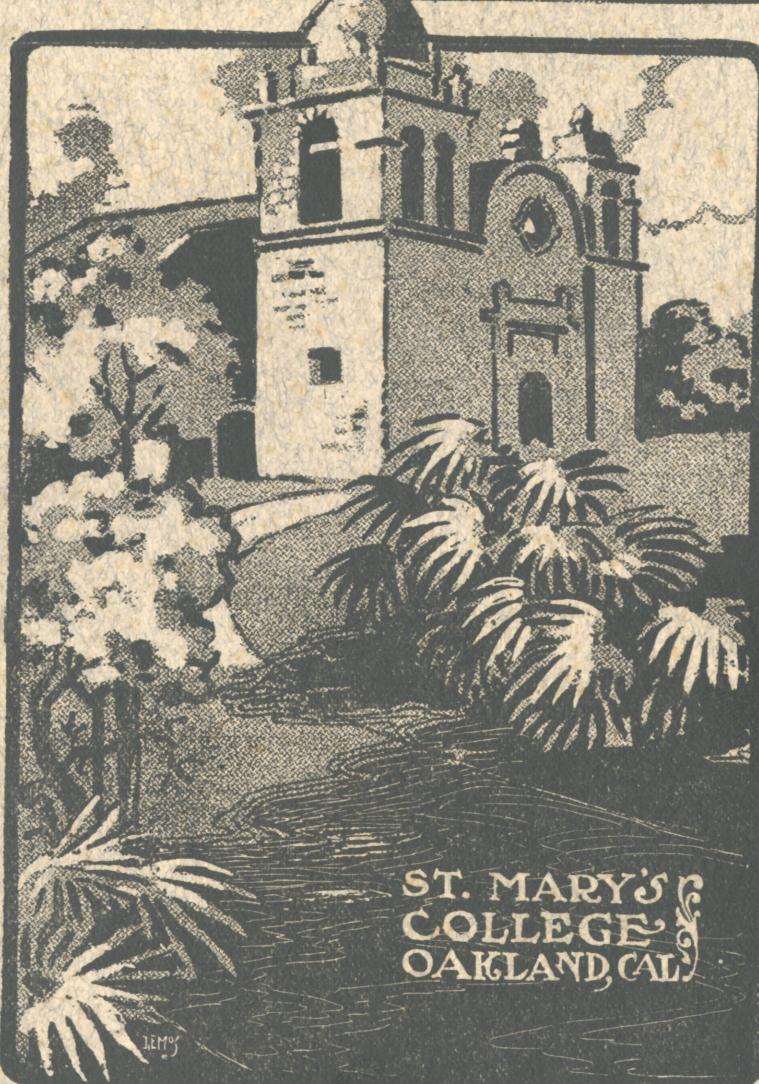


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November, 1906

No. 2

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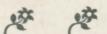
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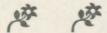


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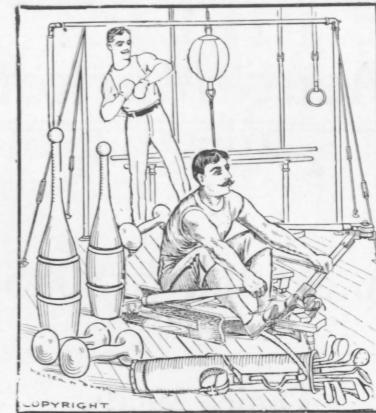
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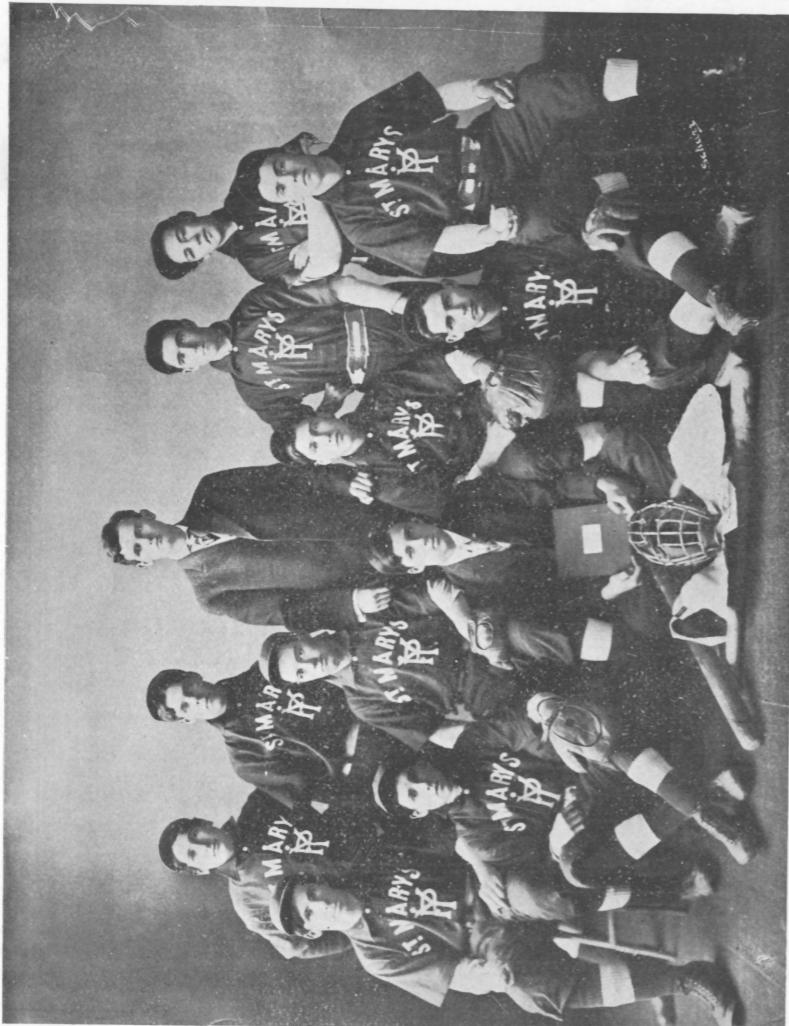
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VOL. IV

OAKLAND, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 2

THANKSGIVING HYMN

FOR all the beauty of the passing year,
Its music, mirth and glee,
Its songs of birds and wealth of blooms, we give
Our thanks, O Lord, to Thee.

For days that rose in clear, unclouded calm,
For peace on land and sea,
For breezes fraught with health's electric thrills,
We give our thanks to Thee.

For plenty in the harvest's bounteous yield,
The orchard's laden tree,
And the full fruitage of the purpled vine,
We give our thanks to Thee.

For joys that crowned our lives with summer's glow,
Fervid and deep and strong,
Till all the earth around about us seemed
As kindling into song.

For Sorrow's hand, which smote with cruel blow
Our hearts' most tender chord,
But led us through the darkness of Grief's night,
Nearer to Thee, O Lord.

For countless graces poured into our lives
And strewed around our way,
For thoughts that lightened earth's oppressive cares,
We thank Thee, Lord, today.

—M. A. F.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS

NOVEMBER has been poetically called the month of "melancholy days." It is a time of sacred sadness especially consecrated to the memory of the departed. The very atmosphere during this month begets a feeling of pensive meditation, for now doth "all the air a solemn stillness hold." Already in more northern climes the snowy shroud of winter lies on the meadows and the murmur of the lakes and rivers is stifled by an icy coverlet. Here, by the sunlit waters of the Pacific, November is not ushered in by winter's chilling breath. October's last sigh is an autumnal zephyr; November's infant breathings scarcely bend the branches. So mild, so gentle is the odorous breeze, that were it not for falling leaf and faded flower, we would be led to think that spring was come again. Dead leaves strew our path, the gardens show no signs of life, the sun himself screens his brilliant face, casting but a sidelong, melancholy glance on earth, as though to remind us of the fading, fleeting beauty of earthly things, and thereby raise our thoughts to that brighter land where shines the eternal Sun of Justice. All that we behold around us during this month is typical of life's transient joys. Nature seems in thoughtful mood and would perfume uplift our hearts to heaven.

How appropriate, then, is the time the Church has set apart for the festivals of All Saints and All Souls. Seed time has flown—the harvest is gathered, and man loves to contemplate the generous yield. Gratitude to a bountiful Providence now well from every heart, and insensibly the mind is elevated to solemn thought. Our ideas naturally turn to those who have gone before us to reap in eternity the fruits of the virtues they have cultivated in time. The Holy Church is at hand to give new vigor to our meditation. At once she lifts our earth-bound thoughts on high by the solemn pomp of All Saints' Day.

This imposing festival dates back to the seventh century, when the Pantheon at Rome was dedicated by Pope Boniface IV to the Mother of God and all the Martyrs. Fretful, as it were, that some of her sanctified children might seem without due honor, the Church has set apart this festal day to commemorate all who have fought the good fight and won the celestial crown.

What a contrast to worldly ways the Church presents in thus honoring her sainted children! The memory of the humblest missionary ending his life on the banks of some deserted river, is as dear to the heart of our holy Mother the Church, as that of a St. Charles Borromeo in his grand cathedral, or of a St. Louis on his throne.

There are nights when but few stars are visible, and others, when the firmament is ablaze with countless luminaries, unseen, unthought of before. So it is with the festival of All Saints, which brings before our minds the millions of holy souls, who, while here on earth, like the violet, shrank from public gaze; souls who have plucked, even from self-denial and obscurity, the gems that now sparkle most radiantly in their heavenly diadems. Such are the consoling, the inspiring thoughts the Church presents to us on the first of November; but, before that day's sun goes down, she would afford another subject for contemplation. While the triumphal strains of the "Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis Suis," are yet ringing in our ears, the plaintive notes of the "Dies Irae" sound, recalling to our minds those faithful departed who still cast longing, hopeful looks at the gates of Paradise. Thus by a melancholy, but sweet transition, we pass from the glories of heaven to the love-lit fires of Purgatory; from the festival of All Saints to the feast of All Souls.

Though ever mindful to pray for the dead, it was not until the ninth century that Catholic piety set apart a special day in their behalf. To St. Odil-

ion, Abbot of Cluny, are we indebted for this festival, which towards the close of the tenth century had been adopted by the universal Church.

In former ages when faith was strong and charity ardent, it was customary on the second of November for persons dressed in sombre garb to traverse the streets, tolling a bell, and calling on the people to pray for the souls in Purgatory. But though this custom has disappeared, the spirit that produced it still flourishes, and today, as of old, prayer and sacrifice are constantly wafted heavenward "by way of suffrage" for the faithful departed. The Church forgets not her children whom the Heavenly Bridegroom has summoned. True, she claims no jurisdiction over them in the land beyond the grave; but her maternal fondness follows them even there, and by alms, deeds, prayer and sacrifice, she would induce her Heavenly Spouse to regard them with pitying eye.

Of all the doctrines held dear by Catholics, there is, perhaps, none more consoling to human weakness, more soothing to sorrow or more congenial to nature than that, by pious works, we can relieve the souls in Purgatory.

Such a doctrine removes all bitterness from our mourning for our dead. It does not necessarily dry up the fountain of our grief, but it mellows our sorrow into a pleasing sadness that causes tears to flow which soothe the breaking heart. "How admirable," exclaims the brilliant Chateaubriand, "is this intercourse between the loving son and the deceased father, between the mother and the daughter—between husband and wife—between life and death!" "What a beautiful feature in our religion," he adds, "to impel the heart of man to virtue, by the power of love and to make him feel that the very coin which gives bread for the moment to an indigent fellow-being, entitles perhaps some rescued soul to an eternal position at the table of the Lord."

Thus are the two great feast days of November twin festivals of the holy souls. The one joyous, brief and brilliant, gives us a glimpse of the glory that awaits us; the other, solemn, lingering, pensive, shows us Heaven as well, but reminds us of the sorrows, tears and cleansing flames through which it must be won.

—ALUMNUS.

