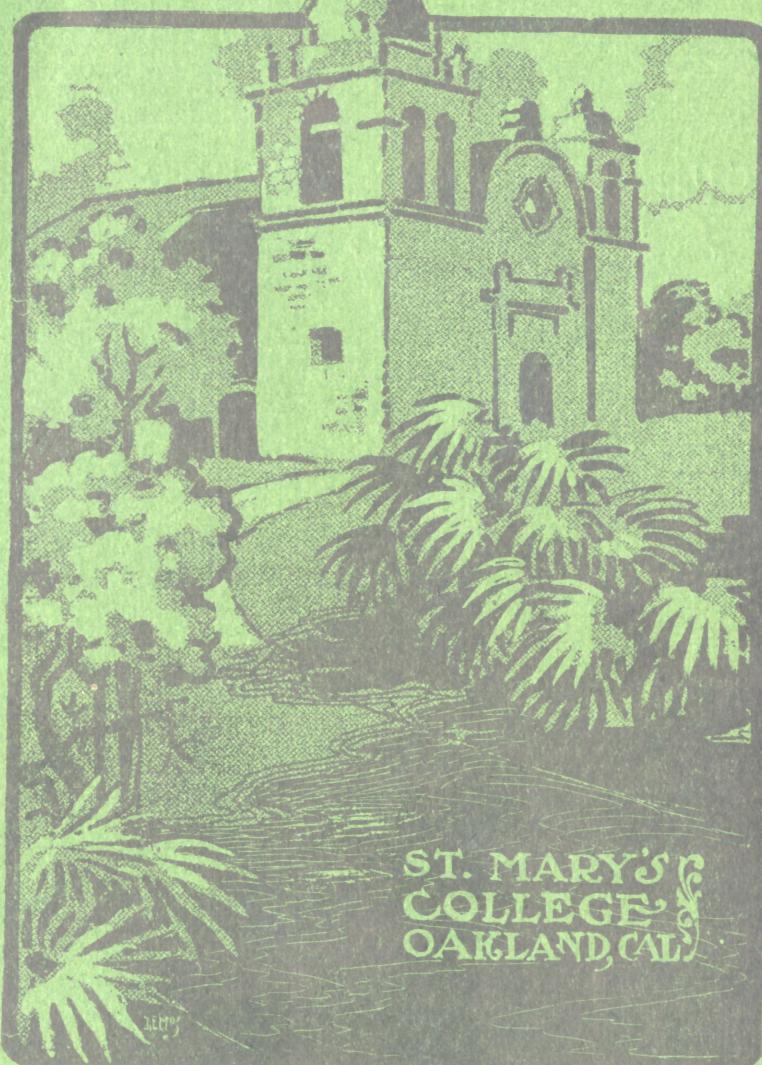


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No. 6

SAINT PATRICK

TWAS in the budding Springtime's vernal prime
And Earth, fair bride, was freshly decked, to greet
Her Sun-god bridegroom, for the Summer time,
Not yet had fired his kisses with its heat,
To parch her lips of love, so she was bright
And fair and beautiful exceedingly.
What marvel that her shores were clasped so tight,
In sinuous embraces of the sea.

That land was Erin. While the Winter chill
Was holding yet her lakes in chains of frost,
Her hearts were bound in darker bondage still—
She kept the fetters Christendom had lost;
Till, as the ripening verdure of the Spring
Disclosed the beauties Winter set at naught,
Erin arose, for she had learned to fling
Her chains away, and 'twas a master taught.

When Patrick landed on the glorious Isle
He bore the precious seeds of Truth with him,
Bright hope peeped down from Heaven with rosy smile
Dread Superstition's majesty waxed dim.
It was the Truth that made him eloquent;
It was the Truth forced Falsehood to his knee;
'Twas Truth that sowed and raised that sacred plant,
The three-leaved symbol of his ministry.

Kings bent to Truth; dear Ireland owned its worth
And humbly knelt her reverence to pay.
Though fifteen centuries have harrowed earth
Since then, nor seen her kneel save on that day,
She shook the slumbrous spell from every limb;
She woke to hear the wonder of the Word
The master taught. The people thronged to him,
And Patrick preached while Ireland knelt and heard.

Think you his mission ended on that day,
When his eye beheld an Irish sky?
Think you he sowed the seed and went away,
Nor watched the beauteous harvest multiply?
Oh, no! there's yet a Gospel to be preached—
A grand Evangel yet of Liberty.
The lesson every Patrick's Day should teach
Is still of Freedom—"Ireland must be free!"

Free as she was that glorious vernal tide
When, 'neath the standard of her chiefs unfurled,
She spurned her fetters' riven links aside,
And looked out proudly on a struggling world—
Free as the rivers leaping from her hills,
Free as the surf that whitens on her beach,
Free as the soul of Liberty, that thrills
To read the lesson that our annals teach!

The grand old Saint is preaching to us now;
He needs no three-leaved plant to indicate
The triple tyranny to which we bow—
Of England's King of England's Church and State.
But should the magic Shamrock spring anew
From soil down-trod by the Oppressor's heel,
It must be fed on blood instead of dew,
And every blade must be a blade of steel.

Lo! through the portals of the Golden Gate
A voice is stealing o'er the Western sea;
It cheers us on the day we celebrate,
And whispers what St. Patrick's Day may be.
"Mourn not," it says, "as men of hope bereft,
Search in the future for a brighter text;
It was glorious land, that isle you left,
Twill be more glorious when you see it next."

The grand old Saint is preaching to us still—
Is preaching in a voice of mighty scope;
'Tis heard wherever Irish bosoms thrill,
And bids us, trumpet-toned, to wait and hope.
Wait, then, and thank the glorious land that gives
Your wandering feet a welcome when you roam;
Wait, then, and bless the Patron Saint, who lives
To guide you to a free land soon at home.

'Tis trampled now, but brighter hopes have dawned
From the humiliation of the foe.
Proud England has crouched low and humbly fawned
Before the foreign hand that struck the blow.
Anon a sterner penance shall be hers,
Anon her tyranny shall see and feel
Our country's vengeance, writ in characters
Of Saxon blood by flashing Irish steel.

—N. P. WYNNE.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL

SAD are our hearts as with retrospective eye we read the pages of Ireland's history—those pages on which are lastingly emblazoned the story of the mighty deeds of her sons and the wisdom of her sages; a story crimsoned with the blood of patriots true and tried. Nowhere else in the annals of nations can be found recorded woes and wrongs equaling in intensity and injustice those which have characterized the policy of England in her long continued effort to destroy the nationality and extinguish the liberty-loving spirit of the Irish people. Their laws, customs and usages were ruthlessly abolished, and because their faith and patriotism could not be wrested from them, the fair land of Erin was bathed in the blood of countless heroes and martyrs.

Among the great variety of coercive measures so tyrannically employed by England, perhaps the most potent to denationalize the Irish was that one which made it a penal offense for an Irishman to cultivate letters in his native language—in that language with which are interwoven a thousand national recollections fondly cherished; recollections of departed triumphs, glory and fame; the main preserver of his distinct nationality, and for a time the great barrier against total subjugation; surely no more effective means for breaking the spirit of a people could have been devised than that which proscribed the language of their ancestors and forced upon them in its stead the speech and literature of a conqueror.

From the very outset of Anglo-Norman interference in Irish affairs laws opposed to everything Gaelic were framed. The foreign churchman, pushed into office, found it to his interest to oppress the "mere Irish" and enact regulations against them.

The penal code, enlarged at various epochs, left the Irish no alternative but to accept the language, thought and religion of England, or to see the avenues to knowledge and emolument barred against them. But rather than deny their fathers they accepted the latter alternative. Then all became

dark, and for a few generations we behold the Irish nation which had enjoyed prehistoric culture, condemned to a state of illiteracy by a people whose ancestors had received the very first knowledge of letters and of Christianity from Irish missionaries. However, with the lapse of time and the passing of generations, the memory of the greatness of their ancestors began to fade, and an unquenchable thirst for learning seized upon the hearts of the sons of Ireland, making them more docile to the will of the oppressor and paving the way for the destruction of their hitherto impregnable nationality. Then they began to regard the Gaelic tongue as a portion of their miserable lot and somehow responsible for it, and presently there arose a stealthy, unorganized effort to master the alien tongue, the symbol of their slavery.

Then came the schoolmaster with blundering methods, born of ignorance, to stamp out the last smouldering sparks of that patriotic spirit which frowned upon the base attempt to destroy the language of a nation. Irish words were declared contraband and the bright-eyed boy who unwittingly lisped in the broad, mellifluous Celtic of his fathers was subjected to condign punishment by the heartless pedagogue who wielded the birchen sceptre. The final and perhaps most effective means tried by Britain in this spirit-crushing process was the establishment throughout Ireland of schools, miscalled national, which entirely ignored the native tongue.

By such measures was the grand old language of Erin relegated to oblivion, bearing with it the glorious memories of its people, and forcing from them the despairing cry:

"It is fading! It is fading! Like the leaves upon the trees!
It is dying! It is dying! Like the Western ocean breeze!
It is fastly disappearing as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow and the Erne and Lough Swilly's waters roar,
Where the parting sunbeam kisses the Caribbean in the West,

And the ocean like a mother clasps the Shannon to its breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
Of her monarchs and her heroes, and her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested through centuries of gloom
The spirit of her martyrs as their bodies in the tomb,
The time-wrought shell where murmured through centuries of wrong
The secret voice of Freedom in annal and in song—
Is surely, fastly sinking into silent death at last.
To live but in the memories and relics of the past."

But at every attempt of England on the life of their country great Irishmen have flung themselves into the breach, to save from utter destruction what remained to them of their ancestral language and apostolic faith. Witness Archbishop MacHale, "the Lion of the Fold of Juda," the dauntless champion of faith and fatherland. Seeing the language of his country, that language rich in legendary lore, rich in poetry and philosophy, rich in faith and piety, being swept away by the flowing tide of Saxon speech, he arose in his might, stemmed the rushing torrent and turned the thoughts and hearts of his countrymen towards the grand old Celtic tongue he loved so well. The illustrious names of O'Curry, O'Donovan and Hardiman are known to every scholar. The music and literature, as well as the language of Erin, were kept from utter annihilation by such men. They represented what has now become an awakening of the self-consciousness of the Celt; for the gloom of conquest is being dissipated and the pale light of the glorious day begins to illumine the east.

While a few Irishmen were keeping the fire of patriotism alive in Ireland, the German, Zeuss, with others of his countrymen, was delving into the literary treasures left by the Irish missionaries on the continent of Europe. He put together a complete grammar evolved from those manuscript labors of Irish saints. Today the great German universities have chairs devoted to the study of Gaelic, because of its importance in the field of philology.

The true sons of Ireland prize their native tongue both for its intrinsic worth and as a distinctive feature of their nationality, and their present strenuous efforts for its revival are already crowned with more than partial success. A few years ago some Irish scholars, viewing with alarm the sad decay of Gaelic, formed a society in Dublin having for object the promotion of Irish. Hitherto Gaelic societies had contented themselves with providing small quantities of literature for the philological enthusiast. The men of the new society, however, have more practical views. They recognize that enough of tradition still lives in the Irish-speaking districts to enable them to effect once more a union with their neglected literature, and so to build up a nation with ideals of its own. One of the leaders in this new movement, and one who certainly did a man's work in furthering its aims, one known to not a few Californians, was the late Reverend Father O'Growney. He strove unceasingly with all the force of his genius to bring about again the happy state of the days when the tongue of the stranger was not heard in Royal Eire; when the heart thrilled with the tradition and song of the chivalrous valor of the noble Gael, and the veil of Time had not yet disclosed the melancholy days of Ireland's denationalization. Through the medium of the *Gaelic Journal*, of which he had become editor, Father O'Growney aroused the whole youth of Ireland, and the principle, "Language Makes the Man," became their slogan.

That his labor and that of his associates have been productive of vast results, who can deny? Wherever on the earth's broad surface Irishmen have made their homes, there has a new impetus been given to the acquisition of a perfect command of Gaelic and the consequent knowledge of its literature. In a particular manner is this true of our own land, where every city boasts of its Philo-Keltic League, and where a vast number of Irishmen rejoice in their growing acquaintance with that tongue which has been pronounced by famous linguists to be as clear as Latin, flexible and harmonious as

Greek, stately as Spanish, fluent as French, and expressive as German.

And here in our own state we have one to whom those working for the revival of the language of the Emerald Isle owe a profound debt of gratitude. *The Catholic University Bulletin* of January, 1900, says: "The broad arrow of the highest cubit-mark was well set in on the occasion of the address delivered in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin by Reverend Peter C. Yorke of California last September. There, in a torrent of eloquence such as no Dublin roof-tree has resounded to since the days of Flood and Grattan, he delivered his thrilling slogan to the clans of Ireland. It was a cry of the awakening, a shout of triumph for the Gael at his starting-place, a fitting pean for the rebirth of a nation."

