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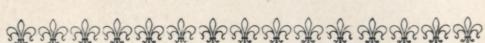
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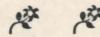
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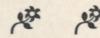
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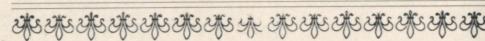


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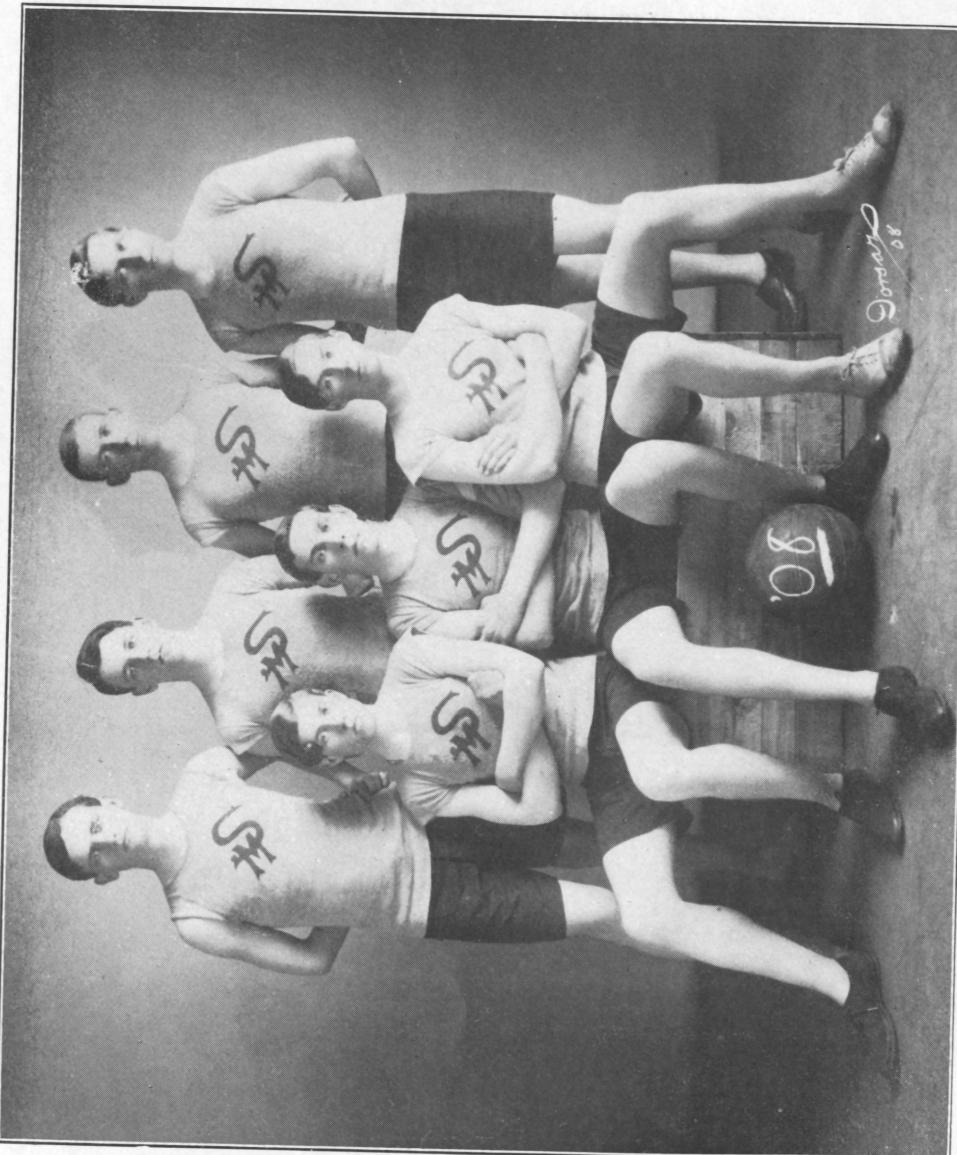
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THE NATION'S PATRONESS

OUR Patroness from heaven
Looks down upon our land;
"Immaculate Conception",
Her wondrous name and grand.

By noble prelates chosen
In council at Baltimore—
Divine the light that led them,
We bless it and adore.

Like foam of wild Niag'ra
Her robe all dazzling white;
Her mantle blue as Mirror Lake
On a still and starry night.

Her beauty is reflected
In our land from shore to shore—
Yosemite and Yellowstone
And a hundred thousand more.

Smile now upon thy people,
Dear loving Patroness;
Prosperity smile back to thee
To thank thee and to bless.

Bring us such independence
As rang our Liberty Bell;
Bring us such "happy warriors"
As the Lake Poet sang so well.

Despite all innovations
Our motto still shall be
As sung before old Baltimore,
"In God we trust' and thee."

—F. G.

DECORATION DAY

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Thus in mournful numbers sweet has the poet enshrined the memory of a nation's brave defenders. Thus has genius wreathed the flowers of fancy to deck the grave of valor.

Republics have been changed with ingratitude, but it cannot be said that ours is forgetful of her brave sons who have watered her soil with their best blood. Let others encircle the brow of the victor with laurels, we shall deck his tomb with flowers. The beautiful custom of strewing with flowers the graves of the soldiers fallen in defense of their country attests the patriotic devotion of our citizens, and our Republic stands today among the nations of the world without an imitator in the observance of a Decoration Day. * * * The teaching of our religion regarding the prayers for the dead implies all the outward honor paid to departed soldiers by relatives and friends. It implies the proud mausoleum, the shaft of marble or the modest floral offering on the mouldering heap, that marks the resting place of a mother's soldier boy. Yet this is but the honor which we, as individuals, pay to our departed friends or kindred. There is another, a more catholic and disinterested honor due from us—remembrance of all the brave, nameless and unknown who have fallen in the battles of the nation.

Religion has marked a day on her calendar for burning the incense of universal prayer for all the faithful departed, and charity urges us to the performance of this pleasing task. So has our country set apart a day on which to deck with choicest of May flowers the graves of the nation's dead, and

patriotism consecrates the duty as a national custom. It matters not whether the heart which now lies mouldering in the dust beat under the Blue or the Gray; patriotism demands that on Decoration Day all shall join hands in honoring the nation's dead, for—

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and foe,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,—
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray."

On this day two of the noblest chords of the human heart are touched,—namely, sorrow for the dead and forgiveness of an enemy. Sorrow is the portion of the human heart while here below; our trials and tribulations show this; we look for comfort and perfect joy only from above. But "the sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget but this wound we consider and brood over in solitude", memory recalls the departed and hope beckons us to an eternal union with them.

The soldier dying upon the battlefield, no fond sister to cool his parched lips, no mother to gladden his fading sight as his young life's blood is offered on the altar of his country, is indeed a hero, but he is a nameless hero; and it is for these the nation sorrows on this great day; then, wherever the American soldier lies buried, let us

"Pause to drop on his grave a tear."

The sorrow on Decoration Day is really a national one. Few are the households that do not mourn an absent member who never returned from the front. It is on this day that a fond mother recalls the memory and tells with brimming eyes the last words of her boy as he went to the war. On this day all enmity and hatred are forgotten, for the brave man buries his hatred with his enemy, "the grave covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment.

From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections; we cannot look down upon the grave of an enemy without feeling a throb of sorrow that we should have warred with the handful of earth which lies mouldering before us."

The soldier of the union poured out his life's blood in its defense and died a hero, so the soldier of the lost cause with unshaken faith in a principle, fought to uphold it and, whether right or wrong, fell a hero. The contest has been decided and he who would preach the gospel of sectional hate after the smoke of battle has cleared away, has not a drop of heroic blood in his veins. Charity is the only remedy left to quench the smouldering sparks that were extinguished by the blood of battle. Let us then, on each recurring May, not neglect to honor the memory

of the nation's dead. "Thousands have fallen beneath a northern sky or where the southern palms their branches wave", who had not a friend to mourn for them, and whose only requiem was the moaning of the winds over their nameless graves. Let the bells of our cities and hamlets toll for the honored dead; let cannons peal and trumpets sound not in warlike tones or notes of joy, but roll a muffled dirge like ocean's solemn murmur when it breaks upon the shore. Let us then, in the month of perfumes and flowers, the month consecrated to Mary, the patroness of our country, repair to the city of the dead and there cast a flower and drop a tear upon the mound where, mouldering in common dust, lie side by side the soldier of the Blue and the Gray.

—SENIOR.

HYMN TO ST. DE LA SALLE

WE celebrate in sacred song
John Baptist de la Salle,
Who sacrificed to Thee, O Christ,
His mind, his heart, his all.

He gathered all the children 'round
The fount of truth and right,
And gently led them all to Thee
By love's congenial light.

As morning dews refresh the lawn
His word their souls renewed;
With flow'rs he cheered salvation's way,
So narrow and so rude.

And now, with angel choirs joined,
In realms of light and truth,
May he obtain like gifts for us
And still protect our youth.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost
We praise, and hope to see
His Face, which ravishes our Saint
Through all eternity.

—TRANSLATION.

A DECK BOY JUST FOR FUN

The Happenings of a School-Boy Who Responded to the Call of the Sea.

MY knickerbocker days were spent largely sitting on the end of a long wharf dreaming and contemplating upon ships and the sea. Oh, how I was in love with the ocean! School, story-books, baseballs—these had little attraction for me—my only hope, my only ambition was the sea. When the "fellers" were down in Welch street lot fighting through a game of two-o'-cat, I, serene, indifferent to fate (when the kindling-wood at home was chopped), sat beside the Golden Gate watching the great ships spread their sails and start for far-distant ports. A hundred times did I implore parental permission to leave school and sail the wide seas, and a hundred times was parental permission refused. Months rolled by and the call of the sea grew stronger within me. One day a fond relative, wearied by my sea-talk, obtained the much-sought parental permission and promised to secure me a berth aboard ship. That night my baggage was packed and the following morning, after many farewells, I accompanied my fond relative to the water-front. There we marched out to the end of a long pier at which, strange to say, no ship was docked. I dropped my telescope basket and looked about me, puzzled.

"Well, where's the ship?" I asked, eventually.

"There," replied my fond relative, pointing to a gloomy looking, black-hulled, four-master anchored out in the bay. "She's a French coal-ship—sails around the Horn for Liverpool tomorrow; shall we go out to her?"

When my fond relative mentioned Cape Horn my head felt just as it did when I smoked my first cigar. I stammered my reply:

"I don't care to make such a long trip on a sailing vessel for a starter. Can't you get me on one of the big coast steamships?"

"If you want to be a real sailor," replied the fond relative, "I'll ship you on that four-master. If you want to be a ferry-boat sailor you had better stay ashore and take dancing lessons awhile." And when the French coal-carrier spread sail next day I was at school doing sums.

But the sea, although its voice had grown feebler and less musical, didn't entirely cease calling to me. Two years ago when there was much ashes and charred timber in San Francisco, the sea's voice grew stronger and pleasanter and one day I climbed the gangplank of the steamship "State of California", and signed articles as deck-boy. When I signed articles I told myself that being a deck-boy was great fun—all you had to do was swing a broom a few hours during the day and at night sit on deck with the passengers, sing love songs, and count the stars. Honestly that's what I thought then, but—

Well, the steamer sailed next morning at ten. I came aboard at six bells (seven o'clock), clad in blue overalls and a sailor shirt and worked unceasingly for two hours scrubbing paint-work, polishing brass, mopping and sweeping decks, tugging ropes and cleaning life-boats. At two bells (nine o'clock), I perched myself on the starboard rail to take a brief rest and to muse over two generously proportioned blisters that had sprung up on each hand.

