

Vol. V.

November, 1907

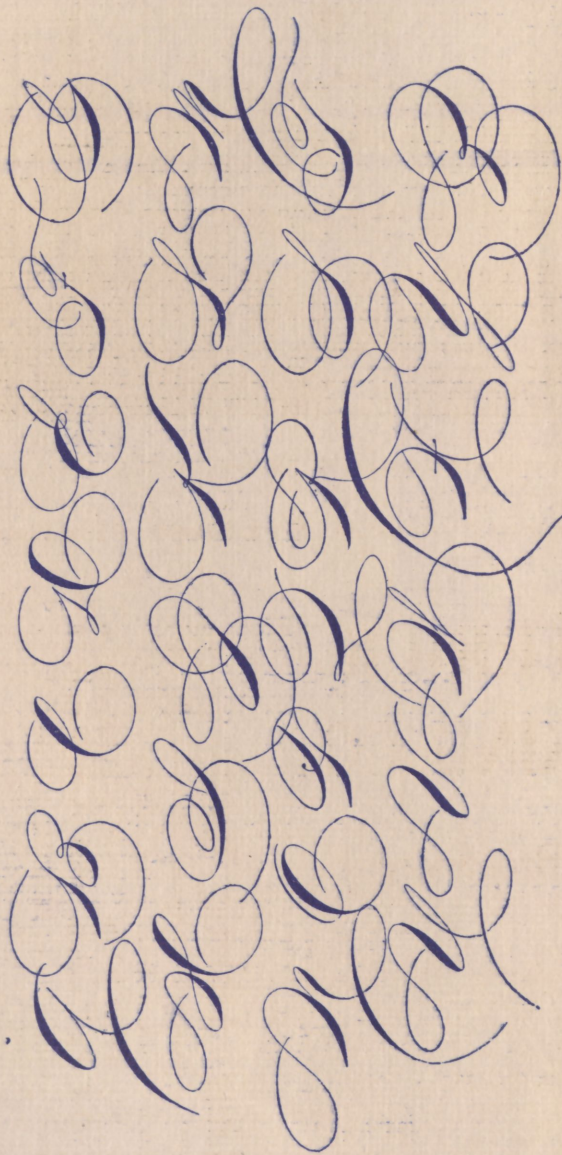
No. 2

The COLLEGIAN



ORNAMENTAL CAPITALS

Written by one of our Expert
Palmer Method Penmen



Penmanship is not all we teach

Heald-Dixon College

San Pablo Avenue at 16th Street

Oakland, Cal.



**St.
Joseph's
Academy**

**Peralta
Park,
Berkeley**

The finest and best equipped institution in California for boys under fourteen years of age

Apply for Prospectus to **Brother Michael**

THE MERRICK BAKING CO.

1901 Broadway

Strictly up to date manufacturers
of Bread-stuffs.

All modern machinery.

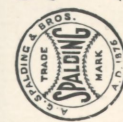
Wholesale and Retail.

Goods delivered to all parts of
city.

R. W. MERRICK, Prop.



Spalding Athletic Goods



ALWAYS PASS BECAUSE THEY
ARE KEPT UP TO THE MARK AND NEVER FALL
BELOW THE OFFICIAL STANDARD

Recognized Universally as Best for Athletes.

SEND FOR THESE BOOKS NOW—TEN CENTS PER COPY.

No. 238. Group XVI—Muscle Building. By Dr. L. H. Gulick. Director of Physical Training, N. Y. Public Schools.

No. 27. Group XII—College Athletics. By M. C. Murphy, the well-known Athletic Trainer, now with Univ. of Penn.

No. 246. Group XII—Athletic Training for Schoolboys. By Geo. W. Orton of the Univ. of Penn. and a famous athlete himself.

A copy of our complete catalogue of athletic goods will be mailed upon request.

126 Nassau St.,
NEW YORK.

MAIL ORDER DEPT.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
149 Wabash Ave.,
CHICAGO.

GEO. R. BUTLER

FRED H. DORSAZ



Dorsaz & Butler

COLLEGE
PHOTOGRAPHERS



1256 Broadway

Albany Block

Phone Oakland 8462

OAKLAND, CAL.

The ZONOPHONE

Talking Machines which furnish amusement to the entire family. It sings, it laughs, it plays—in short, it is a whole show in itself. Sounds loud and natural as the human voice. Enormous volume, perfect tone. Sings like you, talks like you.

We sell these machines on time, if you desire.

Prices range from
\$15.00 to \$45.00

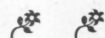
Kohler & Chase

1013-15 Broadway, Oakland

N. B. - Have just received a new supply of
7 and 9 inch records

R. A. LEET & CO.

INCORPORATED



Kodaks, Cameras
Photo Supplies....
AMATEUR FINISHING



1111 Broadway

Between 12th and 13th Streets

Telephone Oakland 338 OAKLAND, CAL.

J. W. REALY



PAINTING

PAPER HANGING,

DECORATING and GLAZING



982 SEVENTH ST., Cor. Filbert

Residence 1041 Seventh St., Oakland, Cal.

Phone Oakland 3572 Res. Phone Oakland 5461



OAKLAND PARCEL DELIVERY

Delivers in
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
ALAMEDA
BERKELEY
NAPA
STOCKTON
ANTIOCH



Oakland Office
666 NINTH STREET
Phone Oakland 1092

JAS. T. FEELEY,
Proprietor

FREIGHT SHIPPED, PACKED AND STORED



J. A. BARLOW

Pictures Artistically Framed at
Reasonable Prices

Unframed Pictures, Copies of Old
and New Masters. Oil Paintings
by Local Artists. Oil Paintings
Cleaned and Renovated. Old Pic-
ture Frames Re-Gilded. Foreign
and Domestic Mouldings.

All Kinds of Picture Goods at
Wholesale and Retail

369 Twelfth Street Oakland, Cal.

Between Franklin and Webster Streets

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 4508

Rubber Stamps, Stencils, Seals, etc., Society and
Commercial Work a Specialty



663 NINTH ST.

Oakland, Cal.

Phones: Oakland 3292; Home A 3292

KELLER CLOTHES

Have Style and
Individuality

Suits for Boys and Young Men

\$9.00 to \$32.50

M. J. Keller Co.,

1157-59 Washington St., above 13th

Oakland

**Hogan
Lumber Co.**

HUGH HOGAN

Manager

First and Alice Streets

Oakland, Cal.

Telephone Oakland 895

VIRGIL CAPORGNO

J. F. CUNHA

Cunha, Caporgno & Co.

Undertakers and Embalmers

Lady Attendant

1311 Clay Street, corner of 17th St. and San Pablo Ave.

Phones { Oakland 240
 / Home 2240

Oakland, Cal.

JAMES L. McCARTHY

UNDERTAKER AND
EMBALMER

Phone Oakland 45

301 San Pablo Avenue

Cor. 17th Street

OAKLAND, CAL.

ASAHI CO.

Wholesale and Retail
Dealers and Importers of
CURIOSITIES

Japanese & American Provisions

411 Seventh Street Phone Oakland 1978

S. Nakamura, Prop.

Oakland

K. FUKAWA

WATCHMAKER



411 Seventh Street

Phone Oakland 1978

Oakland

FINEST IN THE CITY

Central Shaving Parlor and Baths

J. TISCH, PROPRIETOR

ARCADE BATHS, 465 ELEVENTH ST.

FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT

Central Bank Building, N. E. Cor. Broadway and 14th St., Oakland

Meat Market

A. WEBER & SON

Choice Meats

N. E. Cor. Sixth and Castro Sts.
OAKLAND

Phone Oakland 4150

Nobby Line of

TOP COATS

Latest Shades at Popular Prices



J.T. Moran

1017-1019 BROADWAY

WHENEVER the faculty or student body of ST. MARY'S COLLEGE have need of

Suit Cases, Grips Shaving Materials Medicines

or desire a prescription filled, they can depend on finding rates and prices cut deeper at Osgood's than anywhere else—and we guarantee everything.

Osgood Bros.

DRUG CUTTERS

7th and Broadway & 12th and Washington
OAKLAND

Phone Oakland 3918

HARRY R. GUICHARD, Prop.

The Liberty Market

N. E. Corner 18th Street and
San Pablo Avenue

Fruits, Vegetables, Poultry, Fish

Crabs, Oysters, Etc., Fresh Every Day

Goods Delivered to any part of the City

Miss S. F. Conniff

Millinery

468 Thirteenth St.
Bet. B'd'y & Wash.
Oakland

Phone Oakland 3309

The Collegian

Entered as Second-class Matter, September 14, 1904, in the Post-office at Oakland, California,
under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

VOL. V

OAKLAND, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 2

In Memoriam

BROTHER GENE BERN

CALLLED by our Father, in the field of Thought
With tireless zeal the holy Brother wrought,
Guiding unto the sparkling fount of Truth
Our Sunland's eager host of noble youth,
Who followed their beloved Guide, and drew
Strength for the future opening to their view
From its pure tide, whose living waters bring
All loftiest knowledge from its primal spring.

As the years passed what golden sheaves he bound,
Harvest for Heaven, and the Master found
No cause to blame, no duty unfulfilled,
When the true heart that beat for us was stilled
And the white record of his life, replete
With virtuous deeds read at the Judgment Seat,
Where the Great Judge, rewarding duty done,
Awards the laurels for the victory won.

O Friends, who knew and loved him, whom he loved,
Whose faith in you the years in passing proved,
With grateful love that looks beyond the grave,
Treasure the priceless wealth his teachings gave.
Ye Priests of the Most High! Ye whom he trained,
Uplift the Host for him whose bright goal gained,
Still mindful of his earthly children's needs,
Before God's Throne for all his loved ones pleads.

—M. A. F.

The Lycees and the Congregationist Schools in France

THE lycees of France are state colleges for boarders and day-scholars. They were named "lycees" by Napoleon I at the time of the foundation of the university. They became known as royal colleges under the Restoration and under Louis-Philippe. In 1848 the original title "lycee" was restored to them. They embrace all the grades of secondary education, and even reach down into the grammar and primary grades. They receive boys as young as seven, either as boarders or day-boys, and carry them through their secondary instruction up to the baccalaureate degree. They are not in the proper sense of the term free schools; a fee has to be paid for board and tuition. The deficit, if there be any, is made up by the Government.

All the great boarding-schools of France owned and conducted by religious congregations are organized on the same plan as the lycee in regard to the range of admission and the program of studies.

The lycee is the expression of certain wants and sentiments of French families. It satisfies the spirit of caste and exclusiveness which pervades French society to a great extent, even under the popular regime of the republic. Among the bourgeoisie it is an accepted code that boys and girls should be sent to boarding-school, for at least a part of their education. It follows that such schools are very much in demand and largely attended.

Within the last half of the century both the lycees and the colleges of the teaching orders did excellent work for intellectual education. The healthy rivalry which has been kept up between them led to the enlargement of the courses of study and lifted the standard of secondary instruction to a very high plane. The result is that the average Frenchman is better educated than the average American. He has a practical knowledge of his own language. He is familiar with history,

geography, the elements of the natural and physical sciences. He is generally a connoisseur in the fine and useful arts. He may be less practical in his views of life than the graduates of American colleges, but this is a character of the race for which the school is not responsible.

Prior to the recent suppression of religious congregations in France, the relative attendance at the lycees and the congregationist boarding-schools stood in the ratio of 46.5 to 53.5 in favor of the latter. Accordingly more than half the children of the bourgeoisie were educated under religious influences. This fact is significant of two things—first, the great concern of the French middle class for the moral training of their children; second, the high standard of the religious schools as educational institutions.

The Government, however, which is the be-all and the do-all, in French activity, could not but view with disfavor the splendid educational work which private initiative was setting up, not indeed in opposition to, but in accordance with the programs prescribed for the lycees. It accordingly strove to handicap them with harassing regulations; it built palatial homes for the lycees; it developed a splendid program of studies; it finally held an investigation with a view to discover and remove if possible the impediments which barred the success of the lycees. This activity of the Government did little or nothing to increase their attendance or to make them more popular. The only thing that now could be done was to crush their supposed rival. This it did under a special law of exception made for the purpose.

And thus was legislated out of existence an institution based upon the private initiative of loyal citizens, and making for the intellectual and moral uplifting of the nation. It is not unlikely that the near future will bring about the monopoly of education by the State. Then Government will en-

joy the exclusive right to run colleges, as it has the sole right to deal in powder, tobacco, matches and other industries, which a sound political economy in other countries leaves to private enterprise. It has been ascertained that every lycee student costs the Government three hundred francs or sixty dollars a year. The deficit is due to a variety of causes. It is a commonplace fact that institutions conducted under Government control cost from twenty-five to fifty per cent more than similar enterprises under private management. Private boarding-schools in France can pay fair dividends to their stockholders. Nearly all the lycees, even the best attended, require State aid to make both ends meet; and thus cause a heavy draft on the public treasury.

The French Government is doing very much for education, both higher and secondary. It cannot be gainsaid that some of the most eminent humanists and scientists of the last century and of the present time come from its higher schools. However, the methods of secondary education have been a thorny question to the French administration. Evidences of this fact are found in the report of investigation

published in six large volumes. In the first place, the Anglophiles find fault with French methods because they are not identical with English methods. Taine, Le Bon and writers of their school fancy that English prestige is due to the workings of their great schools. In the second place, the anti-clerical party hate the French methods of secondary education because they imagine them to be a legacy of the schools of the Jesuits under the Ancient Regime. And so, between the love of English method and the hate of clerical method the congregationist schools have found a temporary grave. Nothing now remains of their splendid edifices, excellent equipments, art treasures and orderly appointments, but sad decaying mementoes of their former activity and splendor.