Of such metal are the men who have entered the lists to contend against the Anglicizing of Ireland; can we be doubtful for the future of the language of the Gael? No, for the time will come, and that 'ere many years, when throughout the length and breadth of

old Ireland will resound the tongue of druid and bard, of saints and missionaries, and of the teachers of kings and the apostles of nations. And when once the memory and spirit of her glorious past become aroused who can predict the outcome? Who can say whither the spirit of her olden days will lead her?

"Sons of Erin! vain your efforts, vain your prayers for Freedom's crown,
Whilst you crave it in the language of the foe that clove it down;
Know you not that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness sprung,
Strive to make the conquered nations slaves alike in limb and tongue?
The Russian bear ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame
Until he trampled from her breast the tongue that bore her name;
Oh, be Irish, Irishmen, and rally for the dear old tongue,
Which, as ivy to the ruin, to the dear old land has clung;
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last,
To show what Erin ought to be by pointing to the past."

—J. CALLAGHAN.

THE ELEVATION

THE silver-tinkling bell has sounded low,
Where incense burns and star-tipped candles glow;
A holy hush sweeps through the mighty fane,
And hearts and heads are bowed in one accord,
And breathless wait the coming of the Lord.
The miracle is wrought on earth again,
And round the altar radiant angels sing,
Majesty, power, glory heralding.

A joyous strain breaks on the silence sweet,
The organ peals its mighty strains sublime,
And youthful voices join in sweet-toned song,
"Laus Deo"! Praise the God on earth to greet,
Uniting hymns with Heaven's angel throng,
Lord, God, Creator, Master of all time!

—D. E. DORAN.

A BURST OF SPEED

"NOW, look here, young man," thundered Brownslow Senior, fire snapping from his gray-blue eyes, his sharp hatchet-like face showing the trouble he was having to keep down his anger, "I'm sick and tired of the way you're loafing around! Either you go to work or get out!"

"But, father," protested Brownslow Junior, his fat, good-natured face expressing how hurt he felt at being told to go to work; "you know—"

His father sharply interrupted: "Yes, I know. I know that you can run an automobile, dance with the prettiest girls, manage an aeroplane, and do a hundred other things; but I've never seen you work. I tell you what I'll do." The old man's face was softer now as he gazed on the blond head of his son. "If you can raise five hundred dollars by the first of June—it's now May the fifth—I'll see that you get that trip to Europe you're itching for; and afterwards I'll take you into the office as division superintendent."

"All right, dad; I'm on," his son and heir agreed, gleefully; and the interview being over, left the room.

"Whew!" he muttered to himself, once outside his father's study. "The governor certainly laid down a stiff proposition, but it's either that or little Louis will have to do some hard graft. I wonder what's playing at the Columbia tonight?" He picked up a paper and his eyes caught the following headline:

"International Aviation Meet, San Francisco, May 7 to 16, Selfridge Field." Then followed a list of the prizes for each division; and when he had noticed with secret satisfaction that prizes to the amount of five hundred dollars, and over, were being given for several feats in the novice class, he quickly saw his chance.

"I have it. I can manage a monoplane fairly well, and it might as well be now or never. Guess I'll try her in the speed contests. You don't have to fly too high and you're not liable to get bumped so hard." So saying, he quickly sent in his application to the secre-

tary of the meet, announcing his intention to enter with his new nineteen-eleven model "Antoinette."

His machine, which anybody in the least familiar with aeronautics can recognize at once from the name, he kept in the grounds of his father's country home in Piedmont; and thither, having packed his bag, he repaired early the next morning, that he might get a little practice in handling her and also that he might have her in the right condition.

While he was perfecting his scheme for winning the novice speed prize, he remembered the last time he had visited a certain young lady residing in East Oakland. She had promised to marry him if he would do something that would make him famous.

"If I can win that prize," he soliloquized, as he sat one evening, slowly pulling at his pipe, his feet elevated on a table in front of him, while he playfully stroked a small bull pup in his lap, "that ought to be an inducement for any girl,—hero birdman, daring aviator, and all that sort of rot, you know! Wouldn't be a bad idea; I'll try it." He straightened up, thereby dumping an indignant animal to the floor, and commenced frantically searching for pen and paper.

He managed, after a long and painful silence, broken only by the scratch of a laboring pen, to evolve the following note:

"Dear Norma:

Remembering your words about my becoming famous, and also my father's demand that I earn five hundred dollars before the first of June, I have entered the coming aviation meet, in the novice class, and expect to capture the speed prize. Will you marry me if I can do so? Remember, I love you devotedly; and should I break my neck in the aforesaid meet, I shall consider that it was for your sake.

Yours, devotedly and anxiously,

LOUIS."

"There! Guess any girl ought to fall for that. If she throws me down—well, it won't be the first time. But, who knows? Maybe she won't." And dropping the letter in the box, he proceeded to forget all about it.

The day for the speed trials was almost at hand. Working earnestly as he was to get himself and his machine in shape to qualify, the fact of his posting the letter was pushed to one side in Louis' mind. He found that running aeroplanes was quite unlike running automobiles, and as his friend Charles Hibber sagely remarked, "The suction had a lot to do with it"; and try as he might, he could never, somehow, completely master his beautiful flying machine.

One minute he would be flying before a forty-mile breeze, and then some sudden gusts of wind would cause him to warp first one plane and then the other, his machine meanwhile rocking like a rowboat in a heavy sea; but at last, by the bulldog determination for which he had distinguished himself at college, he gradually progressed and almost saw himself reaching out his hand for the five hundred. By this time he had completely forgotten that he had asked any one to marry him.

The great day finally arrived. Just before he started for Selfridge Field, the postman handed him a letter. It was addressed in a neat feminine hand, and the envelope was sweetly scented. Wondering whom it could be from, he hastily tore it open, and read:

"East Oakland, Cal., May 6, 1911.
Darling Louis:

I hardly know what mad state of mind you were in when you so daringly asked me to be your wife, but I will forgive you this once, and should you succeed in your undertaking—well, my dear boy, you win.

Yours, hopefully,

NORMA."

"Gee," he murmured to himself, carefully folding and placing the letter in his left upper breast pocket, "I don't see how any fellow could help winning with a thing like this to cheer him on and encourage him. If I do lose, it won't be my fault—or hers, either."

His event being third and last, he waited impatiently in solitary grandeur for the others to finish; then, at a signal from the starter, he was off. His Antoinette, like a huge bird, glided into the air after a flying start of fifty feet. At first he was nervous and doubtful of his ability to win; but on passing the southern pylon, he felt his old form

and courage returning to him. Gazing at the speedometer, he saw it measured thirty-five miles, and thus far he felt safe for no novice had yet reached that mark.

His engine was running beautifully, its bright brass work gleaming in the sun; while the staccato-like exhaust of the engine and the humming of the propeller made rude but exquisite music. The second course was made at forty-five miles; but when he gazed at the bulletin-board, he found that his nearest competitor, Peachey, had on his first lap made a speed of sixty miles. Seeing this, Brownslow settled down for the thing that afterwards was the talk of the entire world.

A glance at his machine, and he commenced to quicken his speed. The exhaust from the engine could not be distinguished, and the wind from the propeller almost blew him from his seat; his quick ear, however, caught the steady sucking sound of the carburetor, and advancing his spark, he swept past the southern pylon at fifty-five. He crossed the eastern one at seventy, and then, coaxing all the power it was capable of from his machine, he flew past the judges' stand at seventy-five miles and slowly descended to the turf.

The officials, spectators, aviators and mechanicians at once flocked to his machine, where he sat in a sort of daze, not knowing whether he had done a great thing or not. Then he heard a voice familiar, and recognized his father, who had witnessed his record-breaking flight from a box in the grand-stand.

"My boy, I guess you've won, all right, and I'm proud of you!"

Here the old man seemed to swallow hard. Then, grasping his son by the arm, he continued: "I want to tell you that I know all about your little bet, and—well, I guess you'd better let Norma tell you how I found out."

And Brownslow Senior walked silently away, holding himself very erect, and blowing his nose very violently, leaving Brownslow Junior gazing from his perch on the aeroplane into the glowing face of the only girl.

—GERALD BRUSHER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"The Singer who lived is always alive,
We hearken and always hear."

WHEN we consider the almost universal neglect into which John Boyle O'Reilly has fallen, we are almost tempted to doubt the truth of these lines written by him. Though he was the leading Irish-American writer of his day, and though he died but twenty years ago, still, so negligent are Catholic readers of their own, that today John Boyle O'Reilly is almost forgotten.

But it shall not be thus forever. Some day Catholics will awaken to the fact that they possess a literature of their own, and when this fact dawns upon them and they begin to demand for their own writers the credit that is due, the world will listen with ears amazed and pleased to the sweet poetry and vigorous prose of John Boyle O'Reilly.

Longfellow, in his "Psalm of Life," says:—

"Lives of great men all remind us.
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Truly may this be said of John Boyle O'Reilly, whose life, from the moment it began by the River Boyne in Ireland until it ended in Massachusetts, was so eventful, so tumultuous and yet so clean and noble, that any young man may read it and follow its example with true profit to himself and those about him.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in 1844, at Dowth Castle on the River Boyne, two miles from the place where James II lost his famous battle. Both his parents were talented and educated, and from them he received an excellent early training. This he put to good use when, at the age of eleven, he went to work as apprentice on the *Drogheda Argus*. Four years later, the owner of this paper dying, O'Reilly took passage to England, where he continued his journalistic career on the *Preston Guardian*. Here he lived for three years,—years which he ever after considered the happiest of his life.

During his stay at Preston, O'Reilly conceived the idea that he should endeavor to help gain freedom for Ireland. Imbued with this notion, he returned to his native land and joined the British army in the hope of stirring up a sedition in the royal ranks. He was not alone in this movement and soon a great number of the military had been converted to the cause of Ireland. But the British authorities became aware of the danger of the situation and O'Reilly and his colleagues were arrested, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The first months of his sentence O'Reilly spent in English dungeons, undergoing indescribable tortures. He was afterward transported to a penal colony in distant Australia. From Australia, O'Reilly had the good fortune to escape with the aid of a Catholic priest, and after many adventures he reached America.

The fugitive had written some poetry during his imprisonment in England, notably "The Irish Flag," "For Life," "The Irish Soldiers," and "The Old School Clock." His fame both as a poet and patriot had preceded him to America and he was given a hearty welcome. He occupied himself immediately after his arrival by lecturing, but later turned his attention to journalism and soon found that this was the vocation for which he was eminently fitted.

Though O'Reilly wrote for *Scribner's* and other leading American magazines, still the paper with which his name is generally connected is the *Boston Pilot*. To this paper he was first, a contributor, then he became part owner and finally editor-in-chief.

His literary work consisted of his speeches, editorials and poetry. His prose was not polished, but vigorous, open and manly. The following editorial, taken from *The Pilot*, is an excellent specimen. When the Democrats, for whose principles O'Reilly had fought ardently, were defeated in 1880,

and Garfield was elected President, O'Reilly wrote under the caption, "Whipped":

"Well, we made a great fight. That is enough for honest Democrats. We fling no reproach on the victors. We wrestled and have been thrown. Curs whine; we don't.

"There is no decadence of Democratic health when a tremendous struggle has wavered long in the balance. The controversy of the campaign has been terrible, but it has been magnificent. Out of the seething vortex the country comes tired,—but cleansed. The victors breathe hard; they have had a lesson of fire. Centralization has not yet been killed—never will be killed till the Democrats elect their President; but Garfield does not attempt the policy of Grant.

"Why has the Democratic party failed to carry the country?

"It is disgraceful to say that the national will has been decided by the rapacity and deliberate wickedness of the office-holding organization. But this must always be true of a national election. Outside of this are the people—and the people have elected Garfield.

"And now let us draw breath and return to business. The country is Republican for four years more; but it is safe. There is no room for wild exultation in the other camp. Every thew was strained before we were thrown. The victor respects the vanquished. We are all one people—just a *leettle* more than half on the other side this time.

"But the grand old Democratic principles still live; and next time we won't be whipped."

And they were not.

O'Reilly's poetry was just as strong as was his prose, especially his narrative poetry, such as "The Amber Whale," "Australian Tales," "Uncle Ned's Tales," "The Last of the Narwhale," and "The Ride of Collins Graves."

O'Reilly was also an excellent descriptive poet and his works contain many gorgeous word-pictures of Australia and the South Sea Islands.

But it is as a lyric poet that O'Reilly is at his best, and it is his lyric poetry

which we shall chiefly consider, since in it is best reflected the noble character of the man.

