and wave, he is glad to direct his bark across the troubled waters by the faint and flickering gleam of the distant stars; so, too, men who have lost the Faith, and who know nothing of the infallible authority of the Church, are glad to appeal to human reason to pilot them over the dangerous and turgid ocean of life." The quotation is from Mgr. John S. Vaughan, and we intend to apply it to the "Symposium on Immortality," which we find in a recent number of the "Literary Digest."

Unfortunately there are many now-a-days, who have lost both chart and compass, and are so misguided when they appeal to the flickering of the distant stars, that the wonder is how they can lift up their voices at all, unless like the storm-tossed mariner to cry for assistance and guidance. They place all their faith in science. They reject, in their self-sufficiency, revelation and the teachings of the Church; they denounce the bible and ridicule anything and everything that bears the impress of the supernatural, and make science their teacher, their instructor and their guide. Yet science is at best but a bundle of theories, which in turn are made up of innumerable postulates and assumptions.

Not that we wish to depreciate science, or reject her teachings when she remains in due bounds, not that as Christians we are afraid of her researches and discoveries; but we do not wish to look upon her as the sole source of truth, the sole motive of belief. Reason goes hand in hand with religious Truth, and when free from passion, is capable of leading us back to God, if we have had the misfortune to wander from Him. Reason led Aristotle and Plato and Cicero from pagan darkness to the knowledge of One Supreme, Intelligent Personal Deity. Reason made Aristotle say that the existence of God was as evident in the order of thought as the existence of the sun is in the order of nature, though, he added, men, on account of their evil inclinations, are as blind to the floods of intellectual light as bats, those winged animals of night, are to the light of the sun. The same truth holds with regard to the immortality of the soul, and indeed with regard to all the truths of Christianity. Reason either directly or indirectly is sufficient of itself to convince any unprejudiced mind of religious

truths, though "dim as the borrowed light of moon and stars" when compared to Faith.

But not reason in every shape and form. There are the reasoning processes of physical science, and there are the reasoning processes of metaphysical science. The former has to do with *matter* and the functions of matter. Physics cannot of itself go beyond external phenomena, it cannot analyze or classify or explain the workings of an *immaterial* substance like the soul. This and similar problems are left to that branch of metaphysics called psychology, in which the student begins at the very point where the physicist leaves off.

It is precisely here, however, that the difficulty arises. These men who ground their knowledge on physical science are unwilling to admit the validity of any other form of reasoning. Like the barn-door cock, which, according to George Eliot, believed that the sun arose each morning for the express and sole purpose of hearing it crow, they imagine that they are the only champions in the world of thought, and that all things natural and supernatural should bow before them.

For such men the immortality of the soul is an enigma not to be thought of. They cannot analyze the soul, they cannot subject it to the tests of electricity or of sulphuric acid; in fact, they have never seen it and doubt not only its immortality, but its very existence. Hence we are not surprised to find, in the Symposium to which we have referred, a number of peculiar opinions, which we shall examine presently. We wish merely to call attention here to the general fallacy that underlies the reasoning of those men who attempt or require a physical proof for immortality, or any other such truth. The attempt is as absurd as it would be, were we to apply the rules of syntax to a problem in mathematics. Yet this is precisely what is done in "The Twentieth Century Symposium on the Immortality of the Soul." Let us examine in detail some of the opinions sent to Mr. Robert J. Thompson by "eminent scientists, philosophers and theologians." We cannot, of course, run through the whole Symposium, and shall therefore call the attention of our readers to but a few of the opinions before us.

Dr. Cesare Lombroso, of the University of Turin, says: "The question put to me has not as yet been solved with scientific certainty. But there is great probability that there is a continued existence of the soul after death, preserving a weak identity, to which the persistent soul can add new life and growth from the

surrounding media." Here we have a man who has professedly some regard for *scientific certainty*, answering the inquiry of Mr. Thompson, by a supposition which is painfully *unscientific*. He supposes that the soul of man is self-sufficient, capable of existing by itself, and of acquiring for itself increased life and growth from the "surrounding media!" (What media?) He should, to be consistent, explain the origin of that independent soul, its nature, and a whole array of similar difficulties, which would, in our mind, prevent the learned Doctor from attending to his duties in the University of Turin.

Listen to Professor J. H. Hyslop of Columbia University: "When I look over the whole field of phenomena, and consider the suppositions that must be made to escape spiritism, (that is, we take it, belief in the spiritual, and therefore, indestructible soul) which not only one aspect of the case but every incidental feature of it strengthens, I see no reasons, except the suspicions of my friends, from withholding my assent."

It is difficult to determine precisely what the professor means; whether he wishes to avoid the difficulty by a piece of wit, or looks upon immortality as the persistent existence of the soul in the shape of a wandering spirit that every now and then comes to push us from our stools, or shake its gory locks before our eyes. But in either, or any other case, he has given us a clue to the secret that sometimes prevents men from living up to their conscience, and what they realize to be their duty. Nor is it always fear of friends. It sometimes takes the form of fear of responsibility. If we have an immortal soul, it is our duty to take greater care of it than of our bodies; it is our duty to preserve it free from stain, which is not always the most pleasant part of life.

"Video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor,"

said Ovid a long while ago, and Professor Hyslop but echoes his sentiment.

Professor Simon Newcomb, the American astronomer, is "sorry to say that he has never been able to think out any satisfactory theory on the subject of the continuance of the conscious soul after death." We might naturally ask what he thinks of those theories or proofs of that continuance thought out by others; but perhaps the question would be impertinent. We shall therefore merely say that we have before us an example of that class of men who refuse to accept the teachings of the Church or who "reason"

themselves out of them. Thank God, Christianity can struggle along, though of course with difficulty, without the aid of these intellects. Why, in the name of common sense, Professor Simon Newcomb, have you ever thought out a *satisfactory* theory on the formation of a blade of grass? have you ever thought out a *satisfactory* theory on the make-up of a simple little piece of clay? Of course you have not. What wonder then if the immortality of the soul astonishes you? All you need is to realize that your mind is finite, and that immortality is not the only problem you cannot solve!

Elmer Gates, Professor of Psychology and Psychurgy at Washington, D. C., gives his doctrine thus: "All possibilities are opened to consciousness, and the possibilities of the universe are infinite; and among these possibilities are those of an endless progressive existence in a universe at whose head is an Infinite Mind, of which we are functional parts."

Such a solution of the difficulty is not a little complex. It introduces a falsity which involves a variety of contradictions. There might be an "*infinite* number of possibilities in the universe," but even in that infinite number we shall never find that the *finite* can be a functional part of the *infinite*, because it is as much a contradiction and as impossible to identify that which is finite and changeable with that which is infinite and unchangeable, as it is to identify black and white, existence and non-existence. This is, however, precisely what Mr. Gates, after the manner of the pantheists who have gone before him, endeavors to do.

It is sad to see how men who possess not Faith are led away by false arguments. They grasp at anything that agrees with their way of thinking, and the Symposium referred to in the Literary Digest is an excellent example of what men come to when they reason in the dark. All the authorities quoted are not of this stamp, fortunately, but we notice that such as give solid, logical arguments, have borrowed them from the intellectual giants of the middle-ages.

We shall therefore examine briefly the method pursued by these former thinkers. To pass from the "Twentieth Century Symposium on the Immortality of the Soul," back to the middle ages, would be, according to some, a passage from light to darkness. Still, we think, it may be shown that on this question, as on many other questions, the contrary is true. The school-men of the mediæval times did not know very much about electricity;

they could not send wireless messages from town to town; they had neither steam-cars, nor flying machines, nor phonographs; in a word, all our material commodities or nearly all were unknown to them. Yet if we consider the matter well, we shall find that the scientific discoveries we boast of so much are nearly all accidents that were forced upon us. A bull-frog strung up on the porch of Galvani discovered current electricity! The effects of steam were discovered in almost the same way, and were we to eliminate steam and electricity from our boasted progress, our superiority over the thinkers of the middle ages would be slight indeed!

But let us pass to the subject of immortality. The school-men had a variety of arguments in this regard. We shall give but one. As soon as man comes to the full use of his reasoning powers he feels that he is bound by certain fixed laws; he feels that these laws are ingraven in his heart or implanted in him somewhere, and that by them he is directed towards what is *good* and withheld from what is *wrong*. He can refuse to obey, but he cannot stifle the inner voice, he cannot bribe it, he cannot remove it. It is there dictating, warning, threatening, encouraging. It does not grow old; it is the same in youth as in manhood, the same in manhood as in old age. The above is but a statement of facts. "There is a law within us," is the first fact. "It is a very imperative law," is the second fact. "It is *universal*, that is to say, it binds all men, at all times," is the third fact.

Now the school-men ask: "Whence comes this law?" and the answer is certainly logical: "Since it is part of our very nature, it must come from the Author of our nature. God then has imposed upon us a law! But, continue the mediæval thinkers, there is no law without a sanction, that is, there must be some reward for those who submit to the law and some punishment for those who transgress it. Hence the question naturally arises: "Where is this natural law to receive its sanction?" There is certainly no recompense in this life for the good, no punishment for the wicked. In fact the contrary but too frequently obtains. The evil-doers prosper and the conscientious are despised and down-trodden. Therefore, unless we choose to look upon the Author of nature as unjust, this natural law demands a life beyond the grave!

The reasoning is entirely logical. Every point is proved, and none, but such as have their minds clouded with passions and evil tendencies can refuse assent to the conclusion. It is but one of

the many proofs suggested by the philosophers of old, but is it not sufficient to show the intellectual greatness of mediæval scholars and their superiority over the twentieth century sophists?

SOPHOMORE.

PARTING.

My ship plows seaward, truest

Of all true ones to me;

And the West with hope is glowing,

While the East darks sad o'er thee.

There joy waits on the morrow,

Old friends smile love again;

But I'd change the sun to be with thee

In the darkness and the rain.

Freshman.



THE COLLEGE BAND.

H. H. Morgan, W. Fleming, P. V. Merle, F. D. Ryan, J. B. Shea, A. M. Aguirre, F. J. Plank, F. J. Sigwart, C. R. Plank, H. L. Jones, L. Burgess,
 F. Farry (President), B. Ivancovich, M. B. Petersen, W. F. Sollman, W. H. Schmitz, L. L. Gandolfo.

Photo by Nelson.

RESURRECTION.

At last the three long months of suspense were over, the tiresome processes of law had been gone through and the final sentence pronounced. What that sentence really meant, no one knew half so well as Joseph Jeffrey, who was found guilty of murder and sent to prison for life. The first day of the term was now begun and, with the grating of the cell lock still sounding in his ears Jeffrey lay upon his cot and stared vacantly around him. If it had been for a few months or even a few years, he could stand it; but for life! Ah that was terrible, unendurable, unjust!

It was the dinner hour, and Joe looked out through the little iron grating in his cell door as the prisoners marched through the corridor to the dining room. In his youthful days he had always regarded the stripes and chains as sure indications of crime, but now he thought, as he looked from face to face, that he had never seen such innocence. His own conscience was reflected in the faces that passed before him. Joe's meal, as he had as yet no regular occupation, was brought to him in his cell. There were no dainties now such as he received from friends during his trial. A plate of brown beans, a cup of coffee and a piece of bread made up the luncheon of the day. Joe looked wistfully at the meal, then at his bed of straw and then at himself. A big tear rolled down his cheeks and he would have succumbed surely, had not his conscience whispered softly to him, "Joseph, you are innocent."

He sat down to his meal, but instead of eating he fell into a deep gloom. It seemed like a terrible dream from which he must wake and find himself as he was that day three months ago, just as he entered the bridle path that led between Ruth's home and his. It seemed as if the steel bars on which he was gazing steadfastly must soon and surely vanish to give place to the interwoven branches of trees and clustering vines that encircle the home of his betrothed. And the wind moaning drearily around the prison building would, he thought, be changed to that soft sweet breeze, that had fanned his throbbing temples that fatal afternoon, when he stood over the prostrate form of Denison.

Little did he think, as he hastened along with light step and anxious heart on that glorious summer day, that his every step was an approach to the prison cell, where he now lay. Little did he think, as he almost stumbled over the body of his friend, for Deni-

son was his friend, and knelt beside the corpse, that he should have to suffer for the deed of another. Even when he recognized the gun that lay beside the body as his own, his only feelings were those of surprise and wonder that the murderer had taken such pains to procure a weapon.

He hastened therefore unconcerned to inform the authorities, but some one had been before him, and he was placed under arrest as soon as he appeared before the sheriff. Jeffry laughed at the mistake, thinking that all would soon be righted with a little inconvenience to himself perhaps, but with no further damage. Yet how overwhelming appeared the evidence against him! How every trivial circumstance contributed its mite towards forging the chain, which was drawn closer and closer about him! Everybody believed him guilty and though the earnestness with which Judge Culbertson tried to secure witnesses was suspected by some, yet no one made a move in favor of Jeffry. Denison, it was reported was his rival, and the natural conclusion was that their rivalry had reached a climax and ended in blood. To make things worse the body of Denison could not be found, when two hours after Jeffry's arrest, a delegation went out in search of it. It was of course supposed that the friends of the prisoner had done away with the corpse to hide any evidence from that source.

So he was convicted and sentenced, though but twenty-five years of age, to spend the remaining portion of his life in prison. It was hard, very hard, to leave the prospects of a brilliant career; harder still to leave his home; but hardest of all to leave Ruth, his beloved. Ruth believed him innocent and there was consolation in the thought. But to be compelled to pass his life, five miles away from home, and never to set his eyes on it again, to look out through a barred window, on the ocean and the sandy beach, where in childhood he had so often played,—on the gleaming waters where he had enjoyed so many pleasant evenings,—death would have been more desirable!