"Do you always have to keep things so clean?" I questioned of a round-shouldered, long-chinned deck-boy who was marching across the hurricane deck with a mop and a bucket of dirty water.

"Do you!" remarked the long-chinned deck-boy, sending a deluge of tobacco juice over the rail. "Say, this is your first trip, isn't it?"

I reluctantly admitted that it was.

"Ever been outside the Heads?" asked he of the long chin.

"No," I shyly confessed.

"You haven't!" exclaimed my fellow-deck-boy. "Think you'll be sea-sick?"

I had a great dread of sea-sickness, but I carelessly replied: "No, I don't think the ship's rocking will trouble me any."

Just then the boatswain's voice, commanding, "Get to work there, you two lubbers on the hurricane deck!" came floating up a companionway, and I relinquished my perch on the rail, and the long-chinned deck-boy picked up his bucket of dirty water, dispatched another consignment of tobacco juice over the side and hurried below.

An hour later the big steamer backed out into the stream and headed towards the Gate. I was stationed at the stern flag-pole, prepared to lower the colors when the steamer passed Meiggs wharf. The wind was blowing briskly off shore; a sudden gust swept the hurricane deck and carried my only hat to a watery grave, but still I remained at the halyards ready at a signal from the bridge to lower the flag. Suddenly the signal came; I quickly untied the knot in the halyards, and instead of merely detaching the flag, pulled the halyards completely out of the pulley and down onto the deck.

"Now you've done it!" said a startled voice at my elbow. It was the long-chinned deck-boy. "Don't you see what you've done? That flag-pole will have to be lowered to get those halyards up again. The boatswain'll be wild. Better leave the halyards here on deck and duck below."

I "ducked" below with a heavy heart and a rapidly growing light head. The steamer was passing through the Golden Gate and was rocking heavily. I clung to the rail to keep on my feet. Passing along the saloon deck I heard groans issuing from almost every stateroom. The ship pitched and tossed about madly—I felt a peculiar sensation around my waist-line—my head seemed as light as air. Was I going to be sea-sick after all? I told myself I was not and determined "to get busy and forget the ship's rocking." I stag-

gered, half fell, to the main deck. The sailors were dragging six-inch ropes from the stern of the ship and stowing them away in the forward hold.

"Give a hand here," ordered the boatswain, gruffly.

I gave two hands—two blistered hands—willingly. And how I did work. Never before did I work so hard—never again do I expect to. For almost an hour I dragged and tugged heavy six-inch ropes and when eight bells clanged and the sailors' mess announced lunch I had successfully fought off sea-sickness.

During lunch, which the sailors and deck-boys eat on deck out of tin plates supported on their knees, the boatswain approached me, hissing:

"Confound your blooming land-lubber sense, why'd yer pull those halyards down? Here's the Santa Rosa coming up the coast and no halyards up to dip the flag to her. Here, drop that plate! Get the ladder and put those halyards up again. Step lively, now!"

I stepped lively—I had to—and dragged the ladder up to the hurricane deck. It was quickly raised against the flag-pole and supported on the stern rail.

"Now, then," commanded the boatswain, "climb up and run the halyards through the pulley again. Quick, now, the Santa Rosa's almost abreast."

I gazed up at the pulley at the top of the high flag-pole that leaned out three feet over the stern of the vessel. The pole was quivering fearfully—the ladder was unsteady.

"I can't climb it," I protested, dropping the halyards.

"You'll have to climb it," bellowed the boatswain. "Come on, get up there!"

So up I went, slowly, very slowly, with one end of the halyards tied to my arm and with both hands clutching the ladder's rungs for dear life. The flag-pole quivered frightfully, the water below me seemed as black as ink. Half way up the ladder I paused, then started to retrace my steps. But the boatswain's voice rang out like a fog-horn, so up, up I went, the pole quiv-

ering more and more at every step until I reached the top of the ladder and ran the halyards through the pulley. Slowly and cautiously I backed down the ladder with the end of the halyards in my mouth, and oh! what joy it was to reach the firm deck again. The flag was run up the halyards and dipped just as the Santa Rosa steamed past, giving her salute of three whistles.

All that long, dreary afternoon I, accompanied by my two fellow-deck-boys (every big steamer carries at least three deck-boys), scrubbed life-boats and washed paint-work until my hands were blister-covered, and until my arms refused to work longer. At eight bells (four o'clock), we "knocked off" and I hurried below in search of water with which to rid my hands and face of the tar and dirt they had gathered during the trying day's work. Finished washing, I combed my hair neatly, pulled on my coat, adjusted my necktie, and started for the deck, where the sailors were congregated.

"Get wise to the kid!" laughed one of the sailors, as I made my appearance. "Rest your glimmers on the hair!" cried another. "And the necktie!" drawled a third. "Where're you goin', boy, ashore with the captain?" asked the wench-driver.

I quickly saw that the sailors were deriding my clean face and hands, and as some of the steerage passengers had gathered around the sailors and were enjoying their taunts at my expense, I darted into the forecastle, pulled off the necktie, discarded my coat, mussed my hair, dirtied my face and reappeared on deck.

"Now you're a sailor," remarked the seamen, in chorus. And from that moment until our return to port, I did not wear a coat and washed my face only twice.

On the first night out I did not, as I had previously planned, sit up on deck with the passengers, singing love songs and counting stars. In the first place, the night was dismal and starless, and in the second place, I had been ordered not to stroll abaft the forward hatch. Chagrined at this restraint of liberty, I spent the evening

in the hot, smoky forecastle listening to the sailors' yarns. At two bells (nine o'clock), the entire crew of sailors had "turned in," and as I found the foul-smelling forecastle an impossible sleeping apartment, I gathered up my blankets, spread them on the forward hatch, and on this hard, cold bed sought sleep. But sleep refused to come. Strong, piercing draughts shot up between the hatch covers, chilling my limbs, and my thin blankets afforded me little protection against the cold, night wind. Eventually, however, I fell asleep. At eight bells (midnight), the steamer lurched violently, throwing me from the elevated hatch-covers onto the hard deck.

I vainly sought sleep again until six bells (three o'clock), and at three bells (half past five), was awakened by the boatswain's cry:

"All hands on deck to hose down."

I pulled myself to my feet, reluctantly, drank a cup of black coffee, and climbed to the saloon deck, armed with a broom.

"Hosing down" decks is the most disagreeable of a deck-boy's many arduous tasks. Decks are "hosed down" at sea every morning at four bells. The boatswain, in high boots, floods the decks with water while the barefooted deck-boys follow him with broom, scrubbing grease spots and paint stains. For three-quarters of an hour that morning I stood up to my ankles in ice-cold water with the chill morning breeze biting my hands and cheeks. How I did mutter; how I did say things as the boatswain shouted every few minutes:

"Come on there, keep those brooms a-moving!" Brief, cold water tub-baths taken voluntarily every morning ashore are not to be compared to the prolonged cold water foot-baths taken on compulsion by deck-boys every morning at sea. Oh! what a relief it was that first morning to hear the boatswain sing out:

"All right, boys, go below and have breakfast."

The one questionable advantage of being a deck-boy or sailor consists in the fact that while the landsman eats

three times a day, the sailor eats seven times. The deck-boy eats seven times, not one day, but every day while at sea. Before going on deck to "hose down" in the morning, he is served with coffee, biscuits, bread and sometimes eggs. After "hosing down," breakfast, consisting of mush, meat, eggs, coffee and biscuits, is served. About an hour after breakfast comes the meal known as "black-pan," which is composed of any dainties, such as puddings and pies which have been prepared for, but not used by, the cabin passengers. Lunch comes at twelve o'clock and supper at six, and after each of these meals comes "black-pan" again. Not infrequently chicken and ice cream is served as "black-pan." Black-pan does not always come at the same hour, but no matter at what hour it does come, time for the disposing of it is allowed the sailors.

The weather on the afternoon of the second day out was of the kind that makes sailors sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave" with great earnestness. The sun smiled down on the steamer's clean decks. A gentle breeze stirred the ship's rigging; the water below was as clear and as blue as the sky above. I sat on the hurricane deck, scrubbing life-racks and feeling mighty contented, though correspondingly sleepy. At last I could fight off sleep no longer, so, stretching myself on deck out of sight of the officer on the bridge, I yielded to the sleep-god's command. That the sleep-god was not commanding the "State of California" I learned when I opened my eyes and found the boatswain vigorously tickling my ribs with a square-toed shoe. The tickling was of a kind that did not excite laughter, and after much muttering on my part and much swearing on the part of the mate, I concluded to desert the sleep-god's banner and continued scrubbing life-racks.

And so life on the steamship went wearily on. That brief sleep snatched on the hurricane deck that beautiful afternoon was the nearest thing to fun I encountered in my deck-boy career. At night I slept,—or tried to sleep—on the hard hatch covers. In the morning I climbed up on deck and waded

around in ice-cold water. Sometimes, while the steamer was in one of the several ports she touched, I was sent over the ship's side with a rope tied around my waist to scrub paint-work. Sometimes, when the steamer was rolling out at sea I was sent perilously near the edge of the ship to spread canvas over the brass. Always there was something disagreeable and strenuous to be done; always there was a mate or boatswain at my heels who never wearied of issuing orders. And so, before we were many hours at sea, I regarded myself as a much-imposed-upon person.

One Sunday morning on the return trip I was sent up to the saloon deck to show what I was worth in regard to cleaning life-boats. For three hours I scrubbed and scraped, and when at eight bells I went below to lunch, the life-boats were as clean and as white as human hands could make them. During lunch the fire-drill bell clanged and I and my fellow-deck-boys sprang to the main deck pump, while the sailors dashed to the life-boats. Every companionway seemed to be vomiting red-shirted, coal-dust-covered firemen and grimy oilers. I and my fellow-deck-boys were to remain at the pump until the second signal, when we were to make for the life-boats. I thought that second signal would never come. We tugged and jerked over the pumps until our backs threatened to break, but still no "abandon pumps" signal came. Once we rested on the pump handles, but a harsh voice on the bridge commanded us to continue pumping. Finally the "abandon pumps" signal did come, and we rushed wildly up the companionway to our boats on the saloon deck. I was assigned to the Chief Engineer's boat, and when I reached the saloon deck I quickly saw that all the boats except the one to which I was assigned were out over the ship's side awaiting the order, "Lower away." An old lady thinking the steamer really in danger, had climbed into the life-boat and all the Chief Engineer's gentle persuading and all the sailors' subdued swearing could not influence her to relinquish

her position. And since the old lady would not allow the boat to be made clear unless it was filled with sailors, the Chief Engineer and his men suffered the humiliation of being unable "to get their boat over." When the boats were tied up again and quiet restored, the sailors and firemen went below. But I remained on deck, gazing upon my erstwhile clean life-boats, thinking unthinkable things and muttering unutterable words. Those coal-passers with their greasy, oily hands had left disfiguring finger-marks all over the recently cleaned life-boats.

That Sunday I enjoyed my only full night's sleep aboard ship. I had spread my blankets on the hatch covers at two bells, and for an hour vainly courted sleep. At four bells the ship began rocking heavily; at five bells many of the steerage passengers, affected by the ship's tossing, tumbled up on deck and for unmentionable reasons leaned over the rail; at six bells I stole down into the steerage, invaded one of the evacuated beds and slept the sleep of the weary until the boatswain's shrill "All hands on deck to hose down" brought me rushing up the companionway.