Perhaps the most prominent trait of O'Reilly's nature was his kindness. In fact, kindness was the keystone of his popularity and success. He tells us as much himself in that unsurpassed little poem, "What Is Good," whose lyric qualities equal anything written by Burns or Moore.

"What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;

Spake my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word.'

Kindness, then, was the secret of his success. His sympathy was universal. His heart went out to all: To the beggar who lacked the wherewithal for a meal; to the criminal in despair; to the washerwoman struggling for a living, and to those who, having contracted some vicious habit, are bravely struggling to break it. These last he advises thus in "The Builder's Lesson":

"How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make;
As you gathered you must lose;
As you yielded now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist,
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.
But remember as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;

Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won.
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last."

O'Reilly's kindness, we said, was universal. It did not cease with man but went even to the brute creation. His sympathy for a commonplace horse was the source of his famous poem, "Dying in Harness," which we here quote in part:

"Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed
by the cruel load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wonder-
ing eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the
beast to rise.

"Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor
for him;
See the poor neck outstretched and the pa-
tient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully
rests the head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think how good
it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is
to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—
waiting only to die.

"Watchers, he died in harness—died in the
shafts and straps—
Fell and the burden killed him: one of the
day's mishaps—
One of the passing wonders marking the
city road—
A toiler dying in harness heedless of call
or goad."

In many of his other poems O'Reilly showed how strong was his love for bird and plant, for mountain, field and stream. Thus, he sings in his "White Rose":

"The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

"But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a blush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips."

Like all men possessed of a genial nature, John Boyle O'Reilly had a very fine sense of humor. Nor did he abuse this gift by turning it into sarcasm as many so gifted do. Scattered throughout his works may be found

bits of humor, especially in his short epigrammatic sayings. He writes of "Distance":

"The world is large, when its weary leagues
two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small, when your enemy is
loose on the other side."

Another characteristic of O'Reilly was his purity of mind; a characteristic which may well be imitated by the men of today, surrounded as they are by the temptations of our modern life. And the example of this man is the more worthy of imitation since he was not one apart from and above the world, an ecclesiastic in orders, but he was a man of the world, partaking in all its pleasures and strifes and temptations, but never once forgetting the chaste precepts of his religion. There is not in James Jeffrey Roche's biography of O'Reilly a more ringing tribute to the sterling quality of the man than the following:

"In the twenty years of acquaintance and more than seven years of close personal intimacy, in the abandon of the club or the cafe, I have never heard fall from his lips a word which might not be spoken in a lady's drawing room. He was neither a saint nor a prude, but he was a man of clean mind and tongue, and foul language revolted him like the touch of carrion."

The story of O'Reilly's American life is one of continuous success. His writings brought him fame, and wealth, and friends. He numbered among the latter President Cleveland and Cardinal Gibbons. He married and lived in a magnificent home at Hull, Massachusetts. But during all these years he never once forgot his home in the old land across the Atlantic, to which he could not return without running the risk of certain imprisonment by the English authorities.

"Drive out from Drogheda to Dowth Castle and see where I was born. It is the loveliest spot in the world. I have not seen it in over twenty-five years, but, O God! I would like to see it again." This wish O'Reilly made to a friend, on the eve of the latter's departure for Europe; but it was a wish which was never granted. Less than

a year later, O'Reilly's life was cut short by accidental poisoning, in August, 1890.

The exact position of John Boyle O'Reilly in literature is hard for us to judge. In writing on this subject James Jeffrey Roche, the late United States Ambassador to Switzerland, has this to say:

"The place in literature of John Boyle O'Reilly will be fixed by time. When we study his poems and speeches, and even his necessarily hasty editorial work, the one conspicuous quality evident in them is their

author's steady growth—higher thought, finer workmanship, and, surest test of advancement, condensation in expression. Compare his first volume of poems with his last, and mark the wonderful growth of thirteen years. Had he been granted twenty years more of life, with the leisure which he had so well earned and hoped to enjoy, it is no partial praise to say that he might have attained the foremost place in the literature of America, if not of the world."

—W. R. LOWERY.

GOD'S SOLDIER

ALL hail this day, Saint Patrick's day,
All hail with loud acclaim!
Let all true Celts unite to pay,
Due tribute to his name;
As ages pass, let none forget,
His faith, his work, his worth,
God's crown upon his brow is set,
As on no prince on earth.

In chains he stood, of lowly birth,
Yet lifted high his heart,
And for both serfs and lords of earth,
Wrought out salvation's chart;
And where black heathen darkness spread
O'er Erin's fields of green,
The clouds of error swiftly fled,
And God's great Light was seen.

God's soldier true, he feared no foe,
Nor bowed to gods of Baal,
His sword of Truth fell blow on blow,
And pierced the heathen mail;
And when his mighty work was done,
All foemen backward pressed,
He saw God's fairest island won,
Then sought eternal rest.

He fought the fight, he won the goal,
He sleeps 'neath Erin's sod,
On heaven's heights his radiant soul
Stands with the sons of God;
His fame forever deathless stands,
No eye for him need weep,
Sure is his place at God's right hand,
Great shepherd of God's sheep.

—J. W. W.

WHEN THE TUNNEL CAVED IN

BENNET was young, very young. Perhaps that accounted for his easy view of life, and perhaps that is why he was not disheartened when he failed to make the entrance examinations at the law school. Anyhow, the setback did not keep him from fighting the great battle of life, and soon he was working six long days a week as section-boss for the Great Middle West Railroad.

When Bennet joined the construction camp, Williams, the head boss, looked him over from head to foot.

"Huh!" he grunted. "About six foot two, I guess, an' there's some muscles under that coat of his. He ought to make the Dagoes and Greeks stand around."

And immediately Williams started to imbue the mind of Bennet with his own doctrine as to how the men should be treated.

For twelve years Williams had worked for the Great Middle West; he was the servant of that company, body and soul. He had one end in life and that was to get as much work as possible out of the Italians and Greeks.

"The G. M. W. pays 'em one-twenty-five per day, and I'm here to see that the railroad gets its money's worth. Some chaps may put on the soft, soft pedal, but not me. No siree! They do their work or I make 'em do it," was Williams' motto, as he had expressed it on several occasions, and his means of making his laborers work were well known to all railroad men. Williams had a choice assortment of oaths, and when these failed him a sledge-hammer fist was invariably brought into use and some poor Italian would be stretched on the ground unconscious.

The assistant bosses soon learned Williams' method and followed in his footsteps. So the head boss expected to have little trouble in bringing Bennet to his way of thinking.

"If you are able to make your gang work you'll do and I'll see that you'll get along. Only remember, don't be afraid to use your tongue and knuckles on any of 'em," was Williams' advice

to his new assistant.

"Mr. Williams," began Bennet, "before I begin work we must come to an understanding. Frankly speaking, I don't like your method and I will not take your advice. I treat the men my own way or I throw up this job at once."

"Well, what might your own way be?" inquired the chief, shifting a wad of tobacco from one cheek to the other.

"It will not be curses and blows, for one thing!" replied the young man, hotly. "My men will not be considered as so many cattle, but they will be considered as human beings who have just as much right in this world as I have. Now, do I stay or do I go?"

For all his roughness Williams was not altogether bad, and instead of being angry at Bennet, he was rather pleased at the young man's words. With a grin, he said:

"I guess you stay. But don't blame me if the Dagoes over-ride you when they see what an easy thing they have for their boss."

"All right. I'll stay, and I hope there are no hard feelings," was Bennet's answer; and he held out his hand.

Williams smiled, grasped the young man's hand with his own huge one, shook it quickly and earnestly, and then offered Bennet his tobacco pouch, a sacred thing which only his best friends were permitted to handle.

The assistant bosses were all rough, uneducated men, who had worked for the railroad ever since it had started laying tracks through the No. 3 Division. When Bennet joined the construction camp at Porterville, the gangs were working hard constructing a tunnel, and the bosses had their hands full. His advent was hailed with joy, for more men in command meant better and quicker work. Still these hardened veterans of railroad construction could not agree with Bennet's ideas concerning the laborers and many an argument the young man had in the bunkhouse at nights.

The laborers soon noticed that Bennet did not swear at them and that he never attempted to lay a hand upon

any of them. Contrary to the prophecy of Williams, the men did not shirk their work when they saw that Bennet intended to treat them with kindness; rather, they seemed to redouble their efforts. It was not long before the other bosses began to see that the newcomer's gang did more work than their own and they wondered if he was not right, after all. Williams also noted the work of the men, but only laughed and continued joking Bennet about his "old-lady ideas."

"Something's the matter down at the tunnel," cried Watkins, one of the bosses, running up to the bunkhouse, one Sunday morning.

Bennet had been at the camp two or three months and had learned to sleep long on his day of rest. Watkins' cry awakened him and, hurriedly donning his clothes, he rushed out of the house.

Williams, followed by his assistants, had started for the tunnel and Bennet ran after them. Watkins explained that there had been a cave-in and that they would have to get to work at once or it would be many months before the tunnel could be completed. Williams agreed with him; and, sending the other bosses back to get the men, he and Bennet, with lights, entered the tunnel.

"I thought we'd have a little trouble with this old hole in the mountain," grumbled Williams, as they walked. "Only I hope there isn't much damage done. We'll have to clear the wreckage away and be ready for the engineers tomorrow. Ah! Look at that, will you! All our work gone to waste!"

They had arrived at the cave-in and had seen that the tunnel was blocked across with the fallen dirt. As they stood looking at the damage done some earth fell on them. With a cry of terror, Williams started to run, pulling Bennet after him. But they were too late. The next moment, with a crash, the walls of the tunnel fell upon them.

Watkins and his men heard the crash as they entered the tunnel, and immediately fled. Then, remembering the two men, Watkins called for aid and all the bosses and men prepared to rescue the imprisoned men.

"There's one chance in a hundred to

save them and we have to give them that chance," declared Watkins, taking the lead.

With shovels and picks the men attacked the pile of dirt and logs. Shovelful after shovelful of dirt was removed and still no progress seemed to be made. The bosses, shovels in hand, swore at, pleaded with, and beat the men to make them work faster; but the men were doing all in their power to remove the huge pile of wreckage.

At last, when some headway was being made, a small cave-in occurred and the Italians and Greeks, terrified, rushed out of the tunnel. Talk as much as they could, the bosses could not persuade the frightened laborers to return to the rescue. The head of the construction department was telegraphed to for help, but it would be hours before his men could arrive. If Williams and Bennet were still alive they would be beyond help in a single hour.

Then unexpected help arrived. Bennet's gang had been allowed to go to Porterville on Saturday night, for it was the custom to allow one gang to go to town every Saturday. Hearing of the accident, they came to the camp as fast as possible. Great crowds of the town people accompanied them and hung around the mouth of the tunnel, waiting to see what would be done.

The newly arrived laborers learned all the details of the cave-in from their fellows. They were appealed to by the bosses, but, frightened by the report of the other men, they refused to go to the rescue. Then Tony, an Italian in whom Bennet had taken a great interest, jumped up on a stump and shouted something in Italian. The men gathered around him and he spoke in their native language. Watkins afterward said that he could almost make out what Tony was saying, although he did not understand a word of Italian. Tony was pleading with them, begging them to save the life of the young boss who had been so kind to them. His appeal was successful, for every man in Bennet's gang ran into the tunnel and grabbed up the picks and shovels.

Panting, sweating and tired out, still

they worked and worked, while the crowd outside cheered and waited for news. At last the barrier was removed and Bennet and Williams were found lying under some logs that had kept the dirt from falling on them. They were still breathing and were placed on a flat car and hurried to Porterville.

For weeks the lives of both men hung in the balance and Tony haunted the hospital until word was brought to him that Bennet had passed the crisis and would recover. Tony went back to the camp rejoicing, not caring enough about Williams to find out his condition.

Both men recovered and the first

day Bennet was allowed to receive visitors Watkins came and told him and Williams, who was in the next bed to Bennet, all about the accident and the rescue.

When Watkins had finished Bennet smilingly turned to his chief and said: "Pretty lucky for us that I used my men right. Now, won't you agree that I had the proper idea of how the Dagoes and Greeks, as you call them, should be treated?"

And Williams, turning his back to Watkins to hide his smile, grunted: "Uh, huh!"

—LOUIS F. LE FEVRE.

ODE TO GREELEY

OH, the Sophomores formed in a convict line,
(Sing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!)
And they tramped o'er the grass of the campus fine,
And capered with many a monkey-shine,
To search for the pride of the baseball nine.
(Sing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!)

But never a hide nor a hair found they,
(Sing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!)
Though there was much hair to be found, they say,
For the hero has met with an evil day,
And had taken him early away from the fray.
(Sing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!)