Still there was hope. Time would surely shed some light on the mysterious case, complicated though it was. Poor Joe Jeffry spent the entire day meditating upon these things, but his speculation did not solve the mystery. Night came and he was still behind the iron door.

Two months had passed, and Joe thought they were years. A letter from Ruth telling him to hope, only added to his misery. He became very friendly with one of the guards, Tom Anderton, un-

der whose charge he was placed during the day's toil and one morning, just before the bell sounded for the prisoners to begin their work, Anderton approached Joe and whispered gently to him: "You were acquainted with Ruth Evans, I understand." "I was," said Joe, and sighed deeply. "Then," continued the guard, "cheer up and—hope." Hope? Hope for what? The thought ran through Jeffry's mind all day.

He was alone in his cell that night, brooding, thinking, sighing, when of a sudden the cell door was opened softly and he could distinguish the face of Anderton. "Follow me," the latter whispered in his ear, and in a moment the two were hurrying through the long lone corridor, where suddenly his companion was stopped by one whom Jeffry recognized as an official. "It is all over now," he thought, but a word of recognition passed between the guards and the two, Jeffry and Anderton, moved onward unmolested. They had stolen their way from shadow to shadow, and were well out on the road, when the silence was broken for the first time.

"I am a cousin of your betrothed," whispered Anderton, "She prevailed upon me to help you escape, because you are innocent."

"Thank you," was all that Jeffry could say, as the two paused beneath the shadow of a clump of trees. "But where shall I go?" he added after a moment.

"Hasten down to the dock—it is but a mile away—seek the Captain of the vessel that lies there at anchor, and in a few hours you will be well under way for Australia and far beyond pursuit.

"Good-bye, I have done my part." A hearty farewell, a grateful shake of the hand, and Jeffry had disappeared along the road that led to the wharf.

* * * * *

Two years had passed since Joe Jeffry, under an assumed name, began his career in Australia, and now, as he had a large share in a prosperous sheep ranch, he was almost contented. Yet not a moment passed without a longing desire for the day when he would stand on the deck of a steamer and see his home come gradually into view, as it had faded from sight the morning of his escape. Ruth too, he felt was waiting, waiting and praying for his return. Oh! if the truth of Denison's death could be found out!

It was some such thought that occupied his mind, when one warm afternoon in autumn, he was roused from his reverie by a

low, sepulchral voice that frightened him. He looked up and saw a weary, poorly clad, indigent beggar, as he imagined and was surprised when instead of asking for a penny, the stranger inquired whether or not he could find employment on the ranch. Jeffry needed a man and examined the features of the stranger, very critically, when something intensely familiar caught his eye. "Where did I see that face before?" he thought. "Could it be? Yes—no—yes, it is Denison!" "Denison," he exclaimed, "is that you?" As he spoke, the man gasped, staggered against a post, and with his hand to his forehead, murmured, "Yes, yes, I am Denison, and you Jeffry! It all comes back to me now, I remember well, Culbertson! the gun! and then darkness!"

Startled by the man's words and actions Jeffry exclaimed, "Great Scott man! What is the matter? What makes you look so queer? Are you Denison or his ghost?"

The other stood a moment, as if dazed, then grasping Jeffry's hand he murmured, "Don't look worried, friend, I know what the trouble is now. I had lost my mind, and that one word of yours recalled me to my senses."

"But do you remember anything about the murder?" inquired the other anxiously.

"Murder?" groaned Denison. "Did they think he succeeded in killing me? Was I reported dead?"

"Yes, indeed, and would you believe it, I was condemned to life imprisonment for having murdered you. I escaped and have been hidden here under an assumed name the last two years."

"Heavens, man! is that true?" exclaimed the resurrected Denison, who had now recovered his senses entirely. "All I can remember is this. I was out in the forest with my hunting outfit, and coming around a bend in the road, I met Culbertson, who, pointing his gun at me, exclaimed: 'So you are going to expose my conduct? Denison you must die!' I made an attempt to cover him with my rifle, but he fired and I fell. How long I remained there I cannot say. From the moment the judge fired to this, my life has been a blank. But I'm going home now and won't I fix that criminal Culbertson" "Yes," said Jeffry, now fully recovered from the stupor caused by Denison's appearance, "and I'll go with you."

* * * * *

The superior court was the scene of many complicated cases in those early days of California, but none so complicated has ever

been recorded in the history of jurisprudence as the case of a murdered man testifying in favor of his supposed murderer. Denison had not during the progress of the new trial granted to Jeffry, stated anything of his evidence against the real culprit. His intention was to free Jeffry from the charge of murder and to get together sufficient evidence to crush the real murderer.

The day for the final decision of the court had come. Judge Culberton had taken his seat, and it was observed, during the progress of the morning's work, that he was not completely master of himself. An old sailor was the last witness called upon to identify Denison. He declared that he had been on an Australian liner two years since and that he remembered well how Denison was seen wandering about the docks and shanghaied by a gang of wreckless sailors, how it was afterwards ascertained that instead of being intoxicated as the sailors supposed, he was wounded very severely in the right side. The witness had other evidence, but at this point, the judge let his hammer fall and made some hasty and distracted remarks.

"The court feels satisfied," he said in brief, "that there has been some serious mistake made in this matter, and it is needless to proceed further. The supposed murder has turned out to be a mistake and the court now decides that no one is to be held accountable thereof."

He had intended to proceed further when he was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by a voice from the end of the court room, "No one to be held accountable for it? Can you speak thus in a court of justice? You know very well that one should be held accountable for an attempt at least to commit murder, and you know who that one is!"

The speaker was Denison himself and the judge whitened and the judge whitened and blushed alternately beneath the consciousness of guilt. All eyes were turned upon him and an occasional murmur manifested the direction that the sympathies of those present had taken.

"Silence in the court room!" the judge shouted, and his hammer hit the desk.

"Well may you command silence, Judge, in face of testimony which will convict you of the two-fold felony of having attempted my death and sending this man to prison for life. This the people of Vallejo will know before the sun sets today, and if there is jus-

tice in the land, you will taste a bit of prison life, to which you condemned an innocent man."

There was a commotion in the court room. People looked at Denison, then at Jeffry and then at the Judge, who, overcome with indignation, and the consciousness of having been in the wrong, could neither speak nor move. A word from Jeffry prevented a turmoil and perhaps a lynching, so common in those pioneer days.

Culberton is now in the self-same cell, where his innocent victim had passed many a restless night.

LAWRENCE DEGNAN, '03.

The Redwood.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The object of The Redwood is to record our College Doings, to give proof of College Industry and to knit closer together the hearts of the Boys of the Present and of the Past.

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EDITORIALS.

RETROSPECT.

The month of May brings the school year to a close. Every student feels his heart throb at the thought, and in imagination he visits the scenes of home life a hundred times a day. But great as are the pleasures of anticipation, they do not much outweigh the satisfaction we experience when looking over the past year. It has been an eventful one, characterized by a spirit of earnest study, an enthusiasm in athletics and a general union and good feeling among the students hitherto unsurpassed in the memory of the editor. While therefore we look back on the past year with satisfaction, we must not fail to express our deep sense of gratitude for all the privileges and favors received at the hands of our beloved President, Rev. Father Kenna, S. J., and our esteemed Vice-Presi-

dent, Jas. P. Morrissey, S. J. We thank them for all they have done to make our college life agreeable and home-like, we thank them for the new reading room, for the billiard hall and social hall, for the thoroughly equipped gymnasium, for the interest they have taken and the encouragement they have given our studies in general and our debating societies and literary entertainments in particular. Finally we thank them for having so generously supported and encouraged the members of the REDWOOD staff.

THE STAFF.

Speaking of the REDWOOD staff, the editor wishes to express his heart-felt thanks for the constant co-operation and assistance received from his associates. They have made his otherwise arduous task, easy and agreeable. Business manager, John M. Byrnes and his assistants, M. R. O'Reilly, J. F. Marten and Baldo Ivancovich, deserve the highest praise for the zeal and earnestness with which they manipulated the most difficult part of the work. The Literary Editors, L. V. Degnan and John Parrott, have given valuable assistance, as well in their respective departments of criticism and exchange, as in the magazine proper, by literary contributions in prose and verse. Wm. V. Regan and John M. Regan have been scrupulously exact in supplying us with College notes. The remark of an Eastern exchange, that "the athletics and college doings are recorded with as much grace and literary merit, as characterizes the more pretentious essays in the body of the magazine," is high praise and the Regan brothers deserve it. Our artist, John Ivancovich, besides lending a generous hand in literary and business matters, has been untiring in forming designs for our cuts and headings. We thank them all for their valuable assistance and co-operation, and hope to have them on the staff of next year.

EMERSON, THE INDIVIDUALIST.

The May number of the Bookman has an article on Emerson, the Individualist. It occurred to us, whilst perusing the article, that error can indeed array itself quite deceitfully in the habiliments of truth. A vigorous thinker possessed of no mean skill in the art of expression can robe the most vicious opinions in the semblance of the most innocent, nay even of the noblest views. The thought came to us in some such way as this. We first re-

flected that we were reading of Emerson, one among the foremost writers of America. For a fact few writers on this side of the Atlantic excel him in the mastery of pure and classic English and fewer still equal him in the graceful literary form of his polished periods. Nor does this alone go to make up his full meed of praise. Emerson is a thinker and a deep thinker. Every essay he wrote reveals a mind engaged with the solutions of the profoundest questions, and in reading the article under consideration we realized that we had before us his answers to some of these questions. We read in the open lines of the article his answers to the two questions, "Who is God?" and "What am I, my own individual self?" They are undoubtedly expressed, as his views are wont to be, in beautiful language. "The individual is God differentiated. Mankind is One reduced to fractions. Each soul is a segment of the primal circle—an arc curving over the depths of Being. The roots of the soul like the roots of islands meet and conjoin in the depths where individual differences cease. The individual mind is a gaunt, isolated peak that rises sheer and stark from the unplumbed abysses of the divine."

What does it all mean? How hideous and repulsive the thought these beautiful expressions are intended to convey! Black and blasphemous is the attempt to make God, who is Sanctity itself, the author of sin and vice; black and blasphemous to state that He who is infinite Mercy, is a murderer, He who is infinite Justice, a thief, and He who is infinite Purity, a lecherous scoundrel. And yet this is the meaning of Emerson's expressions. If the individual be God differentiated; if each soul be an arc curving over the depths of Being, and the individual mind a gaunt isolated peak rising sheer and stark from the unplumbed abysses of the divine, then God and each single thief, murderer and adulterer are at bottom one.

Further on in the article of De Casseres we find the consequences Emerson would draw from his impious principle and foundation for the moral conduct of the individual. "It was Emerson who first gave us leave to worship ourselves. The greatest thing in the world is self-love. Love yourself, reverence yourself and it must reasonably follow that you can hate no man. He loves himself best who hates himself most. You must learn to detest the petty that battens on your soul like maggots on rotten fish and the gnawing envies that dart through your veins like hungry rats in a wall." Thus we see that not only the beautiful language

of an Emerson serves to cover the ugly deformity of a pantheistic creed, but that the Heaven born maxims of Christianity are used by him to hide its vicious consequences.

In truth, then, a vigorous thinker possessed of no small skill in the art of expression is able to clothe the most vicious opinions in the garb of the loftiest and noblest views. And yet how many there are who follow Emerson as a teacher. He has become "the spiritual guide of thousands," says Dr. Nicoll. But in our opinion the thousands whom he leads will not suffer very much damage. If they are seeking real spiritual guidance and understand the blasphemous character of the underlying thoughts in Emerson, such as we have pointed out in the case of identifying God and sinful man, if they grasp the meaning of this and are sincere, they will drop their guide, as they would a burning coal. If, on the other hand, they are content to have their spiritual guidance rest on fine sounding phrases, such as, "The individual is God differentiated," then, of course, they are incapable of further damage.

Yet how many there are who cling to a man or a doctrine for the mere sake of sound; how many more who will tell you that "Christ was nothing more than the perfect man, because he annihilated his individuality on the pyres of aspiration;" and tell you in proof thereof that the same is contained in Emerson or some other stylist that tickles the ears? What fools we mortals be!

IRVING M. SCOTT.

Santa Clara College has lost one of her most distinguished alumni, California, one her foremost sons in the person of Irving M. Scott, who died on April 28th after a few days' illness. The career of this great man, the builder of the Oregon, the vice-president and general manager of the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, is full of important lessons for the youthful generation. His opportunities in boyhood were few, but he availed himself of them and rose to an eminence which few in similar circumstances have ever attained. After a scanty education at the Milton Military Academy, and the Baltimore Mechanic's Institute, he began his active career as an ordinary laborer. When he came to California, he entered the Union Iron Works as a draughtsman, where, by assiduous attention to duty he was soon elevated to the position of superintendent and later on became a partner in the famous Iron

Works. He was several times President of the Mechanics' Institute, and of the Art Association, was Regent of the University of California, Trustee of Stanford University, and in 1901 received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Santa Clara College.

Surely his career was a great one, not only because of the elevated positions which he filled, but because in all his success he was ever noted for conscientious fidelity to duty and an amiability of character that attracted all with whom he came in contact. May California be ever able to boast of such noble characters as that of Irving M. Scott!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT SANTA CLARA.