The Government has strewn the soil of France with ruins. Its zeal for what it is pleased to dub "moral unity" is not constructive, but destructive. The wreck of educational institutions, however, is not the only, nor is it the least wreck made by the French leaders of politics. The moral ruins effected by the elimination of religion are far greater, although not so striking and apparent. —F.

THE LONG AGO

COME, sing me those sweet songs again,
We used to sing long, long ago,
When life was in its fullest bloom,
Like flowers that in the springtime blow;
And to my soul again recall
The tranquil hours which then it knew,
Those moments, that like summer winds
As idly came, as quickly flew.

Yet cease those strains, their power but 'wakes
A ling'ring thrill of early years,
Of hopes and joys long passed away
Entombed 'neath sorrow's veil of tears;
Those happy hours that past me flew
Not e'en in song can shine again,
But like the rose, though sweet, but dead,
Their scenes now bring me naught but pain.

—C. T. MOUL.

NOVEMBER

O! GRAVE, sad Month! who calls thee stern and drear,
 Though wind hosts revel 'mid the fallen leaves,
 And from the streaming moss, the fading year,
 The Winter mantle of the woodland weaves.

Thou comest to us with tender memories fraught,
 Thy message unto sorrowing souls is sped,
 Winning response, the precious treasure sought,
 The prayer of impetration for the dead.

Month of All Souls! lo! thy grace laden hours
 Enshrines for us the dear ones loved and lost,
 Who answering the call of higher powers
 The threshold of the door of Silence crossed,

Bearing from us all that made earth so fair,
 Leaving with us through all the days to be,
 Thoughts of the gentle friends who soothed our cares,
 Whose cherished faces we no more shall see,

Till the dread summons bids us lay aside
 The weapons wielded in this world's fierce strife,
 And the blessed Angel guardian opens wide
 The mystic door that leads through death to life.

How oft when Evening's watchfires ashen grow,
 Where late the western sky lines rosy flame
 Shone dazzlingly in radiance aglow,
 Fond watchers gently murmur the sweet name

Of one who in Novembers long ago,
 Gazed with them on the ever-varying dyes
 Of sunset splendors in swift overflow,
 And spoke of heavenly Joys beyond the skies

Till giant trees, and lofty mountain height,
 Were violet-veiled as twilight shadows fell,
 And through the dusk with star lamps all alight
 Told solemnly the "De Profundis" bell,

Summoning the faithful to God's throne to bring
 Heart offerings of prayer as ransom given
 To free the waiting "prisoners of the King",
 And ope for them the shining gates of Heaven.

—A. F.

THE NEWMAN CLUB AT BERKELEY

Our Staff-Interviewer Visits the University Chapel
 and Chats with Father Moore.



Home of the Newman Club at the University of California

I WAS humming cheerfully as I opened the door and stepped into the sanctum. Editor-in-Chief Hart was sitting at his desk and looked up as I entered. "Just the chap I want", he said, laying aside a type-written manuscript and leaning back in his comfortable revolving-chair. I perched myself upon the exchange-editor's high-stool and awaited developments.

A minute later my unusual cheerfulness changed to profound seriousness.

"For the November issue", said the Editor-in-Chief, "we want an article on the Newman Club. Now you go out to Berkeley tomorrow, interview Father Moore, the Club Chaplain, and give us a readable article on the nature and works of the club."

"But ———", I started to protest.

"No excuses, please. The Newman Club is at 2630 Ridge Road. Ask for Father Moore."

"But ———". The editor was impervious to explanations.

"Copy's due Saturday, at 2 o'clock", he said, tersely, and returned to the type-written manuscript.

The following afternoon, fortified with a starched shirt and a freshly laundried collar, I boarded a University car and was whirled out to Ridge Road. Three blocks from the Euclid Avenue car-line and one block from the newly erected University mining building the home of the Newman Club sits on a small hill, smiling down upon pretty Berkeley. The club building is an attractive, modern, two-story structure, surrounded by a grass lawn, and possessing a strikingly homelike appearance. "Surely", I commented, as I drank in the exterior beauties of the imposing building, "this is not the Newman Club. It's the residence of some moneyed society family." But there were the glittering numerals "2630" staring at me, so I climbed the steps and rang the bell. The door was immediately opened by a young man clad in typical college clothes.

"Is this the Newman Club?" I inquired, somewhat meekly.

"Yes." The reply was in a pleasant tone.

"May I see Father Moore?"

"Certainly. Please step into the reception room. I'll call him immediately."

I found myself in a cosy waiting room, with polished floors and Mission-style furniture. The position of every chair, the judicious arrangement of pictures and ornaments, the spotlessly clean windows and the tastily draped curtains told of the great care exercised in keeping the room clean and attractive. My scrutiny of the reception hall was not minute. I was busy picturing Father Moore. "Old and gray and wrinkled," I argued with myself. "He must be old and experienced to hold such a responsible position as Chaplain of a University Club. Undoubtedly, study has brought the wrinkles to his face."

A few brisk foot-steps in the hall and Father Moore, in clerical garb, entered the room. Oh, what a surprise! Had he not worn his black cassock I would

have taken him for one of the college men. Of medium height, with fresh, rosy cheeks, and a forehead marvelously devoid of wrinkles, he looks healthier and younger than California's best trained athlete. His hair is ebony black; his eyes large and sparkling. Even the cassock did not dispel all doubt.

"Father Moore?" I asked, incredulously.

"Yes." The reply was soft and pleasant. "And you?"

His answer banished all doubt. This really was Father Moore, and falteringly I explained my visit.

"You wish to learn a few facts concerning the Newman Club?" he said, after I had introduced myself. "Why, I'm delighted to give them to you. Just come upstairs to my library, please."

"What a splendid study," I commented, enthusiastically, as he showed me into his library. It was truly an ideal place, with its large writing-table piled high with books, with its inviting arm-chairs, and its spacious book-case stocked with the best in literature. The room impressed me for its extraordinary neatness. There was scarcely a book or a trinket out of its proper place.

"In such a library as this," I said, jestingly, "I could write poetry."

He laughed merrily,—a sincere, unrestrained, musical laugh—a laugh I heard often that afternoon.

"Well, why don't you court the muse?" he said, pleasantly. "You know it isn't the room that counts. As Cardinal Newman, our Club patron, says, 'you can have a university in a tent.'"

Two cosy arm-chairs were drawn together, and the interview by which I hoped to become acquainted with the Newman Club began.

"What causes led to the instituting of the Newman Club?" I asked, fingering my fountain-pen and arranging my tablet in a position where I could take notes readily.

Father Moore's answer came with the promptness characteristic of a

brilliant actor reciting a well-memorized soliloquy.

"Catholics, while recognizing the indispensability of a religious influence in education, are flocking in constantly increasing numbers to non-sectarian universities. Here, lacking proper moral guidance, they too frequently succumb to grave temptations. This deplorable condition is beyond the control of the Church. She does not, nor cannot, battle with it. If students, for some reason, are unable to attend a Catholic college, the Church does not utterly abandon them. With the same earnestness and activity that has always characterized her works, she brings to these unfortunate, temptation-surrounded pupils what little religious influence she can. And this is why we have the Newman Club."

I consulted my memorandum for another query. But Father Moore was bubbling over with his subject.

"Most people do not realize the importance with which the Church looks upon University Chapels. Pope Pius X regards them as absolute necessities. For proof, just read this." He took from his table-drawer a translation of the Pope's encyclical on "Christian Doctrine", and indicated an underlined paragraph. I read:

"In large towns, and especially in those which contain universities, colleges, and grammar schools, religious classes must be founded to instruct in the truths of faith and the practice of Christian life the young people who frequent the public schools, from which all religious teaching is banned."

"So you see," said Father Moore, "the movement is not only favored but commanded by the highest authority of the Church."

"And is the Newman Club the only University Chapel in the United States?"

Father Moore laughed lightly. I grew slightly embarrassed. "Oh! by no means," he replied. "There are several such chapels in the East. Let me see:—there is one at the University of Columbia; another at Cornell; another at the University of Wisconsin, and—

well, one or two others that I do not now recall."

"How many members has the Newman Club at present?" I ventured, recovering from my momentary embarrassment.

"Approximately, one hundred."

"Capital!" I ejaculated. "And how many Catholic students attend the university?"

"That is a very difficult matter to determine. For various reasons it is impossible to make a canvass of the entire university. This year, however, I am getting the number of Catholics in the Freshman Class. By taking the census of the Freshman Class each term it will require just four years to learn the exact number of Catholics in the College."

Satisfied as to the origin and membership of the University Chapel, I asked in what year the Club was organized.

"In 1899," replied Father Moore. "Naturally, the infant Club suffered many inconveniences from lack of suitable quarters. But the members were enthusiastic in the work of bringing Catholic students together in socials and lectures and in spite of apparently insurmountable difficulties, the Club continued to exist and prosper. Now we have this beautiful home, with unlimited prospects."

Another hasty consultation of my memorandum; then another query: "And what are the principal works of the Club, Father, please?"

"Every Sunday morning at half-past ten, mass is celebrated in the front parlor. Did you notice the large table in the reception hall? That serves as an altar. This mass is a great convenience to students who are obliged to spend Sunday around the University. And if there is one thing in particular which Club members are constantly reminded of, it is that there is a commandment of the Church which reads: 'Thou shalt hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation'. Take away the Newman Club this afternoon and there will be more than one member who

will be tempted to stay away from mass next Sunday.

"The first Sunday of the month is Communion Sunday. Then——"

I could not suppress the interruption: "Do many of the students receive the Blessed Sacrament?"

"Yes. On the last Communion Sunday I had twenty-five communicants."

What a beautiful sight it must have been, these Catholic students of a non-sectarian college, marching to the altar with clasped hands and down-cast eyes and receiving Him who showers all blessings and all protection upon school-life. I was on the verge of asking Father Moore's permission to attend mass at the Chapel on the next Communion Sunday, but he had warmed to his subject and was speaking fluently and impressively. Besides, I was very busy with my fountain-pen.

"On Tuesday afternoon," continued Father Moore, "the Club holds its weekly social, at which works pertaining to Church history are read and discussed. At present the Club is discussing the Epistles of St. Ignatius,—those rare letters which form such an important part in the constructing of the History of the Church."

"Are all the members supplied with books containing the Epistles of St. Ignatius?" I asked.

"Only one book is used. From this, an appointed member reads, while the others sip tea and take notes for discussing purposes. Members are assigned to be on the alert for special phases of the reading matter. For instance, one student is appointed to note any reference to the divinity of our Lord; another to jot down allusions to the authority of the Church. By this means members obtain a first-class knowledge of the truths of faith.

"Perhaps people unacquainted with the Club and its members consider these tea socials mild affairs, but I wish you were here yesterday and heard the animated discussions over passages in the Epistles. There is not a line or a word read that the students do not weigh carefully and accurately. More than one cup of tea grows cold while

an interesting passage is being read or a heated discussion taking place."

"On Tuesday evenings I lecture on 'Doctrinal Instructions'. In these lectures, as in the reading of the Epistles, the Club members display great interest. I have often been told that my talks are altogether too short. It is a pleasure to prepare and deliver a lecture when you have such attentive and appreciative auditors as I have on Tuesday evenings."

"And then the monthly social."

"The monthly what?" I asked. I had heard what he said, plainly enough, but there was a fascinating ring in that word "social" which made me desirous of hearing it repeated.

"Monthly social. Surely, you have heard of the dance and gathering held by the Club on the last Thursday of each month?"

"In this building?"

"Certainly. Don't you think our polished floors suitable for dancing purposes?"

Mindful of several two-steps I attempted at picnic dance-halls and high-school socials, I admitted the polished floors were insurpassable for waltzing and two-stepping.

"And are these monthly gatherings largely attended?" I added.

"The attendance is just the trouble. We cannot accommodate the pleasure-seekers. At our last social one hundred chairs were available, but these did not fill the demand. Between dances many of the young people were obliged to sit on the front porch and on the hall stairs. During the dances every inch of floor space was utilized. 'There are dances and dances', I overheard a University student say, recently, 'but none as sociable and as keenly enjoyable as those held by the Newman Club'."

At the bottom of the list of questions I had scribbled in my note-book was the word "prospects".

"How bright are prospects, Father?" I asked.

"As bright as the sun. They are practically unlimited. The large and

constant influx of students is fast making this clubhouse insufficient. Larger quarters will soon be necessary. Archbishop Riordan, the guiding star of the Newman Club, is working on the problem of new and more spacious buildings. It is his intention to construct a Chapel and Lecture Hall. When these have been erected—and since Archbishop Riordan is interested in the project they certainly will be erected before long—all of the buildings will be placed under the patronage of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools."

After I had exhausted my fund of questions and had learned all I thought interesting concerning the Newman Club, Father Moore entertained me for almost an hour with simple experiments in psychology. I found the Club Chaplain so genial, so greatly interesting, that when I bade him good-by, and felt the warm pressure of his hearty hand-shake, I told him I hoped "to have the pleasure of visiting the Newman Club and Father Moore again before long."

"And I want you to come again and tell me about THE COLLEGIAN and St. Mary's," he said, as I placed my notes in my inside pocket and descended the steps.