THE PASSING YEAR

THE sun sinks slowly in the west at last,
The glowing day is wound in mesh of gold,
And flickering lights about the East forecast
The coming of the cold;
E'en the moonshine and the starlight clear,
Proclaim the passing of the present year.

ABSOLUTE TOLERATION A MYTH

VERY often in matters of greatest consequence we are led astray by considering as absolute that which is but relative. We are sometimes inclined to be too superficial in our deliberation on matters of great moment and yet pass judgment upon them with the utmost conviction. In short, we mistake names for things and forget, as it were, that a vacuum still contains air. Knowledge is the perception of differences and relations. We thoroughly understand a thing, and can form just and logical conclusions regarding it, only in so far as we have perceived its differences from other things and its relations to these things by comparison.

Thus, in order to understand the question under discussion and to treat it logically, we must understand the nature of toleration; and distinguish between theoretical and practical toleration. Notwithstanding that the former is, in itself, true, the latter is an error.

At the present day, we hear toleration everywhere loudly proclaimed and intolerance ruthlessly condemned. But of those who thus speak, how many ever take time to analyze the ideas conveyed by these words? I dare say there are but few. Toleration, in its fullest and most unpopular meaning, is potential persecution; by persecution is meant the use of certain coercive measures to restrain a man, if not from holding certain religious or political opinions, at any rate, from communicating these opinions to others. We are said to be tolerant when we bear patiently that which we think to be false or not conformable to our ideas of justice or righteousness, but which we, for various reasons, think it prudent not to punish. This is a question that covers a vast area in the realms of human speculation. It is intimately interwoven with the history of all nations.

Toleration may be applied to a variety of things, as religious toleration, toleration of scandal, toleration of abuses

and many others of kindred nature. It is an idea, however, that always implies an evil, and is more closely connected with religious matters than with any other. When one is said to be intolerant it is generally understood to be in regard to religion. So in order to treat the subject properly, it is necessary to confine ourselves as nearly as possible to this important phase of the question: religious toleration.

The word Catholicity to a great many people is a synonym for intolerance. Simply mention the word intolerance to some people and immediately their fertile minds form innumerable and varied ideas of cruelty and oppression. Now the Catholic Church is charged, and strictly speaking, I think justly so, with a fundamental intolerance. This charge, although justly made, is very often wrongly interpreted. Tolerance is neither the virtue nor the vice of any one creed in particular; it is a common necessity of all creeds that are sufficiently definite to be capable of contradiction, and of sufficient importance to be worthy of consideration. So that if the Catholic Church is the only one that is intolerant, this but means that she is the only religion conscious of its own authority. If Protestants charge Catholicity with intolerance they have no foundation to work upon. By refusing to accept her doctrines the Protestants themselves become intolerant.

Intolerance, whether civil or religious, has always been accompanied by persecution; the former is a thing of necessity, the latter a thing of expediency; the one, a necessary judgment and necessary solicitude, the other an expression of these two things in action. Socrates was compelled to drink the fatal hemlock; Christ was crucified by His "chosen people", and the annals of the Church are filled with the horrifying tales of martyrs who were tortured to death for their faith, by that most famous people, the Romans. All creeds may be credited at all times

with more or less persecution, yet much has been done in the name of religion that did not receive the sanction of the Church. Man is endowed with so strong a sense of the excellence of virtue that he often endeavors to conceal the greatest atrocities with her mantle. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day was no more an act of the Church than was the assassination of President McKinley an act of the nation. If the Church adopted certain coercive measures in the early ages that to us seem to be most cruel and outrageous, it was only because such measures were in keeping with the times. If the Church is more tolerant at the present day, it is because of the marked influence of our advanced civilization upon modern thought, customs and manners.

No matter what is the belief of a nation, whether it be Catholic, Mohammedan or Atheistic, let that nation be but firmly convinced of the truth and the importance of this creed, and it will persecute for heresy as surely as it will prosecute for theft. The Protestant government of England has always been more or less intolerant to Catholics, and in Catholic countries Protestantism is, perhaps, more or less interfered with. Philosophers have at various times attempted to establish universal toleration and prohibit governments from violating the consciences of men in religious matters. This is a good principle, theoretically speaking, but is it capable of becoming one in practice? Such a doctrine will not stand the test of reason and common sense. For instance, could we at the present time tolerate human sacrifices? We would certainly consider the perpetrators of such deeds and expounders of such doctrines to be most cruel murderers. Still, in so doing, they firmly believe they are rendering due homage to God, and we would therefore by our condemnation violate

their consciences. Yet history is replete with matters of a similar nature, that we neither would nor could tolerate. It is an incontestable principle in the history of all nations that public authority has the right of prohibiting certain acts in violation of the consciences of individuals who claim the right of performing them. Thus we see that sometimes the most ardent advocates of toleration are compelled in some cases to be intolerant. Oftentimes common decency, modesty and justice demand intolerance. Absolute toleration, then, in regard to religious doctrines, practically speaking, is an error. It is a doctrine as impracticable in fact as it is unsustainable in theory.

The only objection that can be urged against intolerance is, that concerning religious matters, there is no absolute certainty and intolerance is only cried down nowadays because it is a protest against this opinion. Macaulay said, "that the Puritans disliked bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men". In the same way, modern thought sets its mind against intolerance not because intolerance denies certainty to others, but because it claims certainty for itself.

Today, the Catholic Church watches the evils around her and at once deplores and makes the best of them. She knows that offenses are inevitable, but she also knows that these offenses may work some good. Whatever is good outside herself, theoretically she is capable of taking into herself and assimilating while the intellectual spectacle of the present and the experience of the past combine alike to intensify her condemnation of error and to soften her anger towards those unfortunates who become the victims of some wild hallucination.

A. T. SHINE.

AN AFTERNOON AT ALMA MATER

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Don O'Day leaned lazily against the telephone post, and mused upon the glory and expansion of Oakland. He had just dined at the Saddle Rock Restaurant on Thirteenth street, and stood in the shade of the Bank Building, a picture of prosperity and contentment.

He had become considerably rotund since his graduation from St. Mary's. His tutors and fellow graduates would hardly recognize the portly, easy-going young man standing at the corner, as the keen, active, athletic "Don" whom the old fans had remembered on the college campus.

After his hearty meal, Don's natural intelligence manifested itself in an intense absorption and interest in everything about him. Directly opposite was Sherman & Clay's Music Store. Victor records were in action, and Don's ears recognized the familiar strains of "Good Night, I'm Going Home", "Holy City" and other lighter but none the less melodious songs he had learned in college. Don possessed a tenor voice, and this, with his splendid mind and singularly genial disposition, had endeared him to all the students and instructors of St. Mary's.

That voice was somewhat husky now. Withal he was the same, unchanged, unspoiled, good-natured, affable Don, for whom every one had a good word.

Telegraph avenue, College avenue and San Pablo avenue cars whirled by, heavily burdened. Oakland's tree of life had received a stimulus, and was putting forth new branches of growth and development. The crowd was pressing onward in the direction of the Macdonough and Ye Liberty theaters.

Don O'Day walked by the restaurant where a half hour previous he had dined, and observing a dry-goods box resting on the edge of the curbing, sat down. He removed his hat and wiped the perspiration from his broad, full brow.

The Hayward cars were equally as

crowded as those on the avenue, and as Don turned and glanced furtively at them as they sped by, he noticed a smiling face and heard the greeting of a well-known voice. He smiled affably back, covered his head, removed the dust from his shoes, and waited. The car stopped at Thirteenth and Broadway. A large percentage of the passengers alighted.

Don's eyes were fixed on the crowd, for he evidently expected some one. Soon, a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic fellow emerged, and wearing a broad smile, approached Don O'Day.

"Need not tell me anything, Don—can see what's the trouble—mother's been feeding you on Mellen's food."

Don laughed outright.

"Believe me, Frank, it is good nature. You remember how I was out at the college—last to the table and first up."

"True; never had much time for anything but baseball and handball. Result—frequent admonitions to devote more time to the preparation of lessons."

"I see, Frank, that you have not forgotten the incidents of my college career; but, returning to the present: How are affairs out at Hayward?"

"Fine; no complaint; we're having quite a boom there. I'm satisfied with the drug business."

"I'd forgotten that you had bought Dr. Dean's Drug Store. Glad you are doing well. Say, where are you going this afternoon? No place in particular? Well, let's go over to Ye Liberty and see Conan Doyle's 'Sign of the Four'?"

"Have seen it twice, Don, and know all about Sherlock Holmes' effort to recover the stolen treasure."

"Well, then, let's go out to St. Mary's. In all probability there'll be a game this afternoon, and perhaps we may meet some of the old fans. The Brothers will be glad to see us; I'm sure of that. How about it, Frank?"

"It's up to you, Don?"

"Well, I say, let's go!"

Don and Frank walked briskly through the crowd, and paused in front of Tisch's Barber Shop. Soon a College avenue car loomed in view. The two friends selected seats on the left and outside. Many improvements had been made along Broadway, many homes constructed. The street was better paved, cars ran at shorter intervals and with greater speed than formerly.

The car stopped at Orchard avenue, and Don and Frank alighted. Both were conscious of a new elation. The bright, cheery faces of the lads reclining in the shade of the now large trees, watching intently the progress of the game, brought back to memory their own happy college days. A sense of gratitude to the Brothers came into their consciousness, and they assumed a mental attitude of deep reverence for their alma mater.

They tarried awhile, and recognized three old, tried and efficient actors of the campus. Tom Phelan, tall and active as in the palmy days when he caught for the Phoenix of '90, '91 and '92, stood beside the plate and sent the ball a-whirling over the right fielder's head. Joe Corbett struck his knee and laughed, as was habitual with him in the nineties. "Lowney" Dunn folded his arms and scowled. "Doc" McGettigan stroked his neatly trimmed beard and stooped and picked up a stone and, with his old short, snappy throw, shot it across the diamond. The peculiar mannerisms of the three old-timers had not changed with the flight of time.

Frank and Don O'Day walked leisurely across the campus, nodding to the tall Prefect with the dark glasses, who acknowledged the salutation with a wave of his hand.

They gazed up at the edifice in which they had spent many a happy day, and noticed a lone, silent figure at one of the Library windows, looking down upon the scene of action below.

"Who is that, Don?" queried Frank.

"Why, that's Brother Joseph, the

'old Roman,'" replied Don. "See, he has a book under his arm; I'll bet it's the 'Ars Poetica'."

"That'll do. Horace was never a favorite with Brother Joe. I'll bet it is 'De Amicitia.' Cicero is ever the rhetorician; that is why old Brother Joseph is stuck on him."

The two graduates had now reached the broad high stone stairway that leads to the college door. When they had climbed half way up the steps and walked upon the level space that breaks the ascent they turned and looked out upon the water-freshened lawn, and over the red-graveled driveway that leads to the broad, well-paved street.

"The old familiar place seems to grow more beautiful with the flight of years."

"Yes, that's so," replied Frank. "Good places and people are ever beautiful, and neither time nor age can mar their loveliness."

"Hallowed memories and tender associations make us think that way perhaps, whether it is true or not."

Frank did not reply, but ascended the remaining steps and pressed the bell. Don O'Day followed.

Presently the door opened, and one of their former teachers greeted them with a cordiality that was as sincere as it was appreciated.

"Hello, Don and Frank! Come right in! Strangers out this way! Say, how is that game going? In favor of our boys? Excuse me a minute, I'll run to the window and see how the game stands. Gee! three men on bases and Tom Phelan at the bat! Good! Tom's hit a three-bagger! We've the game cinched now."

The Brother, who was ever a ball fan, turned from the window. The color of his cheeks was heightened; he was smiling as he said: "Can't beat our boys when it comes to baseball."

Don and Frank were of the same opinion.

After the excitement incident to a new victory had subsided, the two graduates sauntered about the college, tarrying in class rooms and labs., re-

calling old times, and examining the apparatus that has made their alma mater the most thoroughly equipped and best known institution of learning in the West.

"Farewells" having been exchanged with old acquaintances, the graduates found themselves in the cool autumn air.