Oh, the Sophomores marched to the cinder track,
(Sing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!)
And they marched them around and they marched them back;
He was found in the gym, was the hero, alack;
He was sitting him down on a broken tack,
Was Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!

Now why did the Sophomores act that way,
Singing Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley?
In a sombre voice did a Sophomore say
That Greeley had tried to pitch that day;
But, alas and alack, he couldn't pitch hay.
Poor Greeley, Ben Greeley, Ben Greeley!

—D.

PATRICK SARSFIELD

IRELAND, like other nations, has a roll of honor on which are inscribed the names of heroes who have braved danger and death in the cause of their country. Unlike other nations, she is not influenced by the ultimate success of her sons. It matters not whether they terminate their career in defeat, misfortune and exile, or in victory, position and power, if they are heroically devoted to fatherland and principle, their names are inscribed on the honored roll.

The names the most revered and the memories the most cherished bear evidence to this. No other country presents such contrasts of shade and sunshine, sorrow and gladness, gloom and glory as that of Ireland. But in the gloomiest hour men arise like sentinel stars in the heavens, and though they may not dispel the darkness, they guide the people through the wilderness of afflictions, and prove that the spirit and devotion of Ireland, like "the chosen leaf of bard and chief," can never be rooted out from the country. Though there are many since the days of the "mighty Brian" who have taken up the sword in defense of her rights and liberties and have led her soldiers on to victory, and to defeat if you will, but never to dishonor; the exploits of none have surpassed in heroism and patriotism those of the hero of the Williamite wars—the immortal Sarsfield.

Religion and education being prescribed at home, he was sent at an early age to France to receive a military education, which he afterwards turned to good account. As soon as the standard of equal rights was raised in Ireland, we find him at the head of a chosen body of Irish cavalry scouring the country and in connection with the rapparees storming towns, capturing outposts and marauding hundreds of the enemy. Thus it was in the beginning of his military career he showed those qualities that made him in that age of military genius one of the greatest generals in Europe. Though William sent Schomberg with 10,000 men to look after his interests in Ireland, affairs did not progress to his satisfac-

tion, and conscious that he had to deal with a nation of soldiers, he placed himself at the head of 36,000 picked men, officered by his best generals, and encountered James on the banks of the Boyne. Here Sarsfield and his men did all that brave men could do, but in vain. Athlone and Limerick now became the centers of Ireland's hopes; Sarsfield brought his army into the latter city and resolved,—

"That tho' destruction o'er the land
Came pouring like a flood,
The sun that sees our falling day
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood."

William was equally resolved upon its fall, and though he had ample resources and possessed great military skill, wanting to make success doubly sure, he ordered in addition magnificent battering trains of heavy guns and immense stores of ammunition from Waterford. But the military genius of Sarsfield enabled him to baffle the prince. He rode out from the city at the head of 500 picked men, and with galloping Hogan, the rapparee chief, for guide, proceeded through the mountain passes till he came within striking distance of the train. Sullivan in his story of Ireland, says: "Sarsfield now gave his final orders, 'silence or death,' till they were in upon the sentries, then forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. The sentry challenged and still imagining he had friends, demanded the word. Suddenly as if from the spirit-land and with a wild shout that startled all the sleepers, the phantom troops shot like a thunderbolt, their leader crying as he passed: 'Sarsfield's the leader, and Sarsfield's the man!' The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but the broad-sabers of Sarsfield's 500 hewed them down; short, desperate and bloody was the scene, so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed, and William's splendid siege-train was in Sarsfield's hands.

The guns and ammunition were blown up, and he returned to Limerick without losing a single man.

A year passed after the defeat of William at Limerick and we find Sarsfield at Aughrim under St. Ruth, who had come over from France resplendent with glory won on the battle fields of Savoy. There indeed did the Irish cavalry with Sarsfield at their head perform prodigies of valor. Anxious to atone for the blunders at Athlone and the Boyne, they hurled themselves on the enemy; time after time they drove them back to their very camp. Victory was about to crown their efforts when it was once more snatched from their grasp by the fall of the unfortunate St. Ruth. Too proud to communicate his plans when he was wounded, the command devolved upon the gallant Earl of Lucan, who would only hope to win the day by blind force. Had St. Ruth made known his plans, Sarsfield would have gained his greatest battle, and Ireland that long-sought boon, "home rule." Defeated, but not disheartened, he led his army to Limerick, the former field of his glory. But Aughrim had sealed the country's fate, and after a short but brave resistance, Lucan capitulated with all the honors of war, having secured, as he thought, civil and religious liberty for the Irish people. It is too great a satire on human nature to dwell upon that treaty so solemnly signed and so basely violated.

At the head of 4,500 of Erin's bravest sons, he once more crossed the channel to battle under the standard of Louis XIV against the enemies of his country and his religion; though in an army of brave men his command was the bravest. In 1692, when the Williamite parliament in Dublin, after violating every promise of the plighted faith of the English nation, were enacting brutal penal laws, William was

marshaling the allied forces before the ramparts of Steinipope. He attacked the French position, gaining an advantage at first, but after a long and bloody contest the battle was decided by a splendid charge of the French cavalry, amongst the foremost of whose leaders was the same glorious Sarsfield, whose sword had once before driven back the same William from the walls of Limerick. A year passed, when in July, 1693, Sarsfield again for the last time had the satisfaction of dealing a blow to the enemies of his native land and adopted country. Luxemburg met and routed William on the banks of the river Landen. Conspicuous among the victorious leaders and foremost in the furious and sanguinary pursuit that followed was the magnificent form of Patrick Sarsfield. But, alas, here terminates his eventful career: he met the most glorious death that can befall a soldier; he died on the field of victory at the head of his countrymen, with the enemy in full retreat. As the tide of life was ebbing from that noble heart he regretted that it was not shed for Ireland. Yet in his last moments he had the satisfaction of having triumphed over the enemies of his country, his race, and his faith.

Such are the libations of blood offered on the altar of Irish liberty; age after age, generation after generation, the sacrifice continues; the altar always smokes with the patriot blood of her children. Too often indeed have her altars of glory set in foreign lands; but she lives in the light of her fame, and engraves their names on her generous, grateful heart. No power on earth can make her falter in her sacred trust which—

"Rather like mountain oak
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Gathering strength from every stroke
While it wrestles with the blast."

—M. C.



THE ANNUNCIATION

WITHIN the temple's garden in the quiet noonday air
The wardens of the altar walked to pluck the lilies fair,
Each maiden's plot a harvest bore of flowers white and chaste,
A wealth of lilyed loveliness each tender arm embraced.

Now Ruth has turned from gathering and questions in surprise,
"Where is the flower of our band with whom no lily vies?
The purest and the loveliest, the maid without a peer;
In Mary's plot no flowers bloom, and Mary is not here."

"I left her in the temple," said one, with tender air;
"As ever, she was kneeling before the shrine in prayer."
"Tis strange, within her plot which yields the altar's best display,
Most beautiful of tender flowers, there blooms no bud today.

From out the temple's door she stepped with downcast eyes serene,
And all the dignity and grace becoming Heaven's Queen;
She looked upon the barren ground, the look bespoke command,
And lo! the flowers sprang from earth to meet her outstretched hand!

No flowers in the garden could with Mary's buds compare,
Most beautiful and loveliest that kissed Judea's air;
The wardens of the temple gazed with wondering eyes enchanted,
As, Mother of God, she gathered what a maiden meek had planted!

—D. E. DORAN.

THE ROBIN HOOD CYCLE

The Robin Hood of the Ballads. In our day we are led to believe that an outlaw is a cold-hearted, merciless, cruel and unprincipled being who has little or no regard for human life, and who, at the least provocation, would slay a member of even his own tribe. If we read or hear of one who is different and who shelters and trusts even an enemy, we are somewhat doubtful as to the veracity of the narrative.

Let us look for a moment or two at the character of Robin Hood and endeavor to understand and believe that a transgressor of the civil law may be a firm adherent of the natural law, and would detest cowardice. An ancient historian says that Robin Hood was the "chief and most humane of robbers," whose heart was touched at the poverty of the common people, and who regarded it his primal duty to relieve the poor by plundering the rich. Fancy that, Hedda!

First of all, we hear of him as a yeoman or farmer. We can readily understand that as such he loved liberty and justice and in a high degree did he hate oppression. He was loyal to the King and in his heart feared God, and, like many, believed that he was observing the moral as well as the natural law.

We are told that his career as an outlaw began when he was unable to pay a debt and consequently was deprived of legal protection. His sense of justice was keen and his pride had been wounded, so he straightway gathered a band of trusty companions under his control and supported himself and them by pillage.

But a life of outlawry had not changed his heart. Open-hearted, brave, merciful and considerate of the rights of others, he was honored and revered by the common people and hailed by them as "their knight-errant" and "avenger."

When accused of cowardice by Little John, his blood boiled and he was highly indignant, yet he never lost his self-control for a moment, but calmly acceded to meeting Little John, man to

man, with staffs of oak as weapons. In the diverting duel that ensued he showed his absolute fearlessness and was decidedly calm during the encounter. Although he was well able to continue the fight after being knocked off the bridge, he, nevertheless, acknowledged defeat like a man. The agreement that the fight was to conclude when one of the combatants was driven into the water was held as binding by him, and he adhered firmly to the contract. When it lay within his power to have Little John punished, he stayed the hands of his men and bade them welcome his new friend and prepare the banquet board.

Here was an example of his kind-heartedness. Other incidents serve to show his fidelity to a friend and his thoughtfulness for a subdued enemy. Altogether Robin Hood possessed characteristics that made him a man among men and as a fighter he was feared and respected by his enemies and honored and loved by his followers.

—WILLIAM WALLACE.

The Real Robin Hood.

Robin Hood is the most famous of outlaws. Like all popular idols of ancient times, so many myths and legends have clustered about his memory that his true character has been distorted almost beyond recognition.

The oldest mention of Robin Hood at present known occurs in the second edition of "Piers Plowman," the date of which is about 1377. Of his popularity in the latter half of the fifteenth and in the sixteenth centuries there are many signs. In the Elizabethan era and afterwards mentions abound.

Of conjectures regarding his identity there is no end. He has been represented as the last of the Saxons—as a Saxon holding out against the Norman conquerors so late as the end of the twelfth century. A second theory associates him with the Earl of Lancaster; while others maintain that he was a follower of Simon de Montfort.

But whenever he lived, it is certain that many mythical elements are contained in his story. Despite the theo-

ries advanced by some commentators that such a person as Robin Hood never existed, it has now been practically determined that he did live. But so much of fiction concerning him has been bequeathed to posterity that we cannot precisely determine what his true character was.

He was an outlaw, and as such he did not scruple to enrich himself at the expense of wayfarers. But, however great his thieving proclivities may have been, the populace was always ready to condone his faults, because of the inherent sympathy of man for the outlaw.

He was fond of disguising himself and was devoted to fun and practical jokes. We have an example of this in the ballad of "Guy of Gisborne."

Robin Hood's predilection for conviviality is traditional. Surrounded by his merry men in Sherwood Forest, he would often pass the night in laughter and song, with occasional drainings of the cup that exuberates. This appealing side of Robin's character is dwelt upon by Scott in "Ivanhoe," where the immortal outlaw is known as Locksley, the archer.

One phase at least of Robin Hood's character we may all hold before us and imitate to advantage, and that is his treatment of women. We have his own spoken testimony in the ballads that he never harmed women, and history records no instances that convince us to the contrary. With all his faults, Robin Hood was a gentle knight of chivalry.

—RAYMOND T. McGLYNN.

The Ballad Heroes.

I wish I could have lived in the time of Robin Hood. I think I surely would have been one of the wearers of the Lincoln green. It must have been great sport to go out at any time of the day and bring down the flying lark or rob a bishop's train.

Of course, there were a few inconveniences to put up with, such as the King's sheriffs and their packs of bloodhounds; but what did they amount to, when one able-bodied outlaw could kill several hundred sheriffs single-handed or have them actually fleeing in mortal terror after he had

delivered two or three well directed shots with his trusty bow and arrow at a distance of several hundred yards?

You could hardly have blamed the whole English nation if it had turned outlaw. For immediately one took to the "wilde wood," which served as a glorified kind of "bad lands" for England, he was well clothed in the Lincoln green, rode a snow-white steed, had plenty to eat and drink; and, after having killed three of four hundred of the henchmen of an overbearing king, could generally secure a pardon for the asking and be received with open arms at court. It is true that in some cases—for instance, that of Johnny Armstrong—the cruel king refused the pardon and actually put the outlaw to death. But, what of a little thing like that? There is more or less danger in everything a man turns his hand to, to earn an honest living; and then again, even hard luck and a grouchy king always made a great hero out of Mr. Bandit. Being executed then was like being blessed with a broken leg in the modern game of football. Oh, yes, I know most of us had rather be a live coward than a dead hero; but, like the football player, the outlaw was in the minority.