The car whirled me back to dear old St. Mary's. Twilight was gathering as I walked up the red road leading to the College entrance. The trees threw out rare perfumes; a single bird chirped a farewell to the dying day. Then from the chapel window floated the sweet strains of the organ and the prayerful voices of the choir, telling me of evening Benediction. I paused beneath the window. Still the strains of the inspiring music and the fragrance of sweet-scented incense came flowing, flowing, flowing. Within the chapel two hundred pure-souled students were offering adoration to their God. "How many are the advantages of the Catholic college boy over the students of non-sectarian schools," I thought. My mind wandered to the hundreds of Catholic students out there among the Berkeley hills with no evening Benediction to assist them in walking the thorny and rocky path of life. "But they have a Newman Club and a Father Moore," I mused. And as the sweet music ceased and the solemn peal of the altar-bell announced the evening benison, I bowed my head and breathed a brief, sincere prayer that the Newman Club might long continue the good work so auspiciously begun.

—JOHN P. DORAN.

A REVERIE

ONE sweet, one plaintive thought of thee
When daylight fades across the sea,
Where last we saw that setting sun
Fade brightly when the day was done;
How oft upon that lonely shore
My soul has strayed; nor ever more
Can life present to fancy's view
So fair a scene as while with you
I saw that sun sink down the west,
Where love and hope for e'er must rest;
And oft I wish, since their bright light
No longer shines throughout the night,
To pass into eternity,
Like that bright sun I saw with thee.

—FRESHMAN RHYME.

THE HEROIC ELEMENT IN CHURCH HISTORY

THE heroic element is of the very essence of Christianity; it runs through its history and hagiography like a silver thread in the warp and woof of its wonderful fabric. The Founder of Christianity was heroic in His incarnation, in His life, in His death, in His doctrine, and in the ideal which He set to His followers: "Be ye perfect as my Heavenly Father is perfect." "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." To this lofty heroism of life He does not call the few; He calls all; and so throughout the history of the Church we find heroes in every grade of society, in every avocation, in every age, from the heroic time of the bloody Roman persecutions to the unbloody though no less relentless tyranny which is carried on at the present day in France by the enemies of the true faith.

According to Webster, "heroism consists in a contempt of danger not from ignorance or inconsiderate levity, but from a noble devotion to some great cause and a just confidence of being able to meet danger in the spirit of such a cause." Heroism is of the very essence of history, which, without it, would be an incomplete synopsis of events. Secular history would be imperfectly understood were it not blended with that of the Church. Up to the time of the Reformation these were so connected that the mention of one implied the other. However, the accounts of persecutions and the wonderful progress of the Church are necessarily interwoven with hagiography, without which we cannot obtain a comprehensive idea of Church history.

The heroic example of Christ bore its fruit. It served to inspire others to practice virtue. In order to more fully comprehend the effects of His life and heroism, it is well to chronologically review the heroes of the Church. We will be forced to recognize the fact already stated; that heroic sanctity is an invariable concomitant of the Church in time and place, and a per-

petual witness of her supernatural origin and character.

No man who has perused history can forget the persecutions of the Christians by the pagan Romans. During those times an innumerable army of martyrs died for their faith. Men, women and children placed their heads upon the block rather than deny their God. Thousands suffered frightful torments before leaving this world, and it was the contemplation of those tortures that caused some to prefer the pleasures of the world to the everlasting happiness of heaven.

The example of the martyrs brought about the conversion of the world. Even cruel, pagan Rome fell a happy victim to the faith of Christ. But peace had no sooner been established in the Eternal City than there arose an appalling persecution in Persia. Here again heroes of the faith sprang up and defended the Church. The invasions of the barbarians made no break in the history of heroism.

A new phase of heroic life was seen, when the monasteries of St. Basil in the east, St. Benedict in the west, and St. Columbia in the north, were established. Hitherto the defenders of the faith were for the most part single-handed in their labors. But a life in community was opened up to those who wished to consecrate themselves to God. Thousands grasped the opportunities and, as a consequence, we find them in uncivilized nations working patiently and arduously among the pagans. If death was to be their lot in pursuance of their task, they cheerfully accepted the martyr's crown. But when they fell there were always others eager to take their places.

A few centuries ago we see Gregory VII, St. Bernard and St. Anselm, who taught and astonished the world by the wisdom of their writings and the holiness of their lives. Then came the mighty thirteenth century, with saints numbered by the thousands, who followed in the footsteps of St. Dominic

and St. Francis and spread themselves over the world preaching the Gospel to the pagan.

Even in the time when the harmony and unity of Christian nations were destroyed by the voice of the German apostate, preaching the erroneous doctrine of private judgment in religious matters, the golden chain of heroic life was unbroken. St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Brigid of Sweden, together with the countless persons who suffered in Germany and England, brightened that dark day of the Church. John Fisher, Thomas More and the observant Friars imitated the early martyrs, in the persecutions of the infamous Henry VIII and his successor.

Toward the end of the sixteenth and in the early part of the seventeenth century the annals of sanctity, like the sparks which run amid the reeds, lighted up a brilliant flame that illumined the whole world. The names of Francis Xavier, Philip Neri, Teresa, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, and De La Salle in Europe, and Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemand in America, were on all tongues. Their heroic deeds made a lasting impression on the minds of men. Read the accounts of the life and death of Father Brebeuf and you will find in every line actions

which are clearly stamped with the characteristics of true heroism.

The martyrs of England in the Elizabethan age proved to the world that they were prompted by more than mere natural motives to sacrifice themselves for their religion. During the same century immense multitudes shed their blood for the faith in Japan, where the persecution rivaled in atrocity that of pagan Rome. The attacks upon the Church in Ireland, Germany and Russia in the seventeenth century produced thousands of heroes and saints.

From that time to the present day the heroic element has not been absent from the history of the Church. During the past fifty years we have witnessed the sacrifices which have been made by Christian men and women. True, owing to the spread of Christian civilization the number of martyrs has greatly decreased. Yet the heroism of old is still to be found in those noble souls who separate themselves from the innumerable pleasures of the world, who bestow their goods for the benefit of the poor, and who follow in the footsteps of the Savior carrying His cross, in atonement for the transgressions of men.

—J. P. DONEGAN.

MY OLD COLLEGE

BEFORE yon venerable ruin I stand,
Whose time-tinged walls with fadeless moss is set,
While gleams the sun on every parapet,
Casting a glance of radiance o'er the land
I gaze; conflictuous relics of the past,
That rest in memory in an idle band—
Heaped up like mountains, dimly seen yet vast—
Again come surging to my pensive mind
The school-day hours, the faces left behind—
The reflex of calm heaven—happy years,
Lighting my aged eyes with glistening tears;
Oh, blithesome youth, thou'rt fleeting as the wind
That glads each one with pure Elysian breath—
A moment's bliss when thou art snatched by death.

—J. T. NUNAN.

LONG-HEADED BARRY

I HAD often heard of and met persons of peculiar idiosyncrasies, but I must confess that John Wilson eclipsed them all. Even in the combing of his hair or the blacking of his shoes he had a way of his own. My old schoolmaster used to say that if John had a crow he would paint it white in order to be different from anybody else. The moment one of his neighbors imitated him, even in the most trivial affair, John would immediately begin searching out a new method, even if it took him weeks and months to do so. At the same time he generally succeeded in whatever he undertook. John Wilson was certainly in a class by himself, and was known as such by all his acquaintances.

This strange genius had the most beautiful demesne you could wish to behold. His residence was a two-story building situated on a hill, which lorded its height over the surrounding country. Many a time, in my boyhood days, did I bound over these fields, and happy was I when Wilson did not catch me; for I firmly believed that he would not let a bird trespass on his property if he could possibly keep it off.

Mr. Wilson had a handsome daughter, and he took a particular interest in her choice of a husband. He had amassed a considerable fortune, yet he was by no means stingy. Not wishing to have the fruit of his hard years of toil squandered by an unworthy person, he decided, after much deliberation, that the young man, who could prove his worth, might have his daughter, together with all the wealth he possessed. This fact being made known, the news spread through the district, and every young man who could count money set his hat jauntily on the side of his head, expecting to be the successful competitor.

On looking out the window one morning, John Wilson was terror-stricken. There was a crowd of young men gathered around the front of the house, engaged in animated discourse. Some had waited since midnight, in

order to have first chance; as they considered that with a little patience it would be feasible to please Mr. Wilson and so win the hand of his daughter. Not so thought John Wilson. He knew that it would be some time before he could get the man he desired. What John wanted was a son-in-law with a long head, and he was determined to wait for months, aye for years, if necessary, until he would meet the person he wanted.

"I want you", said John to the first competitor, "to boil me an egg, in such a way that it will be both hard and soft, and at the same time it will be neither hard nor soft."

"That is quite easy", replied the young man, with his eyes almost darting out of his head with delight at the thought of so simple a task.

"Perhaps you won't think so when you get through", was Wilson's quiet reply.

The first egg being boiled, the young man set it before Wilson.

"That's too soft", replied John, when he opened it.

The young hopeful then boiled another a little harder.

"That's too hard", was the curt answer of Wilson, on examining the second venture.

The young man worked on and on, trying in every possible and impossible way to find a means to suit Mr. Wilson, but in vain. Every egg he boiled was either too hard or too soft. He now began to experience the truth of Mr. Wilson's words: that it was not so simple a matter, after all.

Several other clever young aspirants tried, with no better results. It was the same old story. At last they concluded that the imposed task could not be fulfilled, and it became customary among the boys, when any person was too exacting, to say, "You are as hard to please as old John Wilson." At any rate, they became convinced that Wilson's daughter would have to wait quite a time for a husband. Perhaps old John thought so himself; how-

ever, he had made up his mind in this matter, and once John Wilson decided upon a thing you might as well try to stop the tide with a pitchfork as move him.

Early one morning a young man rang the door-bell; Wilson opened the door and politely ushered him into the drawing-room.

"I have come to try for the hand of your daughter", said the young man.

Miss Wilson blushed, as she heard the remark. She had seen most all the previous competitors for her hand, but did not particularly care for any of them. But the new-comer, a Mr. Will Barry, seemed to take her fancy. She thought if she could only give him a little premonition all would be well; but no, he must take his chance like the others.

"I want you", said Wilson, pere, "in the first place, to boil me an egg which will be both hard and soft, and at the same time it will be neither hard nor soft."

"That will not give me much trouble", replied young Barry.

"It won't, eh? You just wait until you do it; you will probably find out that this thing is not so simple as you imagine. Many have tried this task, young man, yet not one has so far succeeded."

After being escorted to the kitchen, Barry placed one end of an egg down in the ashes, so that the one half of it was roasted, while the other was almost raw.

"Here it is, soft or hard, as you please. It all depends on the end you break", said the young man to Wilson.

"Bravo! You are the cleverest boy I have ever seen, but I want you to remain for a few days until I find out to my satisfaction if you are the happy man to claim my daughter."

This proposition was perfectly agreeable to the young man, who was much elated by his first success. The following morning he was shown what was to be done before breakfast, which to him seemed a week's work. He managed, however, to finish within the allotted time, and was called to break-

fast; but much to his surprise all that was set before him would not take off the edge of his hunger. He began to lose courage, fearing that Wilson would get the better of him this time. He put his hands to his head and thought for a few moments. In the meantime, Wilson was chuckling with delight, on seeing the predicament in which he had placed young Barry.

"How do you like your breakfast?" began Wilson.

"Why, it's excellent. I might have traveled all day and not found anything like it. But if you don't mind, we might as well have dinner now, and I won't have to come back at noon-time."

Wilson assented, and in a few minutes the dinner, if you could so call what was put on the table, was quickly disposed of.

"Are you satisfied now?" said Wilson.

"I could not be otherwise, but I think we might as well have supper now, and then we won't have to eat any more during the day," suavely remarked Barry.

"I am quite satisfied," replied Wilson, with great delight.

"What do you generally do after supper?" inquired the young man.

"After supper it is customary to go to bed."

"Well, I suppose I will have to follow the custom."

"What!" cried Wilson, with astonishment, "Go to bed at this time in the morning!"

"Why, I would not break the rules of the house for all the riches of the world."

In a short time Wilson, in a subdued tone, acknowledged the young Will Barry to be his master in resource. He had got what he wanted, a son-in-law with a long head, and was perfectly satisfied. The young man won the much-sought fortune, and at the same time the most accomplished girl in the county.

—H. J. CARROLL.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROVINCETOWN SPEECH

IN his late Provincetown speech, President Roosevelt has so clearly defined his position in respect to the most important issues now before the public that there is no longer any doubt as to the policy he will pursue during the remainder of his tenure of office. He is resolved that, come what may, the laws will be obeyed by all alike. Huge combinations of wealth known as trusts, in the past, managed to evade obedience. This must stop. The official head of the nation serves notice on the multi-millionaire violators of the law that they will be regarded and treated like other criminals.

"Certain malefactors of great wealth", to use President Roosevelt's own words, "are no longer to enjoy immunity from legal pains and penalties—an immunity which, if enjoyed for a generation or two more, would become a vested right. They are to be made to learn the much needed lesson that this is a government of laws and not of privileges."

There is no question but they will fight the President with their peculiar weapons. What desperate means they were prepared to resort to, was shown lately when they brought about a species of panic in Wall Street, which indirectly might have produced a business and industrial panic that would have involved millions of innocent victims. President Roosevelt, referring to these tactics of multi-millionaires, who would intimidate the Administration, says:

"It may be that the determination of the Government, in which, gentlemen, it will not waver, to punish certain malefactors of great wealth, has been responsible for something of the troubles, at least to the extent of having caused these men to combine to bring about as much financial stress as they possibly can, in order to discredit the policy of the Government and thereby secure a reversal of that policy; that they may enjoy the fruits of their own evil doing."