I was determined that Monday, my last day at sea, would pass without mishap, and it did—that is about the first two hours of it. After breakfast I was detailed to mop down the hurricane deck. To clean his mop it is the deck-boy's custom to tie it to a heaving line and trail it astern every now and then. I was hauling in my mop once on that unforgettable Monday morning, when it collided with the florid face of a stout gentleman who had suddenly leaned over the main deck's rail in an

attempt to see the ship's rudder. Naturally, the stout man complained to the mate, naturally the mate complained to the boatswain, naturally the boatswain sought me, and naturally I don't care to tell you what happened.

At two o'clock that Monday afternoon the "State of California" steamed through the Golden Gate. As we passed Meiggs wharf I again dipped the flag, this time maintaining a firm grip on the halyards. As the steamer swung around in the stream and ran her nose in towards Pier 9, I stood on the forecastle head prepared at the boatswain's command to hurl a heaving line ashore. "Heave away," shouted the boatswain, suddenly.

I heaved. And then that confounded sea-luck that had followed me throughout the entire trip popped up once more. On the wharf stood many longshoremen ready to catch the heaving line. In a corner of the wharf stood a lady dressed in black. The lady in black was apparently out of range of a skillfully thrown heaving line, but when I hurled the lead-tipped rope it deliberately flew high over the heads of the longshoremen and narrowly missed striking the lady in the face. There was much indignant shouting on the wharf—there was more indignant shouting on the ship. I didn't await developments; I knew the boatswain would be after me, so I darted below to the forecastle, grabbed my few effects and, without waiting to collect my pay, I jumped ashore the minute the steamer was made fast. And next morning I sent my little brother down to the steamer to draw my wages.

—JOHN P. DORAN.



Significance of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific

THE visit of our Navy to the Pacific Coast and the proposed expedition of seven battle ships to Japanese waters are a logical result of the responsibility which the United States assumed in becoming a colonizing nation and a potential great naval power after the war with Spain.

Although the American people openly sympathized with Japan during the war with Russia, the Japanese, through some occult agency, have been induced to believe that they were cheated out of the fruits of their victories by the pacific mediation of our President. Hence there have been hostile demonstrations in front of the United States Legation at Tokio, and resident Americans were insulted on the streets by the populace. This occurred before the trouble regarding the school question arose. It must be plain now to even the dullest observers that the Japanese as well as the American people have been misled by the clique that controls the supply of international news and uses that control to humbug the American people. Everything that happens in the Old World is colored, distorted out of its natural meaning, or wholly suppressed to suit the interests of the sordid, soulless and unpatriotic crowd of financial sharpers in Wall Street, who put Elihu Root in the State Department to attend to those interests, as they had his predecessor, John Hay. They control the foreign news-gathering of the Associated Press and of the special correspondents of the American daily press, with one or two insignificant exceptions. Their unscrupulous manipulations were most effective in misleading the American people during the negotiations preceding the Russo-Japanese War and all through the progress of the conflict. The "open door" in Manchuria—which is now effectually shut—Russia's hostility to America and the ardent admiration for everything American which filled the souls of "the plucky little Japs", were kept constantly displayed in a grand moving picture-show until the American people lost

sight of the game that was actually going on, and lost their heads as well.

When the game was over and President Roosevelt was allowed to preside at the official announcement of the winners, as a concession to "American interests" had been sacrificed, there was a wholly new situation. Russia, that had helped to save the Union at the very crisis of its fate, had disappeared as a Pacific power, her fleet was destroyed, Manchuria was in the hands of England's ally and soon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was altered so as to ensure English coöperation against the United States in case of war.

There never was a worse instance of blindness, incapacity and blundering than that displayed by the men entrusted with the foreign policy of the United States during that period. The present relations between Japan and the United States are the direct logical result of it. Against the blind and stupid policy pursued by the United States Government under the inspiration of the "Great Secretary", many far-seeing Americans at the time individually protested, but their protests were unheeded.

There is no immediate danger, however, of any sudden assault on the part of Japan, because the present low state of her finances is a guarantee of peace, and the United States squadron in the Pacific is stronger than any she can muster. But the naval power of Nippon is not to be despised and it may perhaps be supplemented by a larger force. It consists at present of thirteen battleships, twelve armored cruisers, and seventy-seven torpedo boats.

A comparative view of Japan's and our naval forces warrants the belief that our fleet will be received with courtesy by Japan, but whether it will or no, public sentiment in the United States has undergone a change in regard to the Japs; "the little brown men" of a few years ago are now "yellow", and they are not so frequently bepraised for their aptitude in assimilating Western ideas.

A speech made recently by Sir Wilfred Laurier shows that the treaty concluded between England and Japan immediately after the late war, is a treaty offensive and defensive, that is to say, it is a compact to the terms of which each party stands equally bound. It seems strange that so many writers seem to be unconscious of this fact, or perhaps their idea is that one of the parties may safely ignore it, that it simply confers an advantage without imposing the corresponding obligation. It is not likely, however, that Japan takes that view of the case, neither does Australia, who views with alarm the aggrandizement of Japan.

It is certain the people of Australia were quite sincere in the cordial invitation they tendered our fleet to visit their shores. They are aware that

England cannot send a naval force to protect them against Japan, because she has to watch the Germans in the North Sea; but there are other dependencies quite as defenseless as Australia. Goldwin Smith uttered a profound truth when he said that Lord Lansdown probably struck the button of fate when he encouraged Japan to attack Russia.

Whatever be the outcome of the prospective oriental war, this country has no occasion for alarm; though badly handicapped by our diplomacy and our position, yet with three excellent bases of operations we have many advantages, and we will at last have learned the lesson that it would be better to entrust our affairs to people who really care for American interests.

—C. W. KELLY.

MOTHER MARY

WE praise thee, Mother, we bless thy name,
We raise to thee our sighs,
From fervent hearts now all aflame,
With love that never dies;
How sweet it is to think of thee,
To serve, in deed and thought,
Pour out our souls, in prayer, that we
May love thee as we ought.

All nations bless thy sacred name,
Oh, how can any find
But love, and with that love proclaim
Thee Mother of Mankind;
When men, with joy, thy Son adore,
And bend to Him the knee,
And daily praise Him more and more,
Why never think of thee?

Ah! Mother, pierced beneath the rood,
Thy heart with sorrow deep,
And anguish pressing back a flood
Too great for eyes to weep;
We crave thy prayers and pity,
And thy Blessed Son adore,
Thro' thee we beg His Mercy—
Grace and Mercy, evermore.

—I. B.

THE FATHER OF OUR NAVY

THE advent of the great fleet to San Francisco has focused public attention on our navy in a very particular manner. It has recalled to our minds the deeds of those patriots who assisted so materially at the birth of our navy and whose lives and deeds should be treasured in grateful remembrance by succeeding generations. In the long roll of our naval heroes, there is one who, in brilliancy of achievement, intrepidity and unfaltering devotion to principle, stands unique in military glory—John Barry, our first Commodore and "Father of American Navy". Though frequent attempts have been made to deprive Barry of this enviable title so justly his, the facts of history remain which no prejudice can set aside.

John Barry was born in County Wenford, Ireland, in the year 1745. His home was so near the beach that he "had but to step outside his own door, to stand beside the sea." Gazing on the rolling majestic billows of the Atlantic, the mind of the ardent youth expanded and his heart throbbed for a life on the ocean wave. At the age of fourteen, he was placed on board a merchantman, regularly sailing between Philadelphia and the British ports. By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose rapidly in his chosen profession and at twenty-five was captain of the Black Prince, one of the best rigged ships, in those days, to cross the Atlantic. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Barry was acquiring a considerable fortune, but he abandoned his lucrative position and, like many other brave Irishmen, he espoused the cause of the American colonies and embarked his all in the cause of his adopted country. As yet, no American navy was in existence, nor had Congress any ships.

Captain Barry was one of these fearless, energetic individuals to grapple with such a stupendous task. His character was well adapted to the exigencies of the times, and fitted for the bringing into existence an infant navy that would bear the American flag to

victory on the high seas. Congress, in 1775, purchased several merchant ships to be fitted up as vessels of war and committed to Barry the equipment of the fleet which formed the nucleus of the American navy. In the new squadron, Captain Barry received command of the *Lexington*, then lying in the Delaware, and Paul Jones entered as first Lieutenant on the *Alfred*. When the American flag was adopted, the *Lexington* and the *Alfred* were the first to float the new ensign from the mastsheads of their vessels.

Barry's first work was to clear our waters of the enemies' small cruisers, which infested our coasts in large numbers, causing serious annoyance. This commission, though without remuneration, was, nevertheless, willingly accepted by the generous, patriotic and magnanimous Irishman, nor was he dismayed by the fact that a British war vessel of forty-two guns and two frigates were carefully guarding the Delaware. Captain Barry successfully maneuvered in the midst of this hostile force, demolished the British cruisers, captured the *Edward*, the first war vessel taken in battle, by any regular American cruiser. The first naval victory was hailed with joy, and the daring deeds of the gallant Captain eulogized throughout the country.

About this time, Barry was transferred to the command of the *Effingham*, then being built at Philadelphia. The rigorous winter suspended navigation on the Delaware, and to avoid the British forces, which were in possession of Philadelphia and the forts on the river, the *Effingham* was moved up near Whithall. Ice-bound, the vessel could not be brought into action. Was the commander to hold aloof from the conflict waged with such violence against the Colonies? No, the restless spirit of Barry could never remain inactive. Having won laurels on sea, he now turned his attention to the defense of his country by land. Barry became an aide-de-camp to General Cadwalader and performed efficient service in the operations around Trenton, receiving

the praise and admiration of all for his tact, coolness and courage.

Though Captain Barry was engaged with the land forces, he retained command of the *Effingham*, still ice-bound in the Delaware. General Howe well understood the difficulty of contending against so formidable an adversary and determined to win him over by every possible means. The English general offered Captain Barry fifteen thousand guineas and besides the command of a British ship, if he would abandon the patriotic for the royalistic cause. But the heroic Captain indignantly rejected the bribe, saying "that he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." Shortly afterwards the English succeeded in burning the American vessels on the Delaware and the *Effingham* perished with the rest.

At this critical time, never for a moment was the inventive genius of Captain Barry wanting. He planned and executed many bold enterprises which, during the Revolutionary War, have seldom been equaled and certainly never surpassed. In sending several small boats down the Delaware, Barry continually harassed the enemy by intercepting supplies. On one occasion he fitted out four boats, and proceeded with muffled oars down the river, filled with the enemy's ships. The British opened fire, but two of the boats passed uninjured, and dashing onward, the little force under Captain Barry attacked two English ships and a schooner loaded with provisions. The Englishmen, thrown into consternation by the suddenness of the attack, surrendered to the American sailors. The appearance of the enemy's fleet obliged Barry to burn the ships, but not until he secured their valuable cargoes. General Washington expressed great admiration for this heroic deed and sent Captain Barry the following complimentary testimonial:

"I have received your favor of the 9th inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from

reaping the full benefit of your courage, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my best wishes that a suitable recompence may always attend your bravery."

In September, 1778, Captain Barry received command of the *Raleigh*, which he later deliberately ran ashore rather than surrender to the enemy. Barry's conduct was subjected, however, to a court-martial, but his reputation acquired brighter lustre by the investigation and the command of another ship given him at the first opportunity. He received the title of Commodore, being the first American officer on whom it was conferred. A few years later Commodore Barry sailed the *Alliance*, carrying Colonel Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, on an important embassy to the court of France. While returning, he fought a severe battle with two British ships, the *Atalanta* and the *Trepassy*. Having received a severe wound, Commodore Barry was compelled, through loss of blood, to retire below. During the Commodore's absence, an officer represented to him the damage the *Alliance* had sustained and asked if they should surrender. "No," replied Barry, "if the ship cannot be fought without me I will be carried on deck." This thrilling answer so nerved the crew that they continued the contest with renewed vigor and victory soon shed its golden rays on the American banner.