Going down the front steps of the college, Frank said:

"Don't you know I envy those young collegians out there on the campus; I wish I had my college days over again; they were the happiest of my life, and this visit has brought back fond recollections of the old days."

"I can say the same, Frank," replied

Don; "and somehow I feel more than ever just now the sentiments of the old college song we used to sing:

'Boys, then all join in to sing the praise,
As our colors high we fondly raise,
Lift the banner of the old familiar hue,
Float the colors of St. Mary's—
High the good old Pink and Blue.'

But in days to come, when mem'ry brings
Thoughts of days gone by on golden wings,
None will be so pleasing or so sweet to me,
As the joyful days of pleasure
'Mid the scenes of S. M. C.'

With a fervent prayer for the welfare of alma mater and with best wishes of success to the athletes, the two old grads departed.

F. J. BENNETT.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIGHT

WHEN grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go up stairs,
After she'd said "Good night,"
Her mother always held a lamp,
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a wee lass,
If she then found the room too dark,
Her ma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me,
I like to have it bright,
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe when I'm old enough,
If I live out my days,
I'll see right through the awful dark,
With magical X-Rays.

—RAY MILLER,
First Academic.

THE YELLOW PERIL FROM A COMMERCIAL ASPECT

HISTORY has been well likened to a grand dissolving view.

While one age is passing another is coming. We are now approaching a new era which may be, not unaptly termed "The Age of Material Progress". Casting a retrospective glance over the world's progress we cannot but pause in astonishment at the wonderful industrial development to be seen on almost all sides. But there is slowly approaching an avalanche which will crush the new era in the time of its immaturity, unless precautions are taken. This avalanche is the Yellow Peril.

China, with her dependencies, covers an area of 4,460,000 square miles and has a population of about 400,000,000; in other words, her people represent one fourth of the world's population, spread over one twelfth of its land surface. The character of these people is well known. As Hearn says they are "A people of hundreds of millions, disciplined for thousands of years to the most untiring industry and the most self-denying thrift, under conditions which would mean worse than death for our working masses—a people in short quite content to strive to the uttermost in exchange for the simple privilege of life." The land of China varies in fertility and mineral resources in the different provinces; but it is certain that it contains the largest coal and iron deposits of any single nation. Von Richthofen, a German geologist estimates that the single province of Shan-se could supply the whole world's requirements in coal and iron, at the present rate of consumption for at least three thousand years. It would of course be mere folly to endeavor to estimate the exact effect which the introduction of machinery, of improved agricultural methods, and of adequate transportation facilities would have upon the export returns of that country, but still such a speculation may be sufficiently near the truth

to afford a basis for some general deductions.

According to Ireland it requires "fifty Chinamen to place on the world's market an amount of produce equal to that distributed by one American or European". Let us suppose then, that in the immediate future China adopts Western methods, to an extent that would leave one white man equal to five Chinamen in productive efficiency. The result would be that China's exports would amount to no less than \$1,600,000,000, a sum equal to the total combined value of the entire exports from the United States and the United Kingdom together.

It may be suggested that China would find a difficulty in securing markets for such a great quantity of produce, since in some countries a strong prejudice exists against Chinese goods, and it might be expected that many countries would erect formidable tariffs against Chinese manufacturers. If we admit that these factors would play some part in determining the quantity and direction of Chinese exports, and that the prejudice against Chinese goods would probably operate to keep down such a trade in the United States, England, Germany and France, the fact must not be overlooked that a Chinaman can outwork and underlive any other worker, and that these circumstances would enable him to appeal even in countries most hostile to him, to the preference of the majority of people for the cheaper product.

China is not yet a large manufacturer but the prospects in this direction are so promising that Prince Kung was reported to have said that "fifty years hence China would manufacture for the world." Chinese prejudice against machinery is fast being overcome. The fact is, China is coming into the world.

The adaptability of Mongolian labor for manufacturing purposes will not be questioned by anyone who has seen the success achieved by these people

in such industries as shoemaking by machinery, the fashioning of men's and women's garments, of all kinds—in fact in every industry which they have so far pursued. It would be absurd to assume that what has been accomplished in an American city by the Chinese, cannot be imitated by them in China. Herein lies the menace to the West. It is the knowledge of Chinese adaptability that makes it questionable whether the introduction of Western habits into the Empire will not result in a setback to our civilization.

It is sometimes assumed that the manufacturing tendency can never develop itself in a country where domestic consumption of manufactures is small; but experience proves that this view is not tenable. Germany is today the greatest manufacturer of sugar in the world; but the domestic consumption is insignificant in comparison with that of other countries which do not produce a pound.

The thought of these millions of Chinese engaged in production and competing against the civilized world is appalling. Let white men in competition with Chinese mark down wages and profits as they may, the Chinese without seeming effort or privation can at once get below them and work. The result of this competition will be a general stagnation of business, and paralysis of commerce due to over-production. The average wages paid to Coolies in China is from ten to sixteen cents a day, whereas white labor receives from two to five dollars. Can the European and American manufacturers compete against the Chinese under such circumstances? Assuredly not; either the white manufacturer must pay Chinese wages or close up

his business. If he follows the former course he will be unable to obtain labor, for no white man could subsist on such a pittance.

And yet many are to be found who advocate the opening of China, claiming that it would be of the greatest possible benefit to commerce. On the whole, in spite of the weight of contrary opinion, it may be safely predicted that the opening of China to the trade of the world will not be followed by the results so confidently expected by many. Instead, the effect of the opening and awakening will probably be to bring disaster upon Western industrialism, unless a barrier can be interposed to the competition of a race whose most striking characteristics are the entire absence of those desires and aspirations which Americans and Europeans strive to gratify.

When China commences her ascendancy in trade she will not compete with the white man in his home markets but rather will be a rival of Europe, America, and Australasia in the Tropical and Sub-Tropical markets. The importance of this fact becomes more apparent, if we consider the general prospect of trade development in the future. A moment's reflection serves to satisfy us that whatever increase may be looked for in the trade of the European countries and of the United States, a vastly greater proportional development may be expected in the trade of the Tropical and Sub-Tropical countries.

It is only after China has captured the trade of these countries that she will turn her attention towards Europe and America and then will the true significance of the Yellow Peril be known.

JOS. E. DERHAM Jr.

A RAY OF LIGHT ON THE DARK AGES

(Read at A. P. G. U. Meeting)

IN the development or evolution of language, the cultured alone readily perceive the elegant and reflective in the literature of a distant era. They alone are fitted for the task of divining the mentality of peoples of by-gone ages. Even those whose literary attainments are limited recognize that the best in any literature is that alone which tends to moralize, to soften, and to adorn the soul and life of man. Ignorance, then, and prejudice must be the agencies that have combined to propagate popular false notions concerning certain extended epochs in literary history. Even in times which a prejudiced posterity has termed "dark" we find these refining influences spread broadcast. We are thence free to conclude that "Dark Ages" is a misnomer, and that the term is the invention of the untutored or the untrue.

To the monastic schools is due, in no small measure, the broad plane on which English literature proudly flaunts its badge of development. Philologists tell us that the Anglo-Saxon language of 38,000 words received no additions from the fifth to the tenth century, save some Latin terms introduced by Christian missionaries.

The grossest ignorance surrounds the historical accounts of education during the "Dark Ages", popularized, no doubt, entirely by bigotry or ignorance. These so-called historians find it palatable to besmirch the memories of the monks of old, and in their blindness they have heaped calumnies mountain high upon a system of religious institutions of whose supernatural nature and purport they understand nothing. Let us candidly, but briefly, review the situation and the value of the monastic schools.

With the fall of the Roman Empire, perished the municipal system of the Augustan Age. To view the state of affairs that immediately followed, the wonder is, not that the times were dark

but that during them there was any light at all. While the continent of Europe was swarming with barbarians and weltering in Christian blood; while its towns and cities were pillaged and fired, the monasteries became for a long period the sole repositories of learning and the centers whence emanated the brilliant rays which in time were destined to enlighten the nations that were seated in darkness.

The primary object of the monastic schools was to train aspirants to the religious or priestly state, and it was only as a matter of expediency that they were thrown open for patronage to students intended for mere secular avocation. That the intellectual life of this age was green with vigor and youth, we need but to recall the memories of the early Fathers and Doctors of the Church; among them, Athanasius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory, Nazianzen, Jerome, Augustine, Alcuin, Bede, etc., the simple mention of whose names attests the worth of the early monastic training.

The time of the monks was devoted chiefly to the inculcation of a knowledge mainly ecclesiastical in character. To the prejudiced and the untutored this fact has been a stumbling stone. However, we may readily see that the primary object of education in an age so barbarous was not so much cultivation as civilization—finish, as foundation. What youth needed was to outgrow its savage environments, and to this secular learning was far less conducive than the truths of Holy Scripture and the fruitful suggestiveness of the Church's Liturgy.

Many were placed in the monasteries at an age still tender: St. Boniface at the age of five; Venerable Bede at seven; and in the tenth century, St. Bruno when he was four years old was committed to the care of the monks at Utrecht. Though indeed strange to us, this custom found abundant sanction in the customs of the times.

About the age of seven, children began their education by learning the Psalmet, which study was obligatory for all monks. Having mastered this the student entered on a course of profane studies, which consisted of the three fundamentals grammar, rhetoric, and logic. This course was called the "Trivium". Next, the four mathematical and more advanced sciences, were taken up—arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, which were known as the "Quadrivium." The two together embraced what was called the "Seven Liberal Arts."

By "grammar" was meant something more than etymology, syntax, and prosody; it included rhetoric and, in a measure, the study of literature. "Rhetoric" in turn was rather declamation and public speaking.

The course in music was indeed not inconsiderable when we bear in mind that Gregorian Chant takes its name from a monk in the sixth century, Pope Gregory the Great, whose famous school of chant was for a long time prominent, and became the model of many others subsequently founded in Germany and in France by St. Boniface and Charlemagne, respectively.

The language spoken in the class room was Latin, and children were obliged to master it even before the vernacular. The literary course was mainly Roman, and as for poetry, it was considered not good taste to compose in a tongue other than Latin. In

fact the whole monastic educational curriculum bore a striking resemblance to the ancient municipal system of schools of the Roman Empire.

And so from century to century, new lights appeared and shone with peculiar lustre. With a zeal all aglow these great luminaries enlightened the barbarians, who inhabited the greater part of Europe. To whom did Charlemagne, whom posterity cherishes as "Great", intrust the establishment and the government of his schools? Was it not to Alcuin, the humble but famous Benedictine of England.

When the cankerous Reformation broke out on the fair face of Christianity, did the war cry "Private Judgment," surprise these alert sentinels of Christianity, or find them dormant or imbecile? Did the strange and alien condition thus aroused alarm or stimulate them in their march toward intellectual enlightenment? Ah! no. Rather did it check human progress, which the Church had labored so long and so well to advance, by dealing a blow to art and science from which men are now only staggering to right themselves. If literature has developed in modern times, it is not because of the Reformation, which indeed has implanted a growth at once stunted and diseased, even though plenteous, but rather in spite of conditions altogether harassing.

RICHARD J. DORAN, '09.

THE MAN FROM DAWSON

DAWSON was a mystery. No one knew whence he hailed, who he was, or a particular of his antecedents, something strange in a logging camp, for here, no word is a secret, every one knows the other's past, present and prospective future. But Dawson was an exception. Tall, heavy set, coarse featured, and silent, he never spoke until spoken to, and then he responded with an oath. He was, in short, a brute, a bully, and selfish. In two years he had become the most hated man from the mouth of the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence.