The attempt to depreciate the price of stocks, thereby creating a lack of confidence and a tight money market, was expected to disorganize the business of the country; these malefactors have been warned by the Administration notification, that henceforth they will have to obey the law. If for a moment they flattered themselves with the hope that they would intimidate President Roosevelt, they did not know their man. He serves upon them due notice of what they may expect during the remainder of his unexpired term of office. In these plain, straight-forward terms he tells them what he intends doing:

"Once for all, let me say that as far as I am concerned, and for the remaining months of my Administration, there will be no change in the policy we have steadily pursued, no let-up in the effort to secure the honest observance of the law, for I regard this contest as one to determine who shall rule this Government—the people, through their agents, or a few ruthless and determined men whose wealth makes them particularly formidable, because they hide behind the breastworks of corporate organization."

The President, in a few words, condenses the greatest issue that the American people have been called upon to settle since the close of the Civil War. It is well that the President, with all the authority of his office, has placed before his countrymen so clearly the real nature of the contest that has to be fought out with the Rockefellers, the Harrimans and other malefactors of great wealth. Endless debates on the Sherman Law, the Interstate Commerce Law and kindred subjects would never bring out so definitely the question that is to be submitted to the verdict of the people as do the words just quoted from the President's Provincetown speech. Which will rule in this country, an oligarchy of wealth or the will of the people, expressed through the ballot box?

President Roosevelt, with that honesty of purpose for which his countrymen give him credit and with the unflinching courage and indomitable energy so characteristic of him, has bent himself to the task of fighting the evil influence of plutocracy for which he entertains unmitigated contempt. The following extract of his speech shows how he regards it:

"There exists no more sordid and unlovely type of social development than Plutocracy, for there is a peculiar unwholesomeness in a social and governmental ideal where wealth by and of itself is held up to us as the greatest good. The materialism of such a view, whether it finds its expression in the life of a man who accumulates a vast fortune in ways that are repugnant to every instinct of generosity and of fair dealing, or whether it finds its expression in the rapidly useless and self-indulgent life of the inheritor of that fortune, is contemptible in the eyes of all men capable of a thrill of lofty feel-

ing. Where the power of the law can be wisely used to prevent or to minimize the acquisition or business employment of such wealth and make it pay by income or inheritance tax, its proper share of the burden of the Government, I would invoke that power without a moment's hesitation."

It was high time that what may be designated dollar-worship should be shown up in its true light. That worship has had a great deal to do with the political and social corruption which at one time took on so menacing a form. Its high priests, whom President Roosevelt is determined to bring under the curb of the law, will have their power for evil diminished when they come to be regarded in the light of malefactors. Hitherto they have posed as the elect, whose will should be deferred to in all matters. They have acted very stupidly in raising the issue, whether they shall or shall not be compelled to obey the law.

—'08.

BEREAVED

THE cold, cold fogs come in from the sea,
And pierce to my very bone,
And they bring old memories back to me,
As I sit in my grief alone;
For I think of the time when the light of love
Shed a halo 'round my life,
When mine was the bliss of the saints above,
In the smiles of a sweet, young wife.

But cold, cold fogs blew in from the sea,
And palled in the skies above,
And they brought black sorrow and woe to me—
They blighted the heart of my love;
And she sank like a rose that the Frost King kills
When He visits the earth too soon;
And I made her a grave on the Oakland hills
In the time of the flowery June.

—T. P. O'KEEFE.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PATRIOTISM

TO admire the genius and beauty of the Christian religion it is necessary to observe the inestimable influence which she has everywhere exercised. No matter in what direction we turn our gaze, whether to literature, to the arts and sciences, or to social life, we are sure to find some trace which reveals the impress of the bountiful hand of religion. By what talismanic charm did she elevate the thoughts and desires of the human heart, purify the morals of men, and transform what was once a brutal impulse into a virtuous passion? It was, by inculcating the sublime virtue of charity, by impressing upon the minds and hearts of men the spirit of benevolence and humanity, and making them feel that true valor does not consist in mere bodily strength, but in greatness of soul. Such were the grand principles with which Christianity sought to actuate the passions of men, and by which she has invested patriotism with its true characteristics, disinterestedness, humanity and justice. These are the marks which have so brilliantly distinguished Christian heroes.

Pagan society, with all its show of grandeur, was a chaos of luxury, depravity and foulness. The ideas and habits of men were completely divorced from all that is genuine or elevating; while avarice and ferocity were the only motives which seemed to stimulate men to action. Patriotism, it is true, displayed itself gallantly upon many a battle-field. But, lay aside the impression which a few brilliant actions produce on us, and endeavor to estimate them by the light of what we now conceive to be the characteristics of true patriotism—nobility and grandeur of soul, and we shall find that far from exciting in us reverence for such prodigies, they present scenes from which the finer feelings of our nature recoil in horror. What of a Scaevola, thrusting his hand into the fire in order to show the fortitude of a Roman sol-

dier? The same hand would crimson itself in the life-blood of a fallen foe, begging for quarter. What of patriotism in the oft-quoted expression of the Spartan mother who, on presenting the shield to her son on his way to the battle-field, said: "Return with this, or upon it!" It only shows that a state fetichism had obliterated the natural instincts of the maternal heart. Pagan heroes were no more self-sacrificing than the Nihilists of today. They annihilated themselves for the State, because they knew not what it was to be men. Men who could adore a god that devoured his own children might immolate themselves for the State, and call their fanaticism patriotism; but it was no patriotism! The sentiment of their wars was "Woe to the conquered!" Defeat meant slavery or death. The brave days of old are entirely too much exaggerated; ancient poetry and modern rhetoric and declamation have thrown a halo around, which a little history and less philosophy soon dissipates. The ancients were never actuated by that lofty, generous and disinterested patriotism which produced such heroes as a Tancred, a Godfrey and other leaders of the Crusades who offered up their lives, not only in defense of their country, but for civilization; for religion and for their God. These were the men that Christianity produced. Men who did not forget charity and humanity in their conflicts, and allow unbridled passion to nerve their arms in securing the object of their ambition.

Theirs was a loftier, a higher motive, fidelity to God, and fidelity to their country. It is not so much to their brilliant feats of arms as to their virtues that we are compelled to offer our tribute of respect. Behold the sacred and majestic valor which animated the breast of the brave Roland, the flower of the French chivalry, offering himself upon the field of Roncevaux. Behold the young Maid of Orleans taking the sword from off the altar and going forth, the leader of legions, for the sal-

vation of her country. These are the names that Christian writers should celebrate in poetry and song, in place of a Horatius or a Virginius. Their loyalty to God and country will endure as long as time.

But, while we linger in admiration on the glowing heroism of the soldier in battle, let us not forget those true, devoted sentinels and soldiers of humanity who brave not only the din of battle, but pestilence, slavery and martyrdom; and for what? To bring succor to afflicted humanity, to moisten the parched lips of the soldier on the battle-field, to proclaim the rights of the poor and the feeble, or to preach

the Gospel in savage lands. The people of America venerate the ashes of him who secured for them the blessings of freedom—the immortal Washington. On the heath-clad hills of Scotland, the sword of Bruce is yet a bright tradition, while the name of Tell yet resounds in glory among the majestic hills of Switzerland. Every country glories in its own; but only those who have conquered self, and tempered their patriotism with the love of virtue, of mankind and of God, can hope to be known throughout the world, and have their names perpetuated.

—R. J. DORAN.

SWEET MOTHER

SWEET Mother, thou whose virgin breast
Pure as the snow-drift of the morn,
Or glist'ning dew-drop in the sun,
Thou who for us all blessings won,
Sweet Mother, hear our prayer.

Bright star o'er life's unhallow'd main,
Our guide to immortality,
Whose crystal ray o'er ocean foam,
Guides far and wide thy children home,
Sweet Virgin, hear our prayer.

O, guard and guide our souls to thee,
Through darkling ocean's fitful tide,
Until at last we meet the light
Of Heaven's glow; but now 'tis night,
And, Mother, hear our prayer.

—C. M.



EDITORIAL

The Collegian

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR YEARLY FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

EDITORIAL STAFF

FRANK J. HART, '08 - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
R. J. DORAN, '08 - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

T. P. O'KEEFE '08 - - - - - J. P. DORAN, '09
H. J. CARROLL, '09 - - - - - C. T. MOUL, '11
REGINALD J. GUICHARD, '08 - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER
F. W. DUNN, '08 - - - - - ASSISTANT MANAGER

A GAIN THE COLLEGIAN craves the support of the student body. The financial end of our magazine is progressing pretty fairly, for our last appeal was met substantially. But THE COLLEGIAN's greatest desire is literary support. There are men, too numerous to mention, in the collegiate classes and, in fact, in several "prep" classes, who could contribute articles without serious inconvenience. These students seem to have but little ambition, and probably not one of them could be goaded into attempting a story. The treatment that this official College organ receives from our literary students is not what it should be. We are forced to scrape and dig for articles month after month, when we should, in proportion to the talent of our students, have a wide range of papers to select from. With the assistance THE COLLEGIAN rightfully demands from the undergraduates, St. Mary's can surely attain distinction in the world of college journalism. No one need be ashamed to contribute, for all articles will be courteously received and fairly judged, and every contributor will be reckoned a man with the true St. Mary's spirit.

The possibilities of trans-Atlantic navigation is a much-mooted question

at present. The recent phenomenal trip of the "Lusitania" from Queenstown to New York, in the almost incredible time of five days and fifty-four minutes, has started scientific tongues a-wagging all over the country and, naturally, the "Lusitania's" great performance is now history, and will soon be a commonplace feat. Prominent men have even prophesied a two-day voyage across the Atlantic, and milder statements place a minimum time limit at four days. Considering the present circumstances, a two-day trip would be impossible, for the resistance of water to velocity and the present standard of propelling contrivances would hardly permit it. It is figured that a boat using the propeller now in use could attain a certain speed, hardly over thirty knots; but above that certain limit there could be no increase, for the construction of the propeller and the action of the water upon it is such that, however many revolutions made by it in a unit of time, the increased power would not tend to send the ship forward at a new velocity. The great surface of the ship which is drawn into water is another setback. All things considered, navigation will have to undergo a great revolution before we can dream of a two-day voyage across

the pond. There is one new revelation, however, which, upon its face, looks to be feasible to a high degree and which may become a strong factor in speedy navigation. This new scheme is that of an aerial inventor, who failed in his project, but who tried the elements of his invention on water and found much more satisfaction on the sea than in the atmosphere. His boat, which is of the flat-bottom variety and is fitted with an arrangement of planes beneath the body, rises out of the water, according to hydraulic principles, as the speed increases, and finally the resistance of water is minimized by the small surface in the water. This boat has been constructed on a small scale and tried with a fair measure of success; but it is a more extensive problem to build a satisfactory boat of great dimensions, and, again, the fault of the present day propeller would have to be remedied in order to cross the Atlantic in two days. The storms at sea would be another problem for such an oddly constructed craft and other oceanic obstacles could not be easily overcome. Just at present the outlook is not bright and we can hardly expect, during the few short, remaining years of terrestrial life allotted us, to make a three-day imposition upon the hospitality of our cousins in the old country by simply shaking the cares of every-day life for a lone week.

The students of the University of California have taken serious steps in making boxing a college sport. A club has been formed and prominent prize-fighters have been wine and dine and have made boosting talks under the auspices of the associated students. Boxing is a fine sport when it is clean, and it would naturally attain a high degree of cleanliness as a college pastime. Every young man should be able to amply protect himself in emergency cases and, in fact, in cases generally. All well and good is this idea of boxing as a college sport and it would be highly beneficial, but some long-headed character suggests that boxing be made an intercollegiate sport. Competitive boxing between two husky students

from rival colleges would be highly interesting and would make truly sweet food for the rooting and spectatorial contingents, and would call for an abnormal amount of college spirit, and this seems to be sufficient qualification for any old pastime to gain a hold on the present-day college student.

There now exists a very effective law in Italy regarding strikers. Any striking man whose walk-out affects national communication is guilty of a misdemeanor and will receive adequate punishment from the Italian Government. However effective this law is in Italy, it would practically enslave union labor here in the United States, for capital in our own free land is certainly more aggressive than it is in sunny Italy.

A haughty young lady, entering a popular theater a few days ago, became grossly insulted when asked to sit next two of Uncle Sam's fighting jackies. The brainless female would cheerfully sit next to a disreputable bartender or a crooked politician, but next to a sailor boy—never. When the usher indicated the seat she turned her nose skyward, gathered her skirts tightly about her, and with a look of scorn and contempt left the play-house.

The young lady is merely one of a class of individuals who can see nothing but repulsiveness in our fighting laddies. That class look upon our sailors as animals intended solely for the sea, as unpolished and uncultured, and as unfit persons with whom to sit in a theater or a street car. The injustice of this idea it is not necessary to indicate. Everybody with the ordinary amount of brains perceives that the boys in blue are deserving of infinitely more praise and thanks than the American citizens can bestow. Their life is sufficiently strenuous and dreary without mush-brained land-lubbers assailing them with abuse and derision.

In less than a year the great American fleet will steam into San Francisco bay. This means that, nightly, several hundred sailors will be patronizing the theaters and amusement houses of San Francisco and the neighboring cities.

The question is, Will the residents of the bay cities accord these several hundred sailors the courtesy and respect that should be theirs or heap upon them unjustifiable scorn and abuse? The boys in blue do not crave for elaborate receptions or sumptuous banquets; but they do ask and certainly should get the consideration and treatment given to gentlemen.