In reading the ballads now, we find them extremely funny and they seem very much exaggerated, which no doubt they are; but we must remember that people looked at things in a different light then. Besides, the ballads were handed down by word of mouth for many generations, and although the tales of the outlaws at first may have been painfully true and merely stories of bold poachers and cowardly hold-up men, under the principle that a snowball grows bigger as it rolls, the ballad heroes gradually assumed gigantic proportions. After two or three tellings the outlaw becomes a hero in every case; and by all that's right he should. For what would a story be worth if its hero were not a real hero and performed deeds which to other men would be impossibilities, but which to him are mere matters of course, like eating sawdust and saying, "Hello, Central, give me Park 493!"

—HOWELL CANN.

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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St. Patrick's Day.

Saint PATRICK'S DAY has come again. We may be mistaken, but to us it seems that of late years the old Irish spirit of freedom and patriotism in this country is not what it used to be. It's celebration is becoming lukewarm and subdued. And yet this is but natural and only to be expected under the circumstances. When the first Irish immigrants reached this country, the memory of the land they had left was still fresh in their minds and they longed with a fervent longing to free that land from the wrongs under which it groaned.

But the first generation of Irish-Americans has passed away, and we of the second and third have taken their place. Reared amidst new surroundings, with new ideals and a new outlook on life, it is but natural that our love for the old land should grow weak and—we were going to say die. But it is not dead, for who of us has not at times experienced that longing, perhaps inborn in us, to return once more to that magic island across the Atlantic which our forefathers left half a century ago, and there behold the sacred places where our ancestors lived and died for generation after generation unto ages?

Catholic Books in Public Libraries.

We have at hand a very interesting pamphlet entitled, "A Catalogue of Books by Catholic Authors in the In-

dianapolis Public Library. The scope, origin and object of this unusual book may best be grasped by quoting in part the introduction written by Mr. Joseph A. McGowan, a prominent Knight of Columbus and a member of the Indianapolis Board of Education:

"To enable the Catholic citizens of Indianapolis to make a freer use of the Indianapolis Public Library, the Knights of Columbus selected the Reverend James A. Holland, a member of the order, to prepare a full and complete catalogue of the books by Catholic authors to be found in the library. The care and attention bestowed upon this task by Father Holland is evidenced by the orderly classification and arrangement of the books on various subjects here listed, and which number *nearly four thousand*.

"Catholic societies, reading circles, and the individual Catholic reader will find in this catalogue many of the best books written by those of their faith, while the non-Catholic is furnished with a ready reference to volumes treating upon nearly all Catholic subjects. Parents, who should carefully select the books to be read by their children, knowing, as a writer has well said, that, 'one may dislocate the mind as one does the body,' will be greatly assisted by this catalogue.

"The street number serves only to locate a house. To know its interior construction and furnishing we must enter. In like manner this catalogue

merely gives the names of books and where they may be found. If the conscientious student or general reader peruses their pages, he will find a wealth of information and an abundance of wholesome entertainment, and the work of the compiler will not have been in vain."

When a Catholic looks over the vast host of Catholic authors grouped under the various headings of poetry, drama, biography, fiction, education, philosophy, politics, law, travel, and music, he can feel a just pride in the grand wealth of literature produced by those of his faith.

In every large library of the country there is a similar wealth of Catholic literature lying unused and unknown to the ordinary Catholic. If the Oakland and San Francisco councils of the Knights of Columbus would but follow the example set them by their Indianapolis brethren and publish similar catalogues for the libraries of their own cities, they would do an unmeasurable service in diverting the minds of Catholics, especially young Catholics, from the pernicious influence of such writers as Balzac and Voltaire, to the wholesome works of Newman, Sheehan and Lummis.

Why This Negligence?

"Why is it," Catholics sometimes ask, "that non-Catholics fail to give to Catholic writers the credit that is due their work?" The answer is simple. It is because of the careful and systematic neglect which Catholics themselves bestow upon their own writers.

How many Catholic women join literary societies where the works of every conceivable author under the sun, provided he is not a Catholic, are discussed! Could not these women just as well form a society among themselves for the study of Catholic literature?

How many Catholic schools give lengthy courses on non-Catholic writers, never dreaming of giving even a short one on Catholic writers as such?

In Oakland one of the largest book stores is owned by a Catholic. Where are the Catholic books placed? In a prominent part of the show-window? Hardly! But in a dark, obscure corner

of the store.

How can we expect non-Catholics to appreciate our literature if we ourselves do not appreciate it. Catholics should wake up to this fact, so that it may no longer be said of our writers as it has so often been said in the past, that they "came unto their own and their own received them not."

Woman Suffrage—A Failure?

The question of woman suffrage in California promises to be a burning one until the next election decides the fate of the proposed constitutional amendment providing for it. It is not at all surprising then, that even this early in the game, those inimical to the reform have spread the report that woman suffrage has been a failure in Colorado.

That woman suffrage is and always has been a failure in Colorado we admit. Any one with an ounce of common sense must admit that it is hard for the special interests, when they wish to purchase an election, to have to buy just twice as many votes. Any one must admit that it is just a little bit annoying when these same interests are fighting tooth and nail to defeat the man who had courage enough to expose their dirty work, to have the women turn around and vote in a body for that man. Judge Lindsey himself says that the women of Denver elected him to office, in spite of the efforts of the special interests, controlling both parties, to punish him for his exposure of their methods. What wonder then, that the special interests consider woman suffrage a failure?

Up in the State of Washington woman suffrage was recently adopted. Soon after, by the votes of the women of the city, Mayor Gill was recalled from his office of Mayor of Seattle because of his connection with the evil elements of that city. Afterward, by the votes of the women of Seattle, he was again defeated at the primaries. We would not be surprised now to hear that Mayor Gill has pronounced woman suffrage a failure. It all depends on the point of view.

The Recall of the Judiciary.

The wave of popular reform which has been sweeping over the United

States during the last ten years, bringing with it the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum and recall and woman suffrage, has reached its culmination in the proposition to extend the recall to the judiciary. Over this question a fierce struggle is now being waged in several sections of the country, and it even seems that Arizona may delay its chance of becoming a state owing to its desire to include the recall of the judiciary in its constitution.

We believe that those who oppose the recall of the judiciary are overlooking two very important phases of the question.

In the first place, if the American people are qualified by education and enlightenment to elect a judiciary, are they not just as qualified to recall that judiciary if it proves untrue to its trust? Again, the old idea that the judiciary is infallible has now passed away. The judges are, after all, only men fully as prone to mistakes and corruption as any other men, and it is no more than just that the people should have some check over them to keep them in the straight and narrow path of civic rectitude.

The Single Tax.

An important political and economic reform which promises to become general before long is known as the Single Tax. It is a plan to exempt all personal property from taxation and tax land values alone on the principle that personal property (houses, factories, office buildings, etc.) being the product of individual labor, the state has no right whatever to any of its usufruct, while the increase in the value of land, being due altogether to the growth of the community, should go to the community.

Under the present system of taxation, the man who builds a home or starts a factory or in any way improves his land is immediately taxed and thus punished for his enterprise, whereas the man who holds his land out of use waiting for the community to grow, far from being taxed for his lack of industry, is rewarded; for, in a few years, the value of his land being in-

creased, he can sell it at an advanced figure.

It is obvious that the present system of taxation is not only unjust, but is restrictive of industry. How opposite is the effect of the Single Tax system on industry can be judged from the increase in improvements in Vancouver, British Columbia, where the Single Tax was adopted in 1910.

The building permits for that city for the ten months ending October 31st, 1909, when personal property was still taxed, amounted to \$6,135,575. The building permits for the ten months ending October 31st, 1910, under the Single Tax system, amounted to \$10,298,335—an increase of \$4,135,575. So great was the progress of Vancouver, that Victoria, a rival city in British Columbia, seeing itself outstripped, also decided to adopt the Single Tax system and did so on the twelfth of February by a vote of 2392 to 476.

Congregational Singing and the Esthetic Sense.

It is with pleasure we note the fact that ever as each year goes by, the custom of holding congregational singing is becoming more and more general in Catholic churches. Not only does the custom bring religion nearer to the hearts of those who sing, but it is filled with inspiration. For what is more inspiring than to behold a vast edifice thronged with human beings singing with one mind the praises of that God whom they hope one day to see.

Yet it has been our misfortune to meet more than one person of late who, though he claimed to be a good Catholic, no longer went to Lenten services because his esthetic sense could not stand the discords that crept into the singing. Such people fail altogether to grasp the real spirit of religion. They judge by the outward show and not by the inner meaning.

People with such a highly developed esthetic sense are surely in a bad way and will probably be very unhappy in Heaven, where we are told the angels are in the habit of having congregational singing not only during Lent, but for all eternity.

— W. R. LOWERY.



THE big vaudeville entertainment of April 20th promises to bring together the best talent that influence and energy can secure. Among those who have already become identified with this phase of the movement are: McKenzie Gordon, Dr. J. Wilson Shields, Doctor Leo McMahon, Miss Schorcht, Honorable Thomas J. Lennon, Honorable Frank J. Murasky, Messrs. Ogilvie and Bullotti, Mr. Frederic Schorcht, Mr. Robert Madison, "Will Scarlet," the pupils of Miss Anita Peters in their famous "Princess Wooing," Martin V. Merle, and others equally well regarded.

One feature of the entertainment will be a sketch called "The Shyster," written by "Will Scarlet" and presented by a cast composed of Clifford Russell, Ed. Martin, John Copren, Charles Moul and Elmo Leonhardt. It is now being rehearsed under the direction of the author and promises to be one of the brightest spots in a stellar program.

The members of the talent committee report that their efforts are meeting with gratifying success and promise that, besides the above named, they will secure many other well known names to grace the program, among which will be acts from two of the largest vaudeville circuits in the West. The Central Theatre in San Francisco has been secured for the occasion and judging by present prospects it will be crowded to the doors on the evening of the twentieth. Indeed those in charge believe that if interest in the show continues to increase at its present pace it will be advisable to give the performance on two successive nights. The various committees in charge of the affair will meet weekly until the plans are perfected. The entire Alumni

Association is boosting the entertainment vigorously.

The talk recently given by the Reverend Father Joseph P. McQuaide was, without doubt, one of the most interesting that we have ever had the pleasure of hearing; it was more than a pleasure, it was a privilege to hear him speak in his own humorous informal style which has gained him so many friends and which was used to great advantage during the late fight in Washington, to hear him talk of the "big man on the hill" or his experiences at "wire-pulling" in Congress, and to watch the well-known smile which is so seldom missing from his face. Here at St. Mary's we have heard many men of more than local note speak on many subjects, but it is safe to say that never was a talk more enjoyed by the students than that of the San Francisco priest. A more perfect expression of their opinion could not have been found than when some of them said "it was a treat." It was, indeed, and every one appreciated it.

Father McQuaide is himself a Brothers' boy, being a graduate of Sacred Heart College, where he spent six years. Since his graduation he has never forgotten the Brothers and the Brothers' boys. No doubt the trip to St. Mary's brought him back to his own boyhood, for when the stories and anecdotes brought roars of laughter from his listeners he joined the merriment and showed unmistakably that we were not alone in our enjoyment of the evening. But though "Father Joe," as the Brothers call him, told us much about the fight at Washington, he was too modest to speak of what

he himself had done during the time when we were struggling for the fair. The truth is that Father McQuaide was one of the most influential men in the delegation that was sent to Washington. He is an old and valued friend of William Howard Taft, and it was through him that the President was approached. He is a man to whom every one is a friend,—they could not be otherwise; his personality cannot be denied, his habitual smile is contagious and defies ill-nature. All this explains why he was among the men selected to conduct the campaign at the capital, and when one has met him it is easy to surmise that he was the means of winning more than one vote in Congress. In San Francisco he has long been regarded as one of the most popular of the local priests; indeed, we would not feel indiscreet in putting him at the head of that list.

We shall not quickly forget the name of Father "Joe" McQuaide, and with a sincere wish that he will hear and heed our invitation, we say, one and all, "Come again, Father."

Professor Donovan, being asked for a word on the Senior Engineering class, had this to say:

"In Hydraulics the class is now seeing the practical utility and application of the theoretic principles which seemed so tedious earlier in the year. In Analytical Mechanics especial stress is laid on the bearing of mathematical formulæ on mechanical appliances and engineering work. The course in mechanical drawing has been completed. The work done in the latter course will, I am sure, reflect credit on the students. Their drawings show the prime requisites of such work,—viz., care, clearness and accuracy. In Reinforced Concrete the class is now engaged in the design and construction of reinforced bridges and viaducts. The students are taking a lively interest in this important branch of modern engineering. In Steel, the theory of trusses is now well understood and in a short time the design and construction of bridges will be begun. The class is working hard and certainly will

have at the end of the year a good foundation on which to rest the more thorough knowledge of their profession that comes from experience."

