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No. 1



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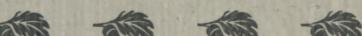
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OAKLAND, CAL., OCTOBER, 1907

No. 1

VIRTUE

WITHIN Life's spacious garden grows,
With root deep fastened in the ground,
A towering Tree
Of perfect symmetry,
'Mid plants whence rarest perfume flows,
As from a vase with scented roses crowned
Steals pleasant fragrance silently around.

The Tree, gigantic, rising high,
With wealth of verdure dressed,
Heeds not the breath
Of frantic winds or Death,
But ever looks with ardent wish and sigh
Upon the beauteous gardens of the sky.

Its leaves, gold-lined, of wondrous hue,
Shine brilliant from the darkling sod,
Named Virtue rare,
A Tree celestial, fair,
With light of peace and pleasure true
Illumes the sin-enshrouded earth we trod;
Its fruit? 'Tis gathered in the realms of God.

S. M. C.

**HON. JUDGE LENNON'S ADDRESS
TO THE CLASS OF '07**

REVEREND Fathers, Worthy President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Young Men of the Class of 1907:

The only possible, plausible excuse for my presence here today is the fact that I am an "old boy"—that is, an old St. Mary's boy, with the emphasis on the "old". I am sure this is the only qualification I possess that appealed to and prompted the faculty in its assignment of so distinguished, difficult and delicate a task, and that, to me, is the one sad and sorrowful feature of this entire program.

However, I shall feel fully compensated and consoled if my selection to represent the Alumni Association shall but serve as a living example to these young gentlemen that "age is opportunity no less than youth."

Whoever is given greeting and audience on an occasion such as this and in such presence should have something fit and wise to say. Inadequate in all must be my return save in grateful appreciation of the honor—the exalted honor—of being permitted, once again, to stand within the sanctified shadow of perennial youth which hovers, halo-like, over the old College, and recalls, with exquisite pleasure, the faces and places hallowed by the friendships of boyhood days, and renews, in reminiscence, the most precious and tender memories of a life.

Ah, " 'Tis a balm for the heart, 'tis a cure for the soul", for in boyhood and in manhood old St. Mary's was, to me, a kindly mother whose magic spell still I feel, and heart ne'er loved her more than mine.

The presence of such a large and brilliant assemblage on this, the 39th Commencement Day of St. Mary's College, indicates that popular interest in the work and welfare of the old school is just as strong as it was in the pioneer days of its existence. This must, indeed, be gratifying, not only to the good Christian Brothers, but to all others as well who appreciate the full

significance of the occasion. St. Mary's College as an institution of learning is today, I believe, entering upon the forty-fourth year of its existence. In the world's history forty-four years amount to little, but in the history of a college of the kind and character of St. Mary's, it is an epoch of far-reaching importance.

During that period of time she has launched upon their careers some several hundred young men who were well equipped for business and the professions, and who brought to their chosen work a trained ability which easily kept them in the front ranks, and oftentimes made them leaders among their fellow-men in every walk and work of life.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to the faculty, it may be of interest to you, ladies and gentlemen, and I am sure that it will be of value and encouragement to these young men to know that every boy, with but rare and distant exceptions, who has gone forth to gain life's prize under the patronage and sanction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, has become an important factor in the welfare of this great commonwealth, and has proved a positive force for good wherever his lot has been cast.

This is so, not alone because here he was trained and taught by precept and example to hail difficulties with delight and glory in the opportunity for success, but also because his environment and association with men whose very lives were a monument of loyalty and unselfish devotion to a noble purpose, made him more responsive to good than to evil.

Here he was imbued and impressed with that spirit of self-reliance and mastery of one's self which alone is independence, and this, when supplemented by the teachings and touch of a Christian education, is nobility itself.

Twenty-two years ago as a member of the Class of 1885 it was my proud prerogative to illumine a similar platform upon a similar occasion and un-

burden myself of an oration which I was sure would go ringing down the ages, and it did—not. In order that these young men may not be discouraged in their future efforts by my experience of long ago, I will say that I have had a great deal of comfort and no little profit out of that self same speech, notwithstanding that it was "born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." I have disguised it, remodeled and remolded, and used it so often and on so many and different occasions that, by a process of evolution all its own, it has developed into a patent, automatic speech which may be easily and readily adjusted to fit almost any occasion—whether it be a funeral, a wedding or a political campaign.

The thought has just occurred to me—I trust that the boys will pardon the digression—that these are gorgeous days for graduates, when a chest of gold goes with every sheepskin. Every mother's son of them here today received a gold medal or two for one thing or another. There were, it seemed to me, so many medals lying around loose that it would be a dull fellow indeed who escaped getting one.

This was not so in my day and generation. Nobody pinned any medals upon the manly breasts of the Class of '85. We, of that class, for reasons too delicate and detailed to be narrated here, considered ourselves lucky to get away with a whole skin, to say nothing of a sheepskin.

However, that may be, after all these years, it is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be with the boys and Brothers of dear old St. Mary's on Graduation Day. The brightest, proudest and happiest day in all the years that have gone it has been for me, and I am very sure it will be such for you boys in all the bright, proud and happy years that are to come.

At this point, and in passing, let me say to you young men that while this day and this hour will always be full of precious memories and bright and lasting impressions, yet, to my mind, it is the most serious day and the most fateful hour of your young lives. It is

the turning point—the vanishing point of the school and the teacher. Behind you are the many years of preparation; before you the many years of application. With the final review of the work done and its results; the last lingering words of admonition and advice, the separation from teachers and classmates, the sundering of ties and friendships, never to be reunited save in memory; the Godspeed and good-by, and you are alone amid the contending forces, the hates and the ambitions of real life.

Many of the ideals of these closing hours, which have been devoted to the confidential interchange of aspirations and hopes, will be shattered against the stern and unyielding realities of life, but their destruction, like that of a great city shaken to shreds in the gray dawn of day when old Atlas shifted the world a little upon his shoulders, will furnish the lesson, the invaluable lesson of permanent, practical construction upon surer and truer foundations.

I am aware that upon occasions of this kind it is the privilege and custom of age and experience to sermonize for the benefit of the young men with "success" as the text; and while I have no faith in set rules for success, I will say this much, that although the battle of life is far from being a sham battle, yet personally I have found that the world is a generous adversary, and early in the fight yields its prize of independence and honor to the man who wills and works.

This suggests the thought that life means work, and work means success. There is no failure in this world save a failure to try. Take my word for it, boys, the man who tries always succeeds. For anything worth having, one must pay the price, and the price is always work which must be paid, not in the promissory note of something doing in the future, but in the yellow gold of a real and ever-present activity.

Happy indeed is he who labors where God intended him to labor. Environment and adaptability, rather than inclination, should, therefore, and will ultimately enter largely into your choice of a vocation; but your success

or failure therein will be controlled wholly and solely by the vigor and intensity of your work. You will find that the competitions of modern life have become so keen that there are no opportunities for the halting or the lazy.

In the jostle and strife of the world power draws power—inefficiency and indifference loses even that which it has. Invest your energies in the present moment, in the things that are near at hand, and which may be had by all upon equal terms. Look for the beautiful and the good in the precious common things of life. If you set your heart upon the exceptional, the far-off, on riches, fame and power, the chances are that you will be disappointed. Blessed is he who expects little, but works as if he expected much.

Don't wait for something to turn up. Decide on what you want to be, on what you want to do, and then go after it. You'll get it—you'll win; and when you are forty, the fellows who have been sitting on the fence waiting for something to turn up, will be coming to you for legal advice, to borrow money, to operate upon them for appendicitis, or, perchance, if you are in politics, for passes for the poor-house. Get eight hours sleep every day; work, smile, study. Be honest; be kind; strive to make the world, upon the whole, a little happier for your presence. Let the song of inward peace and trust rise to your lips and permeate your lives. Renounce when that shall be necessary without being embittered; make friends, keep your friends, and above all, keep friends with and be true to yourselves, so that you shall not be false to any man, and health, success and happiness await you.

—T. J. LENNON, '85.

And while you are on the road to success,—yes, when success has crowned your every effort,—keep your eye on your grand old college. She will always have her eye and her heart on you. Say a kindly word for her now and then as you go down the line of life, and remember that even though your wildest dream of success should come true, you will never grow to be so great or so grand but that you can, with pride and profit, tip your hat and extend the good, glad hand of gratitude to a Christian Brother whenever and wherever you meet him; he stands for all there is or ever will be in your character, your development, your success.

And now and here, within this temple of memory where the triumphs and achievements of the past blossom and intertwine with the aspirations and prophesies of the future, upon behalf of the Alumni Association, I welcome you, with open arms, into the arena of ambition, hoping and praying in unison with our good friends, the Christian Brothers, that you will ever be strong in private virtue and public honor—great and strong in your devotion to your God and your country, thereby contributing your mite to the very life and perpetuity of the state and nation, and to the ancient pride and glory of your alma mater.

May it be your rare pleasure in years to come, as it is my proud privilege today, to be called upon to pay a passing tribute of manly love and affection to the old college—to stand in line with her graduates of twenty years hence, and with a heart swelling with love and gratitude, salute her reverently, bid her hail, and wish her Godspeed down the halls of time.

THE NATION'S DUTY TO LIBERTY

THE Declaration of Independence is the formal recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Nay, it is the promulgation by the civil authority that man has an inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The recognition of man's dignity and natural rights is as old as Christianity; every Christian state has recognized them in theory, and when normally governed, in practice. The fathers of this country made no discovery of the principles of liberty. They merely embodied them in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. In the light of these principles they set forth that the function of government is "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare," and thus secure the blessings of liberty and safeguard the natural and civil rights of citizens. Here, then, are clearly defined, on the one hand, the rights which the government is pledged to safeguard, and, on the other, the sphere of its legislative and administrative activity. Now, in the pursuit of his natural rights, man is often impelled by motives which take no account of individual or family well-being and which become a menace to life and health. Likewise, unions and corporations are urged on by motives born of monopoly, into acts of injustice and oppression which destroy the equilibrium of trade or work hardships upon a whole community.

The greatest and most difficult problem in the science of government is to determine when, where, and how, it is wise and necessary to interfere by the authority of law, with the motives which are generally called the natural motives of men.

"The question is no other than this," says Campbell, "how far the abuse of those motives can be checked and resisted by that public authority whose duty and function it is to place itself above the influences which, in individual men, overpower the voice of reason and of conscience."