Dawson was what in logging camps is termed "a scrapper," and he was justly named. When he broke his long silence it was to announce that he could "lick anything in the logging camps of Maine." Occasionally, in fact often, when he was under the influence of liquor, he would hint of wild doings in Dawson during the year of the "strike." It was ever Dawson! To hear him you might imagine that his whole life centered about that one mining town. So we learned to know him as "the man from Dawson," or Dawson, for short. Of all men living he was the most friendless. His cabin was on the outskirts of camp. He conversed with no one, and worked alone whenever he could. He seemed to have a grudge against humanity. He "licked" every "new arrival" in camp. He would have been "fired" long before, but that he was the best "runner" on the river, and besides, hands were short. The majority of the new arrivals had submitted peaceably to Dawson's bullying; others who had shown fight quickly learned to submit to his indomitable sway.

The latest addition to "Camp 40" was a short, chunky Irishman. He bore with him a smile that seemed always to grow more genial. He was ever jesting and passing witticisms. It was at this latest addition that Dawson directed his vituperations when they met for the first time in front of

the cook house. O'Hara, the smiling, jesting Irishman, was at once changed. The perpetual smile disappeared instantly as he turned to the leering, cursing Dawson, and inquired:

"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"Yes, you jabbering, sawed-off, blubbering Mick, I was talking to a 'mucker' and I guess that suits you."

At the word "mucker" O'Hara's face flushed, for he had been called the vilest epithet in the log runners' parlance.

As Dawson "squared off" and rushed him, O'Hara whipped off his belt and swung it round his head, the half-pound buckle zipping through the air. Dawson drew back and glared contemptuously at his Irish antagonist. He feared the belt as every runner fears it. When a logger takes off his belt, it means that some one is going to be hurt, and hurt badly.

By this time the men had gathered round and had cheered O'Hara and mocked and jeered Dawson.

All bullies are cowards, and so Dawson feared the little flushed-faced Irishman. Adverse criticism hurt him, but ridicule made him writhe, and so when some one yelled "coward" and "crawler", Dawson ripped off his belt with a curse. Both crouched low and swung their long belts with quick downward strokes.

Great welts appeared upon the unprotected backs and chests. These in time turned to deep cuts, from which the blood flowed freely. Their breath came in short, rasping gasps, and before long, both staggered from exhaustion.

The crimson flush of rage still dyed O'Hara's cheeks, but his will and Irish spirit sustained him. The malicious scowl had gone from the face of Dawson, and he trembled with the fear of a coward. He fought on with desperation, however, but with increasing terror at the low crouching, bleeding form that swung the heavy belt that was inflicting such agony. Both men saw

that the end was not far off, and each put every ounce of remaining strength into a last final spurt.

This mode of fighting had its iron-clad rules, and one was not to strike the head or face. But Dawson now blinded to all sense of chivalry, disregarded the long sanctioned code. He swung his belt aloft and lunged at O'Hara's head. The Irishman saw the low design, and, springing forward, dealt Dawson a sweeping cut across the chest. The bully shortened his hold upon the belt, and made a quick blow downward upon the unprotected head of O'Hara. In agony the plucky Irishman sank to the ground.

"He done me by a foul," he gasped, and then relapsed into unconsciousness. It was a signal for the beginning of the worst beating a man ever lived through. When the sturdy campers had finished, Dawson was a heap of quivering flesh and bones.

It took just three weeks for him to mend sufficiently to resume work. When he did finally go on the river, his scowls were less noticeable, but all could see that beastly hate was gnawing him. If expression of the direct malice were dangerous, O'Hara was ever in sorest danger. All the friendly warnings given him "to look out for Dawson" were scoffed at or joked about by this jolly Irishman. However, he kept his eyes open to any suspicious action of the bully. For three months no word had been interchanged between them. They worked in different parts of the river and met but twice each day at the cook house. O'Hara ever bore about him his characteristic smile, Dawson only scowled. The Irishman one day remarked that "he'd bet you couldn't pry Dawson's face straight with a crowbar." Dawson heard the jest and half rose from his bench, but went not toward his jolly enemy.

The winter months were coming on. Already the river had become swollen and there were still three million feet of timber to send down stream. Hands were short and there was more work

than could be handled. The men from "Camp 41" were on both sides of the river five miles above our layout.

A mile below "Camp 40" the river narrowed and curved, forming a nasty hole for a jam in a swollen river. It was here that we were in continual need to keep the river open.

The first week of the rush we lost two men, a usual occurrence in the camps during the winter months. This, and the illness of four men, necessitated the employment of all hands at the bend. Dawson and O'Hara met more frequently, and it was evident that if Dawson contemplated underhand tactics, now was his opportunity. O'Hara seemed little concerned at the danger to which he was exposed. Dawson, "the sure footed", was riding the same log with O'Hara when a stray log struck them. It was the brawny arm of the Irishman that saved Dawson as he toppled. Both men swayed backward and forward, while the log beneath rolled and pitched in the current. As they neared the bank their partners threw a line and soon had them safely on terra firma. Without an expression of appreciation, Dawson strode off to his cabin. There was considerable talk after his departure.

"Why didn't you let him slide?"

"The pale-livered tapeworm should have slipped."

We concluded that this action of O'Hara would "square things"; but such was not the case. Dawson knew he was under obligation to the Irishman, and for this reason he but scowled the more when he met O'Hara. One day the Irishman stopped him, saying:

"I don't want to work with a man who has nothing but black looks for me. Why not call all quits?"

Dawson swore vehemently and declared:

"If you don't like my ways, it ain't my fault, and as for friends, I don't want any."

This ended it. O'Hara swore to "punch Dawson's head" at the first offense. Now was war, and war to the finish.

For three days the party worked like Trojans, sometimes even without food. The logs were continually forming a jam at the bend, but as yet we had had no serious trouble. The river was gradually rising, and was a rushing torrent when the last raft piled up at the bend. Dawson and O'Hara were running the logs when the break came, but they were near enough to shore to be out of danger. Dawson was already ashore when a cry from the men made him turn back. O'Hara was on a log which was being swept into the middle of the stream. He was carried into the rolling, pitching timber, which had formed another jam. What impulse prompted Dawson, no one will ever know; but without waiting an instant, he made a splendid dash from log to log, where O'Hara was pinioned and where he was every instant in danger of being crushed. Bending his great back, Dawson strained and tugged and strained again at the snag that bound his enemy. At last as the logs heaved he dragged the Irishman from danger, but the next instant before O'Hara could gratefully press the hand that saved him, Dawson sank down under a vicious blow from an angry log. By this time the men had swarmed out on the heaving pile, and tender hands raised Dawson and bore him to safety.

At last Dawson awakened—awakened too, to the realization of a principle that had oft before struggled with him for recognition. He grasped O'Hara's hand and with eyes dimmed with moisture, he seemed to say:

"Brother, where two fight
The strongest wins, and truth and love
are strength."

W. L. KIDSTON, '10.

A REVERIE

THAT all your days you should have lived
Apart from me,
Between us lying miles and miles
Of land and sea.

That all those years our hearts were turned
Away from each,
And that we blindly groped with hands
That could not reach.

This is a mystery, dear one,
You could not see,
That all the hours were only steps
From you to me.

How should I know that ev'ry path
Which I might tread
Was but a thoroughfare to you
Where fate has led?

—M.

DISARMAMENT OF NATIONS

TIRES of war cause a desire for peace. The sights of misery and bloodshed, of wasted lands and desolate homes, the bereavement of parents and dearest friends, which naturally follow in the wake of war, must ever touch a responsive chord in the heart of him who loves his fellow man. It is at such times, that we realize what a blessing peace is; and it is, at just such times that our great philanthropists would fain inaugurate an era of universal peace; and to secure its blessings to posterity would have all nations to disarm. Throw aside the sword and cultivate the arts of peace—is their pleading plaintiff cry to the peoples of the earth. How are they answered? History tells the story of the human race, and history repeats itself. A time of universal peace is enjoyed but seldom. We are told that at the time of the birth of Christ, under the reign of Augustus Caesar, the whole world was in peace.

"The hooked chariot stood unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng."

The Roman legions were idle, but were they disbanded? Were there no armies? Were the nations disarmed? We know how shortly the peace was at an end, and Rome herself began to tremble before barbarian hordes that surrounded her. This history of Rome in this particular is but the history of all the great nations of antiquity. Nations rise and fall, but in their life history there is one thing certain, and it is the necessity they were under of preserving their armies, for without this their national life would have been impossible.

In the whole range of human history, we have no record of the nations disarming on a grand scale, and few individual ones who ever forgot the art of war.

The universal disarmament of nations, the time when nations will forget the use of the sword and live in uni-

versal peace and brotherhood, is unfortunately only an imaginary quantity; arbitration will at times do much to lessen the evils of war; angels of peace will come and hover round the scenes of bloody strife and sing their songs of peace to "men of good will," and millions will bless these men so great and rare who are peacemakers of nations. What greater arbitrators have we than the Popes of the Middle Ages, during that time of unrest, when the soldier's life was one of the most honorable? That age of chivalry and military prowess, when the petty princes of Europe far from being disarmed, needed the strong arm of the Papacy to keep them in peace. Universal arbitration at this time was almost an accomplished fact; yet there was no disarmament of the nations of Europe. History will ever recall to posterity the noble acts of such men as Count Witte and our own revered President Roosevelt. Nevertheless, these settlements can never lead to disarmament. Just like the individual, the nations will carry out that one policy, that might is right when there is a cause to use it. Nor can we in the future expect, judging from past records, that nations stronger than their opponents will come to any but one sided decisions, which finally will be settled by the sword.

Wars are great evils and the support of standing armies a great burden to the people, but the fact that they are a necessity lightens the burden.

War is not the only social evil and is far from being the greatest. What demoralizes nations sooner, than the loss of moral and civic virtue? Babylon and Greece and Pagan Rome filled up their measures of crime and degeneracy and were wiped out of existence. We, of the present, may learn a lesson of those that have preceded us. War and defeat and final annihilation of nations are but the consequences of those greater evils that have been their cause. As surely as death follows sin,

so surely does national death follow national sin.

Disarmament of nations or universal peace would be a blessing, but it must be looked for where the greed and selfishness of this world do not exist. It rests not on the troubled sea of life,

but it clothes and beautifies the serene hills of eternity, that abide whence sin is banished and no uncanny sound of war, of fear of death, can ever enter to disturb the everlasting peace and rest of its blessed inhabitants.

E. A. HENDERSON, '08.

SWEET ANNA CARTHY, O!

TISS May, 'tis May! what joy it brings!
The woodbine scents the bowers,
And maidens coy, dear little things,
The altars deck with flowers;
The vesper bell is ringing when
The sun is sinking low,
And in the chapel singing there,
Sweet Anna Carty O!

Far sweeter than the blushing rose,
In sunset's crimson light,
And gentle as the Zephyr blows,
Her words approving right;
Her spirit bright—pure gentle dove,
Ah, me! What bliss to know—
Queen of my heart—my first fond love,
Sweet Anna Carty O!

Like incense rose the vesper songs,
In measures soft and sweet,
Floating above the gath'ring throngs,
In rising accents meet;
Then homeward loitering through the wood,
In merry crowds we go,
And in her own green silken snood—
Sweet Anna Carty O!

Those places, faces, all so fair,
Those hills the sun last kissed,
The dancing tip-toed circles there,
I see as through a mist;
Now scattered wide, the world far o'er,
Some in their graves laid low,
But ne'er again shall I see more
Sweet Anna Carty O!

IDE.M.

EDITORIAL

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BUSINESS MANAGER

THE last Thursday of November is one of the few days that the practical, thrifty American sets apart for sentiment and devotion. On this day his heart expands, his mind relaxes, he forgets the strife and bustle of his daily toil, and gives himself up to rest, recreation and reflection. On this day political disagreements, civil disputes, religious differences are set aside; the prejudices of sect and party are forgotten and all join in one universal paean of gratitude to Him who gave existence to all.