It was a faculty member that started the rumor, and now it is spreading like wildfire throughout the college. Briefly, the story is as follows: The erudite Bill Davie once gave a public reading of Seumas MacManus' "Ultima Romanorum"—Bill insists that it should be "Ultimus," but then Bill's the limit—and so graphic and sympathetic and pyrotechnic was the manner of it, that a dear old lady in the audience was observed to shed tears. As most of us know, the poem deals with a dead schoolmaster, and some of Bill's classmates assert that the tears were for the deceased pedagogue; but others claim that the old lady was just sorry for Bill.

Mr. Quinlan's course in English History has aroused more than ordinary interest among the college Freshmen. One proof of this is the large demand made upon the good-natured librarian. Mr. Quinlan has the happy facility of interesting his students in sources and original documents and insists strongly that no mere text-book knowledge of the subject can suffice.

Leave it to the Sophs to spring something new. Their latest diversion is a billboard on which, in theatrical form, they flash the names and accomplishments of their local celebrities. But they are doing bigger things, too. The April issue of *THE COLLEGIAN* will be under the direction of the '13 men, and they are working tooth and nail and fountain pen to make next month's paper the best ever. Every one in the class, from big Tom Wheaton to little Charlie Weber, is spending most of his time with pencil and dictionary, turning out stories, essays, sonnets and jokes to grace its pages. Even Stacey Haskell, the great Stacey Haskell, will make a contribution, besides he's assistant josh editor, and this feature alone should cause an unusual demand for the April issue of the paper.

During the recent presentation of "The Holy City" by the students of Sacred Heart College, several of our leading lights answered the call for help sent out by our sister institution and assisted in making the production a success. G. Brusher, E. Drier and F. Pistolesi were drafted to help swell the orchestra, while C. Russell, J. Callanan, E. French, D. Doran, B. Hardiman, F. Latulipe, J. Copren and "Deacon" Shea officiated as ushers. Undoubtedly the smiling faces of these gentlemen helped to swell the box office receipts.

The members of the first Spanish class are making rapid strides under the able direction of their new teacher, Professor Gregory. Mr. Gregory is not a stranger at St. Mary's, as it will be remembered that he held a position in the faculty some two years ago. Since that time he has been holding a similar position at the University of California.

The Sophomores, our men of the unlucky numeral '13, are now deep in the midst of a course in "Novel Reading," under the direction of Brother Leo. Scott and Thackeray have been read and discussed, and their interest is now being held by the works of Charles Dickens. Charlie Weber remarks that the heroines of Scott are far more entrancing than those of Thackeray. Is Charlie right?

A story is going the rounds about our own ever-popular "Tiny" Leonard, which is well worth repeating. Recently the lengthy pitcher had a sore arm, a very sore arm. Nothing could be done for it, and all our hopes of beating the Red Sox depended on the condition of that arm. Herbert Remmer happened to mention this fact to his father, who, be it known, is the owner of a livery stable. The next morning Herbert was given a package "to give to Mr. Leonard." Herbert delivered the package in due time, and upon opening it "Tiny" found a bottle of liniment. He used the liniment and, a few days after, his curves made the heavy hitting Red Sox look easy. When "Tiny" next met Remmer, he said:

"Say, Herb, what kind of liniment was that?" "Oh, did it help you?" answered Remmer; "Why, it was horse liniment." We hear that Leonard has since invested in several bottles of the same brand.

The college may now boast a modern and very finely equipped wireless telegraph station. The old apparatus has been replaced by newer and more efficient machines and a separate, noise-proof room arranged to house them. Communication can now be established with any station within a distance of several hundred miles. The machines are operated by Brother Alfred and assistant electrician E. Lewis Treacy.

A list of medals to be awarded on Commencement Day was posted on the bulletin-board recently. The number to be given is unusually large, and it is safe to say that there will be a hard-fought contest for every one before the name of the lucky winner is announced.

During the recent heavy rains, the track and court yard took on the aspect of a huge swimming tank, a thing which gave our local "water dogs" and duck hunters a chance to frolic about to their heart's content. The athletes spent most of their time in bewailing the wet weather, which denied them any chance to train, while our poets busied themselves in writing sonnets to the sun in a vain effort to coax it back into sight.

A great number of the students attended the Panama-Pacific road race which was held on the Foothill Boulevard on Washington's Birthday. This event gave all those who are infected with the auto craze a chance to air their knowledge and explain to the uninitiated just how it happened. The Sophs are bewailing the fact that Charlie Weber did not enter his fast one-cylinder Reo with Stacey Haskell at the wheel, feeling sure that it would have made a most creditable showing.

We often wonder why it is that the Freshmen are never heard from. Last

year this class proved to be one of the most progressive and active in the college, but with their advent into the ranks of the collegiate department their spirit seems lost, and they have become most inconspicuous and inactive. Perhaps they feel that it is not conformable with their dignity as members of the Freshman class, or it may be that they are too deeply interested in their studies to spare the necessary time. It is possible that they may wake up during these last few months of the term and show us a flash of their old-time speed.

The youngsters of the First Year High School are making a fine record. They are great bookworms, all of them, and have a sort of current events club with weekly sessions wherein they discuss problems that most academic students wouldn't be supposed to be bothering their heads about. The Jacobians have also taken up debating and are fast making good. The babies are certainly live ones, and we expect big things of them in the course of the next five or six years.

Although Napa has sent to us many of our famous men, such as Messrs. Simpson, Hatt and Lowery, still none is quite so famous as "Tiny" Leonard. Not only is Tiny famous in his home town as a baseball star, but he has the distinction of being the champion cherry picker of Napa county. Leonard also was a member of the first basketball team organized in the Napa High School, and in addition to these distinguishing marks is very popular with the members of the fair sex. Did you ever note the fact that very, very frequently Tiny packs up and leaves for his home town? There's a reason for it, fellows; there's a reason.

The members of the Commercial Department, headed by Harry Simpson, recently challenged the rest of the col-

lege to a baseball game. The diamond heroes of the college and academic departments, touched to the quick by such audacious effrontery, accepted the defi immediately. On the afternoon of that day the whole student body turned out to see the contest. In the first part of the game it appeared as if the would-be business men had over-estimated their strength, for their opponents gathered in three runs, whilst they were striving in vain to get a man across the plate. Simpson was already figuring what excuse to offer for the defeat, when suddenly in the eighth inning his team came up from behind and with the help of a few good bingles, tied the score. The game being called off in the ninth with the score tied, it is yet to be decided which is the better team. The students are looking forward to another encounter, which will clear away all doubts, but for the present it looks as if the challengers are not very anxious for a second game.

It is with regret that many of the older students have noticed the decline of the game of handball in late years. Years ago St. Mary's was as famous for her handball players as for her crack baseball champions. Perhaps some think that the game is not worth while. But the truth is that there is no game which affords so much pleasure and exercise. Have any track-meets, or basketball and baseball tournaments ever roused as much interest as did the handball tournament? Why cannot the handball spirit be rekindled? The Seniors, headed by Bill Davie, the only survivor of the handball enthusiasts of former days, have issued a handball challenge to all classes, with a view of reawakening interest in that popular sport, but so far none of the classes have accepted the challenge. Once again the Seniors exhort the other classmen not to be backward in coming forward for a few games.

—L. A. MURASKY.



OWING to the threatening state of the weather and sickness, quite a few of the members of the A. P. G. U. were absent from the meeting of the society on the evening of March 1st. William Lowery missed his first meeting and the office of Dictator for the evening was entrusted to the President, Will Davie; and, needless to say, he did not disappoint in the matter of entertainment. G. Brusher and Charles Moul, the piano soloists of the A. P. G. U., were also absent, and as a consequence none of those who had offered to sing were able to appear.

The debate between the Seniors and the Sophomores had to be postponed, but the representatives of the class of '13 claim that at the next meeting the question of Woman Suffrage will be settled by their team for all time.

Thomas McCarthy was not one of the absentees and he entertained the members by a reading of a parody on the "Seven Ages of Man." Justin McCarthy followed with a paper on "Vivisection," and by his arguments convinced the gathering that vivisection is necessary for the welfare of mankind. A recitation by Sylvester Andriano was down on the program and "Gany" gave one of his old favorites, which as usual was met with hearty applause.

A very interesting talk on "The Future Work of the A. P. G. U." was given by Brother Leo, and then to help the literary portion of the meeting, which suffered by the absence of some who were supposed to take part, he recited two poems. It is not necessary to say that the members were pleased with the readings.

It is not often that Stacey Haskell

deigns to favor us with entertainment, but meeting the general demand, he contributed his "Five Minute Heart-to-Heart Talk." Stacey's little speech brought forth great enthusiasm, but he modestly declined to be encored.

The representatives of the Freshman class were increased at the last meeting, when Theodore Davie joined the society. Messrs. Davie, Otis, Benjamin and Wallace are members with the proper spirit, and we expect much of them in literary work.

The much discussed question of the A. P. G. U. play has not reached any definite plans as yet, but the committee promises that by the next meeting ways and means for its production will have been arranged. With the present amount of talent the society should have no difficulty in staging a play that would be in every way a credit to it.

After an absence of several weeks Tommy Horan has returned to college. He has made improvements and has added new specialties to his famous "Dr. Skinem Skinem's Salve" monologue, and he promises to entertain us with it the next time we meet.

At the present time there is only one Arts student at Saint Mary's who is not a member of the A. P. G. U. It would not be surprising to see this student put in his application soon, and then we can boast for the first time of having every Arts man enrolled in this society.

Although no arrangements for the debate between the Sophomores and Sacred Heart College, under the auspices of the A. P. G. U., have been made, it is more than likely that the proposed debate will take place very soon. —LOUIS F. LE FEVRE.

Alumni

SEVERAL members of the Alumni Association are working hard to make the big vaudeville entertainment to be given at the Central Theatre a financial success. Andrew F. Burke, '04, secretary of the committee of arrangements, has issued circulars to the members of the Alumni, old students and friends of St. Mary's:

Kindly Remember!

The Day—Thursday, April 20th, 1911. The Purpose—The Cause of the Christian Brothers.

The Place—Central Theatre, Eighth and Market streets, San Francisco.

The Organization—The Christian Brothers, the Alumni, and friends.

The Entertainment—The Talent secured is the best.

Reverend William Hughes, '00, whose work among the mission Indians of southern California has attracted much attention, and who is engaged in a tour of the United States as lecturer of the Catholic Indian Bureau of Washington, D. C., was heard recently by his many friends in Sacramento at the Clunie Theatre. The lectures given by Father Hughes before large audiences in Los Angeles and Riverside recently received enthusiastic press notices.

Leo. J. McCarthy, '06, clerk of the Street Department of Oakland, is a candidate for Commissioner No. 2, under the new city charter. The primary election will be held on April 18th. We hope to see our old friend, Leo, returned a winner.

Harry Hooper, '07, of the Boston Americans, made such a good impression on his team-mates and manager that they wanted to see the campus

whereon Harry learned the game. To this fact are we indebted for the recent visits of the famous Red Sox, and recollections of the famous Phoenix of '07 were brought vividly to mind on seeing our own Harry cavorting in his accustomed garden.

Eddie Hallinan, Bank '07, last year with the Los Angeles Coast League team, left during the month to join the St. Louis' club. A few more contributions to the big leagues from our former players and we can ask to have one of those teams Christened "Phoenix." Some of the old boys gave Eddie a farewell party, and the good wishes uttered in the toasts are here reiterated by your Alma Mater, Eddie.

"Smiling Mickey" Thompson, '07, Mother Earth and Dame Nature have formed a triple alliance in the production of flowers at Santa Cruz. Eddie Burns, '07, recently visited "Mickey" and reports him to be of the same smiling, can't-make-me-mad disposition.

One hundred per cent efficiency is what the Goldman grand jury had to say of Joseph E. Derham, '06, chief clerk to San Francisco's Public Administrator.

Robert Moore, '07, has been grabbing all kinds of engineering experience in Washington State. "Bruin," as we were wont to call him, expresses the intention of saving his spare change and visiting us in 1915. He predicted in the same epistle that, barring accidents, there would be a Mrs. Bruin and some "young cubs" along on that visit.

—W. J. FITZGERALD.