The President did not remain very long in Santa Clara, but he was with us long enough to win an increased degree of esteem and admiration from all who were fortunate enough to gain a sight of him and listen to his remarks. Standing in the shadow of the old Mission cross that has braved the storms of a century and a quarter, the great ruler of the nation expressed his sentiments of joy and satisfaction at being able to visit the old spot, where the Franciscan Padres labored and died. He had many good wishes for the progress of the College, for the welfare of the fathers, and for the success of the students of Santa Clara. But the warmth and feeling with which he grasped the hand of Rev. Father Kenna, the deep sense of respect manifested towards the Mission relics, and above all the peculiarly American freedom with which he waved his hat on high and joined the cheers of the enthusiastic students won all hearts and made all feel proud of their dignity as American citizens.

It is surely a consolation to see America's foremost man taking a personal interest in the work of Jesuits when the rulers of Germany are fearing to admit the unoffending religious into their country and France is crying out against all forms of religious organizations. Thank God we are free men, and apart from all party feelings, may we long have the happiness of living under the leadership of such men as the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt.

REVEREND JOSEPH CAREDDA, S. J.

Dear old Father Caredda is dead, he who had gained the esteem, respect, confidence and attachment of the students, young and old, graduates and alumni, is no more. No more will the old students who revisit their Alma Mater have the pleasure of meeting their dear old friend, who for fully forty years filled the position of first prefect and vice-president of Santa Clara College.

Old age was the immediate cause of death; it was the burning out of the lamp of a long, well spent life in the service of his order and his fellow man. Industry, self-sacrificing and untiring, ever characterized this earnest, humble, laborious Jesuit priest.

Born at Cagliari November 21, 1819, he came to California to begin his life labor at Santa Clara College in 1855. His early education was received at a Jesuit College in his native city, where, at the age of 16, after having finished his course of rhetoric and one year of philosophy under distinguished professors of those days, he entered the Jesuit order on the 16th of July, 1835. Two years later he took the usual religious vows and was sent to Chieri, Piedmont, where, under the renowned scholar, Father Carminati S. J., he devoted two additional years to the study of the classics and belles-lettres. Then he was transferred to the Jesuit College of Nobles, Del Carmine, Turin. Three years was spent at Del Carmine as professor in the classical department and later three years in the same work at Nice of the Riviera, at that time under the dominion of the King of Sardinia. From 1846 to the beginning of 1848 we find him stationed at the Jesuit house of studies in Turin industriously applying himself to philosophy until the Italian political and social upheavals forced the Sons of Loyola to seek safety in flight.

It was March 19, 1848, that he bade farewell to his native land. Passing through France and Belgium he set sail from Havre and after a long and perilous voyage reached New York in safety.

In America he spent various periods of his time at Fordham, N. Y., St. Louis, Mo., and Frederick, Md., completing his higher studies and acquiring a knowledge of the English language, being engaged the while in college work and incidentally rendering good service by his musical skill and talent and attracting marked



REVEREND JOSEPH CAREDDA, S. J.

attention by his fine, rich baritone voice when he sang at church services.

At the conclusion of his theological course he was ordained a priest by Mgr. Bedini, archbishop and apostolic delegate to the United States, and celebrated his first mass in New York in 1853. Two years later, leaving New York, he reached San Francisco by way of Panama, arriving there after two months' journey on July 2, 1855. He came at once to Santa Clara and entered his life-long labors in the College that was then in its pioneer beginnings and with which he was to be identified in various prominent positions and occupations for well nigh half a century. Here he taught at different times English, Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and as a substitute professor, rhetoric and philosophy. For two years he acted as President in the absence of that official, but most of the time—fully forty years—with unqualified success, filled the positions of first prefect, school director and vice president.

For many years he was Secretary of the Board of Trustees and of the College Faculty, in which capacity his fine chirography and ornamental penmanship was well utilized in filling out diplomas, certificates and other official papers.

It was he who established the Santa Clara College Brass Band.

Was its director for a long period of years, initiated beginners into the use of almost every brass instrument—upon which he performed with considerable ability—and wrote, composed and rearranged the very best classical music, overtures, symphonies, operas, which were executed, under his able management, with a skill rarely surpassed or equaled—and outside professionals deemed it a privilege to perform under his leadership.


The St. Clare church choir of the early days was also established and for a long time directed by him. His unrivaled musical skill and his fine, strong, sonorous, sympathetic voice, together with such singers as Fathers Mengarini, Cicaterre, Accolti, Veyret, Neri and Mr. Pascal, and Professor Lawrie as organist, made the St. Clare's church choir of that time such as to be without an equal even to the present day.

Father Caredda's life history would be incomplete if a mention of his mechanical skill were omitted. In repairing and tuning pianos and other musical instruments, in mending and adjusting watches and clocks—for which he had a full outfit—he became famous, and to him it was the greatest pleasure to accommodate all who came to him with a disabled timepiece. The boys,

servants and outsiders made frequent calls on him and he delighted in obliging them.

Relieved, finally, on account of advancing age and increasing infirmities, from positions of responsibility in which he had labored so successfully and incessantly and endeared himself to all for upwards of forty-five years, he still continued to make himself useful in instructing the young in classics and in teaching the Spanish, Mexican, Italian, and Filipino boys the rudiments of the English language. Leisure time he gave to his favorite mechanical works and thus was he engaged until failing strength forced him to desist.

The last two months of his life he was unable to leave his room, yet calmly and resignedly he awaited the Master's summons and Thursday morning passed to his reward, ripe in years and full of merit and good works. He was 84 years old and 64 years a member of the Jesuit order.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The First Annual Ryland Medal Debate.

The most interesting feature in the debating circles during the past month was the public discussion between the Philalethic Senate and the House of Philhistorians. These two branches of the Literary Congress had during the past year manifested a degree of rivalry, at once interesting and advantageous, in as much as it urged on the members of the two bodies to greater efforts in parliamentary eloquence. The emulation grew more intense towards the close of the term and an open debate between the two houses was suggested. The Faculty having recently decided to set apart the Ryland Gold Medal to be awarded to the best individual debater in an annual debate, judgment being given in view of his superiority in argumentation, diction and delivery, it was natural that it should also be determined that the First Annual Ryland Medal Debate should be between the Senate and the House.

Accordingly on the evening of April 28, the Senate chamber was crowded, and the cheers of the sympathizers on either side added not a little to the excitement of the moment. At eight o'clock sharp, after an introductory overture by the College orchestra and one more volley of cheers, the chairman, Professor Joseph Farry called the meeting to order, and explained the conditions of the debate, the time allotted to each speaker, the grounds on which the Judges, the Hon. Irving Herrington, Attorney H. Wilcox and Attorney Wm. Aggeler were to give their judgment. He then read the Resolution: "Resolved, That the United States Government should retain possession of the Philippine Islands."

Hardly had Professor Farry's silver-toned accents died away when Representative Harold O'Connor, anxious to begin the battle, arose and all ears were strained to catch his every word. He read the question, explained briefly the nature thereof and suggested some reasons why the resolution should pass the House affirmatively. Of the fifteen minutes allowed he used but four, reserving the remaining eleven for his second speech.

Senator Charles Laumeister of the negative was the next speaker. He began his remarks by objecting to the method pursued by Representative O'Connor, who, in Senator Laumeister's opinion, did not place the question on a proper footing. The lat-

ter then advanced a proposition somewhat to this effect: "You say we should retain possession of the Philippine Islands. You must therefore prove that we have a right to maintain them. No one should do a thing unless he has a right to do it, and you cannot prove that we have a right to maintain the Islands unless we have acquired them justly," etc. The Senator's graceful delivery won the applause of all ever from such as did not understand the force of his reasoning. Representative Thomas Leonard was not slow to take the Senator up on the point of right both in acquiring and in retaining the Islands. "Our title," he said in part, "in Spain's title. We bought the Islands from Spain, and paid the handsome sum of twenty millions of dollars for them. It was a legitimate purchase and our title is clear." The manly, forcible way in which Representative Leonard presented his arguments won the House, and amid deserved plaudits he resumed his seat, yielding the floor to Senator John Regan, who attacked the argument of purchase with some vehemence. "If we take a house away from a man," he said in part, "and pay him ten thousand dollars for it, our title will not be altogether clear." He delayed with much animation on the rights of the Filipinos, their education, capability of self-government, their hospitality and so forth.

All this, however, was construed very nicely into an argument for the negative side by Representative McClatchy. If the Filipinos are educated, hospitable, etc., we should with all the more reason keep them. We do not want savages. We want educated races. Mr. McClatchy suggested another strong argument in favor of retention, the financial advantages which would accrue to the United States. The last speaker on the negative side, Senator Moraghan, went briefly over the arguments advanced by his three opponents and sought to refute them, with what degree of success, the judges will have to decide. He again reminded the audience of the nature of the question. "It is not a question of right but one of expediency. You may have shown the right and justice of our title, but from that right you cannot conclude that we *should* maintain them, etc."

The six speakers were permitted to take the floor again and finish the time allowed. During this half of the debate the fire grew into a conflagration and the argumentation was Websterian on both sides.

After a discussion of nearly two hours the debate was closed, and the Judges retired to consider their decision. The fortunate

winner will not be known until Commencement night, when he will be called upon to receive a well merited honor, the Ryland Gold Medal.

The Senate.

At the closing meeting of the Philalethic Senate a spirit of general satisfaction was manifested on all sides. The Senators who had fought many a parliamentary battle, during the past year, were anxious to demonstrate their deep sense of mutual esteem and regard. Congratulations and felicitations formed the burden of the evening's speeches, and when Senators Degnan and Laumeister had given their farewell speeches,—they are both seniors and do not intend to return next year—a vote of thanks for their services during the past years was tendered them, and Senator John Ivanovich in an eloquent address expressed the sentiments of the entire body. "We are deeply moved," he said, "to think that the time has now arrived when we are to lose two of our most faithful members. We are grieved and yet we rejoice. Senators Degnan and Laumeister have during their service in the body given proofs of their sterling worth as orators and as thinkers. Their ability has manifested itself in all the various departments of a debating society. Sound, logical, eloquent, with strength of character and earnestness of mind, they will go forth to battle with the world, and it is but natural to predict that whatsoever walk of life they enter upon, success will be theirs; not that ephemeral success that is builded on straw, but that which endureth forever. Senators Degnan and Laumeister we wish you well."

Senator Thomas Feeney was the next speaker to address the chair. He reviewed the work of the year and in the name of the Senate thanked the President for the zeal and earnestness with which he had conducted the regular meetings and assisted the individual members in preparing their debates. He said, "We opened the Senate this year with a discussion on the importance of a debating society. It is only at the end of a session well spent that we can appreciate this importance. I wish briefly to run through the topics that have come up for deliberation during this session, so as to impress on your minds the wonderful fruits that may be reaped from attentive membership in an organization such as this. Our discussions have had to do with nearly every topic of human learning. We have considered the various branches of

literature and their influence on the human race; we have traversed fields of history, as well in our historical debates as in all others in which we have appealed for argument to the experience of the generations of the past, we have applied our principles of political economy to the different questions that have had economic bearings; we have examined the doings of our government according to ethical principles; in a word there is no branch of knowledge which has not here been applied and therefore perfected in a certain degree."

Senators Regan and Moraghan then addressed the Senate and each touched in a modest way on the public prize debate. "The House had the advantage over us," said Senator Regan, "and profited by the advantage from start to finish. The way in which they construed our arguments into proofs for their own side was admirable and praiseworthy." Senator Moraghan was not entirely of the same opinion. "They had an advantage to be sure, but it consisted in this, if I mistake not, that having the affirmative side, they threw the burden of the proof on us. I myself made a fatal mistake in my first speech, in as much as I endeavored by positive arguments to prove that we should not retain the Philippines, whereas I should have waited until they proved that we should, and then attack their arguments. However the gold medal will be given to the best man, and if a Representative receives it, I'll be the first to congratulate him." Great applause.

The remarks of Senator Moraghan created a little comment and when the public prize debate had been disposed of, Senators Parrott, Kirk, Riordan and Collins made apt and appropriate speeches. After a general applause and farewell cheer for the President, D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., the Philaethic Senate adjourned until after the summer vacation.

The House of Philhistorians.

"All's well that ends well," and a happy ending to a successful year's work was the closing meeting of the House of Philhistorians on the evening of May 21st. On that evening the usual debate was dispensed with to make room for business matters and for farewell speeches.

During the meeting a spontaneous and unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Representatives Harold O'Connor, H. Jedd McClatchy and Thomas F. Leonard for the able manner in which they upheld the honor of the House in the public prize debate

with the Senators on the evening of April 28th. As a token of esteem and a remembrance of the occasion it was agreed to present each of the Representatives with a gold pin in the name of the House and its members. Through the committee, Henry Haack and Patrick Graham, three neat pins, shield shaped, bearing appropriate inscriptions, were procured and presented with written testimonials to the three Representatives. The House may feel justly proud of the debate its team put up, and is to be commended for the praiseworthy manner in which it recognized meritorious work.

Although considerable attention was given to the debating team, the various officers and committees that labored so earnestly for the welfare of the House, during the semester, were not overlooked. To them was accorded, and deservedly so, their due meed of praise for the conscientious exactness and marked success with which they complied with the duties entrusted to them. The speaker was next in order to be congratulated and to receive a vote of thanks for his good offices to the House during the scholastic year. In reply to the kindly expressions of good will extended to him, he heartily thanked the members, and told them that he sincerely felt that the secret of the organization's success, during the two semesters, lay principally in the manly Christian spirit that characterized the Representatives in all their dealings, in the harmony and union that existed amongst them and in the earnestness with which they prepared debates and labored for the welfare of the Literary Congress. He advised them to continue in the same spirit in all their undertakings, if they would meet with success through life.