In 1781, Commodore Barry sailed again, in the *Alliance*, to France, with Marquis de la Fayette on board. On his return trip, he took a number of prizes, besides capturing a frigate of equal size with his own vessel. When hailed by the British squadron and asked the usual questions as to ship and captain, the hero gave this spirited and characteristic reply:

"The United States ship *Alliance*; saucy Jack Barry,—half Irishman, half Yankee. Who the h—— are you?"

At the cessation of hostilities, Barry remained in the Government service, taking an active part in every move-

ment concerning his country's welfare. His ability and experience were of invaluable service in shaping the future naval policy of the Government. He persuaded the authorities to introduce a superior model of ships which has ever since supplied the lack of numerical strength. No man could be more loyal to his adopted country than Commodore Barry, as his many years of public utility strikingly testify. His life was that of a sincere practical Catholic. Impressed with the grandeur of his holy faith, Commodore Barry ever exacted strict performance of religious

worship on board his vessels. Many noble qualities rendered his character one of singular beauty and symmetry; he was loved and honored by his contemporaries and future generations will look upon the achievement of Commodore Barry with pride and admiration.

"There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame;
But never yet one braver,
Our starry banner bore,
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore."

—H. CARROLL.

A FRAGMENT

THE twilight is glowing,
The night-wind is blowing,
Bright ripples are flowing
Over the sea,
Where lost ones are sleeping,
And the moon, her watch keeping
In heaven, seems weeping
Over the sea.

Now wild waves are meeting,
Huge billows retreating,
The surges fast fleeting
Over the sea—
Their melody robbing
By their fearful throbbing—
And the wind is still sobbing
Over the sea.

—C. T. MOUL.



EDITORIAL

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R. J. DORAN, '08

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BUSINESS MANAGER
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THE Postmaster-General has issued a new order, applicable to all magazines passing through the mails, requiring that all mail subscriptions be renewed within a reasonable time or the paper be discontinued. In other words, subscribers who are in arrears must keep their subscriptions to our monthly paid up to within four months from date, or fail to receive it. The order of the Postmaster-General went into effect January 1st. We therefore ask those of our subscribers who are indebted to us to forward their subscriptions at once. We will regretfully be compelled to cancel the names from our subscription list of those who fail to respond to this appeal, not because we do not wish to credit them, but to avoid the trouble and expense incurred by the loss of second-class rates. The order reads:

"A reasonable time will be allowed publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions, but unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid, within the following periods: Monthlies, within four months; they shall not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers, and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second class postage rate of one cent a pound, but may be mailed at the transient second-class postage rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamp affixed."

The readers of THE COLLEGIAN will perceive that we will not be able to carry our absent-minded subscribers at this increased postage rate, and we therefore earnestly request all who are in arrears to remit at once.

Alumni Day should be the happiest holiday of St. Mary's year—a meeting of the past and the present with a bit of the future in the foreground. What a warmth should there be in the handshake of classmates and fellow-collegians estranged by the passage of decades! How fond memories will awaken from well nigh forgotten corners of the hearts of teacher and pupil, gazing into eyes that reflect scenes of by-gone days! 'Tis said that the real love for one's college never comes to a man until he has parted from his Alma Mater and experienced a few years' battle with the world. And judging from the spirit shown last year on Alumni Day, which was, by the way, the first general celebration of this particular kind at St. Mary's, hundreds will realize that their college days are among their tenderest memories. Many will vainly yearn for the return of young manhood's happy days. Then welcome grads., come spend a day in the happy pasture of years a-gone. Let Alma Mater smile upon you just for a fleeting day, and when you journey back to practical life, give her your

hand and the same good wish you gave her last year:

"And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel, awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile."

Bobby Burns, Scotland's sweetest bard, moulded a question we would fain ask you, old graduates:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?"

And for answer, you'll please our ears and gratify our spirit if you continue in the same sweet strain:

"We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

The semester is spending itself lavishly. Easter recess, with Fleet Week well in its wake and the generous sprinkling of holidays, all tend to shorten time and break that cherished monotony all too much for those merry collegians who pass time for seven or eight months, and then plod heavily for the remainder of the scholastic year. How often do we hear these same plodders telling us, and hear ourselves telling them, that this or that holiday—or all of them—will be days of earnest "catching-up"! But many a plodder spends many a holiday in realms other than solitary solid study, and the market value of good intentions is magnified a million times over.

A movement which has long been agitated and finally clamored for was made by the Faculty Committee with the Athletic Association. The Athletic Association is identical with the student body and its officers have presided over various meetings called to discuss other than matters athletic. Heretofore all the students of St. Mary's, Collegiate and Academic, have been members of the one body. The Academicians have long claimed that they were not given due consideration by the officers and the Collegians have, for many years, considered the "Kids" a burden. Dissatisfaction has been mutual and

a-plenty in recent years, but now a movement has set matters at a nice notch of adjustment. A Junior Athletic Association has been formed, officers have been elected, and as a result the former body of the Athletic Association is decreased nearly fifty per cent in numbers, but its members have attained age and education sufficient to make them a more grave and dignified body. The situation is satisfactory to all and its correctness is manifested by the sentiment shown. That such a state of affairs now exists is due almost totally to the untiring efforts and practical foresight of our Moderator of Athletics. St. Mary's has long needed such a line of distinction as he has drawn, and with him as a sort of guardian angel to both associations, they will become independent, strong and non-conflicting.

The unbased protestations of a prominent Oaklander against the campaign against rats can be made to sound exceedingly foolish by former examples of the ravages of the bubonic plague. This Mayor of Oakland, in a public speech, scored the medical and civil authorities rather generally and added more than a touch of local color when he declared the bubonic plague scare a bubble. Verily, it is more than a bubble, even though we should like to believe that diseased rats and fleas are myth-like in our cities about the bay. The plague is much in evidence at other Pacific ports and medical men all cherish the idea of the messengership of the rat and the flea. Oakland can well afford to sink a bit of her municipal fund in the fight—if war it must be—against infested rats. If the prominent, dissenting Oaklander would call to mind the old, perhaps homely, saying: "An ounce of preventative is better than a pound of cure", a sensible light might dawn upon his intellect.

The eighteen months' sentence imposed upon J. Dalzell Brown, the most notorious "financier" of the recent bank upheaval in San Francisco, is scarcely an imposition at all. The amount of his embezzlement, some sixty-five thousands, and the length of his sen-

tence, compare most unfavorably—or shall we say, favorably—with other cases in the annals of San Francisco's courts. Upon first reading the sentence to be served by the embezzler, one is struck with the very weird proportions of the case. The amount of money and the length of servitude do not harmonize. How many "ordinary" cases could we cite to show the injustice of the proceedings. But, again, it may be that Brown's plea of guilty—which was a boon to the public in that it offset the anxiety anticipated by a long trial—entailed a confession that was half-hearted state's evidence. A compact may exist, one that may be of value in future kindred cases to Brown's; but

the public gaze cannot see a reflection of Justice, with her balanced scales, in that eighteen months' sentence. Of course, Mr. J. Dalzell Brown is a "high caste" criminal and just how much so we can realize when we ponder on the ugly-visaged fact that he squandered and used privately the hard-earned savings of many an honest laborer, upon which, mayhap, were built the hopes of future comfort to the wage-earner's family. Had one of these wronged wage-earners taken a paltry few dollars from Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, banker, would he not have been plastered with a longer sentence, barren of prison privileges?

WELCOME TO THE FLEET

AMERICA, freedom now sleeps on thy plains,
And the gilt ore of Mammon is lodged in thy veins;
The great god of harvest has swept o'er thy land,
And vict'ry is thine at Jehovah's command.

Halcyon thy vales which were savage anon,
Ere Columbus from Spain his blest voyage begun,
Now thrill with the life of a national roar,
And the wilderness—aye! can be savage no more.

America, studding thy realms all along
Toss lakes to the tune of Niagara's song;
On thy east-beaten shore, which St. Brenden once scanned,
Ere the proud, prudish pilgrims set foot upon land,

Rest cities, the wealth of which Rome in her pride
Could ne'er lay her richness and beauty beside.

To the west—vast enchantment, a golden expanse—
Stretch plains, mountains, gardens—the Eden perchance,
Where the wand'r'er from o'er the Atlantic-tossed main
Finds a home which abroad he can search for in vain.

To the south, where chivalry reigns as of yore,
Though her vales be in peace, or are deluged in war,
Roll seas of the white, foamy cotton that 'long
With the breeze whirls in dance 'mid nature's own song.

Throughout the Republic God's stamp's on the land,

And her wealth now so dazzling shall still more expand.
Each eye flares in wonder, each national scribe
Sings sonnets whose glories thy greatness describe;
And the heart of each native in national air,
Flames forth when the Star-Spangled Banner floats there
In the sunlight; and cursed be the day
When the breezes no longer their due respects pay.
Exalt ye, each native, and great be your pride
For your army at home and your ships on the tide;
Praise ye the fierce battles of Barry, the Brave,
And ships, though the deep has made them a grave.
Sing ye of the battles that raged on the main
When vict'ry was snatched from the navy of Spain.
Inside our loved Gate in white gorgeous array,
A-chafing the tide, does our Armada lay
In our midst, and her guns glitter forth to the eye
Like meteors flashed from the heights of the sky.
From full-flaring funnels rolls densely the smoke
Rejoicingly free from the fierce furnace yoke;

The ships tug at anchors dug fast in the bay,
And a tribute of love does each patriot pay.
And what care we now for huge nations abroad—
For their Armadas, great, for their militant horde?
What care we now, for our continent lies
Safe 'neath these guns and our national skies?
And safe lies our city, though ravaged before
By the tremor's dread terrors, thrice fiercer than war.
Ye citizens, rise from each concrete-crowned hill,
And the warm cup of welcome strive gladly to fill;
For afar from the shorn Atlantean shores
The wealth of a nation Pacific-ward pours:
Arise, ye, rejoice! to yon battleships fly,
And voice ye from suburb to ferry the cry—
Welcome! ye stalwart iron-bound battlements grand;
Welcome! sixteen, the pride and the pomp of our land;
Welcome! ye sailors, our great nation's proud boast;
Welcome! thrice welcome to our own Western coast.

—JOHN J. BURKE.



COLLEGE ITEMS

FOURTEEN candidates mounted the College stage on the evening of the 21st ult., to deliver their selections for the second preparatory contest for the Cottle Oratorical Medal. All the speakers culled gems of eloquence for their selections, but only eight were to be selected according to the regulations of the contest. The judges for the occasion were Reverend J. A. Grant, Brother Michael of St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley, and Brother Michael, Director of the Christian Brothers' College in Singapore. The judges were so long in arriving at a decision that the students grew impatient and made haste for the dormitories. A few vocal interruptions by Messrs. Wells, Burke and Doran, and orchestral selections, served to calm the nerves of the auditors. The names of the eight students who were chosen by the judges and who will compete in the finals are: C. T. Moul, '11; S. Andriano, '11; H. Beck, '09; J. Burke, '09; J. P. Doran, '09; T. P. O'Keefe, '08; F. W. Dunn, '08, and R. J. Doran, '08. The finals are scheduled to take place during the last week in May. For this contest candidates must compose and deliver orations. As these exercises will be public, invitations will soon be issued for the affair.