The month that the poets call "the dark and drear November" has been set aside by Holy Church for the benefit of the dead—of all who die in the Lord. The Christian family is a large one; but she who is the common mother of all, does not forget one of her numerous children. The saints are her joy, and on their glorious festival she thanks God with solemn pomp and prayer for all the graces bestowed upon them. Her children on the earth are her constant care; she speaks to them daily, guiding their footsteps, blessing their actions, pardoning their sins and leading them heavenward.

But she has still another band of beloved ones,—children whose names,

perhaps, are forgotten by every one, whose memories have no place in any human heart, but to whom she clings with all a mother's unfaltering affection. These are the souls in Purgatory—the members of the "Church Suffering",—holy and sanctified souls, but who are not yet permitted to enjoy the raptures of the beatific vision. For these she has also a day of special commemoration, of prayer and sacrifice. She strips from her altars the bright flowers that adorned them on the festival of All Saints; and on the following day, in robes of mourning and with a voice of grief, she offers up the Adorable Sacrifice for all her suffering children. Not content with a passing thought, she enjoins the remembrance of those dear ones upon the rest of her beloved flock throughout the entire month.

The "dreary, dark November" seems to be a month peculiarly adapted to the commemoration of the dead, of those who in exile and tears are waiting for the passing away of winter and for the bright dawning of beautiful, eternal spring.

THE WESTERN SPIRIT

"WAND'RING workman from the West,
With the Western spirit blessed,
On our winding 'B. and O.'
Where so late, say, would you go?"

"I am bound for Washington,
Where, I hope, a Western son
May find, near the Capitol dome,
Hearts like those he left at home.

O, the Northern ways are cold.
In the Southland, I am told,
Smiles and cordial hearts are found
And hospitalities abound."

"What we hear is not all true—
Harden steel, but temper too—
Business crowds the Northern mind;
Southern leisure *should* be kind.

"What's the spirit of the West?"
My inquiry then I pressed;
I had touched a tender spot;
Deep he thought, but answered not.

Last, he turned his pensive head
And, with strange emotion, said:

"Spirit of the Pioneers,
Lion-brave, yet sweet to tears!

"Every stranger was thy friend
And the friendship did not end
Till he proved himself untrue—
Then a bullet shot him through.

"Wild, robust and nature-free,
Indian-roaming blends in thee,
With a love for home and law
Great as this world ever saw.

"Canyons grand, and endless plains,
Wondrous streams and mountain chains,
Giant trees, and sunsets gold,
All have helped thy spirit mould.

"Spirit independent, true,
Ever taking friendly view;
In my dear and golden West,
Ever stranger is a guest.

"Strenuous, like thy cowboys' shout,
Rough, like bark of oak, without,
Hardy, like the oak, within,—
Spirit that makes Labor win.

"Spirit, simple, cordial, frank—
Aristocracy and rank
Mar thee not and cannot shake;
Thou dost give the truth and take.

"Strong, straightforward, quick, sincere—
'Tis in vain I seek thee here.
Pardon friend, my prejudice—
Homesick hearts *will* speak like this."

Then the wand'rer said good-night;
Can it be that he is right?
Can the new and recent West
Breathe the nation's spirit best?

Then the West I wandered through,
Listen, for my words are true:
Freedom in his Eastern prime
Roamed abroad to Western clime;

Woody and wedded Virtue's hand
And his children fill the land;
Like the flowers on their shore,
There they dwell forevermore.

—F. C.

COLLEGE ITEMS

BROTHER UDALRICK, for many years connected with St. Mary's, has been transferred to Sacramento. During his long stay at the College, whether as Prefect, Infirmary or Refectory, he endeared himself to the students by his unselfish devotion to their interests. Many a sick, suffering student in the past owes his restoration to health to the assiduous and untiring labors of Brother Udalrick. We all wish him every blessing in his new field of labor. His place here is now occupied by Brother Aldrick.

The Seniors held their class election on Wednesday, the 4th ult. The coveted position of President fell to the lot of Mr. Edward Rogers of Alameda. Mr. Rogers is well known in the town of his birth, the citizens of which are much enthused over the honor accorded him. Keen rivalry marked the scramble for the other class offices. The result was the election of the following: R. J. Doran, Vice-President; T. P. O'Keefe, Secretary; R. J. Guichard, Treasurer; R. W. Merrick, Historian. Installation of the new officers immediately followed the election.

At the first regular meeting of the Senior Class, President Rogers addressed the members on the absolute need of harmony and real work, sometimes termed "college spirit". A committee, with Paul Dufore as Chairman, was appointed and instructed to design a class pin. Some drama will be staged by the class for presentation prior to the Christmas holidays. The '08 Seniors are superbly enthusiastic in the path histrionic. Several departures from old and conventional lines are promised; among them will be the donning of the "gown and mortar" at the graduation exercises and the discarding of the full dress. Success to the originality of the '08 Seniors.

The Engineering department is down to business, and the midnight juice is being squeezed out of the wires, with-

out question as to night rates. The reason is evident: more work than troubles, more troubles than time; therefore, more work than time. Work and troubles seem to be the constituent atoms of a molecule of a newly discovered element which seems to pervade all that space occupied by her majesty, Annie Mec Hanic. This lady sometimes balances herself on one foot, on a uniform rod of length L, supported against a smooth wall and kept from sliding away by a string. How heavy is Annie? This secret is the cause of some anxious investigation at present. Then again, a solution is sought for the vexing question, How to make a roof strong enough to support two, with only some lumber and a few borrowed tools? There are many, many more questions to be answered, and persistency will act as a dissolver for the W_2T_1 element.

On Friday evening, the 27th of September, the large students' hall was filled with warm supporters of athletics. It was the occasion of the annual election of officers of the Athletic Association for the term 1907-08.

Candidates seeking office were on the campus for a week previous canvassing votes. So fervid were the adherents of every candidate that a definite selection remained uncertain until the votes had been tallied and totaled.

Mr. Harry Davie, '07, called the meeting to order. When the new President of the Association was announced, Mr. Davie retired.

The several candidates elected to represent the Athletic Association for the term 1907-08 are as follows:

President, Thomas Feeney, '08; Vice-President, Francis J. Hart, '08; Secretary, William Davie, '10; Treasurer, Lucien Faure, '08; Field Captain, Francisco Arata.

At a meeting called by President "Tom" Feeney of the S. M. C. A. A., the managers of the several depart-

ments of athletics were appointed and instructed in their respective duties. The selections of the President met the approval of the Association. He certainly has displayed executive ability as the leader of the student body, and it is due to his initiative that athletics have received the latest boom. For baseball manager of the Independents, P. B. Sheehan has been appointed, with Arthur Dana as captain. Jim Smith will look after the interests of the Young Phoenix, while Willie Davie will take care of the Imperials.

Jerome P. Donegan is manager of the Billiard Hall, with P. B. Sheehan as assistant.

The basketball team is managed by W. L. Kidston, assisted by H. Gianella.

Clifford Russell has charge of the tennis courts.

The Press Committee has for Chairman, R. J. Doran, who will be helped by F. J. Hart, J. P. Doran, J. J. Burke and W. L. Kidston.

The College Orchestra has been organized for the season. With the outgoing of last year's graduates, many of our best musicians were lost to us. However, Professor Schorcht announces that the gaps have been filled satisfactorily. The place at the piano, so well filled by our "Eddie" Burns, has been assigned to William Burke of the Freshman Class. The Orchestra has long enjoyed a reputation for proficiency, having performed in nearly all the bay towns. Applications for engagements extend far into the season.

Rev. Father T. V. Moore, C. S. P., is at present giving to the students a series of lectures on Philosophical subjects. Father Moore is well known to the students; his interesting talk last term on "Hypnotism" still lingers in their minds. As an authority on Philosophy he needs no introduction in these columns.

The first series of lectures covered quite a portion of the field of Ethics. Father Moore analyzed the several systems of Philosophy in relation to Ethics. He showed that antecedent to all

systems, religion formed the basis upon which all philosophical structures must be erected.

The initial lecture was delivered on Friday, October 4th. The course was continued on the consecutive Fridays throughout the month. It has been announced that Father Moore will be engaged to lecture at St. Mary's for the entire semester. The student body are keenly appreciative of his ability, and extend to him and the faculty sincere thanks.

Historian of the Senior Class, Ray Merrick gives out the pleasant surprise that his confreres are about to organize an orchestra all their own. There is certainly no dearth of talent among the "last year" men. With such performers as O'Keefe on the violin, Grundell at the piano, Guichard with the cornet, Dunn with the drum, and Dana with the trombone, there is every likelihood of a real orchestra evolving from the versatile '08 men.

The initial engagement of St. Mary's Orchestra fell to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Oakland, on the occasion of the opening of a church fair held at St. Mary's hall on Tuesday evening, the 14th ult. The features of the entertainment were easily the excellent renditions by the band.

The wild "mahouts" of the Freshman Class were tendered a needed taming by the Seniors. To satisfy their literary tendency, the "babies" thought it well to publish a class-paper and thus poke fun and josh galore at the upper classmen. To this step there was offered no objection; but when it was breezed that "Freshville" had adopted the time-honored name of "Ye Howl" for their paper, the Seniors at once asserted their unquestioned rights as the sole proprietors and publishers of the old **Ye Howl**. Freshmen! look ye for another name.

The recently organized "Press Club" at St. Mary's held its first regular meeting on Tuesday evening, October the 14th. It was decided that each member be assigned to one of the daily papers. All news of College activities will be sent to the public press through the committee. It will be the duty of the members to correspond weekly with the several journals. Any official news whatsoever must bear the signature of some one member of the "Press Club". Following are the students comprising it: F. J. Hart, '08; J. P. Doran, '09; J. J. Burke, '09; W. L. Kidston, '10; R. J. Doran (Chairman), '08.

So great has been the influx of new students during the past month that two new classrooms have been constructed on the main floor of the building. St. Mary's is fast approaching its full capacity.

Mr. E. C. Pomeroy of the Barbarian Rugby Club has been secured by the Athletic Association to coach the College boys in the game of Rugby. Mr. Pomeroy, besides being an authority on the game, is a clever player, having an experience of several seasons on European and Australian fields.

St. Mary's Sanctuary Society has been organized for the present year. At a meeting recently held Francis W. Dunn, '08, was re-elected to the Presidency. The remaining officers of the Society are as follows: Vice-President, Arthur Dana, '08; Secretary, Leo Noonan, '11; Treasurer, H. Otto Beck, '09. Brother Cornelius will act as Director.

On Sunday, October 7th, the Devotion of the Forty Hours was solemnly opened at St. Mary's. Under the supervision of Brother Cornelius the altars were artistically decorated for the occasion. The Devotion began with High mass at 6:30 o'clock, which was celebrated by the reverend chaplain. The servers were F. W. Dunn and H.

O. Beck. At the conclusion of mass, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place around the chapel. A. T. Dana acted as canopy-bearer; J. P. Donegan, cross-bearer, and P. B. Sheehan, thurifer. The members of the Sanctuary Society as well as those of the different classes spent a half-hour in adoration on Sunday and Monday. The impressive services were brought to a close on Tuesday morning with the celebration of High mass and procession as on Sunday. Professor Schorchot presided at the organ.

During the month of October the students assembled in the chapel twice during the week for the recitation of the Rosary. The practice of reciting the Rosary, found so universally among Christians and at the same time so justly dear to them, is a testimony to the power and mercy of Mary, and it is only right that the students attending a college dedicated to her honor should be the first in this beautiful devotion.

The Senior Art students are strenuously engaged wrestling with problems in philosophy and themes on weighty topics. Every student realizes the importance of keeping abreast of the studies mapped out. Besides regular class work there is an abundance of cognate reading matter to be assimilated.

The Seniors of the Engineering department have just completed a survey of a sewer line and are at present plotting their notes and designing the sewer. In the near future they will begin the preliminary survey of a railroad extending the Grand avenue line through Trestle Glen to the outskirts of Rancho del Torro. The Engineering students have begun their work with a zeal that insures success, and the present indications are that this class will break the record for the amount of work accomplished during the fall semester.

The Science library of the S. S. S. S. was enriched by the addition of several volumes from some of the old members

and friends who do not care to have their names mentioned. "Concrete-Reinforced and Plain" (Taylor and Thompson), "Mechanics of Air Machinery" (Weisbach), "History of Physics" (Lodge), "A Short History of Mathematics" (Ball) are some of the new volumes.

The S. S. S. S. wish to thank these friends for their donations and also extend their gratitude to the two old graduates who sent in subscriptions in the name of the Society to technical journals.

Ever with an eye to helping the Draughting room, Mr. Leo J. McCarthy, '06, Superintendent of Streets in Oakland, has added to his many donations of last year several valuable blueprints of works now being executed in the "Athens of the Coast". Keep it up, Leo, and let us ever see your name at the head of the list.

The Physical laboratory received quite a number of electrical appliances through the generosity of Mr. T. D. Sullivan and Mr. F. G. Cartwright of the Metropolitan Electric Co. This last named gentleman had already shown his interest in the work of the Science department by lecturing before the S. S. S. S. last year. To both gentlemen we extend cordial thanks.

The Juniors in the Science department are now putting the finishing touches to an air-line survey which was begun last June. The line runs from the College to the Piedmont Hills, a distance of two miles; they are also busy laying out a plot of land called Bon Boys' Range, situated a little east of the College. They expect soon to make some experiments in determining the velocity of light. Their professors are confident of the ability of the class to do accurate work and are looking forward for a record by the '09 men.

The Arts students are busy with their languages and becoming adepts in the study of logic. Hugh Carroll and John Doran set the pace for their

fellows. Genial Joe Collins is a late and welcome addition to the hard-working Juniors.