Be it said, however, that the difficulty of legislating justly and wisely is minimized by the clear-cut limitations set upon the functions of government in our country. The public-spirited legislator, the honest servant of the people, who does not allow himself to be corrupted by questionable affiliations or carried away by pet theories, gotten up a priori, is not likely to go astray with the Constitution as his guide. However, he must recognize the just limitations of his power and understand that when he goes out of his legitimate sphere to do what he has no business to do, the result is a needless and harassing limitation of individual liberty. Let him understand that, when a government insists on assuming control of religion, education, industry, commerce, and a hundred other lines of activity, it dwarfs individual initiative and drives capital and citizens alike out of the country.

"France," says Taine, "has never since the revolution extended its encroachments so far into the domain of individual liberty and even into the heart of domestic life as under the third republic."

And since the pen has dropped from the hand of that eminent historian and philosopher, the French government has become still more oblivious of its duty to individual liberty, still more indifferent to the demands of justice, to the sacredness of vested rights and still more tyrannical in the sanctuary of religion and of domestic life. It has gone into the homes of the citizens and robbed the parents of the sacred and inviolable authority over the intellectual and moral education of the children. This needless limitation of the liberty of citizens among a people noted for chivalry and refinement; this transgression of the just functions of government seems to us a grotesque anachronism in the political history of France; it carries us back to the days when Louis XIV could say, "I am the state."

We are not free from the influences of those who would make our govern-

ment a centralized republic like France; advocating public ownership of everything, making the government the be-all and the do-all, and the individual an unprogressive being, devoid of ambition. While we justly regard needless encroachments of the government as a great evil, and while we resent its action as a dangerous tendency towards a centralized state, we do not overlook the fact that new conditions require new legislative adjustments; and hence, when the government abstains from doing what is required for the minimizing of social and industrial evils, under the plea that individual liberty is sacred, then the community is harassed in its legitimate pursuit of happiness. The American people are awakening to the fact that their present legislation is inefficient to control the gigantic combinations so conspicuous in our day. Necessary legislation has not kept pace with the ever-changing conditions of industry and, as a consequence, the peace of the community has been disturbed by bitter industrial controversies.

Since the close of the great Civil War a new form of industrial life has been gradually developed in this country. The great fortunes, powerful corporations, trusts, and far-spreading unionism, date back to that gigantic cataclysm. The labor contract is no longer a bond between man and man, but a contract between two hostile combinations which, in the nature of things, ought to be harmonious. The developments of the past fifty years teach us that the activities of these far-reaching organizations are really antagonistic. When there is war in the operation of a utility, in which a public franchise is concerned, the public, whose servants are quarreling, must sit judicially and come to some conclusion as to the right or wrong of the controversy. After all, the public is the greatest sufferer when such a strike occurs, and it should demand that its voice be heard by the contending parties. While we are living under the rule of the "Almighty Dollar", we may look for nothing but abuse from these egotistical combinations. The soulless corporation has no

respect for the rights of the individual man. Labor unions, too, have ignored the liberty of the individual; urged on by the destructive principles of Socialism, a number of its champions have ignored one of the most fundamental facts of our existence, viz., the great law of inequality; that is, the varying degrees in which the gifts of body and mind are shared among men. Nothing but the most stringent and prudent expression of the popular will can be relied upon to hold these forces within the just limits of activity. The legislator must harken to the outcry of a time when the rights of the individual man are more seriously menaced than they have been for centuries, and when the individual, who is weak in himself, demands protection against forces which are stronger than all others, save the "iron hand" of the law. The law is the only weapon of the people and should be shaped so that no matter what differences may arise between the industrial factors, the people will be protected. The public will make its first stand as dictator by demanding that the labor contract be made binding on the parties and that the individual or society that violates it shall be held accountable before the law. And again, the public, in protection of its interests, must demand incorporation on each side; labor unions, particularly, must be taught that incorporation is necessary to the advancement of their interests and to the peaceful solution of difficulties.

In dealing with this industrial question, we may not set aside facts as if they were not facts to be reckoned with, nor may we insist upon holding to the old traditional adjustment. We know that certain corporations imagine that they can operate a public utility without unionism; we also claim that the trust should be abolished. This is not wise. Facts are facts and we must adjust our legislation to the new conditions of life. The trust and the labor union have come to stay. These industrial factors must be controlled, not destroyed.

Hence the government, in pursuance of its functions to "insure domestic

tranquility and promote the general welfare", should establish a federal board of arbitration or, rather, a court of appeals, for settling differences which arise between combinations that operate public utilities. Such a court will be effective in checking the arrogance of capital and the demagogic of labor leaders, and afford protection to large populations and promote the highest interests of industry and commerce. It is well known that nearly all the troubles which have disturbed our national life for the past forty years have had their origin in the strained relations between those who buy and those who sell labor.

It must, however, be borne in mind that back of all just, prudent and timely legislation there are principles of the moral order, the neglect of which lies at the root of all our civic disturbances. Man is a moral fact and must be dealt with as such. He must have religion as the basis of his moral life. He must

practice justice, temperance, fortitude and prudence. Corporations and unions must recognize practically the ethics of business, else positive legislation is very much foreshortened in its effects.

Any theory of economic life which fails to differentiate between the moral and physical laws is nothing but a theory, and can wield no influence on the direction of the human will. The passions of men are not controlled with a rheostat, as is the flow of the electric current, nor can the police force stop their action as the engineer dams up the flow of a river. We must recognize the moral force of the spirit of truth and love, speaking through the Church, and swaying our wills without destroying our liberty. Civil society must count upon the salutary power of the Church, whose mission through the ages has been to cure every moral and social evil and to bring peace and happiness to men of good will.

—EDWARD I. BARRY.

AN AUTUMNAL NIGHT

THE silent beauty of this star-gemmed night
Enwraps my soul within her magic spell;
A calmness that no mortal tongue can tell,
O'erwhelms my spirit at this wondrous sight—

A meagre vision of the land of Light—
The queenly moon, the vassal stars, the earth,
A song of deep felt pleasure echo forth;
The thoughts that flood me at this grandeur bright!
Oh! great is He who made them thus to shine
With lustre pure, the endless ages through,
A faint dull image of His power divine,
Set in the vault of the impending blue;
Each one tonight, with happiness is filled,
Each heart with joy's esthetic bliss is thrilled.

—J. T. N.

A HUMAN PENDULUM

"I'LL admit that the evidence seems to be against me, especially after seeing the bottom of that crater; but somehow I can't keep from thinking that Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Mallet and Lord Kelvin had good reasons for saying that the earth is solid, clear through."

"O pshaw, George, don't you know that fellows like old Kelvin can say 'most anything and there will be plenty of men to swear to it. Of course, I don't say he's mistaken, but it seems so, any way. It isn't hard to believe that the earth is still liquid inside."

The latter speaker was the leader of a party of college graduates, who were trying to ascertain whether the earth was solid within, or whether it was still in a molten state.

William Nolan, for such was his name, had, while at college, led a debate against George Wilson, on this subject, and won. However, he proposed that the members of both sides of the debate go to South America and try to settle the matter by observation. This proposition met with much favor, and, shortly after Commencement Day, the party was en route for the Andes. They had spent several months searching old craters and caves when we met them, and on this particular night they were assembled about their camp-fire, high up in the Andes, not far from Quito.

"Yes, I think Nolan is right," said another member of the party. "This is now the 21st of September, and we've been here in South America long enough to suit me. Everything seems to indicate that the earth is still liquid inside. I move that this August, or September body break up and go home."

"How about it, boys," said Nolan; "we are a few miles north of Quito, and say, we are right smack on the Equator, or not far from it?"

"That's no joke," said Charlie Meyers, the geologist of the party, "and considering that it is about midnight of the 21st of September, the sun must be right under—"

"Look at that star!" cried several at once, pointing to a bright light directly overhead.

"It's not a star, boys," said Nolan, "see how it's getting bigger! It's awful bright, and, by Jove! it's something falling down—it's a meteor! Hear it whistle! Run, quick!"

The danger at once became apparent to all. They jumped to their feet—but where go? Some began to run, others were too frightened to do so; and before they had time to do much of anything a blazing meteor struck the ground with a terrible report. Its velocity was so great that it resembled a flash of lightning. It seemed as if one long stream of brilliant, dazzling light, miles long, was standing, for an instant, on the earth and reaching to the stars. The report that instantly followed seemed to make the mighty Andes tremble on their foundations. The whole phenomenon transpired so quickly that the young men stood for some time stunned and bewildered. They finally gathered around their fire once more, more frightened than hurt.

"Say, fellows," said Meyers, "that was simply the grandest sight I ever saw. It beats thunder and lightning all hollow. Let's go and see where she struck. Hold on," added he, as some started off in the dark; "wait till I light one of our search-lights; we don't want to fall in on that thing and get fried to death."

The party were shortly standing around a hole fifty feet or more in diameter. Nothing, however, was visible below. No sounds came up from the dark somber depths.

"She went in pretty deep," said Nolan; "and the dirt has probably fallen in and covered her up."

"Maybe that's it," said Wilson; "but we don't hear any sounds. She ought to hiss a little,—or crackle. Let's drop a rock down and see how far it is to bottom. Here goes."

After waiting for some time, and no sound reaching them, Wilson remarked: "She is down a little further than I thought. Wait till I get a pan."

Wilson brought a pan and threw it in. It floated back and forth as it went down, striking first one side and then another, its din becoming more and more faint. They held their breath, and were straining their ears to the utmost, when suddenly, from almost an infinite depth, came a flash of light. It completely blinded those who were looking into the pit.

"What was that?" said Nolan.

"I don't know," answered Meyers, "but I think it was too far down for the meteor."

"Too far down for the meteor!" exclaimed another. "Well, the hole's got to be down as far as the light was, any way."

The party gathered around Meyers, who still had his light.

"I think," said Wilson, "that the meteor has gone down a few hundred feet, and that the light we saw was simply a process of giving up the ghost, a way meteors have."

"I don't think that meteors of that size can give up the ghost in such short order," said another member of the party, "for that flash we saw did surely not last over a thirtieth part of a second, or maybe less."

"Suppose we go to bed and come out early tomorrow and go down in this hole," said Nolan. "We'll have more time, and the chances are that we'll learn something interesting."

The boys had dreams of Sodoms and Gomorrah, and were glad when "Old Sol" again sent his silvery beams over the eastern mountain-peaks.

"Come, get up, boys," said Nolan; "let's eat and begin operations. I'll get breakfast, and I wish some of you would get ropes and lights ready."

"You're not up to your standard as a cook this morning, Nolan," said one of the boys. "Still you've had a 'night out' and could be excused this morning."