The second try-out of the Junior elocution contest for the Plover Medal brought out the budding orators of St. Mary's. Many of them excelled the Senior contestants in point of delivery; but then, orators,—that is, real orators, like real poets—are born and not manufactured. Selections by the College orchestra, solos by Messrs. Wells and Burke, and a cornet duet by H. Gray and G. Wickman constituted the musical numbers of the program. Brother Lewis, Director of Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, Brother Felan, Director of St. Anthony's School, East Oakland, and Brother Bernard of St. Mary's acted as judges. The following were selected to compete in the finals: Charles Weber, Gerald Brushet, Eugene Reardon, John Clecak, Hector Mc-

Neill, Michael O'Connell, George La-fitte, Roy McNeill and Irving Scott.

Rev. P. C. Yorke, S. T. D., gave an eloquent talk to the students on May 14th in the College chapel.

Founders' Day, the feast of St. John Baptist De La Salle, was fittingly observed at the College on Friday, May 15th. Impressive ceremonies were held in the College chapel and were largely attended by the clergy and friends of St. Mary's. At the solemn high mass Rev. J. B. Hannigan, '88, was celebrant; Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90, acted as deacon; Rev. E. J. Nolan, '91, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. J. Cranwell, College chaplain, was master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the mass, Rev. W. J. Deeney, S. J. of Santa Clara College, who is an alumnus of the Class of '90, preached an eloquent panegyric on the life and labors of St. De La Salle, founder of the Institute of the Christian Brothers. The College choir, with orchestral accompaniment, sang the Messe de St. Thérèse by La Hache in three parts, with Professor Molineaux as leader and Professor Schorcht as organist. Archbishop de Silva administered the sacrament of Confirmation to about sixty boys, twelve of whom are students of the College, the others being pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, Berkeley. Among the visiting clergy were: Very Reverend R. H. Gleeson, President of Santa Clara College; Rev. P. A. Foley, Rev. T. McSweeney, Rev. J. B. McNally, Rev. L. Serda, Rev. P. Kearns, Rev. W. Testa, S. J.; Rev. T. J. Kennedy, '01; Rev. J. Burri, Rev. J. Brennan.

After the services in the chapel the Archbishop and visiting clergy were banqueted by the College faculty. The students who were confirmed were: Leo A. McClatchy, Eugene A. Reardon, Webster H. Treat, Thomas A. Burns, William J. Brown, Louis B. Diavila, Francis J. Antone, Charles J. Baker, Charles F. Keefer, John B. Meherin, Richard J. Deterding, David J. Thornton.

The members of the choir formed a theater party in the evening and were given a dinner afterwards, through the courtesy of the President.

By courtesy of the President, the Easter holidays were extended over a period of six days. The vacation came as a sweet relief from the heavy grind of examination week; the students were thus enabled to witness the beautiful ceremonial of Holy Week at their respective parish churches. Classes were resumed on Tuesday, April 22d.

Dr. Long, the Federal representative in charge of exterminating the bubonic plague on the coast, recently addressed the student body on the "rat" question. The lecturer traced the development of the bubonic plague from its four known sources, and stated that the plague, which appeared on the Pacific Coast, originated in the Orient. "The money expended in the crusade against the rodent," said the doctor, "is already reaping its harvest of good results. The sanitary condition of our cities, though not normal, is far ahead of the standard of a few months back." Dr. Long dilated on the peculiarities of the rat, telling many amusing incidents of the rats' migratory habits. He further stated that the authorities were in nowise dismayed by the opposition of those who brand all reformatory movements "fakes", adding that, at every outbreak of the plague recorded, similar opposition was loud and prolonged. The doctor closed with an appeal to the students to help the good work along by urging a relentless crusade against the rat as the sole means of eliminating the plague. "This," he said, "will be accomplished by a strict attention to the sanitary laws."

Supplemented by a choice selection of slides which illustrated his lecture, Brother Leo of the Science Department of St. Mary's gave an interesting talk on the natural wonders and beauty of Yellowstone Park. A few years ago Brother Leo spent the summer vacation at Yellowstone, studying its wonderful phenomena and gathering information

useful for students of geology. While there he obtained many rare views of those charming situations which enrapture the traveler.

As usual, the Easter Examinations determined the yearly standing of the students. Examination at this part of the term fairly well determines the promotion or hold-over of the student. While satisfactory in general, we would give delinquents a gentle hint to "plug" between now and the end of June, if they wish to move along with their classes. This isn't a sermon, fellows, just a little college advice from one "who has been there."

Ye Howl awoke from its long dormancy and floated again into College activities, under a new management. This time the verdant Freshmen assumed the editorship of the once breezy little paper. These vigorous youths are publishing weekly editions with fair success. Barring a crudeness, characteristic of amateur scribes, **Ye Howl** rivals in jokelets the racy humor of former publishing boards. As is commonly the case with productions from lower classmen, its contents are devoted chiefly to senseless ridicule of the upper classmen. Such a policy, dear Freshies, is an admirable way of creating a breach not consistent with the ethics of College spirit.

Editor COLLEGIAN:

Will you kindly state in your next issue the rightful owners of the College paper known as **Ye Howl**?

Obligingly yours,

ROY MCNEILL.

Answer:

The data available is summarized as follows: While in their Junior year, Harry Davie, '07, at present a law student, and "Mickey" Thompson, '07, now a Santa Cruz surveyor and sometime ball-player, began the publication of the paper known as **Ye Howl**. These two students continued its publication until their graduation in 1907. Before **Ye Howl** saw the light of day, there was a paper of similar purport edited by "Rube" Haley, '06, now playing

baseball with the Oakland Club of the Pacific Coast League. Haley's paper was written on scraps and leaves from anybody's text-book, and was limited to class-room circulation.

At the last regular monthly meeting of S. M. C. A. A., President "Tom" Feeney on the rostrum, it was decided to hold the second field-day trials on the 23d of the present month. Encouraged by the success of the March meet, the Board of Directors are making preparations on a grander scale. Judging from the exuberance of enthusiasm among the students, and their faithful report for training, a successful day is assured. Instead of a regular inter-class affair, the competitors are grouped under the leadership of two captains chosen by the athletic officers. The captains are Roy McNeill of the First Commercial Class, and Frank Hart of the Seniors—first and second winners, respectively, of the recent inter-class meet. Trophies of value are to be given successful competitors. A sumptuous banquet will complete the day's program. A goodly number of the student body are in active training.

Father Moore, the well known Paulist who has been conducting a course of lectures on Ethics for the past year at St. Mary's, has been obliged to discontinue the course. The Reverend Father, by his genial personality, endeared himself to both faculty and students. He is succeeded by Father T. O'Neil, C. S. P., who is a worthy substitute. The topic of Father O'Neil's initial lecture was "Duty".

"Babylon and Its Scriptural Importance" formed the subject of a brief talk by Brother Cornelius at the regular weekly Bible instruction. The speaker drew a vivid picture of the pitiful condition of the Jews while in captivity at Babylon, and described the sufferings of the captives weeping by the river bank, sobbing out their lamentations for far-off Jerusalem and the holy temple.

Everybody is delighted with the stir now in progress among the members of the Reading Circle. The new reading room, described in the last COLLEGIAN, has been open all month at regular hours. And it has been generously patronized. But on Saturday night the silent and ardent guests of the literary feast far exceed accommodations. They may be seen clustered in various convenient postures on the floor and so interested in the volumes of their choice that for their sake the hour for retiring has been deferred. The suggestion to donate books to build up the library has not been in vain. Some fifty volumes have been received from the students since Easter.

THE COLLEGIAN, through the courtesy of Brother Agnon, has enriched the library with some twenty-five volumes.

Mrs. A. K. Rarig donated some twenty volumes, Miss T. Braeg and Mrs. M. C. Lord ten volumes. The thanks of the librarian are hereby tendered the generous donors.

The following students contributed several books during the past month, to whom the Reading Circle express their hearty thanks: Harry Davie, William Fitzgerald, Alfred Frederick, William Carney, Jack Makinson, Howard Magee, John Clecak, William Burke, William Donnelly, George Gilboy, George Sterrett, Charles Baker, Gustav Colson, Tom Allen, Charles Weber, Ray Biggy, James Lee, George Gilboy, Will Davie, Lawrence Miller, Charles Weber, Theodore Davie, John Rodgers, Charles McHugh, Tom Allen, Hector McNeill, Thomas Sheehan, James Smith, George Sterrett.

It may well serve to cap the joy of S. M. R. C. enthusiasts to know that the full line of Father Finn's delightful works has been sent for. This is due to a swell in the treasury, or rather an emptying of the treasury, swelled by the fees of new members and the kindness of Brother Vellesian.

In the warmth of all this encouragement a remark may be opportune: A manly character and a judicious mind will not read at random whatever comes

along; he will not taste twenty different articles without mastering the contents of any, thus making his mind a sort of waste-basket. He will not read lazily, simply passing by what he does not understand; nor hastily and without ever pausing to view in mind a fine scene or dwell with some beautiful thought. It is therefore recommended that each member of S. M. R. C. learn to read judiciously, carefully, and ardently and draw others to do the same.

The April exhibit of freehand drawing was held on the 28th ult. The abundance of the work gives proof of interest and diligence. The Second Academics have finished the course of principles of object-drawing and have already given proof that they can apply them by drawing chairs, boxes, etc., in various positions from the imagination. Henry Culbertson, E. O'Rourke, Arthur Wells, Ray Travers, Luis Morrill, Joseph McCrohan are the best. The Third Academic A give proof that their fund of ideas for original designs was by no means exhausted when they gave so large a variety of designs two months ago. The work is even better this time.

No two designs are alike. Special credit is due to Andrew Wing, George Gilboy, George Sterrett, James Bell and Joseph McDonald. The Third Academic B are hard workers and have introduced some original ideas. The Fourth Academic also show general improvement. The leaders in these two classes are Manuel Arcentales, Howard Magee, Arthur Spicer, Maurice Pistori, Theodore Davie, Herbert Remmer, William Ogilvie and Harold Nichols.

Thirty students in the Business Department of the College have received their graduating papers for having satisfactorily finished their prescribed course in the Palmer Method of penmanship. Many more are working hard to obtain similar honors before the close of the term. The Penmanship Exhibit will be held in the College on Alumni Day, June 7th.

The sympathy of the student body is hereby extended to Michael O'Connell, whose brother died in Berkeley, April 27th.

—R. J. DORAN.

LA VIDE

SOME poets say Life's but a dream
Of things that are to be,
And some dare say things now that seem
Are not reality!

And as we tread the paths of pain
They to us fain would say,—
" 'Tis but to purge a woeful stain
Of some deep hidden day!"

And yet with all such plaintive cries,
These same poor swains do cling
So tightly to the hour that flies,
Such joyful rest to bring!

But as for me—I'm not in woe,
Mid all unhappy strife,—
The dearest, sweetest thing I know
Is this queer thing called Life!
—W. F. BURKE.

KIB

His name was Kib. I liked him well.
He was only a pup—you know the spell
That hangs about each hairy cur
That played with you and played with her,
When woes and cares were few and light,
And life was frolic from morn till night.

One eve our family's youthful crew
Around the cheery fireside drew,
To read of Kibeknocker, wight
Who battled 'gainst the North Wind's might.
The next day brought that chubby dog
That set my baby heart agog.

Sister and brothers too old to play
Left me wth Kib to while away
The sunlit hours; while oft in bed
I hugged that doggie's curly head;
And frequent stole the cupboard-bone
To soothe that pup's low hungry moan.

When Kib's ungainly limbs grew stout,
With rope and thong I bound him 'bout;
And harnessed thus, I drove full tilt
In cart of wheels and soap-box built.
No auto ride could give the joy
That showed in both that dog and boy.

One saddened day poor Kib went mad
From stroke of whip of butcher lad.
They dragged him to the wood-pile's gloom,
A heap of rubbish, now his tomb.
I heard each shot, and long I cried,
That night my Kib, thus riddled, died.