The students of the Sophomore Class are turning out drawing plates that bid fair to rival the best exhibits of their predecessors. They are not behind in chemical analysis, if odors and stains signify anything. The Arts students are great readers. The "Sophs", though few in numbers, boast of having representatives in every form of College sport.

The students of the Freshman Class are still continuing to keep up their good work in hard, earnest study; they have already risen to distinction in College activities. The class has recently been divided into the two collegiate courses, each of which comprises nearly an equal number of students. From the all-round, excellent work displayed by the members of this class it is evident that before long the "Freshies" will be one of the chief sources of pride of St. Mary's.

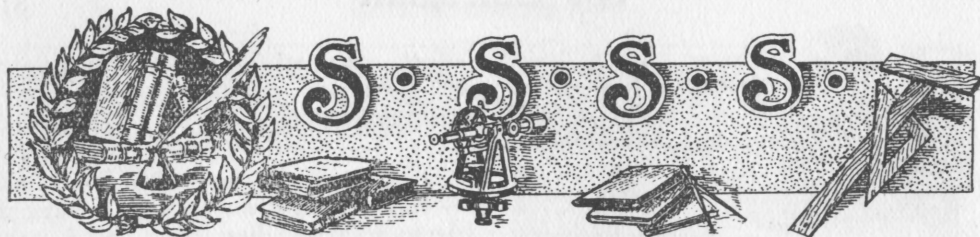
The honors in the First Academic Class were shared last month by Stacy Haskell, Irving Scott, John White, Hector McNeill and Frank Dunnigan, in the order named.

The students in the Commercial department are enthusiastic over their achievements in the Palmer Method of penmanship. As there will be another gold medal offered to the school that turns out the best exhibit this year, the penmen of St. Mary's are determined to again capture the coveted prize.

The faculty and students of the College, through THE COLLEGIAN, extend to Ray Miller, '11, and the members of his family the expression of their sympathy on the recent death of his brother, William Miller. The deceased passed away at Pinole October 19th, after a brief illness.

May his soul find peace with God.

—R. J. DORAN.



THE Science students were not slow to settle down to the work of reorganization. Hardly were the classes in running order than the familiar monogram of the S. S. S. S. invited the old members to start the ball rolling for the term of '07-08. Keenly ambitious for the high honor of being among the dignitaries of the oldest College society, those foreseeing any chance of capturing one of the positions, opened headquarters to push their claims to recognition. Several familiar with the methods of former years quietly put their heads together and divided the honors among themselves, trusting to their past records to sustain their claims.

The outcome of the elections seemed to meet with general favor. The Honorary Counselor congratulated the members on the wise selections made and bespoke energetic action on the part of the new governing body. The corps of officers for the first term is:

Edward J. Rogers, Regent; Thomas P. O'Keefe, Vice-Regent; Carl Hillman, Recorder; Arthur T. Dana, Custodian. The Engineering Committee includes: Frank J. Hart, Paul A. Dufour and Leonard E. Grundell.

The imposing ceremonies of "Installation Evening" were presided over by the Honorary Counselor, Brother R. Bernard. In short and pointed words he introduced the newly elected officers and urged on all the need of soulful co-operation to make the work of the S. S. S. S. a success, as in the past. After being inducted into their new charges the new governing body responded to the Counselor's speech by pledges of loyalty to the Science So-

ciety and renewed activity in the special line of work traced out. Regent Rogers' inaugural speech treated of "The Future of Engineering", in which he showed clearly the immense strides made in modern structures and the glowing promises of these developments. Mr. O'Keefe's maiden address took up the standard of "Honesty in the Engineer" and urged his listeners to lay deep the basis of honest, clean dealings, and a hatred for all graft. He dwelt on the many occasions of dishonesty open to a weakling in engineer work and the discredit that resulted for the profession. Speeches were made by the other members of the new board, but space makes us curtail our notes.

Steps have already been taken to open the winter course of lectures with the first week in November. Rev. H. I. Stark, '99, C. S. P., has promised to start the ball rolling by a description of his trip to the Hawaiian Islands. This will be followed by a talk on Japan, with stereopticon views by a noted speaker. "Egypt of Today" is the title of a lecture by the Honorary Counselor. The course outlined for the first part of the series promises to be of great interest to the student body and full of instruction to all.

The program of the first public meeting of the S. S. S. S. is well under way. The Engineering Committee refuse to make known the names of those selected to represent the Society to any but the recipient of the honor. The musical part of the program is in the hands of Mr. R. J. Guichard, L. E. Grundell and T. F. Feeney.



THE A. P. G. U. literary society reorganized for the year 1907-08. The preliminary meeting was called to order by President Doran on Friday, October 4th, when the election of officers took place. The officers for the ensuing semester are: President, Richard J. Doran, '08; Vice-President, P. Burnett Sheehan, '08; Secretary, Francis W. Dunn, '08; Treasurer, Raymond W. Merrick, '08; Librarian, William L. Kidston, '10.

The outlook for A. P. G. U. for the coming year is, according to the President, a bright one. The society is numerically stronger and also shows an appreciable advance in good material. The steering committee reports an excellent program of literary activity. An entertainment, literary and social will shortly be presented in the College Hall. Already the lecture series, which is a marked feature of A. P. G. U., has elicited favorable comment. In short, A. P. G. U. promises its members and the student body a pleasant and instructive year.

The society has been materially strengthened by the addition of three graduates from the Sacred Heart College. John P. Doran was former editor of the *Blue and White*, while his two associates, John J. Burke and C. W. Kelly, were both on the business department of the same paper. A. P. G. U. is indeed pleased with their joint admission to the society.

The new members from the Freshman Class are Messrs. Burke, Douglass, Russell, Miller and Moul. William Davie was the one recruit from the "Sophs". Every one of these lads was required to hand in an original paper

developed from a thesis assigned by the steering committee.

With the appointment of Brother Joseph to the Prefectship, A. P. G. U. has lost not only its Moderator, but also an active and stimulating member. However, the officers have prevailed upon their former leader not to sever entirely his connection with the society. The steering committee has obtained his consent to address the society on a literary topic some time in November.

Besides the treat promised by Brother Joseph, the steering committee also reports that lectures will be delivered before the members of the A. P. G. U. by Brother Fabrician, Brother Agnon, Brother Leo of Sacred Heart, San Francisco, and Prof. Quinlan. Who will say that the steering committee is not doing the correct thing?

Brother Zenonian has been assigned by the faculty to the position of Moderator in the A. P. G. U., vice Brother Joseph, who has been appointed Prefect of Discipline.

The A. P. G. U. have under consideration a movement toward acquiring a new and more commodious society room. The apartment in view is indeed appropriate, but it is the desire of the committee in charge to completely furnish the room for literary and social purposes. This will entail quite an expense. Should any of the former and honorary members of the society be inspired to contribute to the good cause, donations will be gratefully accepted. Address all communications to the Treasurer, R. W. Merrick.

ALUMNI NOTES

AT the request of several of the graduates we here give the addresses of the officers of the Alumni Association:

President, Hon. Frank J. Murasky, '83, 1330 Page street, San Francisco.

Vice-President, Hon. Thomas J. Lennon, '85, San Rafael.

Secretary, Francis J. Kierce, '82, 1024 Masonic avenue, San Francisco.

Treasurer, Edward R. Myrick, '81, 1833 Devisadero street, San Francisco.

The Board of Directors consist of J. F. Coffey, '75, Dr. C. D. McGettigan, '93, Rev. W. P. Sullivan, '97, Dr. W. J. Walsh, '99, J. F. Brady, '06.

The editor of this department earnestly requests the graduates to send items concerning themselves or fellow-alumni members for publication in these columns; it is only by their co-operation that he can make this department of THE COLLEGIAN what it ought to be. So don't be bashful, grads.; come up with the required dope.

On October 13th, Hon. M. T. Dooling, '80, Grand President of the Native Sons of the Golden West, delivered an impressive memorial address on the deceased members of the order.

W. J. Fitzgerald, '05, and A. T. Shine, '06, are instructors at the College. Mr. Fitzgerald is also teacher of mechanical drawing at the Sacred Heart College evening school. In addition to teaching at the College, Mr. Shine is also pursuing a course in law at Hastings Law College in San Francisco. "Dick" and "Bert" take great interest in all the affairs of their common alma mater. St. Mary's has no more loyal graduates than these worthies.

Edward C. Mix of the Bank of '93 paid us a visit lately. The "Judge", as he was familiarly known at College, is manager of a hotel in Frankfort, Mich-

igan, during the summer months, and in winter runs another hostelry in North Carolina.

Peter Campbell, ex-'96, spent a day last month at the College. He inquired for all his old classmates and was agreeably surprised at the improvements around the College. "Pete" is now engaged in mining in Prescott, Arizona.

Daniel A. Ryan, an old Sacred Heart College boy, and law partner of H. J. McIsaac, '96, is the Republican nominee for Mayor of San Francisco. We wish Mr. Ryan success.

Daniel C. Murphy, '88, at present Supervisor in San Francisco, is a candidate for re-election.

Joseph L. Taaffe, '96, is the Republican nominee for Police Judge.

Dr. W. J. Walsh, '99, the present Coroner of San Francisco, is on the Union Labor Party ticket for re-election.

We hope to hear of their election.

The College library received a valuable donation from Rev. Joseph A. McAuliffe, '90. Among the volumes presented was a rare set of Pope's works in seven volumes, printed in 1764, and a collection of Dryden's poems, dated 1798. We hope Father "Joe's" example will find imitators among our alumni.

On September 29th, A. D. Pryal, father of W. D. Pryal, Bank of '76, passed away at his Claremont home, near Oakland. Mr. Pryal was one of the California pioneers, coming here in 1853. His life was that of a model Christian and citizen. Our sympathies go out to his bereaved family.

Reuben M. Ryder, Bank of '78, died in Alameda October 5th, at the age of forty-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

EXCHANGES

THE Bulletin des Ecoles Chrétiennes is always welcome.

That of September is full, from cover to cover, of interesting up-to-date information on the work of the Christian Schools throughout the world. The editor, Frère Paul-Joseph, has able correspondents wherever there is a school conducted by the Christian Brothers; these keep him in touch with educational work everywhere, and put it in his power to give his readers important facts, and record the progress made by the Christian Schools in the United States, Canada, South America, Cuba, Mexico, Singapore, Africa, Belgium, Austria, Italy, Malta, Madagascar, Egypt, Ireland, England, Jerusalem, etc., etc. As to France, there is no other progress possible but that made by the government in destroying the educational institutions built and developed during the nineteenth century. The editor tells us that ninety-three schools conducted by the Christian Brothers were closed by the government in 1907. He also intimates that as many more were to have been closed before the first of October.

We wish to commend in a special manner the able historical sketch of "l'Ecole Saint Maclou, à Rouen", written in terse and idiomatic French. It is a vivid presentation of the hardships of Saint De La Salle and his first disciples in their great work of establishing popular education in France. It throws many side-lights on prevailing customs, social and administrative methods and the attitude of the popular mind towards the new educators and their work. The bibliography of the article gives evidence of a very wide range of research among original documents. We trust the editor will give sequence to this first research; for the field is full of interesting matter, and we know of no one better qualified than Frère Paul-Joseph to work it.

An abundance of good, solid reading matter is to be found in the midsummer number of the St. Thomas' Collegian.

"War" and "Peace" are the titles of two essays, the thoughts in one running counter to that in the other, thus making a rather lively and interesting debate. The arguments brought forward on either side are so potent that it would take an able judge to decide the topic at issue. "The Jew" is the title of another interesting essay which gives us an ideal description of the Jew and his surroundings from the time of Christ to the present day. What has been said of these essays might in a general manner be said of the other papers in this issue. To criticise each one separately would take up more space than is allowed me, and to notice one to the exclusion of others would be doing an injustice to the writers. We wish the new staff of the Collegian success in their literary ventures.

The August-September issue of the White and Gold of Mills College is one of the best exchanges that has reached our table this season. The contents is of merit, and the white cover designed in gold is as neat as it could possibly be. The issue opens with a well written and interesting essay on "The Spirit of Liberty in the Works of Shelley." Good taste in arrangement is shown, for following this essay appears a good and enjoyable story with a novel plot. The dialect in this story is well chosen, and the action is almost real. "The Aid of the Untutored" is the title of another story equal in every respect to the other. "The Coming of Love" is the title of a poem which reminds us of "King Arthur Round Table" tales; "Seetrift" is the heading of a department dealing with the natural scenery of California. The White and Gold is a college paper whose editors are to be congratulated for their good work. We would like to see this journal made a monthly.

The September issue of the California Occident is at hand and we are pleased to note the general improve-

ment over the issues of last semester. The main article is an essay on "An English Historical Pageant," by Professor Armes. The writer made a trip to England to see two historical pageants which, he says, were essentially dramas, and he has given us a succinct account of the one at Burg St. Edmunds. There is a creditable women's department in the October number, which compares favorably with that edited by their older brothers. One year ago this department was inaugurated, and so far has proved successful.

Is St. John's University in mourning? We would infer so from the sombre hue of the cover of the **University Record**. We were somewhat disappointed with the contents of the October number. There are two good articles in this issue, one a poem, "The Fall of Castle Hapsburg", the other an essay, "In Defense of Aliens". The paper would be better without the twaddle in the "Epistolary".

Although a small paper, the **S. V. C. Index** for the month of September contains a series of three essays on "The Citizen". One essay treats of "The Unselfish Citizen", one "The Educated Citizen" and another "The Honest Citizen". Each phase of citizenship is well handled, and should be read by every college man who respects an honest, unselfish and educated citizen. If our daily papers could give a little space to such articles as these instead of criminal tales, there would come a day when the people would not have to be prosecuting so many grafters, murderers and other criminals. There would be much more harmony in the world, and people would lose their appetite for the sensational that has become of late so attractive. These three essays are thoughtful and interesting, and the authors deserve much credit for their work.