"No, I'm in a hurry to get down into that confounded hole," answered Nolan, "and that's why I'm not doing as well as I might."

Breakfast over, the party went to the opening.

"Who's going down?" asked Wilson.

"Oh, yes, Nolan was rushing breakfast so that he could go down in there,—say, you can't see any bottom here!"

"You'd better not go down," said another.

"Oh, I've made up my mind to see what's down there," answered Nolan. "Let's tie all of our ropes together and fasten one end to that tree; I can then go down hand-over-hand. It can't be over a hundred feet down."

"I don't think I would go if I were in your place, Nolan," said Wilson, as Nolan was starting down over the edge.

"Oh, pshaw, we've been down into deeper holes than this," replied Nolan.

"Well, do as you please," added Wilson, "but it isn't safe."

In spite of all remonstrances, Nolan started down. Meyers, who helped him down over the edge, was peering anxiously into the pit, watching Nolan, when suddenly he felt the earth giving way under him. Instinctively he sprang back.

"Look out, Nolan!" he yelled, at the top of his voice. "O Heavens! I'm afraid Nolan's gone."

He ran around to the other side of the pit—

"O Nolan, Nolan!"—no answer.

A deathly pallor spread over his face. He ran back again and pulled at the rope, loose. He started down, but the others held him back.

"Are you mad, Meyers?" said Wilson. "Wait a minute; he's probably safe. The rope's not long enough, any way, and Nolan did a very foolish thing to go down without proper preparations."

"Oh, but I've got to go down! Let me down! Nolan's dying!" answered Meyers, with thick voice. His grief was fairly driving him to desperation. However, by a little force, the rest of the party at last induced him to wait just a few minutes, until they could construct a windlass to haul the two up. With feverish anxiety he ran back and forth, helping here a little, and there a little, and thus really retarding the work. Often he would break forth in the wildest strains,—accusing himself of murdering Nolan,—calling upon

all to bear witness that it was done unintentionally.

The hour and a quarter spent in constructing a crude windlass and sheave seemed as an age to Meyers. However, the mechanism was at last ready for use. The rope had been wound up and the other end started down the hole, with Meyers securely fastened to it. His friends gave him his search-light, and bade him good-by. Scarcely hearing them, he yelled to the two at the windlass to let him down as quickly as possible. Down, down he went,—the awful silence being broken only by his own deep breathing,—which echoed around the walls of the pit,—dense, deep sounds. The darkness was growing more and more intense. He was lost to the sight of those above, but he could look up and see his friends among the stars. Turning his light downward, he could distinguish the oozy, slimy walls for a depth of a hundred feet, and then his poor light was swallowed up by the inky darkness. Suddenly he thought that he heard a faint whirr below. Yes, there could now be no mistake. The sounds became louder,—the object was approaching! He clutched his rope and listened. Up came the sounds, rapidly increasing in volume. With his light he could now distinguish something! This something rushed up past him—he saw Nolan! A few yards further up, Nolan stopped for an instant, and then started back down. Instinctively, Meyers placed his feet against the wall—a mighty push—a desperate, frantic clutch—and he swung back against the wall with Nolan in his arms!

A wild yell to those above caused them to begin winding up immediately. It seemed ages to Meyers before he felt himself and his charge dragged over the top. Meyers, as well as Nolan, had passed through a frightful ordeal. No sooner was he safe than he fell from sheer exhaustion. His face assumed an ashen hue, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Water was dashed upon him by some, while others gave their attention to Nolan, who appeared as dead.

Meyers was the first to come to his

senses. When he again fully realized what had happened he sat up and, with a look of intense anguish, he called upon Nolan to speak. His emotions had a very saddening influence on all.

"Boys, I don't see any bruises on him," said Wilson, after having chafed Nolan's limbs for some time. "Surely he must have struck bottom, and struck it hard. How far did you have to go down before you reached him, Meyers? Judging by the length of rope let out, it must have—"

A glad shout of joy interrupted him. Nolan had shown signs of life. Now an eye begins to blink; gradually both are opened, and reason reigns once more. Meyers' joy knew no bounds; he was the happiest mortal on earth—and why not?

While he and the others were plying Nolan with questions, Wilson was trying to think why it was that Nolan wasn't dashed to pieces; for surely over three hundred feet of rope had been let out.

"Say, Meyers," said he, at length, "you went down at least three hundred feet before you struck—"

"I didn't strike bottom," interrupted Meyers. "Now listen to the strangest story you ever heard. I remember being let down about an inch an hour, until I got way, way down. I heard a noise below, and it seemed to come nearer. Sounded like something was falling up. I pointed my light down, and finally saw it coming. It rushed up by me, and I saw it was Nolan. He stopped right above me, and I saw he was starting back again. I pushed out and grabbed—"

"Ah, boys, I have it," shouted Wilson. "That hole is deeper than you think. It's clear through the earth!"

"By the gods, is it pos—"

"Yes," continued Wilson, excitedly, "and that flash of light last night was the sun shining through the earth!"

Exclamations of surprise interrupted him, but he continued: "You remember last night when I dropped in the rocks and pan, we never heard them strike bottom. Nolan has simply dropped through the earth and back, and it was by the merest chance that

Meyers saved him from vibrating back and forth for years. Don't you remember anything, Nolan?"

"Not much," answered he; "I don't think I'm hurt, but there's an awful whirring in my ears. The last thing that I can remember doing is, falling. It seemed to me that I was falling from infinity. How did that mass of dirt happen to fall?"

Loud cracking, trembling and moving of the earth interrupted him. With one accord the party rushed away from the pit. And none too soon, for the

whole vicinity settled down like a huge saucer, with the pit as center. But there was no more pit. The walls had given away, and forever hidden it from view.

"Well," said Wilson that night, as the party was preparing to leave for home, "I suppose we have succeeded in our search, any way. It seems now that 'our pendulum' would not have vibrated, unless old Kelvin and the others had been right in their theories."

"Yes, and you," laughingly added Nolan. —CHAS. L. BAENDER.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

A YOUTH sat by a fountain,
Culling flowers in early May;
And on its sparkling waters watched
Them gliding fast away;
The purest lilies from their beds,
The primrose in its prime,
And the ripples bore them onward—
Down that slender thread of Time.

It sparkled in the Summer sun,
Bright as the brilliant dew,
At noon ran into eddies deep,
And hidden from the view;
Yet upon its heaving bosom, oft
In light as well as shade,
It bore its freight of perfume, tho'
The roses had decayed.

The sun is ever shining, though
The river's dark and deep,
And the flowers give out their fragrance,
Though storms around them sweep;
Ah, the mother's morning whisper,
Like the perfume on the stream,
Makes of home a happy Eden,
And of life a pleasant dream.

At eve upon its peaceful breast,
The flowers still moved along,
The lark down from the heavens high,
Poured forth a flood of song;
And the air was still as balmy,
And the waves as brightly ran,
And the nymphs were just as sportive then,
As when that day began.

—J. B.

A GLIMPSE OF THE NEW ORIENT

IN order, fully and fairly, to understand any question it behooves one to consider that question from its various points of view, and thus form an estimate not only of a part, but of the whole. Therefore, in considering the Orient that is to be, we are constrained to examine the various influences that will be exercised by the civilization of the twentieth century, their mode of progression and their consequent effects.

The methods of western civilization are making rapid advances into the dark regions of the Orient. Japan is already grappling with many of the problems that are today harassing our most eminent engineers and statesmen. China is rousing herself to the exigencies of the times. Now what is the significance of this awakening? Are we to ignore the progress of a people whose aptitude for solving the intricacies of modern invention equals the Japanese? The real meaning of this awakening is so far-reaching that the future alone can determine its extent. Commercial intercourse will soon find new paths to traverse. The present methods of political economy will quickly pass into disuse when the yellow nations display their activity and demand recognition as a controlling factor in the world of commerce. Then will our western people be obliged to guard jealously their laurels. Industrially and commercially the yellow race is even now entering into competition with the white man and such a competition that will overturn the pedestal on which stand our present kings of finance. The undeveloped resources of China rival the fabulous wealth told of in the "Arabian Nights". The empire has many of the richest mineral beds on earth. On the other hand, European and American mineral deposits are nearing exhaustion. Richthofen, the renowned German scientist, spent twenty-five years studying the resources of China. He examined only about one-third of the empire and found almost unlimited mineral beds. Were these deposits developed accord-

ing to our methods, this commodity alone would be sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of our market. Only after China has been opened up, only after the vast areas of the interior and the mountainous regions have been explored, will the world be able to form a just estimate of its resources. That they are enormous is more than probable. The parts already explored with which the world is familiar furnish enough data to permit the conclusion drawn by those who are acquainted with the work of Richthofen, that the parts unknown, unexplored, are as rich as those already investigated.

American capital has long been looking beyond its own borders for investment. Seven hundred millions of dollars have been planted in Mexico. Mills and factories have been built in England, France and Germany. When laws were enacted to protect labor, capitalists began to see the wisdom of employing their money in the countries of cheap labor. What American capital has done in Europe is a mere trifle when compared with what is possible, even probable, as soon as our capital begins to move into the far east. Labor there is much to be desired. In aptitude to learn, few people equal, certainly none surpass, the Celestials and the Japanese. For thousands of years they have been workers in all kinds of articles that call for skill, and skill of a most extraordinary character. So acute is their perception that their ability might almost be called hereditary.

We know the cost of yellow labor in our own country. Cheap labor was one of the principal arguments urged for the passing of the exclusion act a few years ago. Now, if in this land of high finance and exorbitant prices, the Chinaman can live comfortably with the few pence which are tendered him, how much cheaper will he not sell his labor in that land of plenty where, instead of money-grabbing corporations and gold-thirsty legislators, a faithful adherence to the motto, "Peace and Justice" reigns supreme?

As the methods of the west and our

material civilization are progressing into the far east, wide avenues are thrown open for the fearless advance of the Catholic missionary. The establishment of civilization in pagan countries is an impossible task without the aid of that potent factor, religion. We have only to glance back at the origin of our own happy circle to realize the important part played by Catholicity in the erection of civilization on the ruins of pagan Rome. The salutary effects are too widely recognized to require enumeration. Let us hope, therefore, when the far east opens her gates to admit the white man's methods that the Church will be afforded an open field to exercise her holy mission and that success will crown her efforts as in the days of yore.