On Thanksgiving Day we naturally revert to the joys, the triumphs, the sorrows, and the failures of the departing year; grateful for the one and accepting the other with resignation to the will of Him who wields the chastening rod. When Thanksgiving Day comes around this year, the American people will have many reasons to be thankful. In material prosperity the country has never enjoyed a more prosperous year. Our export trade is constantly increasing; manufacturing plants of all kinds are running to their fullest capacity; while the big orders

for iron, steel and copper cannot be filled. Sixty-five million more bushels of wheat were harvested this year than last, and the corn crop is the largest ever known. The cotton harvest of the South is enormous and prosperity of field and factory, of labor and market is such, that even the most disgruntled will have trouble in picking flaws.

But a nation is not built entirely on natural resources, it rests upon the broader foundations of enlightened conscience, political honor and commercial honesty. The year has been notable for the revelations of graft and the battle for municipal purity in many quarters, which prove that, while the wheat and corn crop may be above the average, and the export trade of home products all that could be desired, the wage-earners may be discontented and government by the majority a political experiment.

Despite drawbacks let us on the twenty-ninth of November give thanks to the Giver of all good that our great republic whose downfall envious nations have predicted, has passed another year of existence and is still

"ours to possess, ours to enjoy and ours to transmit unimpaired to posterity."

San Francisco and vicinity is fast becoming the greatest criminal quarter in the country; it now seems to be the common rendezvous for the vicious element of every class. The fact that this city harbors so many criminals is due in a great measure to the maintenance of the refugee camps, the introduction of the strike-breakers, and the general inefficiency of the law. The relief camps afforded a haven for indolent loafers, and now that this means of livelihood has been cut off, they have recruited the criminal ranks and stalk the highways without cum- punction and, to all accounts, seem- ingly without restraint. The strike breakers were a lawless crew, who took advantage of the opportunity to har- vest for the winter in San Francisco and gain free transportation to the coast. Two-thirds of these supposed peace- makers were criminally bent. The past two months has left a stain of murder unparalleled in the criminal records of the West. The now notorious "gas- pipe" men have been successful in their nefarious plans, and, as yet, they have succeeded in evading police surveil- lance. This apparent run of luck has made them extremely daring, so much so, in fact, that in order to insure them- selves against violence, citizens arm themselves, in open defiance of prevail- ing law. The home is the only safe retreat after nightfall. A prominent Jurist of the Supreme bench is author- ity for the statement, that in a short stroll along Fillmore Street one after- noon, he recognized fifty ex-convicts whom he had cause to know. This would seem to indicate that the city is a veritable den of desperadoes. Such being the situation we can fully realize the enormity of the difficulties that the police have to surmount in order to trace the prevailing lawlessness to its proper source. The entire blame is heaped unrelentingly upon police in- competency, but we are inclined to the

belief that a corrupt judiciary is largely responsible. Motives, political and otherwise, have prompted certain mem- bers of the bench to be benefactors of criminals, and protect them against a term in the penitentiary. If the people would wish to see this carnival of crime continue let them select the friends of the outlaws for places on the Bench on election day. The police can do nothing if they are not supported by honest and efficient judges. Then again the law itself is another barrier; it is entirely too lax in its treatment of vagrants and some remedy should be speedily adopted whereby all sus- picious characters and vagrants might be held till the reign of terror ceases.

Sad as the condition of things is, many are convinced that there is a conspiracy among the political bosses to convert the police department into a political body whereby the friends of the administration would hold sway. The Acting Mayor, in an interview intimated that he favored taking the Police department out of Civil Service. His motives are clear, perhaps, as has been hinted, he aspires to the office of Chief himself. If the people would place more confidence in the ability of the police and less in the protesta- tions of corrupt political bosses, per- haps the situation could be managed more successfully. When the police are protected and when criminals are punished when caught, then may San Francisco hope for redress.

If we may credit the startling ac- counts circulated by the San Francisco press, of a corrupt administration, of a police force numerically weak, of the un- molested march of gas-pipe murderers and desperate thugs, the Western Me- tropolis is hovering on the brink of ruin. Excellent advertisement for a city ambitious to regain lost prestige! What do these San Francisco dailies mean? They are preaching rehabilita- tion and yet they are taking the initia- tive toward opposing it. If the ad- ministration be "rotten," let them strive to reform it.

The whole affair seems to hinge on the European tour of Mayor Schmitz, and we are convinced that had he not undertaken the trip, these events would have received but passing notice. The San Francisco press has never been too generous in praise of the mayor—that it is opposing him now is, by no means, surprising.

But with whatever little credence, we may regard these statements, we must not close our eyes to their evil effects. San Franciscans are scattered throughout the states, awaiting the word that shall welcome them to their first love. Are tales of a so-called carnival of crime appropriate to the occasion? Crime was not introduced into San Francisco with the eventful 18th of April—from its universality it seems to be a necessary evil of all great commercial centers. If the press is endeavoring to stay its progress, we commend it, but we would suggest more effective means than newspaper prominence.

Wonderful indeed has been the work of rehabilitation in San Francisco. Six months have passed since the memorable visitation converted our beloved city into a heap of ruin and desolation. There were persons then who were loathe to imagine that the Western city would ever again gain her prestige. But circumstances have altered things

considerably for now even the most skeptical are convinced that the brightness of her future is undimmed. To a person who saw the city immediately after the fire the present condition seems incredible; from an unshapen mass of ruin and debris San Francisco has been transformed into a hustling energetic city.

Fillmore St. and Van Ness Ave. and the intervening streets form a quasi-commercial center, not unlike the old one. The same gay, care-free individuals, so peculiar to San Francisco, frequent the thoroughfares as of old, and conversation anent the earthquake and fire is as scarce as an authentic line in the pages of our modern dailies. Market street has again assumed a business aspect and as fast as mechanical skill can the work of construction goes on.

If one would survey the city from a hilltop he would see life and activity in every direction. Cars run on accustomed thoroughfares, stores have resumed their business relations, factories have opened and in all the humdrum of an energetic city life foretells that San Francisco is convalescing rapidly. The only complaint is that material and labor are scarce. She has the energy and men who will sacrifice themselves; she has the capital, and the confidence of a glorious morrow.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND CATHOLIC THOUGHT

THE position of a teacher of English literature in a Catholic college is by no means a pleasant one. As a Catholic, he holds his religion paramount to everything and must necessarily condemn whatever contains anything repugnant to the spirit and teachings of his church. Whatever is repugnant to his holy religion he must regard as repugnant to truth and goodness, and therefore to the true interests of his students, both for this world and for that which is to come; and he may not fail to censure it and warn them against it, without sinning against them, his conscience and his God.

For the last three hundred years the attitude of the English mind towards Catholic truth, worship and morality has been openly hostile, or persistently prejudiced. It follows that all general literature has become pagan, or at least uncatholic. While its ability, its genius, and often its excellence as to mere form must be admitted, its matter is always more or less objectionable. And this objectionable matter is not in a few detached passages, in a few details easily pointed out and expressly excepted to; but it is all pervading, inherent, the ground-work, the life and soul of the whole.

Literature is nothing but the exponent of the life of a people, the expression of its sentiments, convictions, aims and ideals. Catholic literature expresses the life of the Catholic people. It may have its faults, be exceptionable in detail; but it is in general, in its generic character, Christian,—pervaded by a Christian thought, and imbued with the Christian Spirit. It may or may not borrow the forms of ancient classic literature; but whether it does or not, its matter is always Christian.

Non-Catholic literature is essentially heathen,—a reproduction, under varied forms, of the literature of pagan antiquity. Its form is sometimes Christian, and so are some of its details and

embellishments; but its ground-work, its main substance, is heathen.

This is the radical difference between the two literatures. Non-Catholic literature was born in the epoch termed the "Revival of Letters,"—an epoch in which the literature of pagan Greece and Rome was not, perhaps, much more widely studied than it had been in the preceding ages; but an epoch in which the systems of the ancients began to be revived and believed a-new; when classics began to supply not merely the form, but the substance of the new literature. Read the non-Catholic poets, and if you know anything of the ancient classics you will feel that they but echo the heathen. You will find the same worship of external nature, the same gloom over life, the same vanity of human pursuits, the same weariness of existence, the same uncertainty as to man's destiny, the same darkness brooding over the tomb. Read Faust, Childe Harold, Cain, and persuade yourself that you are not back in heathendom if you can.

Now this being the character of non-Catholic literature, it is easy to understand why it must, notwithstanding its ability and genius, be generally objectionable to the devout Catholic professor in his relation with students. He cannot reasonably object to the study of the classics in their legitimate place; for in them the heathenism, both as to matter and form, is expected, and the reader is on his guard. He is forewarned, therefore forearmed. But when he comes to a literature professing to be Christian, using to a considerable extent the Christian terminology, and which in some of its details really is Christian, the heathenism is offensive because out of place, because it is unavowed, because there is an attempt to conceal it, and because the simple and partially instructed, not expecting it, are poisoned by it before being aware of its presence. The evil is intensified and far-reaching in its

consequences when such books are read under the authority of professors and librarians of Catholic colleges, unless the authorities of the college can forewarn their students and put in their hands for collateral reading works which may serve as a good antidote. An instance in point is the work of Father Randall, entitled: "Notes on Myers' Mediaeval and Modern History," which is intended to correct the misstatements and slanders of Myers' Series of School Histories. An intelligent explanation and a loyal vindication of the Catholic principles should always accompany the reading of passages hostile in spirit and aim to Catholic truth and Catholic life.

Dangerous to faith as are the English classics read and studied in high

schools and colleges, they are far less harmful than our worldly and materialistic periodical literature. Both indeed ignore God and the supernatural order; both are concerned with this world only, its pleasures, material progress, success and wealth; but the popular literature of our periodicals being more objective and closer to our lives, has the power to create a purely worldly atmosphere of thought and feeling around us, and to hide the true aim of life behind the glamor of present surroundings. Such literature unfitts both the mind and the heart for the reception of Christian truth and the practice of Christian morality, far more than the modern classics, or even the worst portions of pagan literature that have come down to us. SENIOR.

IMAGINARY EVILS

LET tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis the one that the wise have preferred,
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

THANKSGIVING

THREE are nations today where the eager aspirants
To freedom or fame are struck down by the tyrants,
There are lands on this earth doomed to famine and plunder,
And some that by discord are now rent asunder;
But ours is the land of blest freedom and union,
Where man lives with man in a friendly communion,
Where honor awaits for one's single endeavors—
Then thank the good Lord for His blessings and favors.

In days when the monarchs and lords ruled with terror,
And mad men went forth preaching discord and error,
When man was a slave and in chains had to grovel,
While housed like a brute in a cave or a hovel;
'Twas then spoke Columbus, inspired by the spirit:
"I'll go find a land that the poor may inherit,
That land, I'm convinced, westward lies on the ocean";
God bless his brave heart for that practical notion.

A mariner bold, he set sail till he found it,
With all the bright trappings of nature around it,
A rich virgin land ready made for the tiller,
And welcome to him as the grist to the miller;
Then flocked there from Europe, the bondsmen and helots,
And all who for freedom of conscience were zealots,
And all found a home and that life was worth living—
Then bless the good Lord on this day of Thanksgiving.

The tyrants looked over the seas and beheld them,
Then cried: "Though our rigor and laws have expelled them,
We'll go seek the land where these knaves are abiding
And carry our chains, which we must keep in hiding."
Then over they came, all good humored and smiling,
Their arts to cajole and enslave were beguiling;
They brought all the fetters and gyves that they needed,
But praise the good Lord, for they never succeeded.

For up rose our sires like a wild mountain torrent,
For chains to the limbs of the free were abhorrent,
And like valiant souls, in one mighty endeavor,
They rid this fair land of those tyrants forever;
Then Freedom's bright banner they proudly unfurled,
And welcomed the slave from all lands of the world,
With faith in the Lord, that betrayed no misgiving,
This day they decreed as a day of Tanksgiving.

Our sires tho' so wise never dreamt for a minute
That structure they raised had such grandeur within it;
They never once thought that each chamber and landing
Could e'er by the magic of time keep expanding;
For now its great dome with old Glory unfurled,
Flings round a bright glare that illuminates the world;
Then swerve not from right though you bolt at expansion,
But thank the good Lord for a life in this mansion.