Besides the regular weekly debates, faithfully conducted, each Monday night during the scholastic year, two open debates, —one in the first, the other in the second semester—were held, which reflected most favorably upon the good name of the society, and last, but not least, to have been able to appear in open debate with the Senator in a prize contest!

A medley of the officers and members has just been received from Bushnell, and will be assigned an appropriate place in the Hall of Representatives.

Owing to examination preparations and Passion Play rehearsals it was deemed necessary to suspend the weekly meetings until the opening of next term.

Valete! and a happy vacation to the House Representatives!

The Junior Dramatic Society.

Of all the debates held by the Junior Dramatics during the present session the last was notably their best. The resolution read as follows: "Trusts and monopolies are a positive injury to the people financially." The affirmative side was defended by Messrs. R. Harrison and J. Lappin, and the negative by Messrs. R. Fitzgerald and G. Fisher. Both sides were very ably contested and a fine array of arguments brought forward in favor of and against trusts and monopolies. The decision, however, was in favor of the negative.

On the same evening an original poem was read by Alexander Cody, vice-president of the Junior Dramatics, which clearly demonstrated that the young man is a favorite of the Muses. The reading by Arthur Fleming, which followed, showed careful preparation, and was in keeping with the rest of the program.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the public debate which was to have taken place was postponed indefinitely. With the opening of the new term and the return of the present membership to College, it is hoped the young men will make their public appearance.

This College year has been one of joy and happiness and mutual good will and success to the Junior Dramatics. Besides the debates, regularly conducted, they can boast of a very creditable performance in the production of King Robert of Sicily which they presented with marked success, and to the general satisfaction of the public, in the College hall previous to the Christmas holidays. All who had the good fortune to be present speak in the highest terms of it and of the ability shown by the young actors on the occasion, although, for most of them it was their first public appearance.

At the closing meeting for the present semester only expressions of satisfaction could be heard for the year's work. Officers and members were felicitated on the good accomplished, and are better and wiser for the time they devoted to literary tasks.

As a remembrance of this year's organization a medley had been prepared by a leading local photographer, and will occupy a prominent place in the hall of the Junior Dramatic Society.

We wish the J. D. S. a Godspeed on their vacation and a happy return to College!

The Papal Delegate's Visit.

On Saturday, May 9th, we had the honor of paying our respects to the Most Reverend Monsignor Diomedeo Falconio, the representative of Pope Leo XIII in America. Our entertainment was but a humble one, and unworthy of the great Prelate, but his Excellency was pleased with our endeavors and we have felt proud ever since. The Address of Welcome by James Bacigalupi opened the program, and as James had just finished his final examination with an A. B. cum laude, he entered into the spirit of the occasion with animation and earnestness. He spoke of the great honor conferred on the College by a visit from so distinguished a personage as the Most Reverend Monsignor Falconio, and pledged his allegiance and that of his fellow students to him, whom his Excellency represented—the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic church.

"We welcome you here to-day," he said in conclusion, "as a representative of Leo XIII, of that heroic, sainted, learned Pontiff who has governed the Church of Christ for so many years, and guided it so nobly through the storms of the times. We welcome you as a humble follower of the Seraphic Father, St. Francis of Assisi, to the spot where his children and your brothers in Religion, Junipero Serra, de la Pena, Murguia, and others labored and suffered and died for the civilization and Christianization of the native savages. Finally we welcome you as a fellow citizen of the United States of America, and add a prayer that your Excellency may remain long with us in the interest of your 13,000,000 Catholic children who are one in the resolve to live in the spirit of Christian Rome."

Next was an address in Spanish by George Araneta who with an eloquence commanding attention and respect, recounted the glorious achievements of the old Franciscan Padres in California, and congratulated the distinguished guest on being able to claim these pioneer settlers as his brothers.

The poems for the occasion were appropriate and entertaining. Edw. Kirk's Italian Sonetto and his pure Ausonian accent captivated the audience, while it found a responsive chord in the heart of the great Prelate. The Greek poem by John Parrott and the Latin ode by Richard de la Guardia were touching tributes of respect and won well-merited applause. The other numbers on the program were interesting and apt. The Latin rendition of Shakes-

peare's Brutus and Cassius quarrel scene, by Cyril Smith and D. J. Peters, the instrumental trio by the de la Guardia brothers, and the concluding address by Ralph Harrison all contributed to make the entertainment as successful as under the circumstances could be expected.

The speech of his Excellency was heart-felt and full of meaning. He thanked the students for their reception, told them that nothing was more pleasing to him than the memories of the sons of St. Francis, which the various speeches and poems recalled to mind; he spoke at length on the glorious prospect of the Catholic church in America, and urged us on to study and prepare ourselves for future struggles while the opportunity is ours. The fluency with which he spoke English, his amiable and graceful appearance, his pleasant and appropriate remarks won all present, and made us feel proud of the Catholic church, that can produce such men, and in particular of the Church in America that can boast of such a learned, noble guide as his Excellency Diomed Falconio.

St. Robert's Day.

The field-day sports with which we celebrated the Feast of St. Robert, will be recounted elsewhere. We subjoin here an account of the evening program, the most interesting feature of the day. The address of Edw. Kirk was an attempt to put in words the sentiments of affection and gratitude which agitated the minds of all the students present. He ran through the claims Rev. Father Kenna had on our gratitude, and in an eloquent peroration offered the heart-felt love of his fellow students as a return for favors received. John Ivancovich, too, delivered a touching address and concluded by presenting a set of neatly bound volumes on English Literature to our President as a gift from his fellow students. But the most interesting part of the entertainment was the spiritual offering of Edw. McFadden. During the entire month the students had offered their communions, masses, beads and other acts of devotion for Reverend Father Kenna, and each one handed an account of the good works done with this intention so as to form what we call a spiritual bouquet. Sister Joseph of Notre Dame College, San Jose, was kind enough to decorate our garland, but admirable as was the bouquet for artistic finish, it was

the great number of devotional acts that moved Father Kenna and the sweet little poem read by Edw. McFadden on the occasion. The following verses explain the nature of our bouquet:

OUR OFFERING.

We have wreathed a garland, Father,
Not of flowers that bloom and die
In our earthly fields and gardens
'Neath the smile of summer's sky;
But of love-touched flowers, Father,
Nursed by Virtue's fostering hand;
In our inmost heart they're blossomed,
By the breath of Heaven fanned.

We have wreathed it as a token,
As a gift of filial love;
And we would its fragrance still may rise
To Robert's throne, and prove
To the countless Angel-choirs
How thy boys love's garland plight,
To invoke th' Eternal's blessing
On our President to-night.

Take it, Father; 'tis a garland
That will never know decay:
May it be a sweet reminder
Of this happy, festal day.
Every prayer is heart-born, Father,
Sealed with love's eternal seal;
Every aspiration offered
For thy welfare, for thy weal.

The President's Visit.

For two days previous to President Roosevelt's visit a number of students and some decorators employed specially for the occasion were busy in clothing the College buildings in a brilliant gala dress that easily won the first prize for its artistic finish, and symmetrical proportions. Flags, bunting, palm branches and flowers were displayed in luxuriant profusion for two blocks along the boulevard in front of the fathers' residence. The old Mission Cross

was covered with roses, the Mission church front decorated with garlands of green, and carnations were scattered about in the street. The very atmosphere breathed perfume and when the object of all this ceremony approached, headed by the College Band, through a line of admiring spectators who waved flags and cheered enthusiastically, he must have thought that he was indeed in the land of sunshine and flowers, and he actually did think, as he expressed himself in his speech, of the historic interest of the spot. The old Cross and the Mission church reminded him of the pioneer builders of California, and he paid them a beautiful tribute in the address delivered from his carriage in front of the church. The applause and cheers of the crowd gathered there were deafening, and as the President departed everyone felt satisfied that he had seen and heard America's foremost man.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

The old students of Santa Clara will be grieved to hear of the death of their dear old prefect Reverend Father Caredda, S. J. For nearly three months he had been ailing, and being so old he was not expected to live long. On Tuesday, May 13th, he was all but overcome with a sudden heart failure, and remained unconscious until Thursday morning, May 15th, when he calmly and quietly breathed his last. He has gone to join Fathers Young, Bayma, Pinasco, Shallo and the older pioneer fathers with whom he toiled so faithfully and so long.

A letter from Mr. Galvin, S. J. informs us that he has just recovered from a painful operation on which his life depended. Mr. Galvin was at Santa Clara in '96 and '97, and gained the hearts of all the students by his amiability and skill as well in the class room as in the dormitory and the yard. We congratulate you, Mr. Galvin, on your recovered health, and hope to have the happiness of seeing you return to Santa Clara after ordination.

John J. Barrett, '92, called on Father Kenna some time ago to make arrangements about an extra production of the Passion Play. He succeeded of course. John is one of the foremost attorneys in the state.

At a recent meeting of the Newman Club in Los Angeles, Hon. W. G. Lorigan was presented as a guest of honor. The duties of Judge Lorigan's new office bring him about the state

considerably, and he will always be found ready to encourage anything like the Newman Club.

Father Bernard McKinnon, '88, called at the College recently. His pastoral duties at Palo Alto, keep him busy, yet we would like to see more frequently one who bears one of the most cherished names in the roll of the boys of Santa Clara.

Hon. J. H. Campbell, '72, is the president of the "Sempervirens Club of Santa Clara County." The right man in the right place. He who writes such beautiful things about the poetry of Robert Burns will have an eye to the poetry of the Big Basin.

C. C. Desmond, Poetry, '82, called at the College to see his old teachers Father Cunningham. Mr. Desmond is a prominent real estate agent in Los Angeles. Call around more frequently, Cornelius.

THE REDWOOD.
IN THE LIBRARY.

THE SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK.

BY HENRY S. SPALDING, S. J.—BENZIGER BROS., NEW YORK.

Juvenile literature has, during the past decade, received considerable attention from those, who having the experience of college life to guide them, are able to interest the young reader, and at the same time elevate his thoughts. Fathers Finn, Copus and Spalding have done and are doing their share, and the success which the first mentioned has attained argues well for his two comrades. We do not think, however, that in *The Sheriff of the Beech Fork*, there is as much of the elevating influence as we meet with in *Tom Play Fair* and *Percy Wynn*. Father Spalding's latest novel is more of a history and a history of wild, wierd experiences in primitive Kentucky, than a romance from real life, that is, real life as we find it in other parts and under mere ordinary circumstances. The midnight robberies, the attempts to commit murder, the duck shooting even, and the earthquakes smack more of the dime novel than the literary garb of the narrative would lead us to expect. Yet, withal, there is a healthy atmosphere thrown around the adventures, the descriptions are classical, and we think that the ordinary youthful reader may profit by the perusal of the novel. The benefit is more in the direction of historical knowledge than anything else we can think of, and this certainly is no slight benefit.

THE MESSENGER.

The current number of the *Messenger* gives us a masterly article on the suppression of the Religious Orders in France. It shows the real tendency of the French law, and while reviewing the association bill and its authors, it brings to light a number of authentic statements that tend to alarm all who feel for the welfare of the nation. One brief quotation from the article will be sufficient to clear up any doubts on the nature of the law and the legislators: "The state is the born protector of the weak," says M. Buisson, "and the child is weak. . . No one has a right to con-

fiscate a child, the Church least of all." Good heavens! what logic! as if the Church, in her desire to educate the child, to form the growing generation to Christian manhood, were confiscating any rights, natural or otherwise. Is it not the nation that, in depriving the youth of France of solid moral formatton, is the real robber? Time will tell and the All-suffering Providence will provide.

Agreeable reading, too, is the brief notice "To the Memory of Father Angelo Secchi, S. J." Every student of physics and astronomy knows who Secchi is, and it is interesting to read the tributes of regard paid to his memory by his fellow laborers in the astrophysical field of investigation. Professors Loewy of the Paris Observatory, Rees of Columbia, Crew of the Northwestern University, Ames of John Hopkins, Hale of Yerkes University, and a number of others are quoted in the article to show what a high place in the estimation of prominent scientists Father Secchi really held.

EXCHANGES.

THE ALPHA.

Our friends in Maryland are among the most interesting in the circle of our journalistic acquaintance. The atmosphere over there must in many particulars resemble California's bright, balmy, soul-elevating clime. What we admire especially is life-like spirit in the exchange column. But why they should enter upon a crusade against short stories, we cannot understand, for the story is open to all forms of literary excellence. There is, of course, some reason for their objection to ghost stories. They are *so* shocking at times, *so* terrible, *so* awe-inspiring! The REDWOOD promises for the future to give you some clue to the real nature of the story in the opening sentence or in the title, so that there will be no necessity of becoming "positively nervous" or of calling upon the "ministers and Angels of Grace to defend you!"

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN.

What we take to be the first regular number of the Collegian has come to us from Chicago, and a very presentable little magazine it is. It is only a quarterly, but with four such numbers annually a great deal can be accomplished. We object to but one

thing and feel sure that the St. Ignatius College boys will not object if we mention it. It is our opinion merely and may be taken as such. The *Passim* of your College Notes, however pleasing they may be to the interested parties, are inconsistent with the serious tone maintained throughout. If you tell us that your jokes are local and only meant for the students, we answer: "*Print them on a separate sheet and distribute them gratis to your subscribers.*" We know you are not the only people, Collegians, to offend in this particular, and we have italicized the opinion of the REDWOOD for the benefit of all those interested.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

The Fordham people have sumptuous banquets, surely; but it was not the dinner with the variegated courses that impressed us. All those delicacies were too far away to be interesting. We were attracted by the after-dinner speeches. What a fine set of Alumni you have, how full of respect and devotion for their Alma Mater! We are waiting for the translation of the Latin poem which appeared some time ago in your paper.

HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

In the Holy Cross Purple we find much to admire. The opening essay on "A Trilogy of Miracles and Mysteries" is as full of thought, as it is well written. The object of the author is to show the superiority in the point of art, concept and purpose of the mediaeval drama, and those which partake of the peculiar religious characteristics of the same, over some of our modern "nauseating and demoralizing parades, that pass under the name of Drama," and he certainly demonstrates his point.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The Georgetown exchange editor has given us a long dissertation on exchange work in general. His ideal Ex-man is "one who knows something about literary criticism, who reads the magazines which he reviews and gives expression to honest, judicious, disinterested, readable criticism upon them." We endorse your sentiments and wish to ask if you have ever noticed how some magazines act when honestly called down? They cringe, pout, re-

tire to a corner and seem to say, "I won't speak to you again," with that whining tone characteristic of childhood.

THE SCHOOL ECHO.

The School Echo is a devotional little paper, and very well conducted. In the current issue we admire very much the opening poem, "The Nun's Prayer to Mary." It is a little commonplace and prosaic in parts, but, taking all in all, it deserves much praise. The essay on "Father Thomas Burke," the famous Dominican, is a comprehensive character sketch of the great pulpit orator.

THE REDWOOD. ATHLETICS.

It is not without feelings of pride that Captain Frank Farry furls for the present season his standard of red and white under which he led his nine sturdy base-ball players to many a glorious victory. "Fran" was in command, and is to be praised for his able generalship; but if any should wish to know who was the "man behind the gun," who did the most towards winning us the second place in the interscholastic contests, every student in the yard will answer that it was Bob Keefe, whose steady pitching won more games than all other agencies put together. We shall give a brief account of the last three games, all of which came our way.

Butte (Pacific National League) vs. S. C. C.

Our victory over the professionals of Montana was without a doubt the greatest feat of the season. We played the big leaguers at Cyclus's Park, San Jose, where the latter were conditioning themselves for the season, and a royal battle it surely was. When we finally landed on the big end of the 4 to 2 score, everybody conceded that the youngsters from Santa Clara knew how to play ball, for everybody realized that it was good playing on our part and not chance or any other less worthy factor that brought the victory Santa Clara wards.

It was during this game that "Bob" Keefe, though working against three such slab artists as Dowling, Gay and Jansen, demonstrated his sterling qualities. He pitched an historic game, and even his record of nine strike-outs and three hits does not say enough. The coolness and decision with which he retired the Montana men, the occasional slow ball that fell into Whalen's hands just as the batsman was perforating the atmosphere, the frantic swing of the arm in difficult circumstances, all contributed to render the game spectacular. "Bob's" ginger was catching and Whalen, who is not our regular catcher, marveled afterwards that he had not so much as a passed ball scored against him. These the infield, Merle, Chase, Farry and Keleher, formed a Gibraltar of defense, so that nothing passed them, nothing frightened them. The fielders, too, were at their best, Griffin, Feeney and Ryan,

though the truth is they didn't have much to do, such was the force of Keefe's ball.

The batting was not a bit less admirable than the fielding. Keefe, Griffin, Chase proved especially successful with the willow, even against the professional twirlers. All in all the game was the best exhibition of the season, and won the admiration even of our opponents. Monaghan, the Butte secretary, an ex-Notre Dame man, and therefore able to judge, said that never before had he seen a college team that could outclass the Santa Clara organization. The following is the score:

BUTTE	A B	R	H	S B	P O	A	E
Kelley, i b.....	3	1	1	0	5	0	1
Kane, s s.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Ward, 2 b.....	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
McKevitt, r f.....	5	0	0	0	2	0	0
Muller, c f.....	2	1	1	0	2	0	0
Swindell, c.....	4	0	0	0	12	1	0
McHale, c f.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Brockoff, 3 b.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	2
Gay, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dowling, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	0
Jansen, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	31	2	3	0	27	5	4
SANTA CLARA COLLEGE	A B	R	H	S B	P O	A	E
Griffin, r f.....	5	1	1	0	1	0	0
Farry, s s.....	4	1	1	0	1	3	0
Whalen, c.....	3	0	1	0	10	0	0
Merle, i b.....	4	0	0	0	6	1	0
Keefe, p.....	4	1	2	0	1	1	0
Keleher, 3 b.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Chase, 2 b.....	4	0	0	0	4	3	2
Ryan, c f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Feeney, l f.....	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	4	5	0	27	9	0

SUMMARY.

Bases stolen, Griffin 2, Feeney, Farry. Struck out by Keefe 9. Two base hits—Keefe. Passed balls—one. Bases on balls—off Keefe 6.

Bases stolen—Kelley, Ward, Muller, Brockoff. Struck out by Gay 5, Jansen 4, Dowling 3. Passed balls 3. Bases on balls—Gay 1, Dowling 2. Wild pitches 3. Time of game, 2 hours, 5 minutes. Umpire, Jedd McClatchy. Scorers, Curtin and Byrnes.

Minor Victories.

The San Jose Normal Alumni team, on an occasion of a social gathering, sent us a challenge which we accepted, expecting to have everything against us. With Emerson pitching and Wilson catching we knew not whether to expect victory or defeat, but when that evening we came home with a victory of 17 to 2, we

felt that the pedagogues had been taken unawares, or else that on account of professorial duties they had not been able to practice.

But it was different with the Mayer Bros. They had played the Butte and the Portland Leaguers, they had made good a showing against the Midgents and other strong teams, so that we had to work for victory, and we did work in such a manner that the score stood 14 to 0 in our favor. "Bob" Keefe "buffaloed" the Mayer Bros' men and received grand stand support from the fielders behind him.

Summary.

As the base-ball players are now devoting even their recreation hours to study, there are no more games on hand, nor will there be any until the coming season. We shall subjoin the following statistical story of the record made during the past season by the team of 1903.

AVERAGES.

BATTING, BASE-RUNNING, ETC.										FIELDING.			
	G	A	B	R	H	S	B	S	H	P	C	E	P
Whalen	17	68	17	24	11	0	353				Ryan	7	0
Keefe	20	84	14	28	4	3	333				Feeney.....	58	2
Griffin	17	76	15	24	14	1	316				Merle	166	11
Merle	19	69	20	21	9	1	304				Whalen	165	13
Chase	20	86	17	26	16	3	302				Chase	134	17
Farry	20	85	15	24	14	4	282				Keefe	52	7
Keleher	18	71	16	20	9	2	282				Martin	849	7
Martin	12	44	9	12	4	2	273				Farry	104	15
Feeney.....	19	69	9	14	7	0	230				Griffin	23	4
Ryan	11	36	0	8	4	0	222				Keleher....	66	16
Ivancovich	4	9	0	1	1	0	111				Ivancovich .	6	2

Thus while Whalen and Keefe divide the batting laurels between them, with 353 % and 333 % respectively,—Chase, Griffin and Farry come on top as base-runners. Feeney is the star fielder, with but two errors against his name out of 58 chances, and it is doubtful whether the two should have been considered errors or not. Merle, too, has an average to boast of, 11 errors out of 166 chances, and this, too, as catcher. And so they all revolve lustreously in their peculiar orbits. Keleher's batting average is excellent, Ryan's fielding is without a blemish, and had not Martin been taken from us by the "grippe," we think he would have headed the list in more than one regard. John Ivancovich who, as substitute, put into several games all the ardor of his personality, was more unfortunate than otherwise, as the games he played were against the professionals.



THE TRACK TEAM.

P. Olivarez, F. A. Belz, E. C. Comerford, J. P. Parrott, J. Griffin, J. Collins, L. F. Hubbard, J. A. McMannus, L. Hubbard,
D. B. McGregor, L. A. Magee, J. J. Ivanovich (Manager), W. Fleming (Captain), F. A. Graham.

Photo by Nelson.

The batting average of the team is 274%, the fielding 866%, and when it is remembered that we played several major league aggregations and batted against Iberg, Whalen, Dowling, Gay, Williams and others of not less fame in the world of professional baseball, no one can doubt the superior ability of the team that represented Santa Clara College in 1903.

The Track Team.

Walter Fleming, the popular track team captain, predicted a victory over the University of the Pacific, but because his men had been a little careless in practicing regularly, the students looked forward to the meet with anxiety and fear. We can defeat the U. P. in base-ball and foot-ball, but in track athletics they are very strong and we must surpass ourselves to win the day—was the general opinion, and events proved that it was well grounded. The day appointed for the contest was the 25th of April and it was a most inviting day for the meet. Both teams were in good condition and both anxious to sustain the honor of their colleges. When therefore Henry Haack announced the last call for the fifty-yard dash, all eyes were turned towards the starting point and as the pistol sounded and Griffin started out with an electric stride, the college band commenced to play and "Griffin first, Belz second," echoed through the bleachers.

The 440-yard dash was called, the pistol sounded and after an excitement that lasted just fifty-nine seconds, a U. P. man crossed the tape with our own Hubbard close behind. Then the mile run and the first and second place fell to the University people. "It's not all our way!" whispered Cyril Smith to his neighbor on the grandstand. "Oh, we're only encouraging them!" was little "Terry" McGovern's answer, as faithful Henry Haack announced the winners of the pole-vault. "McGregor and Fleming tie for first!" both S. C. C. men and further contest was needless. Then came the slaughter,—Griffin took first place thrice in succession while Belz, Hubbard and Graham secured second and third places. Magee would have surely won the 220-yard hurdles, had he not a few days before the meet, sprained his ankle. As it was, he took third place, while Hubbard captured second. The most interesting feature of the morning's fun, was Graham's victory in the 2-mile run. He took the lead in the second round by about two hundred yards and kept it until, in the beginning of the ninth lap, a U. P.

man tried to overtake him. Graham paced leisurely around until just before entering upon the tenth and last lap he stepped calmly aside and offered the lead to his opponent. The latter refused the honor, muttering something under his breath like, "You go first, my dear Alphonse." Graham did go first, and with the agility of a mountain deer dashed swiftly forward, as if he were but beginning the race. He crossed the tape with at least 200 yards to spare and with a big good natured smile on his face that was in keeping with the muscular build of his frame. Next in point of interest, if not more interesting, was the success of Griffin in all he attempted. Besides the dashes, he secured first place in the shot-put, the hammer throw, and the high jump.

The U. P. did some very noble work, we must admit. They won the mile run from Parrott, and that is saying a great deal. They won the broad jump, but this was accidental, for both our broad jumpers, Fleming and Magee, were slightly disabled. They won the hurdles, too, and deservedly, though in neither the 220-yard nor the 120-yard hurdles had they much time to spare. Then they made us work for the relay, for though we held first place in all the laps it was not until Griffin started on the last round, that we felt sure of victory.

Following is the summary of events:

50-yard dash—Won by Griffin S. C. C., Belz, S. C. C., second, Needham, U. P., third. No time.

440-yard dash—Won by Richardson, U. P., Hubbard, S. C. C. second, Shearer, U. P., third. Time, 0:55.

Mile run—Won by H. Smith, U. P., Chambers, U. P., second, Parrott, S. C. C., third. Time, 5:08.

Pole vault—MrGregor and Fleming, S. C. C., tie for first, Hansen, U. P., third. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

100-yard dash—Won by Griffin, S. C. C., Belz, S. C. C., second, Doerr, U. P., third. Time, 0:10 3-5.

880-yard dash—Won by Shearer, U. P., Graham, S. C. C., second, Hubbard, S. C. C., third. Time, 2:14. Graham disqualified and was placed third.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Kellogg, U. P., Hubbard, S. C. C., second, Magee, S. C. C., third. Time, 0:28.

Shot put—Won by Griffin, S. C. C., Hubbard, S. C. C., second, Belz, S. C. C., third. Distance, 40 feet 7 inches.

220-yard dash—Won by Griffin, S. C. C., Richardson, U. P., second, Belz, S. C. C., third. Time, 0:24 2-5.

Two-mile run—Won by Graham, S. C. C., Chambers, U. P., second, Parrott, S. C. C., third. Time, 12:03.

Broad jump—Won by Needham, U. P., Fleming, S. C. C., second, Magee, S. C. C., third. Distance, 20 feet 9 inches.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Hubbard, S. C. C., Kellogg, U. P., second, Tiffin, U. P., and Magee, S. C. C., dead heat for third place. Time, 0:19.

Hammer throw—Won by Griffin, S. C. C., Hillar, U. P., second, Plank, S. C. C., third. Distance, 107 feet 5 inches.

High jump—Won by Griffin, S. C. C., Hubbard, S. C. C., second, Magee, S. C. C., third. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Mile relay, five in each team—Won by Santa Clara College. Time, 3:34.

Score in points: S. C. C. 84; U. P. 44.

Annual Field Day.

At nine a. m. Wm. Regan, the Grand Marshal, gave notice that all was ready for the field contests and the students, headed by the College Band, marched "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders," out towards the Sodality campus, all the while "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds." There was not the slightest delay in the various events of the morning, owing to the superior skill in management on the part of Grand Marshal Wm. Regan and his two aids, Chas. Laumeister and Lawrence Degnan.

The following are the names of winners and the records made:

SENIORS.