O you, who mock the gentle care
Bestowed upon the young, the fair,
Recall the dog on which you smiled
When but a blithesome, kindly child.
And now you'd frown, and freeze the heart
Of one,—thy maker's counterpart.

—ACADEMIC.



THE S. S. S. S. has had a very busy time during the past month. The engineering committee has conferred with the Regent and Honorary Counselor and they have called several very good evenings for the benefit of their fellow members before the term's end. Many notable speakers have been secured from the outside and the members are anxiously awaiting the date when the first speaker will grace the S. S. S. S. rostrum.

Many of the "old boys" of S. S. S. S. have called at the Society's headquarters and, needless to say, were given a hearty welcome by the active members. Among the visitors were: Mr. Joseph Fitzgerald, '05; Mr. John Rooney, '06; Mr. Walter Hinkle, '06; Mr. Wm. Thompson, '07, and Mr. Edward Burns, '07. The old boys are devoting most of their time to their profession, while they spend their leisure hours at the national pastime. Call again, fellows. You're always welcome at the meetings and doings of the S. S. S. S.

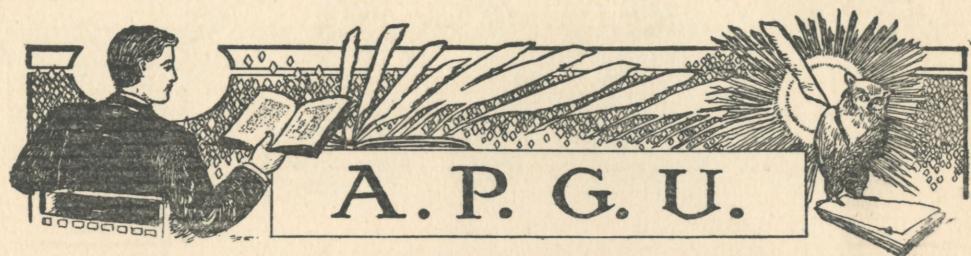
Mr. Walter B. Hinkle, '06, gave the boys a genuine treat on the evening of May 11th, in Science Hall, in the form of a talk of his experience since his graduation. He has worked successfully as a civil and mining engineer. He read a paper on Railroad Work that he has done, in which he gave the

younger engineers many valuable hints. He is, at present, in Wheatland.

Mr. Wm. J. Fitzgerald, who was also carded for this evening, sent a letter expressing his deep regret at not being able to be present, being held on important duty. Mr. Henry A. Davie, '07, spoke on the value of extemporaneous speaking, not only in the lawyer's and doctor's profession, but also in the line controlled by the engineer. The meeting was opened by an address of welcome by Mr. Thomas P. O'Keefe, '08, Regent, and brought to a fitting close by Rev. Brother Bernard, Honorary Counselor, who voiced the sentiments of the Society in thanking the speakers for their devotion and loyalty to the S. S. S. S.

Though far away in person, Chris Connors, ex-'07, is still with us in spirit. "Chris" is not only a warm member of the S. S. S. S., but he is a true friend. "Chris" does not say much of himself, but we rest assured that any man with his character is truly successful. Best wishes from all the boys, Chris.

The S. S. S. S. have planned a theater evening, when they will attend in a body some classical performance, and then attend their annual banquet. Mr. T. Feeney is in charge of the affair and with him at the helm, we are assured of a pleasant evening.



THOUGH nearing the close of the College term, the A. P. G. U. has enough events on its calendar to insure a fitting climax to the greatest year literarily and socially in the short life of its organization. The society has more than contributed its share to social activities at St. Mary's. The present steering committee filled out programs of lectures and debates mapped out in the beginning of the year. The treasurer reports that the finances of the society are in a most gratifying condition. In all it has been a banner year.

At the last meeting of the society, after the regular business was disposed of, the matter of the annual banquet and theater party were discussed. It was agreed to attend the production of "Marie Antoinette" and later repair to a banquet hall, where a sumptuous repast will be arranged for. The evening of June 2d has been selected by the steering committee.

The steering committee in charge of the banquet and theater party appoint-

ed at the last meeting comprises Burnett Sheehan, Ray W. Merrick and Frank Dunn. The President also delegated Hugh Carroll, John Burke, Cornelius Kelly, Laurence Smith and William Burke to arrange some musical numbers for the occasion.

"The Bells" will positively be staged in the College Auditorium during the last week of May. Every member of A. P. G. U. is represented in the cast. Brother Vellesian has secured the services of Mr. George Webster of Ye Liberty Playhouse to direct the rehearsals. It is planned to present "The Bells" a few times in the bay cities, in compliance with requests. The presentation will form one of the features of Alumni celebration on June 7th.

Those prominent in the cast are: Chas. T. Moul, Mathias; Ray W. Merrick, Christian; Burnett Sheehan, Walter; Clifford Russell, Hans; John Burke, William, and Richard J. Doran, The President of the Court. Others in the cast are E. Henderson, C. Kelly, W. Burke, W. Davie, R. Miller, J. Doran and L. Smith. Frank Dunn is stage manager.

—RAY W. MERRICK.

ALUMNI NOTES

ALUMNI DAY this year will be on June 7th. This promises to be the greatest day in the history of the College. Graduates from all over the State, from the pioneer Class of '72 to the present, a period of thirty-six years, will renew old-time memories, and new and lasting acquaintance will be formed. At a recent meeting of the officers and board of directors of the Alumni Association, it was decided that one member of each class will serve as a committee of one to get as many of his classmates as possible to be present. Badges will be distributed at the College to the "old boys" and their friends that will entitle them to all the privileges of the day. Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83, President of the Alumni, has issued the following note to each alumnus:

Alumni Association of St. Mary's College.

San Francisco, Cal., April 27th, 1908.
Dear Sir:—

Last year Rev. Brother Vellesian, President of St. Mary's College, extended to the Graduates an invitation to be present at the Reunion, which was held at the College in Oakland, on Sunday, June 16th, 1907. Although the time in which notice had to be given was very short, there was the largest gathering of the Alumni Association held in years, and from every standpoint the Reunion was successful.

This year on the kind invitation of the President of St. Mary's College, another Reunion of the Alumni Association will be held at St. Mary's College in Oakland, Cal., on June 7th, 1908. THIS WILL BE ALUMNI DAY. Considering the successful outcome of that of last year, on the brief notice given, it is hoped that with this ample notice every Graduate of the College will set aside this day for attendance, keep the same in mind during the whole period and see that every one of his fellow classmen is present.

Let every member of the Association be present for the day, let us renew old-time associations and memories

and make the Alumni Association worthy of the College.

Sincerely yours,
F. J. MURASKY,
President.

F. J. KIERCE,
Secretary.

N. B.—KEEP ALUMNI DAY IN MIND.

The order of exercises on Alumni Day will be:

11:30—Mass in the College chapel.
Music by the College choir.

12:15—Reception tendered by the present students—three-minute talks.

12:45—Lunch.
1:30—Inspection of Drawing Exhibit—a roam through the old halls.
2:00—Meeting of Alumni Association.

2:30—Baseball game—the Alumni vs. the Phoenix.

5:00—Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. J. E. Cottle, '77—Benediction, music by the Alumni.

5:30—Dinner.
7:30—The A. P. G. U. Dramatic Club will entertain.

9:00—Au revoir till '09.

Rev. M. C. Gleeson, Chaplain of the U. S. S. Connecticut, will be a guest of honor on Alumni Day. Father Gleeson is a graduate of the Class of '91 of Manhattan College, New York City, conducted by the Christian Brothers.

John P. Plover, '01, was installed as Grand Knight at the institution of the Knights of Columbus at Santa Rosa.

Rev. E. J. Doran, '79, received the appointment of assistant pastor of Petaluma.

Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83, P. J. McCormick, '88, and Brother Agnon have been appointed as a committee to confer with the President of the College to arrange the details connected with Alumni Day.

The sermon of Rev. W. J. Deeney, '90, S. J., on Founder's Day, was one of the most eloquent ever heard in the College chapel. Father Deeney was the first graduate from St. Mary's after its transfer to Oakland.

Among the many good things brought about by the coming of the fleet were visits from several of the "old boys". From the mountains of Alturas, Modoc county, there came George Bigley, '03. George is principal of a school in Alturas, spending his spare moments in the performance of the duties of deputy tax collector. He tells us that he and "Jack" Callaghan, '01, acted as battery for their town in the recent defeat of Centerville. Both George and Jack were formidable Phoenix players, and with them opposing her, Centerville surely entered the game handicapped. Don't wait for another fleet before visiting us again, George.

To the magnetic influence of the "big ships" we are also indebted for a call from John Rooney, '06. "Jan" is located in Sacramento, pursuing engineering lines in the employ of the city. There is always a vacancy for an alumnus in the Dining Hall, Jan.

A call to go to work in Sacramento for the Southern Pacific came at a most fortunate time for W. J. Thompson, '07. His transit from Santa Cruz to Sacramento enabled him to see the big affair in San Francisco and give us a call. "Micky" would rather miss a meal than pass us up, and we would rather forego several than be deprived of a glimpse of his genial physiognomy.

Hon. Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, '77, of Redwood City, will address the graduates on Commencement Day, June 24th.

The members of S. S. S. S. were given a treat Monday evening in a talk by Walter Hinkle, '06, on railroad surveying. Walter never fails to call when he is within hailing distance, and he cannot come any too often to suit us. Walter is at present conducting a machine shop at Wheatland. The bulk of the work at present consists in turn-

ing out machines to pick hops, which are to replace the old hand-picking method.

Frank E. Frates, '03, received his M. D. from the Affiliated Colleges on the 13th inst. Those of us who may be doomed to a siege at St. Mary's Hospital within the next year will have the pleasure of knowing that Frank is an interne of that institution. We feel confident that Frank's perseverance, coupled with his ability, will make him one of our leading physicians.

J. D. Harloe, '01; John F. Brady, '06; Albert T. Shine, '06, and Edward I. O'Dea, '06, have completed their second year at Hastings' Law College. They have as yet to learn the results of their examinations. We join with them in wishing a favorable report.

Edward I. Barry, '07, and Harry A. Davie, '07, have completed their first year.

Vincent C. Derham, '04, has now meandered through his third year of medicine at Cooper's, and in September next will start on his senior year. Good luck, "Vince", and a prosperous outcome, so that we may have one more to relieve us of our too numerous aches and pains.

The sister of J. J. Greeley, '97, and of T. F. Greeley, '04, died in San Francisco April 6th.

The father and mother of John E. Kelley, '92, died on April 7th, at Oakdale.

On April 28th, the mother of Dr. M. J. Dunn, '76, and of Dr. W. L. Dunn, '93, died in Oakland.

The mother of Rev. C. E. O'Neile, '82, passed away at Suisun on April 16th.

Mr. Mogan, an old California pioneer and father of R. F. Mogan, '84, and Dr. C. J. Mogan, ex-'97, died in San Francisco on May 8th.

The father of the late Hippolyte A. Magendie, '75, died in San Francisco at the age of ninety-three.

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

EXCHANGES

THE minute *The Fordham* arrives in our sanctum we tear open the envelope and listen to the "Echoes From the Jester's Bells". The Jester's Bells jingle for about three pages in each issue of *The Fordham* and peal out several splendid pieces of humorous college verse. We congratulate the *Fordham* editors for serving us such delightful light verse and only wish that more of our serious-minded exchanges would liven up their columns with a few jingles from the jester's bells. While the *Fordham* scribes are adepts at light verse they are also very capable in penning serious poems. We use the word "poems" advisedly—most of the metrical effusions in the Easter edition are real gems. "Leave Me My Dreams" and "Yesterday and Tomorrow" we found pleasing in sentiment and perfect in metre.