What land on this earth, be it ever so hoary,
With ours can compare in its luster and glory?
Or, where have the poor all the blessings of freedom
With sages to guide, and a hero to lead them?
Ah, here; then beware when the danger approaches,
For wealth, it is said, on our rights now encroaches;
But God will defeat all such sordid endeavors—
The Lord whom we thank for all blessings and favors.

Up and down, through the land, silver tongues are orating,
And millions of souls are today celebrating,
With all the good cheer that to man can be given,
And thankful for all to their Master in heaven;
While joy hovers thus, over mountains and prairies,
Shall we be supine here, in dear old St. Mary's?
No! No! For we thrill at kind fortune's caressings,
And feast, while we thank the good Lord for his blessings.

—R. W. MERRICK, '08.

COLLEGE ITEMS

On Sunday, October 7th, the Forty Hours Devotion began at the college with High Mass at 6:30 o'clock. The altars were tastefully decorated for the occasion. The spiritual treat afforded the students a singular opportunity to honor the Son and His Holy Mother, as on the same day was celebrated the feast of the Holy Rosary. The celebrant at the mass was Rev. J. J. Cranwell, the college chaplain; the servers were: F. W. Dunn and W. H. Barringer. At the conclusion of the mass a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament took place around the chapel; F. S. Smith acted as canopy bearer; H. O. Beck, cross bearer; T. L. Smith, thurifer. All day Sunday and Monday the members of the Sanctuary Society took turns in adoration, as did the several classes. The solemn services were brought to a conclusion on Tuesday morning with High Mass and procession as on Sunday. The mass was sung by the students, Professor Schorcht presiding at the organ; J. W. Solen, W. J. Thompson, S. J. Field and J. N. McAuliffe rendered solos during the services.

Messrs. Moore and Snider of the graduating class reported for studies on October 1st, vastly benefited physically, which fact they attribute to their three months' rambling in the wilds of upper California. Both students have acquired much practical knowledge of field work, and incidentally experienced a few thrilling moments, the accounts of which they freely dispense. When the call to studies sounded, so congenial was their surroundings, and so agreeable the remuneration, that by vigorous effort only did they persuade themselves to return for their Senior year. We commend their wise choice.

In the Engineering department, the Seniors and Juniors have been busy extending the Grand avenue line of the O. T. to Cowpensville, a small village in the foothills. The survey begins at the present terminus of the Grand-ave-

nue line, at the head of Lake Merritt, and, passing Junction City, extends about two miles up Coyote Canyon to Cowpensville, about half of a mile beyond Trestle Glen. Two parties have been at work on separate lines and the final location of the road will be determined by developing the data obtained. It is expected that all surveys will be completed and the contract let for the grading before the rains set in.

The Juniors are looking forward to some interesting field work. They will make some traverses, and contour maps of various districts, and also intend making some lot surveys in the Piedmont Tract.

The Sophomores are now learning to make surveys, and on every Wednesday can be seen earnestly at work surveying certain portions of the college grounds. There seems to be some promising material for the making of engineers amongst the Sophs.

In the Science department, there has been introduced this year a subject that seems to be much appreciated, and one that will no doubt be more interesting as further progress is made. This subject, Analytical Mechanics, is far reaching in its scope, and gives the Seniors ample opportunity for applying their knowledge of the Calculus.

The welcome news has been received that on Friday evening, November 9th, an illustrated lecture on the Spanish-American War will be delivered at the college by Bro. Leo. The speaker has many beautiful views bearing on the subject, and his lecture will, no doubt, be very interesting and instructive.

The old "Armory" is a thing of the past. The dusty old flintlocks have been pulled down from their stocks and an addition of thirty-four commodious lockers now grace the side walls. This room is to be used during winter as a dance hall for the students. A dancing club is about to be formed under the management of Charley Deterding and

Harry Davie. A new upright piano has been purchased and placed at the disposal of the Glee Club and Dance Committee.

After consultation in which Drs. McGettigan, McLean and MacMonogle were present, it was decided to break a-new the arm of Bro. Bernard and reset the dislocated bones of the elbow. At the time of going to press the operation has just taken place and every hope is entertained that it will restore a better use of the arm to the popular professor.

On the evening of the initial "hop," the boys indulged in an old-time social. Seated at the key-board of the new Singer was "Laura" Smith; Donegan O'Connor, Thompson, Field and others furnished the vocal interruptions. The grand march was led by "Tommy" Sheehan and "Pete" Lennon. Judging from the large number present the "graceful art" club will certainly keep things on the glide during the wintry evenings.

Our old friends Hughie Carroll and Ray Deter joined the ranks during the second week of October. The boys missed for a time the old familiar figure of Hughie from the bridge; but now he has resumed his old post of sentinel and beams once more his smiles a-plenty. "Rube" Deter's clarinet may now be heard at all hours, rattling off the popular up-to-date melodies.

The Athletic Association held a meeting on Friday evening, October 19th: A. T. Shine, '06, President during the past year, opened the proceedings. He took the occasion to thank the student body for its loyal support in the past and exhorted one and all to lend their best endeavors towards making the present year a successful one. He then decorated H. B. Hooper with a gold medal, won for the cham-

pionship singles in handball. William J. Thompson, '07, was elected by acclamation President of the association; W. H. Barringer beat his competitor for the office of Vice-President; E. J. Burns was selected as Secretary; H. B. Hooper received the majority of votes for Treasurer, and Joseph McKenna was named Field Captain. Ray Lennon was chosen Yell Leader, with Percy Whitton and Lucian Faure as assistants.

The Palmer method of penmanship is now a fixture at the college; for the past three years it has been successfully taught in all the Commercial classes. During this time over fifty pupils have received the graduating papers in penmanship. Professors and pupils are convinced that muscular movement is the only way to acquire a good style of rapid business writing.

Krause is certainly passing up the goods for the Independents. His control is well-night perfect and with daily practice, he is bound to be in great form for the coming 'varsity season. During the last two games he has fanned thirty-five men. Twenty of the Martinez Bros. succumbed and, in the next game, he struck out fifteen of the Gantner-Matterns.

Barnum is touted as one of our rising pitchers. Doubtless, "Goo" will be rising even unto the day of his resurrection.

Harry Hooper is a valuable man on the Independents. He is performing wonderfully with the willow; it was his pinch-hitting that cinched the fine Gantner-Mattern game. Aside from his heavy-hitting, perfect fielding and brilliant base-running, he can pitch a very good article of ball, as is evidenced by his work the last two years. Harry will make a strong bid for a gardening position on the Phoenix.

On the morning of the 17th ult., when the students, as usual, meandered out on the campus after breakfast, their attention was at once attracted to a large "07" painted on the front of the grandstand. The Seniors were profusely jubilant that the Prefect had established a precedent, and held that it was but right that the grandstand should sport the numerals of the graduating class. But not so thought the Prefect; he wondered at the audacity of the bold youth who so wantonly besmeared the newly painted stand. He determined to discover the perpetrators of the daring deed. A careful examination revealed the fact that the paint was similar to the S. S. S. S. "initiation dope", and he is working on this clue. We expect soon to hear of the arrest and conviction of some members of that fraternity.

On the evening after the '07 yellow-paint episode, the Prefect was attracted to the grandstand by summary snickers of satisfaction. The moonlight revealed an'09 of stupendous proportions to his

watchful eye. All unawares, the "sassy" Sophs. continued to bubble over with the mirth of a practical joke. A spell-binding toot of the Prefect's whistle put the "kibosh" on their "Sophistic" joy and "23" was their mutual signal. They scampered out into the moonlight, only to reveal hands bespattered with yellow gore—so yellow, in fact, that a small-pox signal would seem colorless beside it. The studious ones from the Ram Pasture gazed out and saw the flaring numerals '07 and '09. As the excitement subsided, slumber reigned over alma mater. Morning broke and the "Rams" hastened to the dormitories to spread the flaming news. "Rams" and "Dorms" hurried to the campus to see the daubers' daubing, but lo! no numerals were there!—Had an evil spirit descended,

And, waving his wand, erased
The numerals so neatly blended
By the guys that the Prefect chased?
Or was it that the mystic wand
Was but a common paint-brush,
Wielded willing by a human hand
During midnight's moonlit hush?

She weighs two hundred pounds or
more—
A girl we know named Ella Plant;
For this name her parents we would
score
More apropos would be "Ella Phant."

If you find your wit impaired,
Go, kiss the "Stone of Blarney";
And if you want your soles repaired,
See good old Martin Kearny.

Our tailor is small—just four feet and
some inches;
Our watchman is tall, and from duty
ne'er flinches;
You heard what I said, and I won't
make a song of it,
For that, to be sure, is the "short and
the long" of it.

SOCIETY DOINGS

THE A. P. G. U. is just about to begin in earnest a very active era. Although many of its charter members had to relinquish their places, a goodly number of ambitious underclassmen have come to join the ranks necessarily somewhat depleted. Among those who have learned something of the A. P. G. U. ritual are: Messrs. Kidston, Edwards, and Guinan, '10; Doran, Jones, and Taylor, '09, and Smith and Henderson, '08. The applications of the following Freshmen are being considered: Messrs. Brown, Mullen, and Sheehy.

The final preliminary meeting was called to order by President Barry on October 23d. After the usual business, and the ceremonies accompanying the admission of members to the first degree, all hands repaired to "Athletic Store," where various accidentals kept good cheer rife a somewhat lengthened spell. Among the "old boys" who were on hand to join the merriment were, John F. Brady, Albert T. Shine, and Francis S. Smith.

Brothers Fabrician and Joseph, President Barry, and Mr. Snider have been chosen to map out the literary work of A. P. G. U. This schedule will be completed to June 20th, 1907. Messrs. Snider and Hooper have been appointed to report on the revision of the Constitution and By-Laws.

The papers of the new members exhibited careful preparation and ability. Mr. Doran's essay was "A Ray of Light on the Dark Ages"; Mr. Guinan's "Thackeray on Dickens?"; Mr. Smith's "Longfellow Studies," "Cynicism and Realism of Thackeray" was handled by William Kidston; "The Position of Walter Scott" was the subject of Mr. Taylor's essay; "Caricature of Dickens," Mr. Henderson; "Realism and Idealism in Literature," Mr. Jones.

Mr. Gregory, A. B., instructor in Spanish, and English, has been invited

by A. P. G. U. to participate in debate in any or all of the society's open meetings. Brother Fabrician and Professor Quinlan are scheduled to deliver lectures during November.

The enthusiasm of the members of the mystic 4 S's seems to be on the increase and promises a very fruitful season. The installation ceremonies were held at the first meeting in October, the Honorary Counsellor Brother R. Bernard in the Chair. The induction of the newly elected officers was carried out in accord with the ritual directions; speeches were delivered by the new incumbents and pledges of earnest work were heard from each and every one. The governing body for the first term comprises, W. H. Barringer, '07, Regent; E. J. Rogers, '08, Vice-Regent; W. J. Thompson, '07, Recorder; H. B. Hooper, '07, Custodian. The Engineering Committee includes E. J. Burns, '07, F. J. Hart, '08, and L. C. Faure, '08.

On Monday the 16th, a class of seven members were duly initiated into the secrets hidden under the S. S. S. S. The Committee in charge of the doings received great praise for the many new departures introduced into the initiation ceremonies. The elect were R. C. Starrett, '09, H. Beck, '09, R. Lennon, '09, T. Feeney, '08, C. J. Hillman, '09, T. F. Sullivan, '09, and P. A. Dufour, '08. The impressions of the newly made members could be well resumed by: "Gee it was strenuous while it lasted, but it's great!"

Applications are on file from eight Sophs, who are anxious to join the works of the seekers after scientific lore. When their papers have been passed upon by the Board of critics a date will be set for their initiation.

This year is the banner year for members in the S. S. S. S. and judging from the temper of the meetings already held, things will be far from dreary at the bi-weekly meetings.