120-yard handicap—Won by Belz; Magee, second. Time 11 2-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Magee first, Plank second. Distance, 21 ft. 3 in.

100-yard dash—Griffin first, Belz second. Time 10 1-5 sec.

Mile run—Graham first, Curley second. Time 4:51.

Relay race—Team captained by Collins. Time 4:52.

Handball—Won by McGregor, McDougall and Zicovich.

Tennis doubles—Won by Marten and B. Ivancovich. Score, 6-3 and 6-4.

JUNIORS—DIVISION A.

100-yard dash—Brazell first, Ramos second. Time 11 2-5.

120-yard handicap—Brazell first, Maddock second. Time 12 1-5.

Relay race—Won by team captained by Maddock.

Sack race—Humphrey first, Costello second.

Broad jump—Humphrey first, Durie second.

Handball game—Won by Grace, Ramos and Lappin.

JUNIORS—DIVISION B.

440-yard dash—De Journal first, A. Downey second.

100-yard dash—E. McFadden first, Peters second.

120-yard handicap—E. McFadden first, Peters second.

Relay race—Team captained by E. Ivancovich.

Broad jump—Peters first, L. Bazet second.

Handball—Won by G. Ivancovich, E. Ivancovich and Pezzola.

Junior League Brevities.

Captain R. Maher of the Sacramento team is claiming the first place by anticipation.

A twelve inning game was played recently between Los Angeles and Sacramento. In the twelfth inning Los Angeles crossed the plate for the winning run. It was a spectacular game throughout with but five hits off Hallinan and four off Lappin. The score stood 4-3.

Not less exciting was the game between San Francisco and Los Angeles, that ended 3-1 in favor of the former. There was but one error in the game, and that on a swift liner knocked to Phillipe on short. Ramos, the Filipino twirler allowed but two hits. Following is the present standing of the teams:

	Games played	Won	Lost	Percent
Sacramento	28	15	13	.535
San Francisco	28	15	13	.535
Los Angeles	28	12	16	.425

HIGHEST HONORS FOR APRIL, 1903.

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
Philosophy of Religion.....	W Regan	J Regan
Ethics.....	W Regan
Mental Philosophy.....	J Regan
Natural Philosophy	J Bacigalupi	T Feeney
Chemistry	J Bacigalupi	F Moraghan, T Feeney
Mathematics.....	W Regan	J Regan

	SOPHOMORE	FRESHMAN
Religion	R Harrison	G Araneta
English Precepts.....	J Riordan	G Araneta
English Author	J Parrott	R Shepherd
English Composition.....	J Parrott.....	F Plank
History and Geography	R Harrison	R Fitzgerald.....
Elocution	R Harrison, J Riordan	F Sigwart
Latin	G Araneta	J Byrnes.....
Greek	G Araneta	F Sigwart
Mathematics.....	C Budde.....	H de la Guardia

	1st ACADEMIC	2nd ACADEMIC
Religion	E McFadden	E de la Guardia, H de la Guardia
English Precepts.....	R Shepherd	H de la Guardia
English Author	C Budde.....	H de la Guardia
English Composition.....	C Budde.....	C Smith.....
History and Geography	I Guerrero	A Sundell
Civil Government	R Shepherd	E de la Guardia, H de la Guardia
Elocution	E McFadden	C Smith.....
Latin	E Ivancovich	H de la Guardia
Greek	E Ivancovich	H de la Guardia
Mathematics.....	A Sundell	J Lappin

	3rd ACADEMIC	4th ACADEMIC
Religion	H Broderick.....	J Daly.....
English Precepts.....	H Lyng	P Wilcox
English Author	J Brazell	P Wilcox
Composition	J Shea.....	Anthony Diepenbrock
History and Geography	H Broderick	B Bradbury
Elocution	A Zarcone	H Fraser
Orthography.....	M Callahan
Latin	H Lyng	J Jamora.....
Greek.....	H Broderick.....
Arithmetic	E Hallinan	C Olivares.....

Academic Course—(English).

	1st ACADEMIC	2nd ACADEMIC	3rd ACADEMIC
Religion	J Griffin	V Durfee	R Durie
English Precepts	G Beaumont	P Tulloch	R Durie
English Author.....	H Oswald	J Hearn	A Lewis
Composition	G Beaumont	P Humphrey	R Durie
History and Geogr..	F Arburua	V Durfee	R Durie
Civil Government.....		P Tulloch	R Durie
Elocution	H Oswald	W. Maher	R Durie

Commercial Course.

	1st CLASS	2nd CLASS	3rd CLASS
Commercial Branches	J Chichizola	E de la Guardia....	C Castruccio

Special Classes.

	1st SPECIAL	2nd SPECIAL	3rd SPECIAL
Latin	E Kirk, M Carter....	J Shepherd.....	F Floyd
Greek	E Kirk, M Carter....	G Fisher	F Floyd

Pre-Academic Classes.

	1st	2nd
Religion	C Olivares	J Manha
English Precepts	C Olivares	I MacManus
English Author.....	A Bunsow	
Composition	A Bunsow	R Corroll.....
Hist. and Geography	C Olivares	J Manha
Elocution	A Bunsow	M Pereira, A Sanchez.....
Orthography	E Comyns	M Pereira, J Illich.....
Arithmetic	A Clark	R Corroll.....

Elementary Science.

Div. A—J Boschken
Div. B—R Shepherd

Supplement

PASSION PLAY

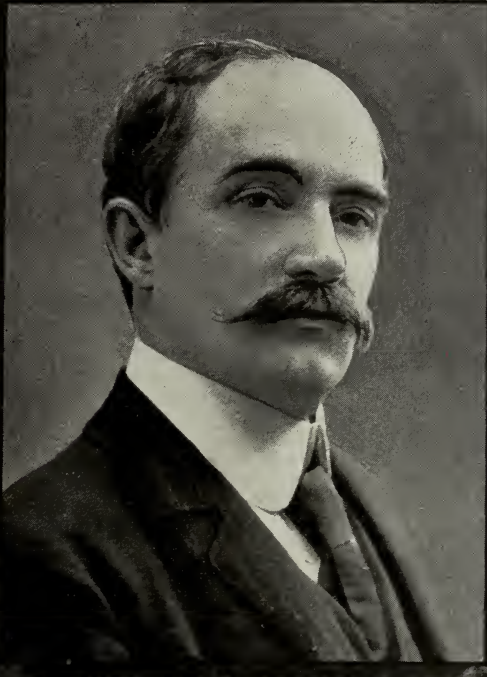
Santa Clara College

THE PASSION PLAY OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The Sacred Drama Since the revival in 1901 of the old morality play, "Everyman," under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society of England, a considerable degree of interest has been awakened and directed towards the sacred drama in general, and morality, mystery and miracle plays in particular. "A Voice from the Wilderness," "Mary of Magdala," and other biblical dramas have received a great deal of patronage, perhaps more than they deserve, for in both the Scriptural element is subservient to the sensuous and romantic, without which the modern playwright, finds it hard to please his audience. The tendency however is a good one, and speaks well for the English and American dramatic taste. The modern stage needs a purifying tonic, and none better suited to the purpose could be suggested than periodic productions of well-written biblical dramas or even some of the middle age morality, mystery and miracle plays, adapted, of course, to present requirements. To these the origin of the English Drama must be traced, to these we must have recourse at times for inspiration and guidance.

The mediæval dramas, or the mystery, miracle and morality plays were founded on biblical passages and striking events from the lives of the Saints. For the most part they were devised, written and produced under the direction of the monks and priests whose purpose it was to impart religious instruction to the multitude. Men were then, as now, more readily susceptible of instruction when assisted by visible representations. The truths and dogmas of faith had a more lasting influence when the rewards awaiting the good, and the punishments to be meted out to the wicked were realized. Hence the difference between the mediæval drama and our modern productions lies chiefly in this, that while the former's didactic intent is obvious, the purpose of the latter is professedly to impart a transitory pleasure or to delight the senses with variegated robes and sensational situations.

The superiority of the modern over the old "mysteries" and "miracles" in point of art is evident; in poetical concept, if we



CLAY M. GREENE,
Author of Passion Play.

MARTIN V. MERLE,
General Director of Passion Play, 1903.

judge according to the coloring of the imagination the old time productions will stand a fair comparison with most of our recent attempts in the domain of drama. As to the purpose of the one and the other, we should form our opinions according to some fixed standard. The theatre is not the place for religious instruction evidently. The twentieth century idea is, that of religion we get more than a sufficiency in our churches; yet no one can reasonably object to an occasional serious and didactic, or even religious drama, and as had been stated, few do object at present.

But of this let those interested in the matter propose their opinions. It is the present writer's object to show the connection that exists between these old plays and the Passion Play of Santa Clara College, and not to advocate stage reform. The sacred drama among the middle age folks includes nearly all the Bible stories of the Old and New Testament, "The Creation of the World," "The Deluge," "Cain and Abel," "Abraham," "Jacob and Esau," "The Crucifixion," "The Resurrection," "The Ascension," and "Doomsday." These and other plays founded on the Scriptural narrative were distinguished as miracle plays. The mystery-plays are of the same character more or less, but the theme of the latter is generally taken from the lives of the Saints. "The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene," "The Play of St. Catherine," "The Play of the Blessed Sacrament," and others that are still extant are beautiful specimens of the mysteries. Subsequent to these dramas, and a natural evolution from them the morality plays sprung into being. In these, allegorical personages appear and act much after the manner of the characters in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Truth, Piety, Justice, Pride, Goods, Knowledge, and other abstract ideas are impersonated. The Devil and his minions, Almighty God and His Angels are introduced to give to the dramatization all the actuality possible. "Everyman" is of this type, so too, are John Skelton's two dramas, "Magnificence" and "Necromancer."

There was, to be sure, in these mediæval productions something of the primitive simplicity and straightforwardness of the times. They were in some particulars, "rude, gross and childish" as Richard Grant White maintains, yet from these beginnings we must trace the masterly productions of the Elizabethan era. Gradually the allegorical characters were dropped, and in their stead were substituted real personages, bearing however, all the characteristic traits of their dramatic predecessors. We would not

perhaps be thought justified in calling Shakespeare's "Macbeth" a morality play, and yet there is such a close relationship between this, the great artist's most perfect production, and the ruder forms of moralities, that the assertion might possibly pass. The evil influences brought to bear on Macbeth, the weird sisters, his wicked wife, and his own inner thoughts, might well stand in the moralities as the flesh, the world, and the devil, or the three concupiscences of which St. John speaks. On the other hand, Banquo, the "calm, the unexcited, the self-poised" companion of Macbeth is a perfect image of what conscience or the attending angels were in primitive times.

The Passion Play But because this Shakespearean art was unknown before his time, we shall find on examination that the moralities produced at an earlier date have a certain degree of grossness and crudity, pardonable, to be sure, for it is more difficult to deal with the abstract than with the real, but none the less crudities.

To illustrate the nature of these blemishes, if we may so term them, we shall speak of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, a play which came down from the fourteenth century, and which gradually developed as it came down, until under the direction of Father Daisenberger it was entirely remodeled and presented to the criticism of the religious world in all the grandeur and glory and reverence it still possesses. It was Father Daisenberger who, about the middle of the last century corrected and revised the great drama, and persuaded the peasants to build an open air theatre in lieu of the churchyard, where, until his time, the Passion Play had been performed, and to enter upon their work with more elaborate preparations and costly costumes.

Some of the primitive characteristics are mentioned by John L. Stoddard in his admirable lecture on the Passion Play. "The oldest text book of the Passion Play now extant," he says "bears the date 1662, and it is in the possession of the Burgomaster of the village. It shows that the performances in those early days must have been very crude and realistic, for the Devil was then one of the prominent actors, and would dance about Judas while the latter was being tempted, and finally rush upon the Iscariot's body, attended by a retinue of imps, when the betrayer had hanged himself." A realistic way of putting things, surely, but because the workings of Satan find an extenuation sufficiently pal-

pable in his human agents, recourse to such contrivances has been rendered useless. "In those days also," continued Mr. Stoddard, "just before the play commenced, a messenger would rush upon the stage with a letter from Lucifer the 'Prince of Hell' requesting the audience not to be affected by the Play, but to make all the disturbance they could, during the performance, promising to reward them well when they should subsequently make him a visit!" These features have been done away with, and the audience is allowed to supply in imagination what was then suggested with such simplicity and candor. The same effects are now brought before the spectators, partly by suggestion, partly by actual presentation,—Judas betraying his Master, his despair and suicide,—and the cause is not far to seek. These changes have helped to make the Passion Play at Oberammergau one of the most interesting features of the modern world. "The world is wide, but it contains no sight like that of Oberammergau," says the American lecturer already quoted. The fact that something like a quarter of a million people flock thither from all parts of the world when the play is produced is a sufficient proof of this world-wide fame of the drama.

The peasants have often been asked and tempted with gold and silver to reproduce the play in England and America, but they have refused to a man. It is a devotional exercise and not a money-making scheme. What then do they do with the money received? The income is divided into four parts. "The first and greatest part is used to defray the expenses of building the theatre and of providing suitable stage appliances and costumes for the performers. Another part is devoted to a permanent village improvement fund, a third portion is devoted to the church and to the poor of the community, while the remainder is apportioned among seven hundred actors." When we consider the immense success required for the expenses of such a play, we can easily understand how very little each actor receives. In 1880 Joseph Maier the Christus, and principal instructor during the long months of preparation received for the whole summer's work from May to October, about two hundred dollars.