A high type, as a standard of literature published by colleges, is the **Williams Literary Monthly** for the month of October. It is very wide in its scope of articles, good stories and editorials being interspersed with verse of quality. But one thing is lacking in this issue which, were it there, would make it complete in every detail, and that is the **Literary's** valuable department, "Sign of the Shears", which is promised in the next issue.

The **University of Texas Magazine** for the month of October is devoted almost entirely to stories, all of which are good, built up around novel plots, and clothed in excellent diction. But as a representative of a university the Texas journal is expected to deal out a class of literature not only interesting but instructive. This may be accomplished by printing an occasional essay of some depth that might be expected from a college man. We hope to read some such in future issues.

We acknowledge the following exchanges for October: **Notre Dame Scholastic**, **College Spokesman**, **Young Eagle**, **Pittsburg Bulletin**, **Purple and White**, **McMaster's Monthly**, **Hill Crest**, **Blue and White**, **St. Mary's Messenger**, **Ottawa Campus**, **The Redwood**, **Loretto Magazine**, **The Washington-Jeffersonian**, **Niagara Index**, **U. N. M. Weekly**, **U. of Arkansas Weekly**, **The Erskinian**, **Waynesburg Collegian**, **Student Life**, **Fordham Monthly**, **The Dial**, **Yale Lit.**, **Toronto Varsity**, **The Columbiad**, **The Lorrettine**, **The Kaimin**, **Furman Echo**.

—T. P. O'KEEFE.



SINCE the election of the officers of the Athletic Association, athletics has been boomed in every direction and the good cause has been, on the whole, nobly responded to by the students and heartily boosted by the faculty. The different courts and grounds for each sport in particular have been conditioned by the field captain and his corps of assistants. Each department has a leader, picked from among his fellows by the officers of the S. M. C. A. A., and these leaders, without exception, have shown their worth in many instances and they have exercised very good judgment in selecting assistants. They have canvassed the campus and each has a coterie of followers in his wake. In general, athletics at St. Mary's is occupying the recreation periods of nearly every student, and this is the desired condition.

The most important item in all branches of athletics, at this writing, is to secure competition, for without competition the present interest displayed in athletics will wane to former conditions in an incredibly short time. It is up to the different leaders to communicate with outside athletic bodies and arrange contests for the near future. There are many opportunities for real competition just at present and every athlete in college is yearning for a chance to compete with rival colleges, and the rooters are anxious to cheer any representative team on to victory.

The work of laying out the Rugby field and erecting the goal posts was done in a morning by an engineering squad of Seniors. The ground was cleared and put in fair condition, although it is rather hard at present. The example of the Seniors was very commendable, and it is to be hoped that the lower classmen will follow their example in putting the campus in first-class condition.

Field Captain Frank Arata is ably performing his duties. He has an eye on the condition of every athletic spot on the campus and is directing the work in quick and effective manner. He promises to put all athletic fields in fine shape in short order and, at this writing, he is certainly making good his promise.

Some of those belligerents who do not participate in athletics actively would do well to exhibit just a trifle of college spirit and join the field captain's crew. The field captain, elected by their vote, should receive

some further and material support from them. So, if you feel that you would be excess baggage in any of the athletic departments, join Field Captain Arata's school of physical culture and he will guarantee to put you physically on edge in a very short time.

The basketball club, under the leadership of W. L. Kidston, is a very active body just at present. They have put in many hours of earnest, hard practice and are all in prime condition. Manager-Captain Kidston has arranged games with the All-Stars of Stockton, one of the strongest basketball teams in the State and a team that outplays the universities annually. The securing of this series is rather a hard start, but it is an incentive to the players in their work-outs. Kidston is a fit man for captain of the basketball club and the team is making rapid strides under his direction.

George Miller is a star on the basketball team. He is a fast, aggressive player and is ever alert. He is especially good in throwing baskets. Neil Kelley, Frank Dunn, Hank Gianelli, Jack Burke and Marshall Dodd are also doing fine work. Although Rugby interferes, in a measure, with the basketball team, the latter troupe is playing a good game and is beginning to excel in team-work.

Manager Kidston has arranged a series of games with the Alameda basketball team, and they will be played in the near future. It is up to the fans to support the team in true fashion, for the schedule arranged is a very hard one and encouragement from the gallery is no little help to the combatants.

Handball is again the rage. The tournaments are being played and the interest displayed by all is gratifying indeed to the committee. The plan of the committee is to play off the class A doubles and to follow them with the second and third tournaments. The championship singles will not be played until after the holidays.

"Jerry" Donegan is the manager-in-chief of the Billiard Hall. "Jerry" has an able body of assistants and has the tables, cues and contrivances in fine shape. The finances of the concern are taking care of themselves at present, but when the rains set in in earnest "Jerry" and his assistants, George Miller, Tommy Sheehan and "Hank" Gianelli, will have their hands full.

The affairs of the tennis club are being ably handled by Clifford Russell. There is quite a number of tennis enthusiasts in our midst and not a few good players. The court has been fixed up and new fittings have been installed and with the improvement of conditions the membership roll is increasing. A great majority of students consider tennis an effeminate game, but a set of games is a hard grind and requires a deal of staying power. Tennis is a fine exercise, as it develops all muscles and requires suppleness and great accuracy, and it is now a prominent intercollegiate sport. Manager Russell is thinking seriously of forming a team for competition, and assures us that material is not wanting for such a project.

For the first time during the twentieth century baseball is a secondary issue at St. Mary's. This is truly a queer state of matters, but the fans who think baseball the greatest game ever, are following the tide and turning the majority of their attentions to Rugby. Good baseball is played, however, at present and although there is a lack of outside teams on the field, the appetites of the ball-players are fairly satisfied.

"Tommy" Sheehan has been chosen manager of the Independents for the fall baseball season. "Tommy" has nursed managerial cares during the past two years for the Young Phoenix, and it is easily discerned that he is no new hand at his task. "Tommy" has provided a rare schedule for the local fans for the next few weeks and has infused a goodly amount of ginger in his team.

Clifford Russell has been appointed official scorer for the Independents during the fall season. This is his third year at scoring and his work has always been highly satisfactory. "Sue" is a strong candidate for the position of Phoenix scorer and may be chosen to tabulate the doings of the famous Phoenix during the collegiate season next spring.

In the few games he has pitched, Wilcox has proven that he is Phoenix timber. He is gaining better control of the ball and, aside from his pitching, he is hitting and running bases in good style.

"Jerry" Donegan is playing at third base for the Independents with all of the snap that he exhibited with the Collegians last year.

Captain Arthur Dana is playing his same reliable game at shortstop and is noticeably improving in his batting.

Brown is fielding good ball at second base and bids fair to stir up competition for an infield position on the Phoenix team. He has not, as yet, struck his stride in batting, but his base-running is of high order.

"Dick" Deterding and Earle Henderson are two of last year's Young Phoenix who are making good on the Independents. Henderson has improved wonderfully in his pitching and Deterding has taken strides of like magnitude and is proving himself a valuable utility player.

"Hal" Chase was around to visit his friends of last year lately. "Hal" is to coach us again this year, and he hopes to be able to turn out an even faster team than that of last year. He will assume duties in January.

"Jim" Smith, catcher of the Sacred Heart College team of last year, has been appointed manager-captain of the Young Phoenix. "Jim" is a hard worker and has arranged a well-rounded schedule for his team. He has such players as Starrett, Ray Miller, Martin, Kelly and Burns on his team at present, and is whipping them into shape in a whole-hearted way.

The Young Phoenix defeated the Cogswell Business College nine on Wednesday, October 16th, by a score of 4 to 2. Both teams played fine baseball and the game was really good to look upon. Henderson pitched good ball for the third team and his opponent, Hollis, also pitched effectively at times.

RUGBY GOSSIP.

Mr. E. C. Pomeroy, our Rugby coach, is making a distinct success in his undertaking. He is a star Rugby player himself and has had considerable experience in English territories. He has the happy faculty of being able to teach the game properly and his presence practically wrings work from the squad. He takes the heartiest interest in his proteges and speaks highly of their chances in competition.

As a tribute to the work of our coach, we might cite the fine showing of the team at Stanford. Mr. Pomeroy had but four opportunities to coach the team before the game, while the Stanford Freshies were receiving almost undivided attention from two competent coaches for nearly a month before the game. Again, our team was compelled, during their few practice periods, to work out on the baseball diamond and had to wear make-shift uniforms during practice, as the Rugby suits could not be obtained for some time. The fine showing made by our fifteen was due to Mr. Pomeroy and the spirit he infused, and had not our lack of condition been so evident during the last five minutes of the battle the story would have been different, for Stanford's eleven fresh men, put in late in the game, did all the scoring, which was, in truth, very little.

The average weight of the Rugby team is about one hundred and sixty-three pounds. This weight is a very desirable one for Rugby, and it makes our team nearly as heavy as either of the university fifteens.

The fifteen received an opening defeat from the Stanford Freshmen. The score was 8 to 0; but not until the last few minutes of play did Stanford score. Our men showed a spirit that was unbeatable and only their lack of experience in real games prevented their scoring early in the game. And, though all were in comparatively poor condition, they made a really heroic stand.

The entire first Rugby team displays fine spirit. They are literally overflowing with that all-important element. Mr. Pomeroy is authority for this statement, and we know that Rugby cannot be played in a half-hearted manner. He is much pleased with the showing made against the Stanford "babies".

Captain Roy McNeill is undoubtedly one of the best leaders we have had in any athletic department for many years. He has a real leader's repertoire of qualities and exercises them for the team's benefit. Roy, aside from his fine leadership, adds strength to the back field of the fifteen. His punting is more than "up to snuff" and his work in carrying and handling the ball marks him to the manner born.

Joe Collins, at the full-back position, is a most efficient man. He is a hard worker and his play shows that fearlessness which is a necessary qualification for the game. He is a heady player and probably the best tackler on the squad, and his encouraging flow of smart quips throughout the game is quite a help to his fellows.

"Tom" Feeney, an erstwhile star at the American game, distinguishes himself at his three-quarter position by good head-work. He plays from start to finish and is one of the best ground-gainers on the team.

Frank Dunn is strong in our Rugby back-field. He has already acquired many valuable fine points of the new game and his natural speed makes him formidable. He is one of the best punters in college and finds touch in clever ground-gaining fashion.

"Reggie" Starrett is one of the fastest men on the squad and should make good in the near future. His only drawback is a beginner's timidity and lack of experience in handling the "egg".

"Louie" Diavila is one of our stellar Rugby players. In inches he is far and away the smallest man on the squad, but his work is characterized by extraordinary vim and natural ability and his good head-work nets the 'varsity many a valuable gain.

Mehern, at wing-forward, is a capable man. His experience in the American game stands him in good stead in handling the ball, and his spirit is the correct thing.

Paul Dufour puts energy into his work as right-lockman. He is, in sooth, a husky lad, and has natural ability as a Rugby player. If we dared draw a distinction among the forwards, we would consider Dufour a class A man.

George Hurlbut plays a strenuous game in the scrum. His position is right rear-rank man, and he fills it to a T. It is safe to say that there are no more conscientious men on the squad than Hurlbut. He especially distinguished himself in the Freshman-St. Mary's game at Stanford by his sturdy work during all the game.

Viccio is a fine big man for the forward position, but is not likely to make the regulars. He will, however, be a valuable substitute, for he is in the game to gain every inch. His inexperience is his only drawback.

Kidston is a tower of strength at the right front-rank forward position. He works in unison with his scrum-mates and he works during every minute of play. He is also a fine punter and, on this account, may be changed to a back-field position.

"Jerry" Sheehy puts up a strong game as left rear-rank forward. His game is imbued by the spirit of his ancestors, for his is a nice name, and he has a good Rugby head on a pair of efficient shoulders. He, too, has had experience in handling the pig-skin of our old game and sets it forth to good advantage in the new game.

"Mike" O'Connell is a clever five-eighths. He is becoming very adept at passing and catching and is particularly good in kicking. "Mike" is a whole-souled football player and is a good exponent of team-work.

Ben Cowell is a gritty worker at the left front-rank forward position. The work allotted to him in the scrum in no way resembles a pink-tea melee, but he has been tried and found not wanting, and is considered a conscientious player. Ben keeps an eye on his condition and, as a result, he is ready for the most grilling fray.

Leo Smith is a good lockman. His size makes him almost invaluable and, while he is not as fast as some of his fellows, he plays for all he is worth all the time.

Hector McNeill is putting up a hard fight for a three-quarters position. He has natural ability and his inexperience is his only drawback. It is hardly thought he will make the fifteen this season, but he is depended upon as an important asset to next year's back-field.

"Mike" Hughes is up to the standard in the forwards. He is a hard-worker in real Rugby, but he is inclined to loaf during practice, and to make light of conditioning processes.

"Hank" Gianelli is bidding strongly for a forward position. He has enough spirit to outfit a whole Rugby club, but he lacks experience in football at present. However, he may make a Garrison finish and dislodge some of the less ardent workers.

Richards is strong candidate for a forward position. He was severely handicapped by his late return to college, but his stock is advancing with the age of the training season.

Neil Kelly is a likely man at five-eighths. He is grasping the game quickly and is certainly not wanting in gameness. Kelly's condition is strongly in his favor. He is at present playing with the second team.