"ART thou there, Truepenny!" Here, in **The Southern Collegian**, that interesting professional lady, Mrs. Warren, bobs up serenely. No, not serenely, for "The Critic" who discusses Bernard Shaw and social morality is rather too earnest to be perfectly serene. But that doesn't matter. There are better things than serenity—just as there are better women than Mrs. Warren—and "The Critic," God bless him, has the courage of his convictions. So many writers and near-writers insist upon taking Bernard Shaw as a joke that is at least interesting to find our southern friend paying this tribute to G. B. S.:

"As a matter of fact, Shaw is one of our greatest reformers. Roosevelt is not one-half as earnest nor one-fourth as consistent. As far as Ibsen goes, Shaw leaves him way behind. . . . Then, too, Shaw always has a solution for his problems."

The same issue of **The Southern Collegian** has several readable stories, in which company we emphatically cannot include the leading contribution, "Under the Robe." As a Spiel it is a stirring success; as a story it does not count. Possibly the sub-editor who makes up the table of contents nodded when he wrote the word "story" after Ole Hammep's title.

The Southern Collegian hails from Washington and Lee University, and is in several respects a remarkably high type of student magazine.

To pay a complimentary tribute to **The Yale Literary Magazine** is perilously like gilding refined gold and painting the lily. "The Lit."—as the men of old Eli love to call it—has high standards and splendid traditions; and

its standards it lives up to and its traditions it respects. It really is a literary magazine, in the best sense in which that word can be employed. The February issue we offer in proof.

"A Defense of the Tedius" in **The Portfolio** is a clever and convincing bit of fresh and original thinking. Do not judge "Bums" by its title. The article is a fascinating study of various types of sons of rest, and the author somehow gets down to the human heart beneath the whisky-soaked rags.

The weakest—or should we say the least strong?—point of "The Lit." is its verse. "Orpheus and Eurydice," a dramatic poem, is ambitious, and "The Peace of Charlotte Corday" is strong; but both offerings make it clear that the Yale singers have not burned their fingers, much less their hearts, with the promethean fire. However, we live in a glass house, and so we are going to quit throwing stones.

One of our best exchanges is **The Manhattan Quarterly**, which comes to us replete with splendid reading. The essays in the last issue are away ahead in style and life than are the stories. "Orestes A. Brownson" is an address delivered on the unveiling of a statue in New York to that eminent Catholic writer, and was written and delivered by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, an alumnus of Manhattan. In it he pays a splendid tribute to Brownson and his address is a model of rhetoric. "A Reformation" is a story whose purpose is to foster college spirit. This story contains many technical faults. Not only does it extend over too long a period for a short story, but its viewpoint is constantly changed so that we often entirely lose sight of the hero. "The Story of Katie Nell" tells of the

death of a little waif of the streets. The monologue of the dying child is well handled and evokes much heart interest.

The Niagara Index contains a good article on the great emancipator of our country, Abraham Lincoln. In this essay the writer does not give us a life of the man, but shows us how, by the power of his wonderful mind and intellect, Lincoln rose above his surroundings; how his victories were all hard-earned ones, and finally with what great calmness and gentleness he awaited death after being pierced by the assassin's bullet. It is unfortunate that more of us are not awake to the beauties of nature that are around us. In "Winter," the author shows us some of these hidden beauties. "Ode to Our National Heroes," the only piece of verse in the issue, abounds in patriotic sentiments cleverly expressed.

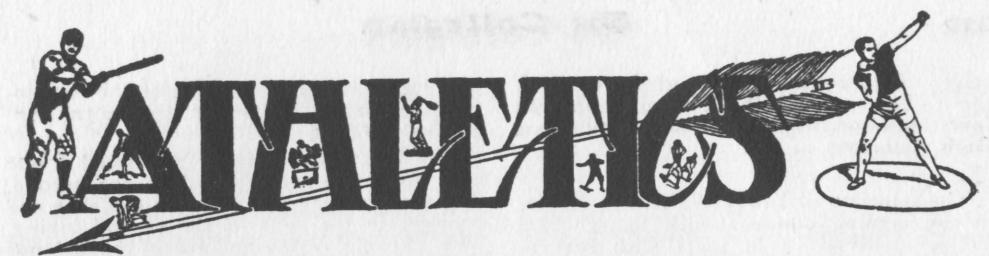
The Loretto Pioneer has an abundance of stories with hardly any plot or structure, several pieces of prose better than the stories, and two pleasant little essays. "The Bible," a clipping from the "Denver Catholic Register," from an article of Father Brady's, gives us many facts about that wonderful book, its history and some of the rules of the Church in regard to it. "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow," an essay, takes the great rivers and bays and oceans of the world and hazards thoughts on what they could disclose. "Christmas Violets" is a story of a poor dying girl's desire for some violets, and arouses sympathy by means of its heart interest. Of the verse we think the palm might well be awarded to "Immaculate," in honor of the Queen of Heaven. It is written in the Tennysonian stanza and is very musical.

The Fordham Monthly contains two articles devoted to the production of the "Macbeth" of Shakespeare, one written by a well-known clergyman,

the other a letter from a famous actress. "Macbeth, A Criticism," takes the characters one by one, analyzes them and then criticizes the individual and the collective acting of the students. "Speech" is the stirring address rendered by the Hon. David Arellano, in the Plaza of Granada on the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto. It is one of the intensely patriotic sort that every now and then can be used to rouse the slumbering love of country. "The Voice of God of Sorrow" is one of the finest stories we have read in a long time. Its plot is most unusual, it is written in a good style, and its climax brings out the full dramatic effect of the story. The weirdness of the theme is something which grips the reader and holds him until the end. We never thought that a funny story—and an old one at that—would be utilized as the plot of another story; but wonders never cease. "Banger's Trip to Baltimore" is a rather clumsy rehash of an old joke amplified to a page and a half until it assumes the dignity of a short story. The poetry is up to the usual standard, "Edith," a pretty-pictured poem of the lyric sort, being the best.

The Young Eagle is a magazine published by cultured young ladies. Throughout its pages do we find articles and essays heavy and serious, with never a story as a haven of rest for the weary reader and verse all of a serious nature. Of its articles we consider "John La Farge," the celebrated artist of stained glass, to be the best. It does not embrace the life of the man, but explains some of his works and his methods and qualities in a way that proves the writer to have given thought to the subject. "A Defense of Lady Macbeth" is a rather ambitious attempt, written in good clear English. "Local Color in the New England Short-Stories" should be of particular interest to our embryonic writers.

—G. J. BRUSHER.



THE few good days during the month of February were heartily appreciated by the athletes, and likewise by the benchwarmers, of whom there are too great a number at present. There is a lack of "pep" amongst the track candidates, and the necessary ginger was not in evidence during the balmy weather. Basketball was much in evidence, while the diamond artists gloried in the sunny weather and hied themselves to the gym during the down-pour. When the good weather appeared there were no sore arms, as the indoor work-outs kept the ball tossers in trim.

BASKETBALL.

The gymnasium was the center of activity during the past month, and hardly an afternoon or evening passed that the court was not in use. The popularity of this branch of sport, and the many outside teams desirous of playing in our gym made games very numerous. All visitors declare our court to be without an equal in any of the bay cities, and perhaps on the coast. The opportunity for practice provoked a better spirit amongst the various teams of the college and there was no lack of candidates.

Mr. Frank Boek of Oakland was secured to coach the team. The selection proved a wise one, as Mr. Boek has already proven himself a master in handling teams. He was advisory coach last year and contributed immensely to the success of the champion team. The business-like method with which he took hold of the team indicated the proper spirit. Sufficient to state he holds the respect and esteem of the players and students of St. Peter's.

In the P. A. A. tournament the Victors and the 110 pound team reached the semi-finals, but the 145 and 130 pound teams did not even figure. The 145 pound team went out in their first contest with the Oakland Seniors, to whom they lost, 22 to 11. The 130 pound team players were overweight in their game with Oakland High, but played a practice game with this team in which they were beaten, 30 to 11. The Victors lasted until they ran up against the Cogswell High School team, to whom they lost, 36 to 25. The 110 pound team found their victors in the aggregation from St. Peter's School, losing, 31 to 8.

The 145 pound team traveled to Petaluma on February 3rd, but lost to the High School team of that town, 28 to 19. The slippery floor of the hall proved too much for our

team. A return game was scheduled to be played in the gym, but was called off when the team disbanded after their defeat in the P. A. A. tourney.

The 130 pound team scored a 30-to-11 victory over the Oakland High School team before the commencement of the tourney. Taking the lead from the start they were never headed.

The Victors' played five games during the month and their only defeat was the one that they received in the tourney. St. Anthony's School proved easy for the team in the first game, 34 to 22, but in the second the Victors barely escaped a defeat when they won out, 26 to 25. In the return game with Mt. Tamalpais they defeated their heavier opponents, 31 to 20. Their final game was with Cogswell.

In the opening game of the tourney the 110 pound team defeated Oakland Polytechnic High School, 45 to 18, but participated in no more games until the contest with St. Peter's.

The first championship of the year was brought to the college by the varsity basketball team, who captured the first two contests of the series with Santa Clara, winning the first game by the score of 21 to 11, and the second, 14 to 10. Accounts of these games will appear in the next issue of THE COLLEGIAN.

TRACK.

Track prospects were not very bright during the past month, whilst idleness seemed to have taken hold of the candidates. Training, for the most part, was abandoned to afford the men a chance to rest their weary muscles, although nobody could see what made them tired. Let us hope that outside competition will do much to increase both the spirit and the energy.

Martin and Vlught, our only entries in the Olympic Club in-door meet, showed up well on their first appearance. Martin, after a strenuous race, captured second place in the 300 yard run, while Vlught came second to our old friend, John Burke, '09, in the two mile. The finish of this race proved a spectacular event and for a while it appeared that our representative would win, but Burke's old stamina stood him in good stead and he won out on the sprint.

BASEBALL.

A game now and then sandwiched in between a spell of rain was the program for the month and the players availed them-

selves of the occasions with gladness. Both the Collegians and the Phoenix appeared four times and on each occasion both teams were victorious.

The selection of Harry Walters as umpire in the coming contests with Santa Clara College will no doubt meet with the approval of every one. Harry umpired the last series and came through without a kick being registered during the two games.

Several different scores appeared in the papers after the last series; the score given out by the official scorer should be the only one published. It's very seldom that you find two men agreeing on the scoring of a game, and since we have a man to do the work we should accept his figures and none other.

The Victors.

The third team did not even make its appearance during the month, but with the advent of spring will soon be seen in action. There is plenty of material among the younger element who are anxious to play, but at present the Phoenix and the Collegians monopolize the diamond.

The Collegians.

The second team found it easy to win their games during the month against the high school teams. Polytechnic High School team lost a hard fought game to the Collegians, 1 to 0. A few days later Oakland High were defeated, 8 to 3. Another victory was recorded against this same team when the Collegians beat them, 5 to 2. Finally, to end up their month's work they placed Berkeley High on the short end of a 6-to-4 score.

In all their games the Collegians showed up well, both in fielding and stickwork. The entire team worked well together, even though they had little opportunity to practice together during the month.

Dunnigan on first, Preciado at second, Horan on third, and Burns at short, comprise a fast in-field. The Roth brothers, with Remmer and Miller, are two fast batteries. In the out-field the drives are well taken care of by French, Scott, Caffero, Boro, Herrerias and McDonough.

California vs. The Phoenix.

Seven runs with seven hits in five innings combined with seven errors by California marked the opening game of the intercollegiate series for the Phoenix against the University team. From start to finish the

Phoenix played rings around their opponents and the Berkeley aggregation were completely outclassed.

Cann started the twirling and lasted for three innings. Then Roth was given a chance, and he kept up "Mike's" good work.

holding California scoreless for the remaining two innings. Darkness stopped the contest in the fifth.

The first tally came in the initial frame and two more were added in the second. The squeeze play was much in evidence and brought in the runs in the second inning. The Phoenix rested an inning and did not score again until the fourth. One more in that spasm and then to make the score look big they hit in three more in the last inning. There's no telling what they might have done if the game continued longer. But California was spared the ordeal.

The summarized account reads:

California.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Salisbury, 1. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Greenlaw, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Coane, 1. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Stoner, 2b	2	0	0	1	1	2
Rubkels, ss	0	0	0	0	1	2
Goodwin, c	0	0	0	1	3	0
O'Kelly, 3b	1	0	0	2	2	1
Allen, 3b	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, r. f.	2	0	1	1	0	1
Haskell, p	2	0	0	0	3	1
Dougherty, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	15	0	1	15	10	7

St. Mary's.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Lynch, 1. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Wallace, 3b	1	0	0	1	3	0
Guigni, 2b	2	1	1	2	0	0
Fitzsimmons, ss	3	0	1	1	2	0
Wilkinson, 1b	2	1	0	5	1	0
Ross, r. f.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Leonhardt, c. f.	3	2	1	1	0	0
Simpson, c	2	2	2	3	1	0
Miller, c	1	0	0	1	0	0
Cann, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Roth, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total	20	7	7	15	8	0

Runs and hits by innings:

California	0	0	0	0	0	0
Basehits	0	0	0	1	0	1
St. Mary's	1	2	0	1	3	7
Basehits	1	1	2	1	2	7

Summary: Struck out by—Cann 3, Haskell 1. First base on called balls, off—Cann 3. Double plays—O'Kelly to Goodwin to Greenlaw. Three-base hits—Simpson. Stolen bases—St. Mary's 6. Passed balls—Stoner. Wild pitches—Haskell. Time of game—1 hour. Umpire—Whalen and Dunnigan.