Nor would the play meet with the same success elsewhere. "In any other place," to quote Stoddard again, "the Passion Play would be offensive. Like a wild mountain flower, it would not bear transplanting to another soil. But in Oberammergau, with an historical background as striking and unique as that of its en-

circling mountains, it seems appropriate and natural."

The sacredness of the theme, the innate reverence which all Christians feel towards the Crucified Savior of the world, the supernatural character of the God-man have all combined to render the reproduction of the play an impossibility. Perhaps on account of the lightness and triviality of the modern stage, possibly too on account of the lack of reverence which some of the *Dramatis Personæ* would naturally show, the Passion Play has not been attempted on the professional stage successfully.

When James O'Neil, than whom no one could be found more suited to the character of Christus, for he was a devout and conscientious Christian, endeavored to present the Passion Play in San Francisco, though he religiously assisted each morning at the services of his religion and received the Sacraments of the Catholic church prior to each performance, he met with sore disappointment. His play was suppressed, and the same production when attempted shortly afterwards in New York, again proved a signal failure.

The Passion Play at Santa Clara. It was not therefore until 1901, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Santa Clara College, that a successful attempt was made of transplanting the wild mountain flower of Oberammergau, in some of its primitive lustre, at least, to our American soil. That the attempt was successful, the various critics who came to see it, even with the mind to criticise harshly, bear witness.

Reverend Father Magevney, the famous Jesuit Missionary, was present at the first production, and writing to a friend in the East he says: "From what I beheld in Santa Clara, I am satisfied that the sweet, sad story of the Rood has at last been dramatized outside of Oberammergau in a way, not only to give no offense, but, on the contrary, to edify and instruct immensely. As it stands in that version, it combines the eloquence of a sermon with the devotion of a prayer."

Chas. McClatchy, Esq., Editor of the "Sacramento Bee," is even more lavish in his praise: "The writer is free to confess that he went to see this Passion Play with the most serious misgivings, —to be frank, it was a duty rather than an anticipated pleasure, that called him to the production; he expected the usual amateur entertainment, all of which could be forgiven, but probably not forgotten. The production was a revelation. In no cathedral, in



JOHN CLARK as "Athias."

ALOYSIUS FOLEY as HEROD I."

JAMES BACIGALUPI as "Jechonias."

no church, in no house of God, where men congregate to worship their Creator, could there be imagined a more reverential scene, than that depicted in the ample stage of the theatre at Santa Clara College. No nobler lesson was ever taught than it teaches; no more convincing sermon ever preached than it preaches. No man with a particle of good in him can see this Passion Play and fail to be a better man for having seen it. It is a deeply devotional and sincerely religious depiction by suggestion of the life and death of the Savior. It is so reverential that its representation in the theatre would not be a sacrilege but a homage."

To these authorities we might add a long list of others, but the readers can judge from the above, the nature of the success attained. Of all the many who came to Santa Clara in 1901 to witness the performance, and of the goodly number who came to stigmatize, not one was found to speak censure.

We have therefore at Santa Clara College a sacred drama, uniting the praiseworthy features of the old miracle plays with the religious sentiments of the world-renowned Passion Play of Oberammergau, and adding to this the superb effects of a thoroughly equipped modern stage. And though it cannot boast of equal excellence with the production at Bavaria, it is nevertheless the only other Passion Play that has met with unconditional approbation.

The Secret of Success. To determine the merits of a drama, we must regard it in two different aspects, its intrinsic worth and the extrinsic circumstances under which it is produced. In the Passion Play at Santa Clara both features are praiseworthy and contribute an equal amount to the success attained. We shall examine them separately.

Christ Suggested. In the play itself, it is not so much the absence of the God-man that renders the play remarkable (though this very absence has an effect in as much as the Divinity of Christ is thereby respected), as the *positive suggestion* of the Savior. The incidents have been so arranged, the plot so formed that we are carried through the different scenes of the Passion with an almost magical skill. We feel that we are present at the Last Supper, and as Matthew narrates the different circumstances thereof to his father, we cannot but feel impressed at the solemnity of this farewell repast, and with a mingling of fear and love we go out to the Garden of Gethsemane. Here the prayer of the

Savior, the traitor's kiss, the rudeness of the soldiery, the wickedness of the high priests as they pass before us with their cords and weapons are so realistic that the presence of the Savior is not required.

The Pilate Scene and the march to Golgotha are even more actual. Pilate, from an elevated position in front of his pretorium, addresses the Savior, while a ray of light flashes across the stage, that is as effective as would be the apparition of Christ himself. "Speak, Jesus of Nazareth; tell us whether this be true or no," cries out Pilate, looking off in the direction whence the light proceeds.

"He hangs his head! He will not speak. Proveth that not his guilt?" Caiaphas answers, while all the assembled priests and merchants and the multitude of fickle Jews look in the direction of the light and in derision exclaim:

"Aye, look at Him! He dare not speak! Ha, ha, ha!"

Again the demand of the multitude for Barabbas is as terrible as it is actual. Its dramatic power is all that the simplicity of faith and passion can make it.

PILATE—"Men of Jerusalem, if there be any one condemned whom you would have released instead of Him that standeth there, I do decide it is your right to demand it done."

CROWD—"Aye! aye!"

PILATE—"His name!" (then a pause) "Ah, there is none!"

BOAZ (a merchant of the temple, who has just conversed with Caiaphas)—"One! Give unto us Barabbas!"

TWO FELLOW MERCHANTS—"Aye Barabbas!"

CROWD (infuriated)—"Barabbas! Barabbas! Barabbas!"

Again in the eighth chapter, the Carrying of the Cross is portrayed in its awful reality. During the progress of the scene, the apostles, all but Judas, gather in a little garden overlooking Jerusalem. Shouts are heard in the distance, and John describes the approaching procession for his fellow Apostles. Meanwhile the shouts grow louder and more distinct, till finally, surrounded by a forest of spears, and amid the cries and insults and jeers of the rabble, the cross moves slowly by. Only a glimpse is given to the audience, for the Apostles are hidden from the procession by the enclosure of the garden, and have, during the passage of the mob, shut the gates and knelt down to pray. The effect is admirable; silence, dark and ominous prevails, save for the shouts of the infuriated Jewish mob, which increase and then die away gradually

as the procession passes into the distance. While the cross is passing and right in the middle of the stage, there occurs one of the most striking events of the Play. The Savior falls and the audience can hear the savage reprimands. He is urged on with insults and curses.

Thus the suggested Presence acts throughout. It is doubtful whether it is in itself as dramatic as the impersonation of the Christus would be, but it certainly is more effective, more reverential and more appropriate for the American stage than a real figure, however perfected by artistic touch.

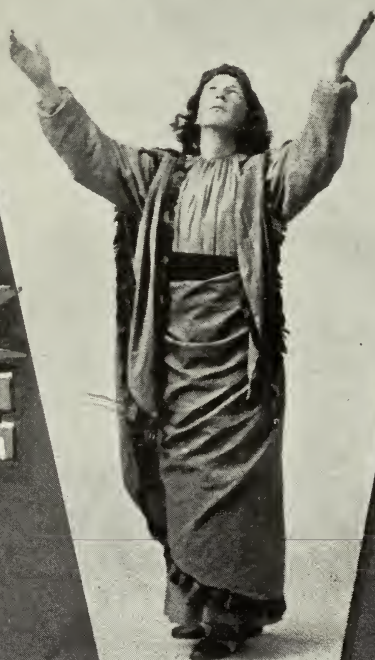
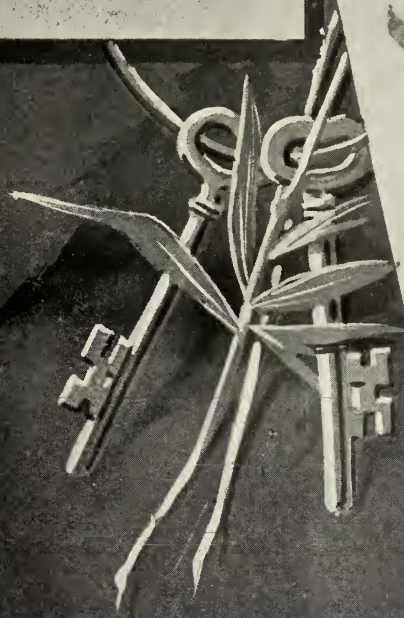
The Holy Women Suggested. It has been remarked that in the Passion Play of Santa Clara there are no female roles and because the women of the Gospel are so interesting, because Mary the Mother of Christ, Mary Salome, Magdalene and Veronica are so intermingled with the chief incidents of the Passion, this has occurred to some as one of the unavoidable limitations of the College performance. These holy women are in a position much the same as that of the Savior. Their very holiness and heavenly character are such as can be better thought of than acted. Hence on this point Mr. Greene showed his superior talent in making their existence and presence felt by suggestion as he did in the case of Christ. It is interesting to note how he does this in regard to the Blessed Virgin. We shall listen on this point to a critic of the last performance.

"Scarcely has the play opened, when a controversy ensues amongst the shepherds who were 'keeping their night watches over their flocks,' regarding the advent of the Messiah. Special stress is laid on the prophecy of Isaias, which is made to do service as a majestic prelude to the entire drama. 'Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel.' The discussion waxes, and a disposition to yield is beginning to manifest itself on the part of the skeptics, when, lo! the heavens are illumined and troops of angels appear flooding earth and sky with their canticle of 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.' One, apparently a leader, comes nigh unto the shepherds crouched upon the ground through awe and fear, and not only confirms the predictions, over which they have just been wrangling, but artfully supplements them by an additional hint at the circumstances attending the Annunciation. They are thus reminded how the Archangel Gabriel

was sent to an humble Virgin of Nazareth, named Mary, of the royal family of King David, and spouse of Joseph, the carpenter. To strengthen the assertion and encourage them the more, the words of the heavenly messenger are in part recalled. "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of his kingdom there shall be no end." Reassured by these and kindred utterances, they arise and scramble hastily down the mountain side exclaiming: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us." We hear of Mary again, to illustrate once more, when told of the angel's injunction to Joseph in a dream to "arise and take the Child and his mother and fly into Egypt, for it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy him."

The last reference to Mary is during the scene described above,—The March to Golgotha. When the procession has passed, and the shouts have become indistinct, John, the beloved Disciple, looks out through the gates at the terrible scene. He examines the situation carefully for his brethren and his eyes fall upon the figure of the sorrowful Mother, following the way of the Cross. He is overcome with grief and remorse that Mary is left alone, and with a preternatural zeal and enthusiasm he informs his brother Apostles that he will go and comfort the Mother of Christ and with her follow the Savior to the summit of Calvary. With a farewell wave of the hand he is off towards the scene of death to verify the saying in the Gospel narrative: "And there stood by the Cross, Mary the Mother of Jesus and John, the beloved Disciple." "Thus," continued the writer already quoted, "throughout, a scene that is ever shifting, Mary lives on in the thoughts and affections of the spectators, like some sweet gentle undertone in a glorious symphony which would not be complete without her."

The Spirit of the Actors. Besides these and many more master strokes of dramatic art, there are some extrinsic features that must not be omitted in gauging the secret of success. First of all we must mention the reverential spirit of the students who take part. "To the Passion Play," writes Mr. McClatchy, "the students of Santa Clara College brought a deep-seated realization of the



HENRY WILCOX, as "Peter."

JOHN M. REGAN, as "St. John."

Theme and a religious devotion, which gave to their acting the very essence of nature. They did not seem to be enacting, but to be the Disciples of Christ. Clay M. Greene, himself doubted very much whether the parts of the Apostles can ever be given by professional actors as they were by the Collegians. And his reason is that actors do not bring to their part the devotional spirit which animated the Santa Clara boys—a spirit born of their religion and instilled into them through their parentage and their teachings.”

It was this spirit of fervor that provoked unwonted praise from some of the Protestant clergy who were present.

“Never before,” said one, “have I had the reality of Christ’s life and death brought home to my mind so forcibly as to-night!”

“I wish that every Protestant in the land,” wrote another, “could see and feel as I did, the great devotion of a school and church which in this scoffing twentieth century can accomplish such a work.”

It is needless to say this same spirit of piety is the chief factor in the Oberammergau production. When Joseph Maier the Christus of 1880 and 1890 spoke the words: “It is not only the greatest honor of my life to represent the character of Jesus of Nazareth; it is for me also the most solemn of religious duties,” he expressed the sentiments of all his companion actors, and surely every one of the students of Santa Clara College feels and has felt that he too has a religious duty in as much as the play is sacred and the success rests on the individual efforts of those engaged. The religious training the students receive, the atmosphere of holiness that rests about the historic walls of the old Mission and College of Santa Clara, their constant friendly association with those, whose lives devoted to God evidence the sincerity of their faith in the mysteries of the Redemption—all these contribute to give them that simplicity and fervor of faith, that lustre of purity of mind and heart, without which art were a mockery and industry futile.

The Proximate Training. A play of such pretensions naturally requires a long and thorough preparation. When it was to be produced for the first time, the very novelty of the performance demanded unusual efforts on the part of the directors and others on whom the success of the work depended. For fully five months Rev. Father Ford, S. J., assisted by Jas. L. Taylor, S. J., rehearsed the young actors whenever the regular duties of the class work did

not interfere. On vacation days, the students willingly sacrificed their games and recreations to the great task with an zeal and interest beyond praise. The result was all that could be expected; the principal characters attained such a degree of assurance and the mob such uniform action that the dramatic critics present at the different performances expressed their admiration for the work in such phrases as these: "Professional actors could not surpass the students of Santa Clara College." "The principal characters were handled with a degree of realization unsurpassed on the professional stage." "The mob was in no way inferior to the celebrated rabble in 'Robespierre.'"