Look we now to the political side of affairs in the Orient. We are every day assured that the yellow race is peace-loving, that gun-powder was invented in China for the use of fire display to amuse women and children. We are told that the Celestials used the compass not for the sake of seeking conquest, but in order to find their way home when lost at sea. But we must remember that because a nation has been dormant for long years it is not a necessary consequence that the spirit of the country will remain unchanged when new methods are established, when a new view of life is presented, and when outrages common to European and American financiers have been perpetrated.

To form an estimate of the strength of the Japanese army we have but to look into our history. The Crimean war is but a half-century gone. Then

it took all the forces of England, France and Sardinia to subdue Russia when she had not even a railway at command. The result with Japan we all know. Probably the home unrest in Russia had something to do with her defeat; but who can forget the wild charges of the Japs upon the Russian guns, and the terrible slaughter that followed every charge? This shows that the old wild spirit of the Hun and the Tartar is not yet dead in Asia, and that blood, iron and lead have no terror for the Asiatic. Certain it is that Japan has suddenly leaped into the arena of the big military powers, and we can no longer dismiss her with a fan and a teacup. When China shall have disciplined her four hundred millions of population according to the western modes of warfare, and shall have built a navy in proportion to her wealth and resources, then the Pacific must become a center of activity and interest for the nations of the world.

When our great Panama canal is ready for the merchant marine and the armament of nations, the Pacific Ocean and the countries bathed by its peaceful waters will be the highways of the world's commerce. While Europe will retain its supremacy in the liberal arts and culture, the industrial and commercial centers must yield to the greater attractive power of the Pacific countries. In that not distant future our Golden State, together with Oregon and Washington, will stand out the western bulwark of this powerful continent against the yellow tide sweeping in from the New Orient.

—HARRY A. DAVIE.

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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BUSINESS MANAGER
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THIS number initiates the fifth year of THE COLLEGIAN. During the preceding four years many communications complimenting their work were received by the editors. It will be our earnest endeavor to continue the work so well performed. The object of our journal is to cement the relations between St. Mary's past and present, to chronicle college events, and to afford an opportunity for the publication of the literary efforts of our students. The former editors have left us lofty ideals; it is our good fortune to have such exemplars, and we intend to reap the benefits of their experience. The new staff wishes to assure our friends that we will put forth our best efforts to uphold the traditions of our charge. The majority of the members of the new staff have done more or less college literary work, but this is our first concentrated effort and we crave the frank criticisms of our readers in order that we may profit by their friendly advice.

THE COLLEGIAN must have the support of the student body. We solicit the help of those who feel disposed to write. With a goodly assortment of essays, stories and verse from which to choose the body of our issues, we should be in a position to very nearly follow the high standard set by our predecessors.

The new staff wishes to thank the many friends of the paper who have contributed to its support, and entertains the hope that it may hold the interest of our old friends and gain hosts of new well-wishers during the present scholastic year.

THE COLLEGIAN extends a hearty welcome to returning students and eagerly offers the hand of good-fellowship to the influx of new-comers at St. Mary's.

The vaudeville stage-manager has troubles of his own. Unlike the manager of the dramatic stage, he often finds it impossible to hold rehearsals, and when a new artist steps up to the foot-lights to do his turn, the stage-manager seldom knows exactly what the performer is going to do. The evil of this lack of rehearsals was demonstrated recently in a local vaudeville theater, when a monologist, reaching the theater too late to rehearse, hurled at the audience a supposedly funny story which for filth and suggestiveness would be hard to beat. Many people in the audience instantly expressed their disfavor by hissing and jeering, while others adopted a more effective means of showing disapproval by instantly leaving the theater. As a direct result of this dirty story the playhouse lost many patrons. The blame

for the insult to the audience and the loss of patrons cannot be placed upon the stage-manager. To him the first performance served as a rehearsal. He allowed the performer the use of his own judgment and expected him to keep his jokes and stories at least within the bounds of decency. If the stage-manager finds rehearsals impossible and the performers' judgment unreliable, he should adopt some new and vigorous means whereby the frequency of filthy jokes and offensive stories will be lessened. A heavy fine on the occasion of each breach of decency might convince some vaudeville performers that people who pay fifty cents or a dollar to see a respectable show expect more for their money than the class of entertainment afforded the denizens of under-the-sidewalk beer-halls.

In many cases the college athlete, in general, and the football player, in particular, enters athletics for the sole purpose of building himself a shrine in alma mater's hall of fame. This point of view often intimidates the athlete who has not an abnormal amount of confidence in his ability, and hence, in preference to playing a second rate position, he does not compete for a place in the team of his chosen line of athletics, but applies himself to some injurious and idle pastimes, losing thereby the good effects produced by the training required in athletics. Of course, true college spirit may be perfectly blended with sentiments of vain glory, and an athlete with this mixture of feeling is usually a good, consistent worker, but he is seldom inclined to work in union with his team-mates. Again, such craving for honor often gives birth to extraordinary determination. But the more praiseworthy athlete is one who works solely for the victory of his college and at the same time trains faithfully with a view to his own physical condition.

Of all recent actors the late Richard Mansfield was the most unfairly treated by the press. Mansfield's ability was so exceptional, his acting so finished, so nearly perfect that it required

no mental effort for the dramatic critic to eulogize his talents. The critic who could pick flaws in the great actor's work was the man who stood most chance of having his criticisms read. This mania for picking flaws in Mansfield's work was very often stretched to absurdness. For instance, when Mansfield was playing "Beau Brummel" in San Francisco two years ago, one of the small "props" in the first act was inconsistent with the date of the action of the play. The following morning a prominent San Francisco newspaper, instead of concentrating itself on Mansfield's excellent acting of the previous night, devoted several columns almost exclusively to the fact that "Mansfield had erred in the selection of his properties," that "at last the laugh was on Mansfield." The fact of a large daily devoting so much space to such an insignificant detail was, of course, absurd and is an excellent illustration of the extremes to which the press would go to get a whack at the great exponent of histrionic art.

On Mansfield's personal traits and habits the press circulated many misleading accounts. Mansfield, it was reported, grew enraged at a rehearsal one morning and, with unusually expressive language, drove his entire company from the theater.

This was the press version. The true version is that Mansfield, arriving at his theater one Christmas morning, ordered the rehearsal postponed in order that his company might fittingly observe the Birthday of Christ. Thus was a commendable act distorted by the press.

"Mansfield did not have a lovable or affectionate personality," says Clyde Fitch. We might venture further and say that by those who knew him only remotely Mansfield was regarded as an absolute crank. During his engagement at the San Francisco Grand Opera House in 1905 he was so exact in his demands of the stage-hands that his unpopularity spread to every corner of the theater. "You can't scrape your feet, you can't whistle, you can't drive a nail without his majesty coming to his dressing-room door and yelling,

'For heaven's sake, stop that noise!' was the way one Grand Opera House scene-shifter spoke of Mansfield. During the first week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House, Mansfield was extremely unpopular with the employees. At the end of the engagement the employees could not laud him sufficiently, for on the night of his farewell performance Mansfield prepared an elaborate banquet, which was attended by every employee, from the Business Manager down to the program-boy. Mansfield was present at the banquet and saw that every glass and every plate was well filled. The banquet, which was a huge success, concluded with Mansfield's addressing the gathering. "I may seem cranky," he said, in substance, "because I protest against all unnecessary noise on the stage; but if you consider what a strain it is upon a man's mind to memorize a different play every night and to remember every gesture from a snap of the fingers to a turn of the head, you will understand that the quiet I demand is quiet that is absolutely necessary." The stolid stage-hands appreciated his explanation and almost raised the roof with "Three cheers for Richard Mansfield!"

Many of Mansfield's utterances and actions were sufficient to brand him as an out-and-out crank. Those who knew him intimately, however, realized that his whims had their origin, not in a naturally irritable temperament, but in an over-strained and over-crowded mind. Many pretty stories have been told of Mansfield's intense love for children and of the sacrifices he made to bring sunshine and gladness into the hearts of rosy-cheeked little tots.

Today the world knows Mansfield as "an eccentric—a crank." These titles have been given him by the press and are equally inapt and unjust. Some day we may learn of the real Richard Mansfield and in such an event we will find him not an eccentric or a crank, but, like Shylock, whom he portrayed so often and so well, "a man more sinned against than sinning."

Periodically some savant, depressed

with the weight of research, proclaims a freakish theory on racial, economic or psychological facts. Generally the "brain-storm" effusions are labeled the very latest solutions of the questions discussed. The "lowing herd" of humanity are bid to follow meekly. One of these pseudo-philosophers has weighed the human soul; another portrays a magnificent race of beings, were two-thirds of us periodically swept into eternity. The latest of these soi-disant savants informs us that the marriage contract in twenty years will become obsolete; that free love in time will dominate. Twenty years ago the professor conceived the startling theory, and now says the signs of the times point to its realization.

Of course it is well that such rash statements are lightly heeded. It is absolutely impossible to reconcile the ideas of free love and Christian civilization. If, as Mr. Larkin states, free love will in two decades substitute the marriage tie, then indeed will be broken the strongest bond that stays the passions of men; then will society sink lower than the brute who obeys the law of instinct; then will civilization retrace its steps. What is astounding, is the fact that so preposterous and absurd a theory as free love could be advocated by a sane person, and even by one who professes to be a teacher of young men in a high school in San Francisco.

The time is ripe for a grand extension of the scope of athletics at St. Mary's. For seven years we have been represented in championship form on the baseball field. Although we are not ashamed to admit our almost undivided attention to baseball, for it is the sport of our country, and a more glorious game never existed, yet we must acknowledge our comparatively late departure from the time-honored athletic customs of Alma Mater. In days gone by St. Mary's gave competition to our sister colleges on the coast in football, track athletics, handball and baseball. During late years, the spirit of our students appears to be waning. Not for three years have we

indulged in track athletics to any serious extent. Handball, a superb game for physical development, has been shamefully neglected in the past two years. Football, the old American game and certainly a game for men, properly so called, has been, not unreasonably, prohibited by the powers that be. Football is truly a dangerous game and not a perfect sport, since it is played, not for pure enjoyment, but for the attendant honor and glory. So we have fallen into a pitiable rut as regards athletics in general.

But this year, Alma Mater boasts a larger registration roll than ever, and our new student body seems fairly bubbling over with the pent-up energies of the usual long, lazy vacation. Our fellows are clamoring for sportive recreation and the revival of athletics at St. Mary's is near at hand. The movement is fairly started and a popular, well-posted leader has but to step into his place and direct a concentrated action. Leaders are available in many directions, but lack of confidence in their ability and in their support seems to make them loath to take a final step. The enthusiasts have the heartiest support of the faculty, financial and moral, and they have in their midst men who surely have athletic ability, though it be as yet latent. All that remains, therefore, is the leader. He must be a man who is full of fight and free

from the instincts of a "quitter". He must be popular and it is not at all necessary that he be an athlete, though he should be acquainted with the games he is to foster.