"Along the Via Sacra", a department devoted to one-minute humorous stories, is in prose, what "Echoes From the Jester's Bells" is in verse. The stories are really amusing. Just to prove that the *Fordham* men are not devoted to light subjects alone, we give the titles of some of the weightier articles found in the Eastern number of the journal: "Drummond and the Habbitant", "Eldorado—An Appreciation" and "The Wireless Telephone". Each of the above named articles are interesting and couched in model English. And then the departments in *The Fordham* are conducted in a manner which makes an "outsider" as well as "insiders" read them. S. Quinn deserves a compliment on his splendid work in the Easter number.

We have to award the premium to the girls of Villa De Chautol, for, like the Vassar girls, "they're there", when it comes to giving us something that will make us "sit up and take notice" in the matter of cover designs. Really, the cover of the Easter number of the *Villa Shield* attracted us so much, that we put it up to gaze upon, forgetting for the moment that it contained reading matter. We have not received very

many numbers of this charming magazine and, therefore, are not in a position to judge as to the relative merits of these few with preceding issues. But were we to pass judgment, with the last two issues as a standard, we could safely say that the *Villa Shield* ranks among the best of the journals turned out by young lady writers. Good stories, verse, and essays are found, with cuts of the good-looking writers, in the Easter number. The illustrations of "Hiawatha" in the March issue are something new to us and we appreciated this novel departure from the regular routine of the college and convent journals.

In *The Laurel* for April is an oration on "America's Intrinsic Power", and is a splendid production for an '09 college man. If it was delivered as well as it is written, the orator certainly must have covered himself with glory. "The Key to Success" is a fine story with a well developed plot clothed in well selected diction. The verse in this issue, very appropriate for the month of April, is cleverly written and most attractive. The need of "Library Discrimination" is an interesting and instructive article. The author is conversant with his subject and lays particular stress on the evils of our modern novels, which he says "stain the fancy, dim the vision, and corrupt the soul." *The Laurel*, though excellent in general, is somewhat lacking in one respect. We would like to see more attention given to the editorial department. We do not say that the editorials are not well written, but we think the editors should discuss a few important topics. With this department bettered, *The Laurel* will be among our best college exchanges.

It was with great pleasure that we read the *Fleur De Lis* for May. It abounds in exceptionally good articles, entertaining from beginning to end. "The Demigods" is a praiseworthy at-

tempt and display poetic feeling. We fully agree with Mr. Ring in his criticism of Kipling. We all know of the early success and popularity of this young English author, but it is so seldom we meet such an excellent article on Kipling that we read every line of this criticism with interest. The farce, "The She Dragon", abounds in amusement and entertainment. If all our college journals were as interesting as the Saint Louis University's magazine, the work of the exchange editor would indeed be a pleasure.

The Easter number of the **Echoes from The Pines** is with us; it is a credit to the young ladies of Ursuline College. The cut of the young lady editors is charming; several pretty faces, that we have seen in previous issues, are again before us, and we wish we could cultivate a speaking acquaintance with the possessors. The essay on "Easter" would make a good sermon for Resurrection morn, and we confess to having heard many sermons not near so good. "Henrietta's Trial" should be interesting to girls, while "A Tale from Tasso" is a well told episode from "The Jerusalem Delivered." "Via, Veritas et Vita" and "Lourdes" are the best of the verse in this issue.

From the Centennial State comes **The Loretto Pioneer**. We opine that this paper is improving. "A Chapter of Rights" is a good attempt at showing that might is not always right. We have not read the April number thoroughly, but from a cursory glance we wish to congratulate and encourage the young ladies of Loretto Heights in their literary attempts. To S. C., who conducts the exchange department, we would say: Don't be afraid to launch into a bolder strain.

The April number of the **St. Ignatius' Collegian** affords an abundance of good

reading. In fact, from the variety and excellence of the contents, we find it difficult to name any particular article. The disquisition on "Marion Crawford's Novels" is a splendid article and deserves special mention. "On the Broad Sahara" and "His Father's Honor" are two entertaining narratives. The exposition on "English Public Schools" gives us an insight into the educational system carried on in old England. The articles are interspersed with terse verse which give evidence of much poetic ability. We always welcome this publication into our sanctum.

We acknowledge the following for April: **Notre Dame Scholastic**, S. V. C. Index, **Young Eagle**, **Pittsburg Bulletin**, **Purple and White**, **St. Thomas' Collegian**, **McMaster Monthly**, **Blue and White**, **St. Mary's Messenger**, **Ottawa Campus**, **Loretto Magazine**, **Niagara Index**, **St. John's Record**, **William's Lit.**, **New Mexico Weekly**, **Arkansas Weekly**, **University of Texas Magazine**, **Erskinian**, **Waynesburg Collegian**, **Student Life**, **The Dial**, **Yale Lit.**, **Nazarine**, **Varsity**, **Columbiad**, **Lorrettine**, **Furman Echo**, **Kaimin**, **Sorosis**, **Solanian**, **Mt. Angel Collegian**, **St. Jerome Schoolman**, **Niagara Rainbow**, **Academia**, **Southern Collegian**, **Abbey Student**, **Morning Star**, **Holy Cross Purple**, **Agnetian**, **Tennessee University**, **St. John's Collegian**, **Exponent**, **Georgian**, **Vassar Miscellany**, **Manhattan Quarterly**, **Viatorian**, **Johns-Hopkins**, **College Echo**, **Reflector**, **Carolinian**, **Mercerian**, **Hollis Quarterly**, **Patrician**, **Queen's Journal**, **Nassau Lit.**, **St. Vincent's College Journal**, **Nazareth Chimes**, **Assumption Review**, **Mountaineer**, **Harvard Monthly**, **Brunonian**, **Lehigh Burr**.

—T. P. O'KEEFE.

WITH THE BOOKMEN

Steps to Oratory, by F. Townsend Southwick. American Book Company, 565 Market street, San Francisco.

To those students who are striving after the oratory medal and who have unsuccessfully searched library shelves for an instructive book on modes of public speaking we would recommend very heartily F. Townsend Southwick's splendid book **Steps to Oratory**. Yes, we know that there are innumerable oratory books on the market, but of what are most of them worth? The majority of such books give rules for speaking that have been discarded years ago, and that are positively useless. Southwick's **Steps to Oratory** is a "so-different" elocution book. It seeks, not to load the reader with antiquated methods of declaiming, but to supply information which present-day speakers will find really serviceable.

The book is divided into two parts. Part first gives a splendid outline of the technique to guide the student in speaking and gives valuable instruction on such important subjects as enunciation, gestures, inflection, the eye and the face in reading, breathing while declaiming, the melody of emphasis and many other subjects which assist greatly in the attaining of perfection in oratory. Part second consists entirely of selections, arranged on a historical plan interspersed with examples of colloquial and humorous styles, the study of which should help greatly in counteracting any tendency towards a stilted and declamatory manner.

Irving's Sketch Book Selections, edited by Martin W. Sampson, A. M. American Book Company.

"**Irving's Sketch Book Selections**" is a volume in the new Gateway Series. If the peruser of these columns is an extensive reader he is, no doubt, acquainted with the nature and scope of the Gateway Series; if he is not acquainted with this excellent series of literary text-books we must offer a word of explanation. The recently compiled Gateway Series of books aims, first, to give the English texts

required for entrance to college in a form that will make them clear and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature; and, second, to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination.

There are twenty-one volumes in the Gateway Series. The poems, plays, essays and stories in these pocket-edition volumes are treated, first of all, as works of literature which are to be read and enjoyed, not to be parsed, scanned and pulled to pieces. With the masterpiece of English of which the volume treats, is given a portrait of the author of the work and a brief account of his life. Foot-notes are supplied in each volume to explain obsolete terms and obscure allusions.

Each volume in the Gateway Series is edited by a separate editor who expresses his personal view of the book he edits. Most of the editors are college professors of English and are, naturally, able to speak authoritatively of the work of English composition with which they deal.

The Gateway Series treats of such works as George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Emerson's *Essays*, Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. What can be said of one volume can be said of all of them. The volume under review, **Irving Sketch Book Selections**, contains those interesting stories from the "Sketch Book" which students never weary of reading and gives notes and comments which make vague passages in the text readily intelligible. The volume supplies also an account of Irving's life and an estimation of his influence upon American Literature. **Irving's Sketch Book Selections** embraces those qualities which are the distinguishing features of the entire Gateway Series,—namely, simplicity, thoroughness, shortness and clearness.

Thackeray's **Henry Esmond**, edited by Walter L. Bissell. American Book Company.

There are students who have read Thackeray's **Henry Esmond**, and who

complain that because of a lack of explanatory notes they have been unable to get the greatest profit out of the work. There are other students who have read Thackeray's great work in the classroom and who complain that because of an over-abundance of unnecessary foot-notes they have been unable to get the greatest pleasure from the work. There are students who in the future perhaps will make these same complaints of a dearth or over-abundance of foot-notes in a volume of "Henry Esmond," but these complaints will never issue from a source where Walter L. Bissell's text-book of Thackeray's work is obtainable. Walter L. Bissell's edition explains everything in "Henry Esmond" that needs explaining and does not worry or fatigue the reader with numerous and confusing foot-notes. In fact, the reader of this edition is not called upon to refer to notes except when his curiosity prompts him, and when his curiosity does prompt him to search the notes for enlightenment he gets exactly the information he desires.

In condensing the numerous references Mr. Bissell has adopted a unique arrangement. A Chronological Table gives in a brief and sequential form the principal historical events alluded to in the text which would otherwise require many scattered notes. A map supplants numerous geographical notes. The glossary carries the biographical notices and mythological allusions. The explanatory notes proper, thus disburdened, do not weary by reason of number and foster an appreciation of the historic and artistic triumphs of the novel.

Masterpieces of Modern Oratory, by Edwin Du Bois Shurter. Ginn & Co., 717 Market street, San Francisco.

True it is that college men who are studying the art of public speaking should be taught to compose for a hearer as distinguished from a reader—to construct an oration as distinguished from an essay. **Masterpieces of Modern Oratory** lays down no rules for the constructing of orations, but offers fifteen orations, selected because of their contemporary or historical interest,

which when critically studied teach the student how masters have wielded language for the purpose of conviction and persuasion.

Each of the fifteen orations in this book was delivered by an eminent orator and is of inherent literary value. The selections are sufficiently varied to cover the fields of deliberative, forensic, pulpit and demonstrative oratory, and should therefore meet the demand of students both in argumentation and oratorical composition. Masterpieces of Modern Oratory include such orations as Abraham Lincoln's "A House Divided Against Itself Cannot Stand," Edmund Burke's "Conciliation with the American Colonies," Bourke Cochran's "Marshall and the Constitution," and Henry W. Grady's "The Race Problem in the South." Each of the orations contained in the volume is preceded by an introduction and is accompanied by explanatory notes.

English Poetry, by John Matthews Manly. Ginn & Co., 717 Market street, San Francisco.

To obviate the expense and inconvenience of buying separate volumes of poems while studying English poetry, John Matthews Manly, after five years of constant work, has published for the use of students a volume containing the best and most popular works of English verse. The book contains all the great English poems that have appeared between the years 1170-1892. **English Poetry** has many commendable features. The poems are classified under historical periods and ages and are accompanied by brief foot-notes. The author's name and dates are given with each selection. The volume covers six hundred pages and is printed in type which, though small, is distinct and causes no straining of the eyes. The book is substantially bound, and covering as it does such a wide field of poetry, is a convenience and an economy for students.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, come two delightful stories which are admirably suited for summer reading. These stories are entitled **Althea** and

The Test of Courage. **Althea** is written by D. Ella Nirdlinger and tells many of the happenings and experiences of the author's own happy childhood. **The Test of Courage** is from the pen of H. M. Ross, who has gleaned wide and favorable recognition through his works: "That Man's Daughter," "Her Blind Folly," "In God's Good Time," and several other well known stories.