Frankels vs. Phoenix.

The second victory over the Barney Frankels was scored on February 19th, when the Phoenix tallied thrice to the gents' furnishing team's lone tally. Jumping into the lead from the start the Phoenix had no trouble in outdistancing their opponents.

Cann was in splendid form and opposed to him was Alligeart of Santa Clara fame, who twirled fair enough ball, but the Phoenix found him in pinches. Only once did "Mike" falter, and that was in the seventh, when the Frankels scored their lone run.

The hitting of the Phoenix brought in their runs. In the third Leonhardt and Simpson both singled, Leonhardt going to third on "Simp's" drive. Harry stole second and "Sharkey" scored on the play. Ross lost two runs for the Phoenix when he failed to touch second in the fourth. Incidentally he robbed Leonhardt of a hit which was one of the hardest drives ever made at the college. The ball traveled over the center-fielder's head and struck the college. And then to think that he did not get even a single on it! This is awful, "Cy."

Three hits in a row brought over the final scores in the next inning. Simpson singled, Lynch doubled, and Guigni singled. The only tally of the Frankels came in the seventh on Thornton's three-bagger and Burke's single.

Here is how the detail reads:

Barney Frankels.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Warren, 2b	4	0	0	4	2	0
Burns, 3b	4	0	0	2	4	0
Thornton, 1b	4	1	2	10	0	0
Krause, 1. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Garibaldi, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Burke, c.	3	0	1	5	2	1
Alligeart, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Nicholson, ss	2	0	1	1	2	2
Stockton, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Kelly, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	28	1	5	24	11	4

St. Mary's.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Lynch, 1. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Wallace, 3b	4	0	0	0	2	0
Guigni, 2b	4	0	2	1	2	0
Fitzsimmons, ss	3	0	1	3	3	0
Wilkinson, 1b	3	0	0	13	1	0
Ross, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Leonhardt, c. f.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Simpson, c	3	0	2	7	1	1
Cann, p	3	1	0	0	2	0
Miller, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	31	3	7	27	14	1

Runs and hits by innings:

Frankels	0	0	0	0	0	1
Basehits	0	0	1	0	2	5

St. Mary's	0	1	0	2	0	0
Basehits	0	0	2	1	3	0

Summary: Three-base hit—Thornton. Two-base hit—Lynch. Sacrifice hit—Fitzsimmons. Stolen base—Simpson. Struck out by—Cann 7, Alligeart 7. Bases on balls, off—Cann 3, Alligeart 1. Double plays—Lynch to Wilkinson, Leonhardt to Fitzsimmons. Hit by pitcher—Krause. Time—1 hour 25 minutes. Umpire—Baumgartner.

Stanford vs. Phoenix.

A narrow victory was the fate of the Phoenix on February 15th, when they journeyed to Palo Alto to meet the Stanford nine, and the score of the contest was 7 to 6. The game was marked by hard hitting on both sides, and the issue was in doubt till the end. With both Leonard and Cann out of the game with injuries the work developed upon the Roth brothers, who did not fail.

In the sixth, when the Phoenix had a 6-to-2 lead on Stanford, they thought they had an easy victory, but the Palo Alto lads went at Jim Roth's offerings with a vengeance. Jim was somewhat unsteady in this frame and was replaced by his brother Harold. Before the inning was closed the score was tied.

The Phoenix won out, however, in the next inning, when they scored the winning tally. Guigni was safe on first on Mitchell's error, advanced when Fitz was walked and scored when Wilkinson singled. A double play kept the Phoenix from scoring any more. After the seventh Stanford could do nothing with the younger Roth's offerings. Stanford worked a fast triple play and also pulled off a double.

The official scorer's dope:

Stanford.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Terry, ss	2	1	1	1	3	0
Henshaw, c. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Mitchell, 3b	4	0	1	1	5	1
Ganong, c.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Ache, c.	3	0	0	4	2	0
Ball, 1b	4	0	1	16	1	0
Cass, 2b	4	1	2	1	2	1
Childs, l. f.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Donovan, l. f.	2	0	0	1	0	1
Beeger, r. f.	2	1	2	0	0	0
Jordan, r. f.	2	0	0	1	1	0
Enderle, p.	2	1	1	0	5	0
Total	33	6	9	27	19	3

St. Mary's.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Lynch, 1. f.	4	2	3	1	0	1
Wallace, 3b	5	1	1	3	4	0
Guigni, 2b	5	1	0	1	0	0
Fitzsimmons, ss	4	0	1	1	3	2
Wilkinson, 1b	3	1	2	12	0	0
Ross, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Leonhardt, c. f.	2	0	0			

bases—Wallace, Wilkinson, Ross, Terry. Struck out, by—J. Roth 2, H. Roth 1, Enderle 2. Bases on balls, off—J. Roth 5, Enderle 5. Triple play—Enderle to Ganong to Ball to Ganong. Double play—Mitchell to Cass to Ball. Hit by pitcher—Terry. Time—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpires—Krause and Theile.

Stanford vs. Phoenix.

The team made it two straight from Stanford on Washington's Birthday at the Grove-street grounds, when they beat them 5 to 1. The Palo Alto contingent were outclassed and secured but few hits. The Phoenix were in splendid form and drove one of Stanford's twirlers from the mound. Eleven hits were scored off their two pitchers.

Cann as usual had little trouble in holding them down, and "Mike" had only two bad innings. In the first frame with two on and no outs it looked as if Stanford would score, but "Mike" was equal to the occasion. Fitz threw Terry out at home, Ball popped to "Wilkie" and "Mike" fanned Ganong. In the seventh their lone tally was scored on two hits in a row.

Two in the second and the same number in the third were enough for the Phoenix to drive Halm off the mound, and Gilfillan took up the burden. He was lucky to escape with but one run, but we must hand it to him, for he pulled himself out of some nice holes.

Almost every one of the Phoenix broke into the hit column,—Lynch being the only unfortunate. Miller sent into bat for Ross in seventh, drove one to right-field for two bags, while Simpson and Guigni also broke into the long distance column with hits to center and left.

As Scorer Bill saw it:

St. Mary's.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Lynch, 1. f.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Wallace, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	4	1
Guigni, 2b.....	4	1	1	2	4	0
Fitzsimmons, ss.....	2	1	1	0	2	0
Wilkinson, 1b.....	4	0	1	9	0	0
Ross, r. f.....	3	1	1	1	0	0

	I	O	I	O	O	O
Miller, r. f.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Leonhardt, c. f.....	4	1	2	2	0	0
Simpson, c.....	3	0	2	9	0	0
Cann, p.....	3	0	1	1	0	0
Total.....	33	5	11	27	11	2

Stanford.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Terry, ss.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Henshaw, c. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Mitchell, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Ball, 1b.....	4	0	0	10	0	0
Ganong, c.....	4	1	2	7	1	1
Cass, 2b.....	4	0	2	1	2	0
Gordon, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
McGregor, r. f.....	1	0	0	1	1	0
Donovan, 1. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	1
Halm, p.....	1	0	0	1	1	0
Gilfillan, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Total.....	31	1	5	24	11	2
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9			

	St. Mary's	Basehits	Stanford	Basehits
	0 2 2 0 0 0 1 0 x—5	0 2 3 0 1 1 1 x—11	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	1 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 1—5

Summary: Two-base hits—Guigni, Simpson, Miller. Sacrifice hit—Simpson. Stolen bases—Leonhardt 2, Lynch, Henshaw, Wallace, Miller. Struck out, by—Gilfillan 6, Cann 6. First base on called balls, off—Halm 3, Gilfillan 2, Cann 2. Hits, off—Halm 5, Gilfillan 6. Passed ball—Ganong. Umpire—Krause. Time—1 hour 40 minutes.

The Phoenix made an enviable record for themselves during the early part of March, and the games played will be written up in our next number. The famous Boston Red Sox—the regulars, not the Yannigans—were trimmed 1 to 0. Sacramento Coast League team succumbed to the Phoenix twice by the scores of 4 to 3 and 4 to 0. The University of California nine went down to defeat three times, to the tunes of 7—0, 4—0, and 3—0. The Oakland Coast League team was also beaten by a 4-to-2 score. Keep up the good work, boys, and here's to your continued success.

—C. A. RUSSELL.



JONES



LITTLE bits of nonsense
Scattered here and there,
Free the weary spirit
From the monster care.

Little bits of laughter,
Little bits of song
Make the world seem brighter
When all things go wrong.

He who writes these joshes,
Though he knows they're bad,
Thinks they'll serve a purpose
If they make you glad.

Prof.—What is a white lie?
Russell—Most of the milk we have
been getting.

Wilkinson—Why do you wear rubber gloves?

Prof.—So that the "hair-grower" I
am using won't raise hair on the palms
of my hands.

Prefect—What is Mike Cann yelling
at?

Leonard—Why, he's just yelling at
the top of his voice.

There's here a young student named
Gaul,
Who took in the Bachelors' ball,
In the midst of a dance
He fractured his pants,
And had to escape in a shawl.

Prof. in Chemistry—if I put some
HCl in a beaker and then some
NaOH, and found that the HCl had
disappeared, what would you conclude?

Guptil—That there was a hole in the
beaker.

Prof.—What English word is derived
from "facilis," meaning easy?

Otis—The faculty.

St. Peter—And who are you?
Tight Wad—I am a college man from
Oakland.

St. P.—And did you read the college
paper?

T. W.—Yes.
St. P.—Did you pay for it?
T. W.—No.
St. P.—Down.

Wallace—Yes, Jack, the angels hear
everything; they heard your prayers
last night.

Gleason—That's funny; I didn't say
them last night.

For Washington State give a cheer,
And shout the good news far and near!
Its women are free
From A down to Z—
Fifth star in our flag! Do you hear?

Raising sheep was Jim Roth's trade,
He had uncommon luck,
And every ten-spot that he made
He spoke of as a buck.

Prof. in Chemistry—Mention an
oxide.

Cann—Leather.
Prof.—What! Leather an oxide?
Cann—Yes, an oxide of beef.

Tiny—I am a great believer in the
number seven. "Success" has just
seven letters.

Mike—And how about "failure"?

Haskell—What, late again this morn-
ing?

Brusher—Well, you see, I had only
ten minutes to dress in.

Haskell—That's no excuse; I can
dress in half that time.

Brusher—Perhaps so, but I wash.

Doc.—Are you actually afraid of
work, Tom?

Tom—No, sir; I can sleep right be-
side it.

The Collegian

They Cannot Come Back.

Since that affair at Reno, when Jim took the nigger's blow,
And he, the pride of our Caucasian race,
was sad laid low,
There's been a soft expression passing 'round from man to man,
That tells of one who could have done,
but now no longer can;
When fans came back with pockets light, to tell us of the fray,
They didn't stand around and say, "It happened just this way;"
But used the "soft, soft pedal," and they whispered in our ear:
"Though he was trained to fight,
il ne pouvait pas revenir."

And when upon a morning bright,
you're on your way down town,
You chance to board a crowded car, and meet your old friend Brown,
He tells you, you're a wonder, and the greatest man alive,
How all the world must envy you—then asks the loan of five;
You hear Jim Jones, the subtle knave,
with ill-disguised sneer,
So loud that Brown may hear, though he pretends it not to hear,
In accents most sarcastic, turn to Smith and whisper, "Ah!
See Brown touch up old Easy Mark—that five, *il ne reviendra pas.*"

When the old familiar "down and out," who long has passed his day,
Says that he has sufficient sand to stand the gaff and stay,
When old Ben Greeley tries to pitch the horsehide for his team,
When Tom McCarthy tries to act, and is quite mortified
To find he is no more the bear that starred in Mr. Hyde,
Again the gentle whisper wafts about from ear to ear,
"They were all good ones in their day,
mais ils ne peuvent pas revenir."



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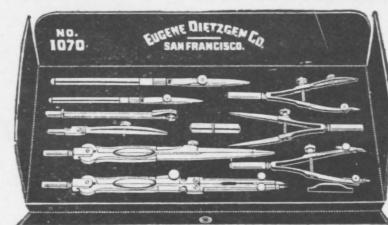


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