Do you fill the bill? If you do, step into the chair and, should success attend your efforts, you will be fondly remembered for decades as the redeemer of our athletics.

With the passing of Brother Gene-ben, California loses one of its pioneer Catholic educators. For forty years he labored for the welfare of the boys and young men of California, and for years to come his name will be held in benediction by the thousands who came under his influence. The present flourishing condition of Catholic education in California is in no small measure due to the zeal of that little pioneer band of eight Brothers of whom he was an honored member. During his fifty years as a Christian Brother his self-sacrifice and untiring zeal were the admiration of all. His was truly a life of noble achievements, and we feel assured that the thousands of his old pupils scattered throughout the length and breadth of our State will pour forth many a fervent prayer that God, in His infinite goodness, will have mercy on his soul.

COLLEGE ITEMS

THE College opened for the fall semester on Tuesday, September 3d. Although an increase in attendance was anticipated, the number of applications filed with the Registrar of Studies prior to the opening day was increased beyond the expectation of the faculty. The influx continued throughout the month, and today St. Mary's has the largest number of students ever enrolled on the College register.

Several surprises awaited the students on their return to College on the 3d ult. Brother Andrew, who for three years was Prefect of Discipline at St. Mary's, was transferred to Portland, Oregon, where he is Director of Blanchet Institute. While we congratulate the Reverend Brother on his promotion, we feel that we are the losers. He performed the onerous and trying duties of the Prefectship with satisfaction to all. Clemency, moderation, and a desire to please the students as far as consistency with duty was permissible, were his characteristic traits, and we at St. Mary's realize this. That the fullest measure of success may attend him in his new field of labor is the wish of all the old students at the College.

Brother Joseph, for the past three years professor of English, succeeds Brother Andrew as Prefect. Brother Joseph has been the manager of the champion Phoenix baseball team for the past two years. We feel that he will be as great a success in his new position as he was as a baseball manager.

Brother Paul, instructor in the Freshman Class and Assistant Prefect, has been succeeded by Brother Vitus, who comes from the Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, as a helper to Brother Joseph.

Brother Zenonian, who succeeded the late Brother Erminold as President of St. Mary's, now guides the destinies of the Freshman Class. We welcome the genial Brother back to the scenes of his former labors.

Brother Vincent, late of West Oakland, has charge of the Second Academic Class.

We regret that but few of the students were able to attend the lectures at the College during the vacation given by the Rev. Brother Potamian of Manhattan College, New York. The eminent lecturer was for twenty-five years professor of physics and mathematics in St. Joseph's College, London; it was while teaching here that he took the degree of Doctor of Science at the University of London. The Society of Electrical Engineers of New York City selected Brother Potamian to prepare a work on the "Bibliography of Electricity and Magnetism", the first volume of which is now ready for the press. Besides conducting a summer series of lectures on mathematics and electricity at St. Mary's, he gave three public lectures on "Meteors and Meteorites", "The Submarine Cable", and "The Mariners' Compass". A large delegation of teachers from Oakland and San Francisco attended the very interesting and instructive lectures.

Five graduates from the Sacred Heart College are now registered: John Doran, John Burke and Cornelius Kelly are students of the Arts Department of the Junior Class; James Smith and Eugene Riordan are located in the Science Department of the Sophomore Class.

The Science Library of the College was enriched by a valuable donation from Mr. T. E. Collins of the Westinghouse Electric Company. A complete set of the "Bulletins" of the company was forwarded to the Electric Department of the College, and several series of electrical journals accompanied the gift. Mr. Collins was instrumental in equipping the physical laboratory with a set of Westinghouse and Weston voltmeters and ammeters. The last Summer School at St. Mary's owes a debt of gratitude for the loan of several

instruments, due to the kindness of the same gentlemen during the series of lectures delivered by Reverend Brother Potamian of New York.

The students of the Senior Arts were prompt in returning for the traditional "strenuous" of the last year men. They returned "en masse" on opening day, determined to carry away a "sheepskin" on Graduating Day. Success to Messrs. Sheehan, Dunn, Merrick, Henderson and Doran.

The gold medal for singles in the handball tournament of the past term was awarded to Frank Dunn. Easily did this wizard of the alley establish his right to the championship, defeating such competitors as Burns, Donegan and Hooper, the champion of '06. Frank is an athlete by nature, being proportionately built and possessing great speed. He is expected to win a position on St. Mary's' varsity team of Rugby.

The officers of the Billiard Hall have been appointed for the ensuing year. Several novelties are being contemplated by Manager Jerome Donegan. He announces a list of prizes that makes the "grab box" appear empty. That the tables will be well patronized is apparent from a consideration of the efficiency of the officers. The following comprise the management: Jerome P. Donegan, Manager; H. Ginella, Assistant; G. Miller, Property Clerk.

The present Freshman Class promises to out-rival their predecessors. They are a hustling bunch of youths, bearing an enviable reputation for work. It is predicted by those who know, that the relish for study evinced by the "babes" will be amply appeased before many moons.

College enthusiasm reached high-water mark at St. Mary's anent the introduction of Rugby among our field sports. The game of football was barred from St. Mary's several years ago, on account of the brutality which too often characterized the play. As

this objectionable feature is eliminated from the Rugby game, St. Mary's is among the first to install the new sport.

An organization meeting was called on September 13th. Plans for immediate action were devised. Roy McNeill was selected as captain; and to his initiative is due the introduction of Rugby into this year's College activities. By general assent of the student body, Albert T. Shine, '06, was requested to assume the management. With the experience and ability of "Bert", Rugby may well be expected to flourish. Mr. McNeill's first step was to consult the officers of the Barbarian team of San Francisco. On Tuesday evening a committee of four from the club visited St. Mary's and delivered several talks on "Rugby". At the conclusion the members of the committee went among the students, and by means of graphic illustrations, imparted a comprehensive knowledge of the scientific portion of the game. The gentlemen from the club were favorably impressed with the amount of likely material at St. Mary's, and kindly offered to coach and procure practice games for the College team with "The Barbarians".

The Palmer Method of Penmanship is again in full swing at St. Mary's. Seven classes are organized and all the students are enthusiastic over their work. The following is an extract from a recent letter of A. N. Palmer to Brother Edmund, Professor of Penmanship at the College:

"The work of your students that you sent me is magnificent—among the finest I have ever received. It is as great a credit to your school as it is to the Palmer Method of Business Writing. There is a wonderful argument in this work—an endorsement of the self-teaching features of the Palmer Method. No one from my organization has ever visited that section of the country. You mastered the Palmer Method by studying the text book.

"It has sometimes been argued that the success of the Palmer Method of Business Writing depended upon the

personal presence of its author. In no other school has finer work been produced in muscular movement writing than in yours, and the author has never been there, neither has any one from his organization."

On August 18th, Brother Genebern died at St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley. Brother Genebern was one of eight pioneer Brothers who came to San Francisco in 1868 to take charge of St. Mary's College and found the order in California. Of the original eight Brothers who started the work of Catholic education on the coast but three remain: Brother Justin is President of St. Louis College; Brother Gustavus is in Philadelphia, and Brother Sabinian is at St. Mary's still. In the olden days Brother Genebern was teacher and prefect of studies in the old college on the Mission road; later he was Director of Sacred Heart College for several years; subsequently he became Director of Sacramento Institute, and of Sacred Heart College for the second time. In 1894 he became Vice-President of St. Mary's, and the following year was named Director of St. Joseph's Academy, which position he retained until a year before his death. Last May, Brother Genebern celebrated his golden jubilee as a Christian Brother. Six years ago he was stricken with paralysis, and a second attack caused his

death. At his funeral the Rev. M. D. Connolly, '78, preached the sermon.

The entire student body was shocked at the news of the sudden death of Raymond Lennon, '09. On September 4th, a telegram was received at the College announcing his death by drowning in the Russian River, near Monte Rio, Sonoma county. It appears that while boating with relatives he plunged into the river for a swim, and was attacked by heart failure and sank to his death. The requiem Mass was celebrated by his former pastor, Rev. Father Cummins, at St. Dominic's Church, San Francisco. Two of his former schoolmates, John McCann and Richard Barry, acted as servers at the Mass. The following acted as pall-bearers: James F. McCue, '04, E. Hayden, '07, P. B. Sheehan, '08, R. J. Doran, '08, R. Starrett, '09, W. J. Donnelly, '09. Floral pieces were sent from the faculty of the College, the students and the baseball team of which Ray was a member. The sympathy of the entire student body, as also that of the faculty, is extended to his relatives in their late dire affliction. "Ray" was a prime favorite at College, and a most promising athlete; he was the catcher of the second team last year, and was carded to do the honors behind the bat this season.

May his soul rest in peace.

—R. J. DORAN

ALUMNI NOTES

A LARGE gathering of the Alumni and friends of the Christian Brothers assembled in Auditorium Hall at the Exposition grounds, Jamestown, Va., on August 9th, to assist at the fourth annual convention of the National Alumni Association of the Christian Brothers' Colleges.

In the absence of the president, Judge William H. DeLacey of Washington, who was detained at home on account of the sickness of his wife, Mr. Fred Conrad of Baltimore occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order. After the opening prayer by the chaplain, Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C. S. P., of Washington, D. C., the Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, president of the Exposition, heartily welcomed the members to the grounds. He spoke at length of the grandeur of the teachers' calling, remarking that he had spent the greater part of his life in the same occupation, and that it was only at the urgent demand of his native state that he put down his books and temporarily left the professor's chair to take the position he now occupies.

Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis, who came on to attend the alumni convention, addressed the delegates, complimenting them upon their noble work. He offered some very good advice regarding the holding of conventions and expressed the wish that their next meeting would be in the West. He remarked that he was well acquainted with the Christian Brothers, and their work, that they were always great friends of his, and he was proud to know that they had so many and excellent schools and colleges in his diocese. He said that he always considered them to be in the first rank of educators throughout the world.

G. T. Shepperd, the secretary of the Exposition, made a few happy remarks, and said, although he had not had the opportunity of being under the good influence of the Brothers, he had a little

son at home who would soon be with them.

Telegrams were received from Cardinal Gibbons, Brother Justin, many of the presidents of the Christian Brothers' Colleges in California, New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and from many bishops and priests throughout the country, expressing regret at not being able to be with the members, but all heartily endorsing whatever would be done by the convention.