ALUMNI NOTES

THE whereabouts, joys, success and aspirations of St. Mary's alumni are always of interest to the "old grads," whose successful achievements are an inspiration to those now under the protecting care of Alma Mater. As one object of THE COLLEGIAN is to bring into close relation the students of the present with those of the past, the editor of this department earnestly requests the graduates to send items of interest concerning themselves or of fellow members of the Alumni Association. Such items will be most welcome and will receive due recognition in these columns.

Peter J. McCormick, '88, for several years deputy coroner, is now in the undertaking business, being a partner with M. J. McBrearty, a former Sacred Heart College student.

The following have been nominated for office and we recommend them to all our readers and friends:

Hon. M. T. Dooling, '80, of Hollister, candidate for the Courts of Appeal;

Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83, is before the people of the State for a seat on the Supreme Bench;

B. J. Flood, '97, has been indorsed by the bar association of San Francisco for Justice of the Peace;

F. M. Silva, '98, is the Democratic nominee for District Attorney of Napa county.

Leo. F. Tormey, '98, of Rodeo, is running for District Attorney of Contra Costa county;

Edward I. Butler, '00, of San Rafael, is a candidate for Assemblyman from his district;

Noble J. Pickle, '05, of Sonora, has received the Democratic nomination for Surveyor of Tuolumne county.

Rev. O. A. Welsh, '99, C. S. P., has been sent to Chicago; we regret that he could not stay longer on the coast. Rev. H. I. Stark, '99, C. S. P., replaces him in San Francisco.

A. P. Mallon, '96, has become a Benedict. Mr. Mallon is a brother of Bro. Vellesian, President of the college, and a successful mining engineer of the State of Nevada. He was married in Goldfield at the Church of the Sacred Heart on Wednesday, the 17th of October. Mr. and Mrs. Mallon called at the college on their honeymoon trip and were the guests of the President.

Frank E. Michel, Jr., was married in Sacramento on Wednesday, October 17th. Mr. Michel while at college was a vocalist of some notoriety, and during his Senior year was captain of the Phoenix ball team; at present he is engaged in the real estate business in the Capital City.

To Messrs. Mallon and Michel the felicitations of the faculty and students of St. Mary's are tendered.

Anselm T. Duffy, '91, was lately confined to St. Mary's Hospital for several weeks, having undergone a very successful operation at the hands of Dr. Charles D. McGettigan, '93. The many friends of Anselm will be pleased to learn that he will be able to attend to business in a few days.

C. J. Heggerty, '80, met with a slight accident whilst boarding a Devisadero street car a couple of weeks ago. Although painful, the injury did not keep the victim from attending to business, as usual.

J. H. Devine, '05, has left the employ of the Pinole Powder Works and returned to the service of the S. P. "Jerry" is now busy laying out the spur track that is to connect with the new wharf of the government at Fort Mason.

Among the recent visitors at the college were: Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83, Hon. T. J. Lennon, '85, F. J. Kierce, '82, P. J. McCormick, '88, A. P. Mallon, '96, J. W. Solen, '97, A. F. Burke, '04, J. F. McCue, '04, J. H. Devine, '05, and F. E. Michel, '00.

EXCHANGES

IT takes more than fire and earthquake to down the **Blue and White**. Hardly accustomed to new surroundings necessitated by the April disaster we find the same old spirit infused into the initial number of the new volume. "Etchings on Fire and Quake" is an interesting contribution by those that witnessed the catastrophe. Short and interesting are the "Etchings." As the farmer said of the city folks: "Short sermons, short readings and, hang it, short meals."

St. Mary's Chimes from St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, is again with us. The contents are good, but how about interspersing dialog in "Looking for Romance"? We know that it is not the easiest thing in the world to make people talk on paper, but it infuses life into a short story and that is the requisite for truly delightful reading.

The Golden Jubilee Number of the **Niagara Index** from Niagara University immediately captured our fancy with its neat and natty appearance. It is said that appearances are often deceptive, but the contents of the October issue of the **Index** is even better than its cover scheme. "Our Golden Jubilee" is a poetical contribution of merit written in acrostic form. We join our congratulations with those of the many friends of "Old Niagara" on the noble work of fifty years.

The Ozone Pelican from St. Joseph's College has shown improvement with each visit. The article on Simplified Spelling is timely and to the point. It treats, in a rational way, concerning the needs and means of changing our present mode of written thought. It cautions hasty action and recommends a gradual reduction of the difficulties

that frighten the small boy. We welcome the new arrival.

Appropriate in cover design and composition, **The Young Eagle** presents a rather attractive September number. "Blessed Little Sister Imelda" is a well written narrative of the religious type with its scene laid in the sunny land of Italy. "Eppie," that remarkable character in "Silas Marner," is the subject of an article designed to emphasize "the dignity of womanhood, and the sanctity of childhood." "The Princess," a criticism of Tennyson's masterpiece, is also commendable. We would suggest to **The Eagle** a better arrangement of its contents--and a decrease in the length and width of the journal itself.

"Infinity," a sonnet, introduces the September issue of **The Columbian**. The Shakespearean Plays receive more than passing notice from this northern visitor--the Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar and Twelfth Night being the subjects of different theses. "The Senior's Portrait" and "The Lost Charm" are interesting attempts of the short-story order. Though of local interest, the editorials are spicy and well written. We are pleased to number our Northern friend among our regular visitors.

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges for October: **The Harvard Monthly**, **The Redwood**, **S. V. C. Student**, **School Echo**, **The Scholastic**, **The Oracle**, **Naval Flashes**, **The Infantryman**, **Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian**, **Ottawa Campus**, **U. N. M. Weekly**, **Lovetto Magazine**, **The Ontario Varsity**, **The Student Record**, **Stanford Sequoia**, **Furman Echo**, **The Yale Lit.**, **North Carolina University Mag.**, **Holy Cross Purple**, **Waynesburg Collegian**, **Kaimin**, **Student Life**, **Exponent**, **Nazareth Chimes**, **Guilford Collegian**.

F. S. SMITH.



THE students are enthusiastic over the improvements made in the Billiard Rooms. Both Billiard and Pool tables were furnished with new cloth and cushions. Extra cues and furnishings were also supplied. The management is contemplating the installment of electric lights in the near future. Needless to state the Club Room is crowded during recreation hours. It will be a great rendezvous during the long dreary hours in winter. The club has the following officers: Lawrence Barnum, Manager, Herbert Beck, Property Clerk, B. Sheehan and R. Baker, Assistants.

The Tennis Club is running in full sway now. The racquet-wielders are beginning to experience pangs of disappointment at the expected approach of the early rains. L. G. Ochsenreiter is president of the Club and his management is a complete success. Among the active members are: Harry B. Hooper, Edward Guinan, B. Jones, Jack Smith, D. Sheehy, E. J. Burns, C. A. Russell, R. Lennon, J. R. McMurdo, W. L. Kidston, L. Edwards, Lawrence Smith, J. Mathieson, and E. J. Clark.

The Young Phoenix, under "Tommy" Sheehan's managerial wing, are annexing their games in a most edifying fashion. Henderson, a former twirler of the Sacramento Institute, is sharing pitchers' honors with our old Nipomo friend, "Dan" Sheehy. "Reggie" Starrett is successfully holding up the receiving end of the battery-work. Miller, Mullins, Deterding and Davie constitute the infield, while Hughes Abbot and Christian are gardening. Manager "Tommy" should be complimented on his selection of the new suits. They are of navy blue with

white trimmings having the word "St. Mary's" across the front and a neat monogram "Y. P." on the left. "Tommy" could not be satisfied with a California make and ordered the suits direct from The Spalding Bros' headquarters in Chicago.

The Young Phoenix have to date won six games and lost one. They defeated the Sacred Heart College team five to three; Horton School twice by scores of four to two and three to two; the Eurekas lost to them in a three to two contests; the Deaf and Dumb were beaten ten to nothing, and the Veterans' Home nine were trimmed eight to five. The one game lost was captured by the fast Columbia Park team in a nine to five struggle.

Manager Sheehan's prize to the batsman securing the highest average in the first seven games was won by T. Mullin, who batted .478.

Another nine that is rapidly coming to the front, judging from their earnestness during practice hour is the team called "The Kehoes" under the management of Harry Davie. Their line up is as follows: Dunigan c. Grayson p. McMurdo 1 b. Flanigan 2 b. Hillman 3 b. Donnelly s. s. Langner c. f. Stephens r. f. Sanchez 1. f. McAvoy, extra, Russell, scorer.

The "Trust League", one of the many creations of the athletic association, is proving a great success. Four student teams constitute the league. Each team is named after the home of its captain. E. S. Hallinan, T. F. Feeney, W. J. Thompson and F. W. Dunn are the respective captains of the Haywards, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, and San Francisco teams. The batteries are: Haywards, Hooper and Lennon; Gil-

roy, Hart and Burns; Santa Cruz, Thompson and Jones; San Francisco, Henderson and Dunn. The teams are so evenly matched that it is impossible to pick the pennant-winner. Each team has played six games and the per cent column is nearly even. The object of the league is to develop material for the several college teams that will soon be permanently formed, and to provide pastime during the fall semester, now that a ban has been put on football.

The interest manifested by both players and spectators is most gratifying to the promoters. Each student roots heartily for his favorite team and the players show their spirit by being punctual in their appearance on the field, and by their whole-souled efforts to obtain victory. All the scores have been low and several extra inning games have taken place. A fight-to-the-end spirit is a sterling quality in a ball-player and we are pleased to notice the number of players possessed of that much discussed college-spirit quality,—players who silently accept the umpire's decisions and who "work hard all the time."

That clause, in the constitution of the "Trust League," which empowers the umpire to fine a refractory player is just the thing; "kicking" and "crabbing" are practically eliminated in the hotly-contested league games. Umpires Fitzgerald and Brady are handling the teams in a masterly fashion and the few fines, that have been "plastered" on the aggressive ones, have hit the right spot. Their first-class indicator work is greatly enhancing the success of the league.

Harry Krause has cultivated a new one in the "floater" line. He has christened it the "dippy" ball. It is delivered with a fast motion and floats toward the plate, taking a sudden dip as it reaches the rubber. Krause tried it out in the Martinez Bros. game, and it proved very effective.

Numerous aspirants for the different teams are well nigh living on the diamond. The balls are flying so thickly that a walk across the campus is becoming a dangerous luxury. During every recess, ball-players, from 'varsity men to midgets, are fielding and batting.

Eddie Burns is an ideal battery-mate for Harry Krause. His judgment in signaling is good, for he makes a careful study of every opposing batter. His lively steam of talk, while behind the pentagon, inspires confidence into every man on the team. Not a few of the college fans would like to see these two youngsters do battery-work against the universities.

"Dick" Fitzgerald '05, a former 'varsity umpire, will be on hand to render the decisions during the coming season.

Some of the members of the baseball squad who are struggling to obtain positions on the 'varsity do not think they are receiving fair treatment at the hands of the management. These personal grievances are detrimental to college athletics and the "wronged" ones should rest assured that the management is in a better position to judge of respective merits than are the players. A college man should set aside his supposed merits and accept the course which offers the greater chance of success for his college.

"King" Brady has not been well during the past six weeks. He has passed in his resignation to the Stockton State League Club and is taking a much needed rest. "King's" clean and gentlemanly playing gained him a host of friends on the State League circuit, and his sunny presence will be greatly missed in the amateur ranks. He expects to begin again soon and gradually round into form for the strenuous spring season.

Little Joe Joyce of last year's Phoenix is playing great ball for Stockton. Even the galaxy of lately arrived major-leaguers have failed to displace him at cushion number three.

Tom Feeney was an important factor in the great Stockton-San Jose game. Besides fielding in great form, his timely bingle scored two of San Jose's four runs. Just at present Tom is the "real McCoy" in San Jose on Sundays, and is touted as the most consistent hitter on the team.