When therefore the reproduction was suggested in January last, it was deemed advisable to have recourse to the actors of the former production, many of whom fortunately were still at College. Eight of the most prominent characters were entrusted to those who met with success two years ago. The others were given into able hands, and the mob was trained with an earnestness and diligence equal to that which marked the former occasion. Mr. Martin V. Merle who, during the past two months, has been conducting the rehearsals feels confident that the entire cast is ready to do honor to the great drama.

The Principal Characters This article would be incomplete without particular mention of some of the principal characters. On them depends in great measure the success of the performance, and because each has made his part all that it can be, we but do them justice in giving herewith a brief notice of the salient features that are to characterize the reproduction.

Jechonias. Though not a biblical character in the same sense as the Apostles, Jechonias lives throughout the play, and is the principal agent in bringing about connections between scene and scene. Entirely the product of Mr. Greene's imagination, he is introduced into the plot as the father of Athias who afterwards becomes Matthew the Apostle. Jechonias through his enormous wealth has ingratiated himself into the good graces of both Caiaphas and Herod, and though when his son becomes a follower of the Nazarene, his anger finds vent in curses and tears, it is through him that Athias, now Matthew, is enabled to gain admission into the royal Palace and into the House of the High Priest. Besides the prominence of Jechonias in the plot, he is not without a certain degree of personal interest. A staunch adherer to the laws

of Moses, he obstinately refuses to accept the doctrines of which his son speaks so frequently. "If I can see one palsied hand made clean," he says, "I will believe, but not till then." Skeptical as he is before the Crucifixion, he is converted by that sad event, submits, and makes open profession of his faith in the Christ before the rabble assembled in the Temple of Jerusalem. James Bacigalupi has been given this important part and no one acquainted with the histrionic ability of Mr. Bacigalupi can fail to anticipate a glorious impersonation of Jechonias.

Athias. A certain degree of dramatic license was required to make Matthew the young nobleman he is represented to be in the opening chapter of the drama. Yet Matthew was in fact a publican and the publicans were not unfrequently the wealthiest men in the land. The license, therefore, does not include an improbability. Athias is one of the charming conceptions of Mr. Greene's fertile imagination. Surrounded by the evil influences of Herod's court, urged on to blasphemy by his companion Archelaus, afterwards, Herod II, and with the example of a weak, time-serving father before him, he preserves his virtue unsullied, and finally becomes an Apostle at once interesting and active, in as much as his acquaintance with the nobles of Herod's court and the followers of Caiaphas enables him to figure prominently in the palace and the religious circles of the High Priests. John Clark, who in the former production scored such a triumph, is bringing to this part a voice of rare melody and range, an impressive presence, and an interpretation natural and realistic.

Ammon and Dathian The characters of Ammon and Dathian are much the same as Shakespeare's Banquo and Macbeth. The one is depraved and willingly depraved, the other good, but not wholly good. Ammon believes when he sees the Babe at Bethlehem; Dathian admits that "the light around the Mother and Christ must have surely come from Heaven," but blinded by a thirst for gold, he goes on in wickedness from bad to worse, until finally he is persuaded by Caiaphas to devote all his energies to the tempting of Judas. He succeeds, but when the Savior is delivered up to death, the tempter dispises him whom he had tempted.

"He who bribes," says he to Judas, "does it but to keep his own hands from defilement, but he who is bribed is already so deep defiled, that one more smirch upon his soul, affecteth not his vile conscience of stone."

The conversion of Dathian at the sight of the Crucifixion and the open profession by Ammon of what he had adready secretly believed, are eminently artistic touches. Unlike Judas, they were never admitted into the service of Christ, and their conspiracy against the Son of God was not so wicked as that of one of the Apostles of Christ. Hence the despair of the one and the conversion of the other two are natural enough and almost anticipated.

M. Griffin as Ammon, and Joseph Farry as Dathian were among the most attractive figures in the first production. The same two able actors are to appear again in their respective parts, and the experience of a former appearance and two years of additional culture will contribute considerably towards their triumph this year.

Mr. Farry is especially successful in the last chapter, when after his return from Golgotha he addresses the multitude who have fled to the temple, to seek refuge from the terrible confusion caused by the darkness and earthquake and the ominous apparitions of the dead. Standing alone unshaken, for he understands the meaning of it all, he speaks his sentiments boldly.

DATHIAN—It was I that found the traitor to betray Him—I that shouted most to gain his death—I that led the rabble to Golgotha. I saw Him nailed upon the cross between two thieves—they cursing all who caused their fate—He saying not a word at all. But on His face I saw a look of patient agony, whilst o'er His bleeding head there shone a radiance that seemed indeed to come from God.

BOAZ—What! This from thee!

DATHIAN—This from me to all Jerusalem! Then cried out the thieves again; one of them to curse, the other manifesting deep repentance, when on him turned Jesus and said: "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Still on we watched with ne'er a sound from any one, for now the thieves were dead. Then through the darkness pierced a voice of gentle anguish: "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthane!" and wrought into a wondrous pitch of pity, I could hear no more, but turned and fled.

Caiaphas. Standing forth uniquely pre-eminent with that "bad eminence" of Satan who was "insatiate to pursue vain war with Heaven," Caiaphas, the hypocrite, the whited-sepulchre, the proud, haughty, self-sufficient High Priest of the Gospel, moves through



WM. JOHNSON, as "Caiaphas."

JOHN IVANCOVICH, as "Judas."

JOSEPH FARRY, as "Dathian."

WM. V. REGAN, as "Pilate."

the Passion Play with a ferocity of nature and a wicked boldness of purpose that even in the incarnate demons of Shakespeare can not be equalled. Richard, Macbeth, Shylock are petty monsters when compared to Caiaphas. Not that Mr. Greene has given to his character all the poetic and picturesque diction, that distinguish the bard of Avon, but having the Scriptural narrative as his guide, he produced a Caiaphas "sublimely terrific" and diabolically bad. With a firm steady purpose of putting the Savior to death, with an untiring energy of will, with an ambition that cannot be quenched, he plots and plans, executes and fears not. As he exists in the Passion Play, his every action seems to echo the satanic sentiments:

"To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill, our sole delight,
As being contrary to His high will
Whom we resist."

The introduction of Satan to which we alluded is not necessary. Caiaphas is his incarnation.

The impersonation of such a character might seem an impossibility in view of the fact that College students alone are available, but Wm. Johnson, '05, has been found equal to the occasion. With a kingly carriage, thundering voice, commanding appearance and natural interpretive gift he will do ample justice to the part and give proof of his powers as an actor, and a student, who goes beyond the words and sees, feels and expresses the underlying sentiments.

Judas. Faithfully drawn according to the Scriptural model, the Judas of the Passion Play is a master-piece of dramatic art. Dark, deceitful, self-centered, he falls, but like a mighty column he falls gradually. A slow, steady process of undermining has been going on for months. When first introduced he is uncertain, the pillar begins to totter, and then there comes a storm, the storm of temptation and with a mighty crash Judas falls; falls from the dignity of an Apostle of Christ to a baseness horrible to utter. A few days are sufficient for the dread change, and the follower of the Savior become a victim of despair, hangs himself, at the instigation of his tempter, Dathian. This difficult master-part finds an interpreter of unexcelled force and passion in John Ivancovich.

Pilate. The weak Roman Governor, ably impersonated by Wm. V. Regan, has received from the dramatist an actuality that is at once attractive and repulsive. He is a copy for the most part of the Biblical Pilate, anxious to free Christ, but to weak of purpose to do so. He appears but twice during the play, and on both occasions with great effect. The trial scene is the most dramatic picture in the drama. The presence of the High Priests moving to and fro among the mob, the shouts of "Crucify him! Crucify Him!" and "Give unto us Barabbas!" and Pilate hesitating, doubting, arguing and finally uttering the dreadful sentence, "Let Him be crucified!" all contribute toward the intended effects of horror, compassion and sorrow.

The Apostles. Bold, weak, sinful and penitent in turns, Clay M. Greene's Peter is an ideal dramatic figure; nor for that the least bit unscriptural. Henry Wilcox throws into the part the earnestness, dignity and pathos that we should expect to find in the great Apostle, the ardent, presumptuous, intensely loving Peter.

St. John, the beloved Disciple, will not be the least attractive figure on the stage. A virginal grace surrounds his every action. He comforts Peter after the denial, he explains some of the mysterious sayings of the Master, and when finally he expresses his determination to follow the Savior to Calvary, he wins the heart so completely that unconsciously he beholder breathes a fervent, "Let us follow him." John M. Regan is a model St. John.

The other Apostles, excepting Matthew, whom we have already described, when speaking of "Athias," are more or less of silent type, though in action their part is important. The students have received the rare praise that "they do not seem to be acting so much as to be the Apostles of Christ."

Persons Represented.

The characters are named in the order of their appearance.

Sadoc	}	George Casey, '07
Shadrack		Frank Ryan, '06
Zoribel		Fred. Sigwart, '06
The Angel of the Lord		John Regan, '04
Ammon		M. Griffith, '98
Dathian		Joseph Farry, '97
A Hindoo	}	Thomas Ena, Acad.
An Egyptian		Wise Men of the East.....Jedd McClatchy, '05
A Persian		Edw. McDougal, '07
Thamar, Captain in the Palace of King Herod		John Shea, Acad.
A Citizen.....		Baldo Ivancovich, '06
Archelaus, Afterwards Herod II.....		Wm. McKagney, '06
Jechonias, A Rich Publican.....		Jas. Bacigalupi, '03
Athias, Afterwards Matthew the Apostle		John Clark, '01
Herod, King of Judea		Aloysius Foley, '03
Officer of the Guard.....		Chas. Budde, '07
An Old Man.....		Angelo Quevedo, '05
Joshua, A Captain of Jerusalem		August Aguirre, '07
Caiaphas	}	Wm. Johnson, '05
Nathanael		High Priests of Jerusalem.....John Collins, '04
Annas		John Riordan, '05
Boas	}	Pierre Merle, '06
Esrom		Merchants of the Temple.....Robt. McCormack, '07
Abiron		Fred Sigwart, '06
The Twelve Apostles:		
Matthew		John Clark, '01
Judas Iscariot.....		John Ivancovich, '05
Thomas.....		Edw. Comerford, '06
John.....		John Regan, '04
Andrew.....		Frank Marten, Special
Peter.....		Henry Wilcox, '80
James the Greater		Joseph Curley, '05
James the Less		Robt. Shepherd, '07
Philip		Vincent Durfee, '07
Bartholomew		James Shepherd, '06
Thaddeus		Rosco Jacobs, '07
Simon		Frank Belz, '06
Pontius Pilate, Roman Governor of Jerusalem		Wm. Regan, '03
Alphon, a Soldier		Joseph Griffin, '07
Priests, Shepherds, Soldiers, Angels, Populace, etc.		
Stage Manager.....Wm. Curtin		

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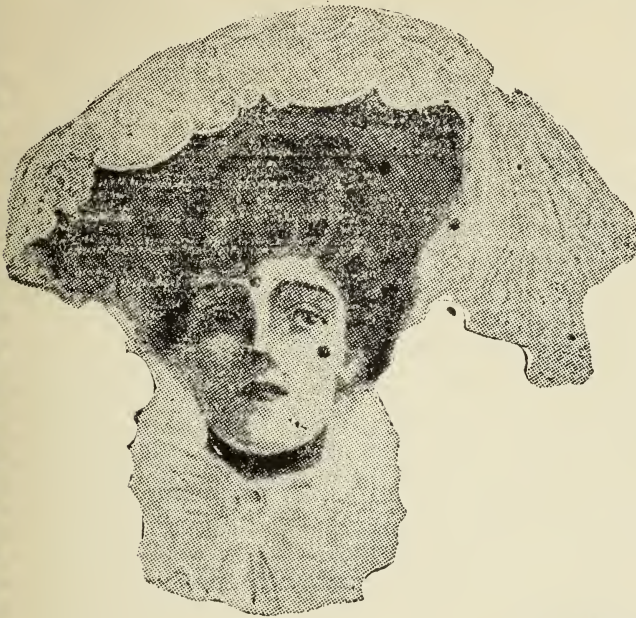
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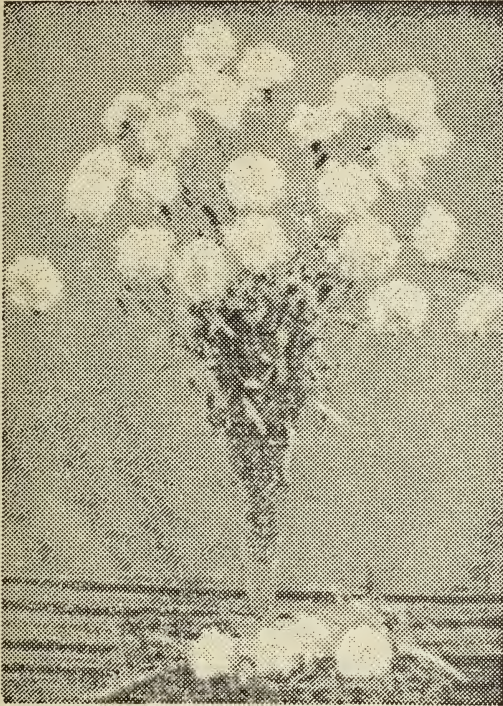
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