Judge James R. Kinealy of St. Louis, who was down for an address, was called to New York on important business before the opening of the session. His address on "Timely Topics to the Alumni" was read by Brother Elzear of St. Louis. He treated at length of the mutual assistance which the Alumni should ever be ready to extend to their fellow-members and become great factors for good throughout the community. In speaking of closer relationship with each other, he said: "The graduates of the Colleges of the Christian Brothers measure up in the social, business and professional life of our country as the full equals of those of any other educational institution in the land. The more we cultivate closer relations among ourselves and the more unitedly we act together as Christian Brothers' men, the more good we naturally do for each other, and what is of equal importance, the more good we do for the colleges themselves by attracting public attention to them and demonstrating the great and beneficent work they are doing in behalf of religion and good citizenship."

Colonel John T. Morris of Baltimore in a spirited address urged upon the members the necessity of taking position on the great questions of the day. "With ninety-five schools and colleges in operation today in our principal cities, from New York to California, with a membership of over 40,000 Brothers' boys, who have attended schools; with 1,800 Christian Brothers

in the United States, whose hearts and souls are in their noble work and who have given up all tie to family and the world for the betterment of their fellow-men, what great power for good have we not in our hands."

After the regular addresses of Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle of Washington, Hon. William F. Harrity of Philadelphia, Judge Victor J. Dowling of New York, Hon. John S. Leahy of St. Louis, and Rev. John P. Chidwick of New York, were read, the Chair called upon Rev. Brothers Dennis, President of Calvert Hall College, Baltimore; Germanus, President of St. John's College, Washington; Abdas, President of LaSalle College, Philadelphia; Abraham, President of Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md.; Maurelian, President of Christian Brothers College, Memphis, Tenn.; Brother Elzear of St. Louis, Christian Brothers College, and Rev. Father Furlong of Missouri.

It was voted that a telegram of sympathy be sent to the President, Judge DeLacey of Washington, and also one of congratulation to Brother Justin, who could not possibly spare the time to be with the members, owing to very urgent and important business.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Mr. Joseph Hartnett of St. Louis.

First Vice-President, Very Rev. A. P. Doyle of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Second Vice-President, A. J. Dooley of Chicago.

Third Vice-President, Hon. Victor J. Dowling of New York.

Financial Secretary, A. J. McGuire of Philadelphia.

Secretary, Leo P. Harlow of Washington.

Treasurer, J. P. Ahern of Kansas City, Mo.

Chaplain, Rev. John P. Chidwick, New York.

A telegram was received during the session from Rev. J. F. Mullaney, who is at the Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y., urging upon the members the selection of Plattsburg for their next meeting. The matter was given into

the hands of the Committee of Arrangements.

Among those present in the hall was the oldest alumnus of the Christian Brothers in this country, Mr. William J. Kreitz, who graduated from the Old Calvert Hall College, Baltimore, in 1848.

All the members expressed themselves as being highly delighted with the exposition and offered a vote of thanks to the management for the kind and courtly treatment received from them. The convention then adjourned.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, '75, C. S. P., made the opening prayer at the late Alumni Convention held in Jamestown, Va. He also made an address on the occasion and was elected Vice-President for the present year.

W. J. Deeney, '90, S. J., was ordained priest at Woodstock, Md., June 27th. He sang his first solemn high mass in San Francisco on August 18th. Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90, was deacon on the occasion and Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, preached an eloquent sermon. Brother Walter, one of his former teachers, was also present. Father Deeney has been assigned to Santa Clara College as Assistant Vice-President.

William J. Biggy, ex-'77, has been appointed Chief of Police of San Francisco.

Frank M. Silva, the City Attorney of Napa, was lately appointed District Attorney.

Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, received the appointment of Assistant Pastor of San Rafael. On August 21st, when the Young Men's Institute was in session, he was celebrant of a solemn high Mass of requiem for deceased members of that organization.

Bernard J. Flood, '97, was married in Sacramento on June 26th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Monsignor T. J. Capel. Since his graduation from college, Mr. Flood has been

active in politics in San Francisco; for a number of years he was in the District Attorney's office and at the last election was named a City Justice by the largest majority given to any candidate on the ticket.

Felicitations are hereby extended to Mr. Flood on his recent happy nuptials.

A. P. Mallon, '96, for the past two years a mining engineer at Tonopah, is now superintendent of the Western Reduction Company in San Francisco.

William A. Kelly, '96, some few months ago was appointed Assistant City Attorney of San Francisco.

Rev. T. A. Crimmins, '01, is now Assistant Priest to Rev. J. P. Coyle, '76, at the Star of the Sea Church, San Francisco. Rev. T. J. Kennedy, '01, is acting in a similar position with Rev. E. P. Dempsey, '87, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Oakland.

Leo J. McCarthy, '06, is now Superintendent of Streets in Oakland.

Twelve names have been added to the roll of the Alumni Association; three finished with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and nine with that of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

E. I. Barry and H. A. Davie have chosen the legal profession and are now attending Hastings Law College; Jerome P. Donegan has returned to college and is pursuing a post-graduate course.

The graduates of the Engineering Department are settling down to the duties of their profession. C. W. Deterding secured a position with the S. P. Co. and is now assistant engineer of the work at the new freight yards and repair plants at Roseville.

S. J. Field is with a party on the new Pajaro Valley line between Fresno and Monterey.

H. B. Hooper is a member of the engineering staff of the Western Pacific, and picks up a little easy money on

Sunday by playing with the Sacramento State League.

E. J. Burns is with the same company, and is the reliable catcher of the fast Sacramento team, in company with Hooper and Enwright of last year's Phoenix.

William J. Thompson, the "irrepressible Mickey", is with the Southern Pacific, with headquarters at Sacramento; the "great and only" Mickey seems to prefer the heat of the capital to the balmy breezes of Santa Cruz.

William O. Snider is manager and secretary of a lumber mill in Siskiyou county.

Robert E. Moore is with the County Surveyor at Hoquiam, Oregon.

William H. Barringer is with the Northwestern Pacific on the location of their new line in Humboldt county.

The only member of the Class of '07 that has failed to report is our old friend Laurance Barnum. Report has it that "Goo" is developing a mining scheme at Catalina; we expect soon to hear that he has been successful.

Hippolyte A. Magendie, '75, died in San Francisco on August 7th. After leaving college Mr. Magendie played professional baseball for a few years. He was a member of the old California team and went East with the All-California nine to compete at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. Afterwards Mr. Magendie engaged in journalism in San Francisco, and in late years was a contractor. He was prepared for death by Rev. M. D. Connolly, '78, who also presided at his obsequies.

Henry P. Hogan, '79, died at Honolulu on September 2d. After leaving St. Mary's, Mr. Hogan graduated from Columbia Law College, N. Y., and practiced law for quite a while in Napa and San Francisco; some years ago he went to Honolulu, where he died of apoplexy.

James F. McGanney, '82, passed away on July 4th. On account of his three hundred and twenty pounds of good nature "Jim" was known as the

"jolly giant". For several years past he held a political position in San Francisco. His health failing, he retired last June to his old home at Smartsville, Cal., where he died of dropsy, after being fortified with all the helps of the Catholic Church. Dr. V. P. Buckley, '78, attended Mr. McGanney in his last illness.

Peter J. Soracco, '96, died at Sutter Creek, Cal., August 16th, from a complication of maladies, the immediate cause being dropsy and heart failure. At college Peter was captain of the crack 'varsity rowing team of '95 and a member of the football and baseball teams of '94, '95 and '96.

Edward F. McCartney, ex-'99, was

killed in the performance of his duty as a police officer in San Francisco on the morning of September 3d.

Mrs. E. G. Joyce, mother of Charles C. Joyce of the Bank of '02, passed to her reward at Oakland, August 5th.

Mr. Manuel Silva, a prominent citizen of Napa and father of Frank M. Silva, '98, died at his home on August 11th.

After a lingering affliction of several years, Mrs. J. Glover, mother of George A. Glover, '82, was called away on August 29th, in San Francisco.

To the relatives and friends of the above deceased the faculty and students extend sincere condolence.

IN MEMORIAM RAYMOND LENNON

Drowned September 3, 1907.

HE was young—just in the light of manhood's morning,
With all the loving attributes of youth—
Generous, manly, brave, all meanness scorning,
His gentle soul, the synonym of truth;
And with the bright and rosy world before him,
And while he girt him for the days of strife,
The cruel, cruel waters gathered o'er him,
And quenched for aye, the flame of his young life.

We miss him, miss him sorely at St. Mary's,
We miss him in the classroom and the hall,
We miss him—but forget his slight vagaries—
For he was held in high esteem by all;
We miss him on the diamond and the campus,
We miss him in the dance-hall and the court,
For in his genial presence naught could damp us,—
And he so ardent in his quest of sport.

God solace them, his friends and his relations,
And give them consolation for their loss,
O soothe them, till they cease their lamentations,
And strengthen them, good Lord, to bear their cross;
All you who loved him dearly, take this tribute,
This humble tribute, guileless of all art,
From one whose grief is rarely on exhibit—
A classmate, long in touch with his young heart.

—R. J. DORAN.

EXCHANGES

AWAKE from your slumbers
To toil once again,
Among poets and writers
And the jolly "ex-men",
Bring down the old tablet,
All covered with dust,
And sharpen your shears,
Bedimmed by the rust;
Sing out to the wide world
The praise that is due,
To aspiring young writers,
Their hopes to renew.
We extend a glad welcome
To all new "ex-men",
And gladly will help them
Make good if we can;
For the old ones, we ask them
To give us their best
After having enjoyed
A summer of rest.

The collegiate year of '07 was a banner year in college journalism, but it has now taken its place with the dead past. The past year has witnessed great advance in both economic and social life, and from present indications this year shall even outstrip the preceding. As it is in the social world so should it be in the literary world. Advance of literature should be in harmony with the advance of society. College journalism can be bettered, so why not make the year 1908 the best yet in college literature?

From a review of the few journals that have already reached our exchange table the outlook is very promising. Already the new editors and their associates have gone at their work in a business-like way. The exchange editors have taken an interest in their work that is truly gratifying. To the ex-man we would say, while you have your pen and shears in hand, do not become impetuous and cut at random. It is always well for the new ex-man to take the advice of those who have had experience, and it is up to the older ones to direct the beginners in this line of work. Some folks get an idea that the ex-man is a literary tyrant, and not a few ex-men try to bear out

the idea. Do not think that as a critic you are only to point out errors and then begin to literally "kill the sinner". No, the duty of the ex-man is not only to find fault, but to give praise where it is due.