Marshall Dodd has been chosen captain of the second Rugby team. Captain Dodd is handling his team in masterly fashion, and he bids fair to grab a position on the

'varsity team. The second team is rounding into condition rapidly, and when they clash with the first team they make the goings uncomfortably close for the 'varsity. There are several men on the "scrub" who will make capital players with a little experience.

Almond Wilcox, our Independent's pitcher, would make a good forward for the Rugby team. He has plenty of strength and combines with it good judgment. Wilcox, however, does not seem to cotton to the new play.

Among the members of the second Rugby fifteen is "Willie" Grundell. He is a sure tackler and has a good eye for opportunities and plenty of speed. His weight is comparatively little and this fact is against him. A campus critic said of Grundell: "He's too much in the game, if such a condition is possible."

Leo Noonan is one of the faster backs on the second team and, although his weight is also against him, he is more than there in spirit, and may cause the regular five-eighths not a little trouble to hold their positions.

—F. J. HART.

OUR RUGBY TEAM

OURS was a husky team,
With plenty of ginger and snap,
And we needed no fire and no water for steam,
For we carried it ready on tap;
And we kicked, kicked, kicked,
Aye, we kicked as sporty as mules;
But we lost the game and got fairly licked,
When we played by the Rugby rules.

But we'll try the racket again
And we'll patiently coach for the fray,
And the laurels we've lost we'll yet regain,
At some near or some future day;
For we'll rush from the moment we start,
And we'll kick with the freedom of steers,
Till the game is in hand, and the throb of each heart
Keeps time to the bleachers' cheers.

We know that our mettle is good
And we know we are all that we seem,
And with the requirements of muscle and blood
'Tis training that maketh the team;
So we'll give the old bleachers a treat
For we'll kick like the very deuce,
Then should we fail, and go down to defeat,
We'll squeal with no lame excuse.

—R. W. MERRICK.



WE'VE changed our English words a few,
The fad seems quite the twaddle;
Young folks we meet now say "skidoo",
Our grandfolks said "skedaddle".

Weber—What are you crying for, Biggy?

Biggy—Tommy Allen kicked me.

Weber—Did he hurt you much?

Biggy—No; but he didn't kick me according to Rugby rules.

Merrick—He is well bred.

Doran—Oh, yes; he was raised in the East.

Prof.—Sugar is obtained from beats and sugar cane.

Jim Smith—The beats and cane father used to dish out didn't have anything sweet about them.

Grundell—Thought you said you were going to bathe your pedals?

Feeney—I did bathe them.

Grundell—Yes, you did! You just turned your footwear inside out.

Feeney—What more do you want me to do; ain't that turning the hose on them?

Donnelly—He must weigh 2000 lbs.

Collins—Change your brand of hop! What put that crazy notion in your poor head?

Donnelly—Why, I heard some one say he was a "simpleton".

Prof.—Point out the figure in this: "The heir had fire in his eyes."

Hillman (the incorrigible)—Hot air!

Dodd (reading from Webster)—"Immerged is the state of being deeply engaged".

Henderson—Dunn must be immerged, then.

O'Keefe—Are they papering the Senior classroom?

Donegan—What prompted your query?

O'Keefe—I saw a bright red boarder (Brick Rogers) in there.

Faure—What key were you singing in when you were sitting out on that hive today?

Guichard—B flat.

Faure—Stung again!

Sheehan—Define "piebald".

Hart—It is a pie without a hair in it.

If Biggy were but bigger
With his gall and his conceit,
He would cut a doughty figure,
As an out-and-out athlete;
For among our great and gritty,
He is fain to cast his lot,
Though they look on him with pity
And regard him as a tot.

Sanchez—He doesn't talk so much of the future since he got that house for a present.

Cowell—No, he lives in the present, now.

Dana—Who is the best "shooter of the con" in the College?

Guichard—Concannon of Livermore, of course.

Sheehan—Did you ever see a watch that showed the phases of the moon?

Carroll—Yes, they are the darby; by placing one of them to your ear you can hear a lunatic.

Theorem: A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Proof: Nothing is better than a good lesson.—Prof. A poor lesson is better than nothing.—Miller. Therefore, a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.—Q. E. D.

Doran, to Hart—Did it ever occur to you that there is more craft on land than there is on the sea?

Starrett—Has anybody waxed the floor?

McNeill—Yes, Mr. Brown, the jigger; he whacks the floor.

Prof. of Music—To what does Wagner owe his fame?

Dunn—To his great batting ability.

Kelly—He keeps going down the ladder right along; from general manager he has descended to the position of salesman.

Burke—Yes, a man is getting pretty low when he gets to be a "seller".

While some with tempers rancorous

Kick for no cause at all,

And more are so cantankerous

They kick at every call;

And others kick, and kick, it seems

By nature, like old mules—

But now St. Mary's College teams,

They kick by Rugby rules.

Some people want the earth while others only take a notion.

Miller—What is a cartoon?

Phelan—"Home, Sweet Home", played by a German band on one of Calhoun's vehicles.

THE CYNIC

WHILE some no doubt are low and mean,
And more perhaps are nasty men,
'Tis safe to say that one is clean,
At least in every thirty men;

The Ryanites, and Taylorites,
Who both are rabid party men,
Say none but knaves and blatherskites
Combine with the McCarthy men.

And then McCarthy's friends retort,
That Ryan men and Taylor men
Are hoodlums of the vilest sort,
And should be housed by Jailer men;
But while I sit within my room
And hear the old clock's jolly ticks
I grin and laugh at each new boom
Of my old aunty, "Polly Ticks".

—FRESHMAN.

Books, Stationery, Printing



VISITING CARDS INVITATIONS AND ALL
KINDS OF COPPER PLATE ENGRAVING



Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch

565 to 571 Market Street

San Francisco

Highest Optical Skill
Eyes Examined Free

1115

Golden Gate Ave.

San Francisco

German Eye
Water 50c

By mail 65c



Kodaks
Printing
Developing

Perfect Work Only

SMITH BROS.

Thirteenth St., bet. Broadway and Washington

Headquarters for Collegians



Reliable Head to Foot
Outfitters

Ask to See Our College Suits

for

Men and Boys
Special \$15.00

MESMER-SMITH CO.

1118-1126 Washington St. Oakland

OUR SPECIALTIES

Sweaters, Jerseys, Gymnasium,
Athletic Suits, Good Underwear

Gantner & Mattern

KNITTERS

Van Ness & California Sts., S. F.

Meals at all Hours

Try Ours

The Cottage Restaurant

Mrs. P. J. Martini, Prop.

Ueata Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner,
You'll surely say each one's a winner;
You're health and comfort is our care
When eating of our toothsome fare.

473 Tenth St.

Oakland

SCHARZ STUDIO

Child Photos a Specialty

473 14th St. Tel. Oakland 3568

DELGER BUILDING

A. Sigwart

Watchmaker
Jeweler and Optician

First-class Work a Specialty
WATCH INSPECTOR S. P. CO.
Oculists' Prescriptions Correctly Filled

1165 Washington Street

Bet. 13th and 14th Sts., Oakland, Cal.

PHONE RED 2018

New Liberty Bakery

JACOB RENZ, Proprietor

Restaurant, Coffee and
Lunch Parlors

857 WASHINGTON ST.

Bakery Phone Oakland 4220

Oakland, Cal.

C. J. TWOMEY

College Tailor

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

1253 Broadway

OAKLAND, CAL.

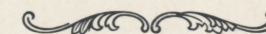
Phone Oakland 1718

W. E. McEwen
DESIGNER BUILDER

2317½ Webster Street
Berkeley

Phone Berkeley 3115

A STORE FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN



In the Annex, Our New Shop for Stylish Well
Made Garments for the Latest Fall Wearables.
We are Ready for Your Fall Patronage and Hope
to See You in the BOYS' STYLE SHOP.



C. J. Heeseman

1107-1115 Washington Street

Oakland, California

Outfitter For Male Folks

Contra Costa

Ferry Cafe

Ferry Creamerie

Laundry Co.

GUS H.

J. EMMET

Kilborn & Hayden

Proprietors



Good Work
Prompt Service



14th and Kirkham Sts.

Oakland

Phone Oakland 489



34 to 40 Market St.

Telephone Temporary 2954

SAN FRANCISCO

USE

Bank Stock Paper

It Saves the Sight

Manufactured into

All Kinds of School Stationery

by

**The Myself-Rollins
Bank Note Company**

22 Clay St. San Francisco

P. J. McCORMICK
Formerly Chief Deputy Coroner**McBrearty & McCormick
FUNERAL DIRECTORS**

915 Valencia St.

Phone Market 97

F. J. Edwards Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fish, Oysters

Clams, Crabs, Shrimps, Etc.

Grand Central Market912, 914, 916 Washington St.
Bet. 8th and 9th Sts. Oakland, Cal.

Telephone Oakland 547

OYSTER LOAF**BOYS!!!**When you wander away from the
College and feel like eating something
good, wake up to the fact that the**OYSTER LOAF**

is the place to get it.

Oakland branch at 470-472 Ninth St.

While in San Francisco,
We can be found at our old address,29-35 Eddy Street,
near Market,

In the midst of the burned district.

PETER P. FLOOD
Prop.**A. J. RANKEN & CO.**

Importers and Wholesale

Grocers

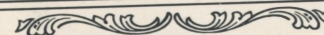
SPECIALTIES

Coffees and Teas, Pure California
Olive Oil, Bees Wax and
Stearic Acid Candles

250 Fremont Street

San Francisco

California

O'CONNOR & CUSSEN**Union
Tailors**

and...

**Up-to-date
Furnishers**

132 Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco

Near Hayes Street

Successors to

O'CONNOR & O'REILLY

Formerly 33-35 Fourth St.

S. F.

Prayer Books

Rosaries

Religious Articles

**Gallagher Bros.**

39 Taylor St.

San Francisco, California

"The Monitor"Not Only The Official Catholic Paper
But the only Catholic Paper Published
in the Archdiocese

Established in 1858

Trial Subscription, three months 50 cts.

212 Leavenworth Street
San Francisco**T. MUSGRAVE & CO.**Watchmakers and
Manufacturing
JewelersClass Pins, Medals and College
Pins made to order
Designs furnished

San Francisco

3272 Twenty-first Street

Trade Mark Registered, Washington, D. C., 1896

Ask Your Grocer for

Stryker's :: Kitchen SOAP

USED BY EVERYBODY

STRYKER'S KITCHEN SOAP

NEWELL & BRO.

NEW YORK SOAP COMPANY

Manufacturers

San Bruno Ave. & Army St. San Francisco

Gentlemen's Fine
Furnishings

Esmiol's

1257 Broadway
OAKLAND, CAL.

Hats and Caps

Everything
Up-to-date

I Sell the Liquid Head-Rest

First-Class Work Done at

Oak Barber Shop

FRED W. COMPTON

BARBER

46 San Pablo Avenue, near Fourteenth
OAKLAND

Oakland Electrical Co.

Construction and Repairs
Armature Winding
Electric Supplies

405 TWELFTH STREET OAKLAND, CAL.
Phone Oakland 341

James Traynor

Wholesale and Retail

Fruit and Produce

Potatoes a Specialty

739 Adeline Street Oakland

Oakland Pioneer Soda Water Co.

INCORPORATED

MANUFACTURERS OF



Champagne Cider
Highland Ginger Ale
Soda and Distilled Water

WILLIAM LANG, Manager

S. E. Cor. 10th and Webster Sts., Oakland, Cal.

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 673

THE PALMER METHOD

OF BUSINESS WRITING

By A. N. PALMER
Editor of the American Penman

By sheer force of merit the Palmer Method has, in seven years, found its way into and been adopted by fully three-fourths of the Catholic schools of America. Many of these schools are securing better results in teaching the Business World's style of plain, rapid, tireless writing than are secured in schools of any other class.

The Palmer Method of Business Writing has been adopted by

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE CATHOLIC
SCHOOLS IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO

It has been officially adopted and is being taught in the Catholic schools of the diocese of Columbus, Ohio, and the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y. It is taught in nearly all the Catholic schools in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and is being rapidly introduced into the Catholic schools of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Boston, and other Eastern cities.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS MARVELOUS
SUCCESS, WRITE TO THE A. N. PALMER CO., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

BRANCH OFFICES:

Room 809, 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago

32 Union Square, New York City



Have you ever experienced the convenience of a ground floor gallery?

BUSHNELL

FOTOGRAFER

Branch Studios
OAKLAND, SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE

632 VAN NESS AVE.
San Francisco

Robert F. Guichard

General

COMMISSION MERCHANT

Green and Dried Fruits,
Poultry, Eggs,
Butter and Produce

OAKLAND BRANCH
330-332 Eleventh Street
Telephone Oakland 160

Phone Red 513

SAN MATEO

Produce Exchange

GUICHARD BROS., Props.

Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs

B Street, near San Mateo Bank San Mateo, Cal.

J. C. Westphal & Sons

BAY CITY
FLOURING
MILLS : : :

Flour, Feed & Meal

of all descriptions

Cor. First and Clay Streets, Oakland

Dr. W. J. Smyth

Dentist

OFFICE

Union Savings Bank Building
13th and Broadway

HOURS

9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Priest's Napa

IS THE BEST

SODA WATER

Found in Napa County

WM. P. COURTNEY, Agent

Tel. Oakland 3389 Works, 755 Jackson St.

OWEN SHORTT, Prop. Tel. Oakland 1247

Shortt's Bakery

1807 Seventh St. West Oakland

Fresh Bread

DELIVERED TWICE DAILY

Cakes, Pastry, etc.

Patronage Solicited — Satisfaction Guaranteed