Not the least among the interesting affairs of the month was the pitcher's battle between "Steve" Field and "Goo" Barnum, two rivals of long standing. "Steve" won the game principally because every man that Barnum didn't walk secured a hit. 'Twas ever thus in life, the real hero is defeated by the lesser light.

Clarence Duggan of Seattle has recently entered college. Report has it that he was a fast "busher" in the State of Washington, where he has played ball with several teams during the past two years. He will try for an in-field position on the 'varsity team, soon to be organized.

The majority of our present league twirlers are vocal artists. "Mickey" Thompson, Harry Krause and Steve Field possess magnetic voices. "Goo" Barnum, not to be outdone by his old rival, Field, is some pumpkins in the warbling line, too.

On Sunday, Sept. 30th, the newly organized Independents played their initial game. With scarcely any practice during the preceding week, they journeyed to Petaluma and trounced the home team ten to four. The collegians hit Evart hard and opportunely. Krause twirled his first game for St. Mary's and, although he was rather out of form on account of his long rest, he held the egg-ranchers safely at all stages. The studious ones showed a

superior knowledge of the inside game and their brilliant base-running caused the oldest inhabitant to sit up and take notice. Hallinan carried off the batting honors. Burns caught a splendid game. The poor condition of the grounds and a high wind partially account for the ragged fielding of both teams.

R. H. E.

Independents	10	10	6
Petaluma	4	9	5
Batteries—Krause and Burns; Evart and Burke. Umpire—Arlett.			

The Martinez Brothers' team, which has been burdened with an awful bunch of conceit since their very successful summer, were rudely taken down a few centimetres when the Independents handed them a seventeen-to-one package on Sunday, Oct. 7th. The Collegians pounded French from the gong to the finish; but Krause had everything, including the "dippy" ball, and fanned no less than twenty of the Berkeleyites. Burns clouted the ball to the college building and Hooper hammered out three whistling bingles.

The Independents won their fourth successive game on Oct. 21st. The Bulletins of San Francisco were defeated easily, the Collegians scoring almost at will. Krause foresaw an easy victory and accordingly did not use any "smoke", but worked an effective slow ball and change of pace throughout. He fanned twelve and allowed three singles. Balard, for the Bulletins, was hit hard by the Collegians, but good fielding prevented a larger score. He struck out but one man. The game, although rather listless, was played in very fast time: one hour and five minutes. Harry Hooper tore off two singles and a ripping two-sacker. Thompson accepted eleven chances without a slip, and figured in two fast doubles.

R. H. E.

Independents	7	8	0
Bulletins	0	3	4
Batteries—Krause and Burns, Balard and Perkins.			

Sunday, October 28th, was a red-letter day in the history of baseball at St. Mary's. The Independents journeyed to Napa and defeated the fast team of that town, four to one; the detailed account of this game will appear in our next issue. On the same day the Young Phoenix at Yountville won from the Veterans' Home nine by the score of eight to five, while the Fourth team won from St. Vincent's, at San Rafael, to the tune of six to four.

The detailed score:

INDEPENDENTS.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Dunn, 1. f.	4	1	1	0	0	1	0
Hooper, c. f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
Burns, c.	4	0	0	0	14	3	0
Brady, 1st b.	3	1	1	0	5	2	0
Thompson, 2d b.	3	0	1	0	4	0	0
Krause, p.	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Whitton, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Devine, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Dana, s. s.	2	2	0	0	2	1	0
	29	4	5	0	27	12	0

GANTNER AND MATTERN.

	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Sb.	Po.	A.	E.
Scott, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	5	1	1
Waters, 3d b.	4	0	1	0	0	0	1
Pyne, 1. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Sullivan, c.	3	0	0	0	12	2	0
Hanrahan, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
Rogers, s. s.	3	0	1	0	0	2	0
Solari, c. f.	2	0	1	0	1	0	1
Bloomfield, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Iburg, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
	26	0	3	0	24	7	3
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Independents	0	1	0	0	0	2	0
Hits	0	2	0	0	0	2	0
Gantner-M.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hits	1	0	1	0	0	0	1

Both teams played straight baseball and the agonized grunts of both Collegians and veterans, as they maliciously struck the innocent atmosphere, delighted the fans.

The "Indies" scored their first run in the second inning. Brady clouted Iburg's famous slow ball to the Webster-street pavement and scampered around to third. Thompson came through with a timely hit and the "King" went home. No more scoring until the collegians' half of the sixth. With one out, Dana walked and Dunn singled. Then Hooper popped into the limelight by driving the ball over second base. Dana scored and Dunn crossed the rubber a second later, the ball bounding out of center-fielder Solari's reach. Hooper landed on third. Iburg immediately regained his composure and fanned the next two men. The Indies annexed their final tally in the eighth. Dana reached first on Scott's miscue, and scored on Hooper's two-bagger to deep left. Only one Knitter reached the Keystone station

Summary: Earned runs, Independents, 3; three-base hit, Brady; two-base hit, Hooper; left on bases, Independents 2. Gantner and Mattern 2; struck out, by Krause 15, by Iburg 12; base on balls, off Krause 2, off Iburg 1; double play, Iburg to Scott; hit by pitcher, Solari. Time of game, 1 hr. 20 min. Umpire, O'Banion. Scorer, Sheehan. F. J. HART, '08.

and he died an easy death in trying to purloin the third sack. Hooper carried the batting honors, driving in three of the four runs. Burns caught exceptionally well. The defeat of the Gantner-Matterns is a big feather in the Independent's cap. The Knitters are the cream of the Bay City amateur circles, and their hitherto clean record was marred by the college youngsters.

JOSIES



DON'T ask me now for goodness sake

To perpetrate new jokes,
For all my efforts would but make

A laugh for silly folks;
And I have one good cause besides,
From joking to refrain,
The wit, who once could split our sides,
Old Dick, is back again.

Shine—So Dick is the flower of the family?

Brady—Yes; the wild flower.

Smith—Do you know, I have sometimes thought—

Henderson—How interesting! And why did you give it up?

Kidston—What's the matter with the stuff I handed in?

Brady—What's the matter with it? Well, you're inconsistent. Your opening sentence reads: "No pen can describe the scene." Then you go on and describe it to the extent of a column.

Kidston—Well, you will observe that after the opening sentence I used a lead pencil.

We pad our chests, we pad our shoulders,

Our object, to deceive beholders;

We pad our floors, we pad our coaches,

We pad when scrawny age approaches;

We pad our quilts, for use in sleeping,

We pad, with style to be in keeping;

But man for changes has a passion,
For "footpads" now, seem all the fashion.

Prof.—What did Darwin do?

Dana—He made a monkey of himself.

Watchman—If you move you're a dead man.

Tom Feeney (coming in late)—Allow me to remark, my good man, that your statement is absurd; if I move it is an excellent proof that I am alive and not a "dead one."

Snider—Why don't they paper the ceiling of the "court grill"?

Barry—if they did Brady couldn't get in there.

Prof. B.—You men should diet to become mathematicians.

Rogers—How about making "pie our square"?

Doran—"Tis the second time you've tripped over me. Why don't you hide your feet?

Donegan—There is sufficient hide about them in my No. 10 shoes.

Moore—Have you observed Barry's tone of late?

Davie—Yes, I think he has a nice "Barrytone."

Goo Barnum is a gallant lad,
And fond of skating, too,
But oh! how it would make him glad,
To have the "Squaw" feel blue.
But now this "Squaw" is very mean,
He plagues our gallant boy,
And while poor "Finlay" eyes him keen
The "Squaw," he hollers "Oy!"

Barry—Barnum is the best swimmer in the college, alright.

Krause—Why shouldn't he be? He is manager of the "pool" room.

Grundell—Did you not stop when the watchman threatened to shoot on the evening that you brought along that watermelon under your arm?

Guichard—Certainly not; I thought he wanted to "plug" the watermelon.

A batter, a cheer, a grunt and a roar,
"Goo" got a hit and tied the score.

Prefect—Did you take that letter to the post office and pay the postage on it?

Edes—I seen a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when nobody was looking I slipped in yours for nothing.

Burns—It is strange why all the boys exent from the dormitory when a slight earthquake occurs.

Davie—When one comes that building isn't strong enough to hold me.

Burns—There should be no fear; that's the strongest part of the structure—more pillows there than any other part of the building.

Barringer—Why has Lucien Faure been unanimously dubbed the strong man of S. M. C.?

Whitton—Simple enough—he throws the bull.

The Prefect—I don't want you boys to throw cigarette butts on the sidewalk—a black mark results. (And he wondered why they smiled.)

Brady—O'Dea had a fine job—reading meters for the gas company; but he has been sick this last week.

Feehey—What seems to be the ailment?

Brady—"Gastric" fever.

A few weeks ago after Barnum had pitched a game of ball, in which he walked fourteen, hit four and was swatted for hits innumerable, he mused thusly:

"To some far wood I'll stray today
And squat beside a tree trunk,
And there I'll try to learn me of
The habits of the chipmunk."

Hart—The Gantner-Matterns found Krause a pretty warm pitcher.

O'Keeffe—How is that?

Hart—He had most of them fanning.

Time with relentless mall,
Old landmarks oft demolished,
And now 'tis said, for good and all,
Our "Pasture" is abolished;
That spot where "Rams" once garnered
lore,
And never trained a bad ram—
Yet some now hint, 'twill bloom once
more
With old Prof. H., the dad ram.

Fitz—Thorny indeed is the path of
the umpire.

Brady—Ah, me! 'tis too true:
When watchful where the foul ball flies
I yell "ball up there, please!"
The rude boys on the bleachers rise
And loudly "bawl out" me.

Grundell received an invitation to a surprise party, wherein he was requested to bring nuts as his share of the refreshments. On the appointed eve Leonard, in keeping his part of the program, brought O'Connor to the party.

Dunn—How is it that Lucian Faure can read the future?

Merrick—I don't know unless it is that he is gifted with "foresight."

Field—Did you notice how long the carpenters took to build the stable?

Faure—Yes; that was simply because they were always "stalling."

Shine—Where do you get your clothes made?

Fitzgerald—I always go to the "Irish tailors", where I can get "mix" goods.

Burns—Why do they call "Goo" Barnum "tanglefoot"?

Deterding—Because he's such a good sticker.

Faure's wit and his humor are pointless,
His tales and his stories are jointless;
And had he but gumption, to hide his presumption,
His hearers he would disappoint less.

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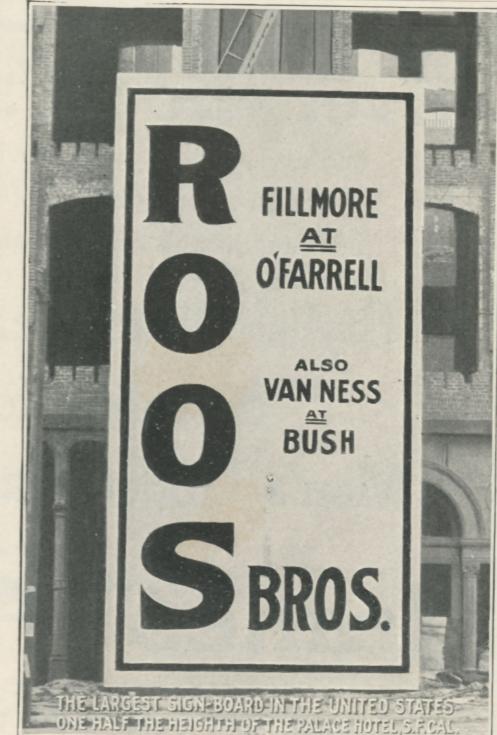
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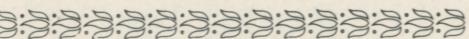
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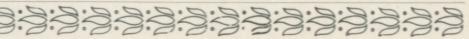
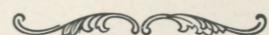
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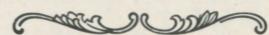
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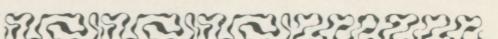
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