Then, let us, during the ensuing year, come in close contact with one another through the exchange columns of our respective magazines and try to profit by the friendly criticisms honestly given. To all our exchanges THE COLLEGIAN wishes the fullest measure of success in the coming year.

The young ladies of Mount St. Agnes College are to be congratulated in their untiring efforts to produce a magazine so highly agreeable to the tastes of the most exacting, as is the *Agnetian Monthly*. Especially may this be said of the July issue, and great credit and praise is due Miss Higgins as a writer of both verse and editorials. Her poems in this issue are sentimental and thoughtful. We hope that her successor in the editorial chair will be as successful as she has been, and we will then be assured of the future of the *Agnetian Monthly*.

The senior number of *The Viatorian* contains a great deal of heavy matter over which a person might think for many moons, and would still have a great deal left to think about. The essays are on "Peace", "War", and "Arbitration". The writers have the same end in view, and they labor to prove from scripture, history and from man's nature that war is an unnecessary evil; that peace is preferable, and that arbitration of all difficulties between nations is a wise system of quietly settling grievances. The "Class Poem" and "A Floral Rosary" are poems that abound in beautiful rhythm, and follow well defined lines of thought. Humor is not lacking in this issue, as is evidenced by the "Class History". The exchange editor gives a great deal of valuable advice to the "colts" who are breaking in, and it is

well worth their attention. All in all, **The Viatorian's** senior number is an almost ideal magazine, and we hope its past success will continue.

Under one of the neatest and most novel covers of college journals is contained a great deal of matter, highly philosophical. **The Spokesman** for the month of August, as it was intended, is a Commencement Number, and deals entirely with a retrospect of the college year, and gives good instructions for

those who lately graduated from St. Joseph's College. Well written are all the essays and editorials, especially the editorial "College Graduates". The poem "Idealism" is one of the best we have lately read. The thoughts are in keeping with the subject, and the meter is good. **The College Spokesman** should appear monthly instead of quarterly, and we hope in the near future to see this change.

—THOS. P. O'KEEFE.

AUTUMN REVERIE

LO! the Summer's sun is sinking
In its splendor down the west,
Where the misty shades of evening
Bid the world a long sweet rest,
And the Autumn's moon is rising
O'er the season's throbbing breast.

In the valley by the hillside,
Where the glow-worm's lamp shines bright,
Like a fairy-flitting vision
Through the dreamy hours of night—
Bloom the cornfields and the vineyards
In the moon's pale silver light.

Bloom the cornfields and the vineyards,
But their Summer hue is fled,
Chilled by Autumn's frozen touches,
All their fragrance they have shed,
And the hopes of Youth's sweet Springtime,
Like the Summer flowers, are dead.

What if Summer skies will darken
When their suns fade from afar—
Or if Youth's bright hopes be blasted,
And wear Fate's most hateful scar?
What can be more bright, more blessed,
Than the light of Truth's day-star?

—C. T. MOUL.

WITH THE BOOKMEN

WE have received from the publishing firm of Benziger Brothers an attractively bound and neatly printed little book entitled **Patron Saints for Catholic Youth**. The book is the third volume of a set which gives a succinct account of the lives and achievements of the principal patron saints. We received volumes I and II of this set some weeks ago and we have just finished the third volume, with the comment that "we hope volume IV will not be long in reaching our sanctum." In volume III, eight saints are reviewed,—namely: St. Francis, Xavier, St. Patrick, St. Louis, King of France, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Clare and St. Margaret of Scotland. A simple lesson which even non-Catholics must appreciate in **Patron Saints for Catholic Youths** is that the saints have always combated against apparently insurmountable difficulties and ultimately triumphed over them. The book is by Mary E. Mannix, who has planned her work carefully and whose style, while not being ornamental, is as clear as crystal. A full page illustration accompanies the account of the life of each saint. The book is bound in pale blue and has for a cover design a picture of the Holy Family. **Patron Saints for Catholic Youth** is a book which we can safely and honestly recommend.

Benziger Brothers, Chicago, \$60.

When you pick up a newly published book touching upon miscellaneous subjects and find on the first page an important article on "The Great Eastern Question" you are very naturally going to read that article and see just what it is. And when you find the article a fund of solid reasoning and valuable information you are also, very naturally, going to read the entire book. This was our experience with **Round The World**. It was "The Great Eastern Question" that gave the book tone and aroused our interest and it

was the satisfaction and profit gathered from this well written article that influenced us to give the book a thorough perusal. **Round The World** is a collection of interesting articles on an almost unlimited variety of subjects. One article pertains to China, another refers to England, a third treats of life in South America, and so on until articles are found pertaining to nearly every country in the world. The articles found in volume III of the **Round The World** series are: "The Great Eastern Question", "The West and the Great Petrified Forest", "In the Footsteps of the Apostles", "Revetment Work in the United States", "Near to Galway Town", "In the Heart of the African Forest", "The 'Blind' Readers of the Post Office", "The Little Republic", "A Day in the Zoo", "The Reclamation Service and Schooldays in Egypt". An article in the above series that interested us more than a little is "Near to Galway Town", which gives a vivid pen-picture of the life and manners of the residents and neighbors of the beautiful Irish town of Galway. Another article of interest is "The 'Blind' Readers of the Post Office". The work is profusely illustrated, containing exactly 114 illustrations. Benziger Brothers, Chicago, are the publishers, which means that the book is faultlessly printed and attractively bound.

Price, \$85.

Were we asked to suggest a good story for young folks we would unhesitatingly recommend **The Bell Factory**, a recent output of Benziger Brothers' publishing firm. By young folks we mean, not those in grammar grades, but rather students in high schools. **The Bell Factory** has every requisite of a good story—the plot is new and interesting, the interest well sustained and the denouement skillfully handled. Otto von Schaching, author of **The Bell Foundry**, knows how to conceive an interesting plot and how to unravel it coherently. He has also an enviable

command of English. Benziger Brothers, Chicago, \$45.

Rev. David Bearne, the gifted writer of boy stories, has been extremely active during the last few years. Besides writing the book under review, he has given to the juvenile book-world "The Witch of Ridingdale", "Ridingdale Flower Show", "Charley Chittywick" and several other capital stories which are now holding conspicuous positions on the book-shelves of American school libraries.

We became acquainted with Rev. David Bearne's work six or seven months ago. His "Charley Chittywick" had strayed into our sanctum and, although we were burdened with work at the time, we ventured to read the first chapter. That first chapter was sufficient to grasp our interest; all other work was elbowed aside and every minute given to the absorption of "Charley Chittywick". We have never regretted the valuable time given to the reading of this book. The story was all that could be expected and a great deal more.

Melor of the Silver Hand and Other Stories we have found to be on the whole just as interesting as "Charley Chittywick". In **Melor of the Silver Hand** the originality of the plot and

the simplicity and forcibleness of the language creates in the reader a desire and a determination to read every story in the book. The other stories are: "The Brother of the Apples", "Good King Wenceslaus", "The King of Alms", "Gisli the Icelander", "The Smiling Saint", "News of the Nowell", "A Beloved Pupil", "A Child of the Camp", "A Minstrel's Ministry", "A Mighty Struggle", "St. Bernard and the Knights", "Lovers of Learning", "From Fold to Fold", "Frobert the Simple", "Sheer Pluck", "The Story of Ephrem", "The Bishop's Dinner" and "St. Wulstan and the Chorister". The book contains no windy prefatory notes telling us that "this book is intended for" and "it is hoped that, etc." Instead, the first page contains simply the following: impressing quotation, which speaks volumes more than any introductory notes: "Such as the wholesome mothers tell their boys." The quotation is extremely apt. The stories are of the kind that imbue the reader with manliness and uprightness, and what is more, they are stories which the boy is going to read because they contain the life and interest that makes them worth reading.

Benziger Brothers, Chicago, \$60.

—JOHN P. DORAN.



THE year 1907-8 should be a banner one for athletics. The student body is numerically increased and enthusiasm runs high in regard to almost every popular sport. Besides our intercollegiate baseball champions, whose future prowess we can nearly take for granted, we should put several other athletic teams on the field and there is no reason why they should not show championship class. We have the ardent support of faculty and alumni, and athletic material galore both experienced and undeveloped. Our Rugby, tennis, handball and basketball teams should become as proficient and adept as is our baseball club. From these five teams we can undoubtedly form a strong track team. And with a spirit like that of our "Phoenicians", St. Mary's should achieve no small success in these rejuvenated branches of athletics.

The most enthusiastic plunge into new fields was made by the supporters and boosters of Rugby. The movement started early in the first month of the semester and originated with a few students who have not dabbled in baseball and consider themselves too full of life to idle their college days away. The plan was carefully thought over and tastefully boosted before faculty and students, and was welcomed by both bodies. Finally it was broached at a regular meeting of the associated students and met with unanimous approval. Arrangements were made in anticipation of the favorable reception and quickly completed. The "Barbarians", a San Francisco club whose sole aim is to give Rugby a thorough introduction on the coast, consented to help us in acquiring a knowledge of the game, as also to give us practice for the asking. Several members of the club, famous where Rugby is a household word, gave talks to the students in order to further their "pet theory". On the whole, Rugby at St. Mary's has made a surprisingly good start, and even though we cannot compete in intercollegiate circles this season, we can gain knowledge of a sterling sport and enjoy a physical betterment.

The most pleasing feature of this Rugby game is that weight is comparatively a small matter. The game requires but average weight and a very heavy man, if he has not extraordinary speed, is practically useless in

Rugby. The essential of the game is agility and skill. The heavy man, if useful at all, finds his place in the scrum and has little opportunity to undertake the smaller man in the spectacular part of the game.

Another ideal fact about Rugby is the team work required. To play a truly spectacular game a team must pull together in perfect fashion. Rugby does not afford so wide a field for the lone star as does the American game, although, of course, one man may distinguish himself from his fellows by superior agility and head-work.

Some of the aspirants on the Rugby squad will do well to remember that there is a future to their college lives and also that Rugby has a future, to be made by them, at St. Mary's. It is a poor thing to drop any branch of athletics simply because you must give way to men who are, at present, superior players. Keep in condition and glean a scientific knowledge of the game and assure yourselves that you will make the fifteen next season.

Roy McNeill was the originator of the Rugby departure. He saw bright possibilities and soon gathered a large following among the students. Roy is a big fellow and has played American football during his high school career at the Lick in San Francisco. He was elected Captain of the team, and seems to be a fellow of infinite giner.

Through the courtesy of Captain Elliott of "The Barbarian" team of San Francisco, Messrs. H. Pomeroy, C. Pomeroy, A. Hutton and J. Coles came to the College and explained the details of the Rugby sport; Mr. C. Pomeroy has since been exercising the players on the campus.

The interest that was formerly taken in our handball courts is distinctly waning. But a few years ago the handball courts were the liveliest spot on the campus, but of late the students of the higher classes seem to be riding on their dignity and handball does not enjoy the patronage that it did in days of yore. It is probably the best conditioner of all games and calls for no end of skill. It requires constant movement and taxes all the muscles and necessitates speed in thinking. Handball will probably have a grand revival when the Rugby squad

will have it prescribed as a regular training stunt.

The outlook for a champion baseball club is brilliant indeed. Several of last year's regulars will return to College and almost the entire second nine have also registered. Harry Krause, the kingpin of intercollegiate and amateur circles, will again twirl for the Phoenix, and this fact alone insures the retaining of our prestige. Tom Feeney, our brainy captain and clever second baseman, is also here, and Clarence Duggan, Joe Hamilton and Frank Dunn will also play. With the exception of "King" Brady, our hard-hitting first baseman, the in-field remains intact and candidates for out-field positions are almost too numerous to name.

Frank Dunn will probably do the catching for the Phoenix this season. He has been playing summer ball and has demonstrated exceptional ability as a utility player. He has had experience in backstopping, so we need have no fears concerning our catching department.

The Phoenix team will not be formed until after the midwinter holidays, but a picked team, called the "Independents", will represent St. Mary's during the fall amateur season. The Independent team was a last year's innovation and proved very successful.

It is expected that the schedule of the Phoenix team will be much more complete than it was during the two preceding seasons. For the past two years we have been handicapped by the fact that we could boast but one pitcher. This year, however, Harry Krause will have at least one able assistant. Wilcox, a lad from Oregon, has enrolled here, and he is said to be a good one. As a matter of fact, he has a world of speed and a fast-breaking curve, but he lacks control. The last named essential should come quickly with an every-day warming-up and a few games.

Brown, who has played alongside of Dugan at Seattle, has also registered. He seems to be very much at home on the infield and is a possibility for the vacant position of first base.

Joseph Collins is another likely candidate for the Phoenix team; for the past three years "Joe" has been catcher and fielder for the Santa Clara College nine, and during the past summer played with a team in the Northwest. He looks to be a good man for first base.

Nearly all of the '07 Phoenix nine have been playing summer baseball in the State League. Those members of the faculty whose opinions bear weight upon athletics favor State League baseball. Hence our "Phoenicians" are allowed to play baseball on first-class ball teams during the vacation,

and thus gain many details of the game by association with players of the State League.

Several of last year's Phoenix players, who were lost by graduation, are playing great ball in the State League. "Eddie" Burns, one of the greatest catchers St. Mary's ever played, is doing backstop work at Sacramento. He is hailed as the best young catcher on the coast. Harry Hooper is playing with Sacramento, too. He is doing sensational stunts in centerfield and is hitting the ball with that regularity and vim that made him the leading batsman of last year's varsity nine. "Mickey" Thompson is also with the Sacramento team. He is playing on the bench at present, but is considered a valuable asset to the team. He is acting as utility player and reserve pitcher. All three have positions, in their profession, in conjunction with their ball-playing.

Harry Krause, our famous little left-hander, is also on the campus. Harry has been pitching fine ball for the San Jose State League team, although his team makes it a practice to fail to bat strongly behind him. His pitching average, therefore, does not portray to the casual reader his great work during the summer months. Harry will be our mainstay on the slab again this year, and we feel sure that he will be a greater man than ever in intercollegiate circles, if it is possible to beat his last year's record.

Ex-Captain Tom Feeney has been playing a very fine game at the keystone position down San Jose way all summer. Tom is a great favorite in San Jose, and the fans of that city declare him to be the life of the San Jose team and the director of San Jose's classy inside baseball tricks. Tom's re-election as Captain of the Phoenix for the coming season would be about the proper caper.

Joe Hamilton, our last year's third baseman, is another of the baseball nucleus. Joe was playing fine ball at Stockton until he wrenched his knee. The first strain did not bother him much, but he was unlucky enough to wrench his leg a second time. The second injury has kept him out of the game ever since, but he will be able to play right along now, and with our peerless difficult-corner artist back on the team, our in-field should be all the rage.

Arthur Dana, captain and shortstop of the Collegians, last year's second baseball team, is a strong candidate for the Phoenix this year. Although he was rather weak at bat, it is not an unusual thing for a young ball-player to show sudden and marked improvement in this department of the game. A number of local cases could be noted, and especially recent is that of Harry Hooper, last year's leading batter and star out-fielder.

Jerry Donegan, a prominent member of the 1907 second team and a last year's graduate of the Arts Department, is taking a post-graduate course this semester. It is to be hoped that "Jerry" will compete for a position on the Phoenix team, for he was one of the leading hitters and baserunners on the Collegians and also their best run-getter.

Gaston Ramirez, who played on our second team during the earthquake season, has re-entered College this year, and is quite an annexation to the galaxy of ball-players now among us.

There are some very good young players on the Independents just now who should make things hum when they try-out for jobs on the Phoenix. "Mike" Hughes, a last year's second team out-fielder, seems to have improved to quite an extent. "Jim" Smith, who caught for the Sacred Heart College team last year, is a fine worker and

should show a world of improvement with experience and daily conditioning.

Sacred Heart College has sent us quite a consignment of ball-players this year. Five of her last year's team are enrolled at St. Mary's, and every one of them should make the second or third teams at least; they are: "Jim" Smith, "Jack" Doran, "Connie" Kelly, "Gene" Riordan and "Jack" Burke.

Earle Henderson, who was the star twirler of the Young Phoenix last year, is doing a regular stunt on the Independents now. "Hendy" has gained a whole lot in weight and should make a name for himself this year.

Diavila, a youngster from Pleasanton, gives promise of rare ability as a ball-player. He is rather light for the Phoenix, but a thorough trial will enable the management to place him properly. He is fast, and seems to be a clever hitter. He is at present playing in the short-field for the Independents.

THE WOULD-BE WRITER

WHEN first a Freshman I became,
I deemed myself a scribe,
And felt as eager for a name,
As grafters for a bribe.
The stuff I wrote, you may suppose,
I reckoned most sublime—
I posed, a daisy hand at prose,
A cracker-jack at rhyme.

And when the next year's course began,
And I was dubbed a "Soph",
I thought myself profounder than
My wisdom-soaked old Prof.
I wrote melodious verses or,
Some rare and racy tales,
But all the fish I angled for,
I magnified to whales.

I rose to Junior from a "Soph",
Though lagging in the race;
But I must thank my good old Prof.,
Who urged me to the pace;
And still though dear were fancy's chords
The muses' kisses sweet,
I learned at last, that through my pores
Was oozing my conceit.

At last I've reached the Senior rank,
Convinced that all my rot
But proves me, what I am—a crank,
And not a Moore or Scott.
That I have wasted precious days,
Too well, alas, I know it,
When some sly joker winks and says:
"There goes the gum-shoe poet."

JONES

O H, once again at last I'm free
From the land of grafters and debris,
From footpads' guns and burglars' kits,
Away from the land of Ruef and Schmitz;
Away from Glass, convicted of bribe,
Away from Calhoun and non-union tribe;
Away from the crowd, and din, and fuss,
Away from the rattle of "union buss";
Away from the bells with their echoing peal,
Away from the cycle and automobile;
Away from the town by the Golden Gate,
Once more to Oakland—Gee! but it's great;
To work at College, once more I'm down,—
Oh, but Oakland's a "lonesome town"!

Feeney—Jules Verne knew something about baseball.

Rogers—How do you make that out? Feeney—He wrote the book, "Three Thousand 'Leagues' under the Sea".

In a pillow fight one often gets a "pillow" spelled backwards.

De Witte was asked how he thought of so much foolishness. To which he replied: "I keep the Freshmen constantly before me."

In the recent prize fight on Admission Day, Jimmy Britt saw the name "Gans" from his seat in the ring; he spelled it backwards, and he realized what he was up against.

Grundell—What is the best way to pare a corn?

Dana—Get another.

A squash cannot satisfy one's thirst, but a "pump-kin".

The following recently appeared in the "list of births" in one of our dailies:

"To the wife of B. Jeans (nee Pants), twin sons."

These people evidently have a pair of pants or jeans.

Some people imagine that running a bandana over the keys of a piano produces "ragtime".

We hear many say they don't believe in unions, but at the same time they are just crazy to get married,—yes, crazy.

'Twas at a kitchen shower that Guichard saw a bell, whereupon he objected, saying, "It would get ringing wet".

Nunan (reading a letter)—Say, what do these "X's" at the end of a letter mean?

Martin—Oh, that's the trade-mark for a poison oak cure.

Nunan—Gee! I thought they were kisses.

Martin—Now I know why you were so anxious about the last quarterly exes.

Davie—Could one get judgment against a candle if it burned him?

Shine—Well, while the offense is "light", it is at the same time "wicked"; one might "su-et", but I fear it would evade the law by running to "grease".

She—I was out last night and caught cold, and I'm a little "hoarse".

Faure—Well, it is conceded by all that I'm a little "buggy", so let's get hitched up.

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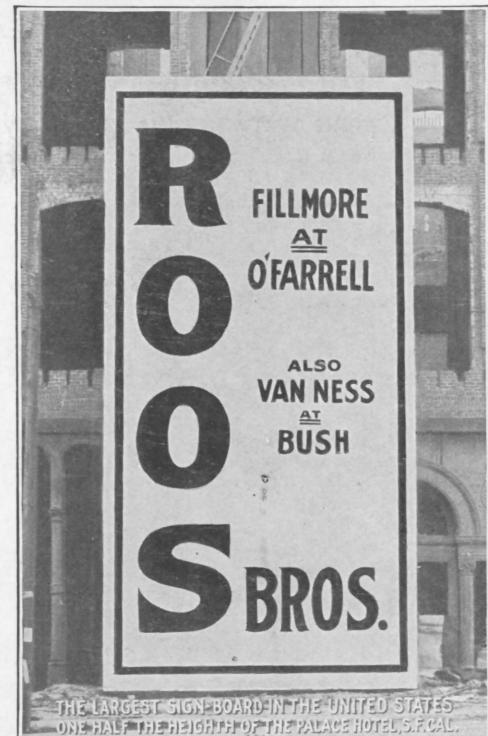
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