Translations From Old English Prose, Cook and Tinker. Ginn & Co., 717 Market street, San Francisco.

Here is a book that is absolutely invaluable to earnest students of Early English Literature. **Translations From Old English Prose** gives the student that insight into the early English prose writings without which a thorough study of English Literature would be impossible. Besides translations from English, the volume also contains translations from Latin. **Translations From Old English** contains selections from Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English People," selections from the works of King Alfred, selections from the letters of Alcuim, selections from the Benedictine Rule, and selections from Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy." The book is remarkably well planned and the translations are judiciously selected. **Translations From Old English Prose** is attractively bound and should be found in the book-case of every student who means business in the studying of Early English Literature.

Maury-Simonds Physical Geography, by M. F. Maury, L. L. D., and Frederick William Simonds, Ph. D.

Without consulting dates and copy rights there were two marks about this new physical geography which convinced us immediately upon picking it up that it is a thoroughly up-to-date work. One of these marks is that it still smelled of printers' ink and the

other is that the first illustration we saw on fingering the pages was a picture showing the effects of the great San Francisco earthquake. It might be said that these two marks strike the keynote of the work, for the book is thoroughly modern in every respect.

The **Maury-Simonds Physical Geography** contains numerous attractive and instructive illustrations, among which are pictures of Vesuvius during the eruption of April, 1906, and an illustration of the wave action on partly submerged rocks at San Diego, California. The work is divided into five sections. The first section treats of the earth, with its shape, size and motion. Part II treats of the land, part III with the water, part IV with the atmosphere, and part V with the life of plants, animals and man. The appendix deals with physical geography as a science.

The Development of Modern Europe, an introduction to the study of current history, by James Harvey Robin and Charles A. Beard. Vol. II. Ginn and Company.

This volume is matchless in its matter, treatment and style. The matter embraces all the activities that make the life of communities; the treatment is methodical, well connected, and free from personal bias and religious prejudices; the style is clear and concise throughout the onward march of the narrative.

No space is wasted in useless descriptions of battles—it is not a military history. The growth of nations toward unification and international amity, the development of industry, the activity of social, educational and political reforms, the extension of international trade and commerce, the expansion of power, the Irish question, some of the great problems of today, fill up the 450 pages of this second volume of a most valuable history.

—J. P. DORAN.



ATHLETICS

WHILE our Phoenix team did not attain the success of last year's nine—winning every game from both amateurs and professionals—yet they played good ball, and although a poor showing now and then marred their work, they defeated some mighty good teams in jig time. Consistency was not theirs, but that they had ability is a certainty, for considered individually, the team was vastly better than some of its collective showings would seem to indicate.

St. Mary's had grown too used to rooting for a team that swept obstacles away with as little ado as a March wind sweeps pave. In the light of last year's unprecedented success many of our student fans think this season a failure, notwithstanding that the Phoenix again captured the Intercollegiate Championship of California, and are recognized as the classiest college team in our State. Calculating percentage either by series or games won and lost, our Phoenix leads the list. They played but two series, one with Stanford and one with California, and were earnest in their efforts to battle with Santa Clara and St. Vincent's.

Our team of this year was not as good a batting team as was the '07 outfit. In fielding the Phoenix was quite up to standard, and in inside baseball they excelled.

That the baseball season was not the success it was expected to be is hard to account for. Inopportune inclemency of the weather, and consequent lack of practice, did much to offset success. Lack of proper spirit was also evident at times, and on other occasions, a lazy over-confidence characterized the Phoenix. However, no matter how many petty kicks we trump up, we should be satisfied with the Intercollegiate Championship of California, for that was the goal.

Phoenix vs. Portland.

On All Fools' Day, the Phoenix won the first game of a two-contest series with the Portland Coast League Club. It was truly a Phoenicean day, which fact need not conflict with the ancient name of the day, for our Phoenix played veritable rings around the "Class A" men. The Portland management used four pitchers against the collegians and all, with the possible exception of Garrett, the last experiment, were touched up rather lively; in fact, the score does not show the Phoenix batsmanship in a true light, for the Portlanders were busied a-plenty in the fielding end of the game.

St. Mary's drew first blood early in the

fray. Garibaldi, first batter, displayed a bit of patience and secured a walk. Tom Feeney sacrificed him to second in usual clever manner. Burns came through with a hit, but snappy fielding prevented a score. Dunn's sacrifice hit, in the guise of a long fly to center-field, scored Garibaldi, and Krause's unsafe drive to center-field, closed a most satisfactory first inning.

Portland took a turn at run-getting in the second frame. Danzig fanned, but Johnson clouted a long three-bagger to left-field. Bassey's fly to right-field scored Johnson handily.

The Phoenix retained the lead with another tally in the last half of the second inning. Hart started the homeward journey when he was passed on four wide ones. Wallace sacrificed stylishly and Hallinan's fielder's choice landed him on first and Hart was safe at third base. Duggan and Hart turned perpetrators of the squeeze play and were successful. Garibaldi's hit and Feeney's walk made more runs possible, but when Burns drove one back at Pitcher Harmon, the twirler speared it and tossed to first, thereby closing the inning. Score, 2 to 1.

Two more runs in the fourth inning put the Phoenix in figurative clover. True to precedent, a walk started the fireworks. Wallace was the lucky one to secure it. Hallinan's sacrifice, Duggan's hit, Garibaldi's hit, Feeney's hit, Burns hit and Dunn's walk—all happened before Rafferty made a pretty running catch of Krause's long fly, and netted two runs.

Portland was unable to score until the last inning, when Rafferty's three-sacker and McCredie's in-field out could be held responsible for a lonesome tally.

The day was done and the Portlanders, who firmly intended to put California's intercollegiate and amateur champions in a ridiculous light, departed a wiser bunch. The Phoenix pulled off three squeeze plays, one in the second inning and two in the fourth, and their hit and run plays made veritable "buskers" of the Coast Leaguers.

Concerning the game:

Phoenix.

AB. R. BH. SB. PO. A E.

Garibaldi, c. f. . . .	4	1	2	0	2	0	0
Feeney, 2 b.	3	0	1	0	2	4	1
Burns, c.	4	0	2	1	6	1	0
Dunn, r. f.	2	0	0	0	3	1	0
Krause, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hart, p.	3	1	0	0	0	1	0

The Collegian

Wallace, 1 b. . . .	2	1	0	0	9	0	1
Hallinan, 3 b. . . .	1	0	1	0	1	2	0
Duggan, ss.	2	1	2	0	4	4	0

— — — — — — — —

24 4 8 1 27 13 2

Portland.

AB. R. BH. SB. PO. A E.

Casey, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	1	2	0
Cooney, ss.	4	0	2	1	2	2	1
Rafferty, c. f. . . .	4	1	2	1	0	0	0
Danzig, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	9	0	0
Johnson, 3 b. . . .	3	1	1	0	2	3	0
Bassey, l. f.	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Walsh, c.	3	0	1	0	4	3	0
Harmon, p.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Perroll, p.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Lakoff, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Garrett, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
*Kennedy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

— — — — — — — —

29 2 6 2 24 12 1

*Kennedy batted for Garrett.

Runs and hits by innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Phoenix	1 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 x—4
Hits	1 1 0 4 0 1 0 1 x—8
Portland	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—2
Hits	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1—6

SUMMARY.

Three base hits—Johnson, Rafferty. Two base hit—Cooney. Sacrifice hits—Feeney, Dunn, Wallace, Hallinan, Duggan (2), Bassey, Casey. Double plays—Hart to Feeney to Duggan; Dunn to Hallinan; Duggan to Feeney to Wallace. Bases on Balls—off Harmon, 3; off Pernoll, 2; off Lakoff, 1; off Hart, 1. Struck out—by Lakoff, 1; by Garrett, 2; by Hart, 6. Hit by pitched ball—Krause. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpires—Adamina and Whalen. Scorer—Russell.

Phoenix.

AB. R. BH. SB. PO. A E.

Garibaldi, c. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Feeney, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	5	2	2
Burns, c.	3	0	0	0	5	1	0
Dunn, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Krause, p.	3	0	0	0	3	5	0
Hart, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Hallinan, 3 b. . . .	3	0	0	0	1	4	0
Duggan, ss.	3	0	0	0	3	2	1
Wallace, 1 b.	3	0	0	0	8	2	2

— — — — — — — —

28 0 0 0 27 19 5

Runs and hits by innings:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Portland	2 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—5
Hits	2 2 1 3 2 0 0 1 2—13

St. Mary's	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Hits	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

SUMMARY.

Three base hit—Rafferty. Two base hits—Casey, Danzig. First base on called balls—off Krause, 3. Struck out—by Groom, 6; by Kinsella, 8; by Krause, 4. Double plays—Krause to Wallace; Feeney to Duggan to Wallace. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpires—Adamina and Whalen. Scorer—Russell.

The Independents.

That "Chuck" Wilcox will be a winner for St. Mary's next year is almost a certainty. In recent games with the Independents, the post-season try-out team, he has shown speed, curves, nerve and constantly improving control. His work is becoming more clean-cut with every appearance and he is to be a likely star of the first magnitude next year.

Louie Diavila is pounding the ball at rather a pretty clip for the Independents. He, also, is a likely looker for next year's Phoenix. His fielding at second is at once brilliant and consistent and with a little more experience he should develop into a cracker-jack.

Dick Deterding is becoming a very reliable hitter and is showing fine form. He is a certainty for next year's regulars. His versatility makes him all the more valuable and in case the 1909 register fails to give as a crack catcher, "Deter" could be moulded into a good, heady, hard-working backstop and his strong hitting will make him a mainstay.

Bill Brown is there with a sensational play now and then, but he is a trifle shy in matter of hitting. It is his one fault, but ball-player never had a harder one to remedy.

"Billy" Wallace is playing clean-cut ball for the Independents. He has taken a slump in hitting, but lack of practice can be trumped up as an excuse for, be it understood, that the Indies can glean but one or two practices a week and then they seldom

get together on account of other activities. Billy is carded for the Phoenix '09 and he'll certainly help some when it comes to making a stonewall in-field.

Bart. Burke is again in good form. For many moons Bart was running amuck in the hard luck column. Bruises, boils, broken fingers, sprained ankles, all made a stay with poor Bart. But now he has climbed out of the rut and his catching is causing many an admiring glance to be cast his way. And he is plugging the spheroid for safeties with the same old vigor and vim.

Frank Dunn has been showing to advantage as a utility player. Upon appearing in uniform he is asked to play third one day, first the next, etc., etc., and he has played 'em all capably.

Tom Feeney is—but you all know Tom and his style.

Erle Henderson is improving with age. Added weight is making his speed little short of cyclonic and he can be depended upon to win in really fast company.

Ray Miller plays an occasional game on the Independents and always shows class. He is inexperienced, but his earnestness does much for him. He is extremely light for such a team as the Indies, though, and every one sincerely hopes he will take on weight rapidly, for he is a Phoenix possibility.

Eddie Wilkinson has extremely natty actions on the ball-field. He gives promise of becoming a real, old-fashioned slugger as well as a clever fielder.

On April 26th, the Independents in a fast game defeated the Gantner-Mattern nine by the score of 5 to 4. The batteries were Wilcox and Burke for the College, while O'Banion and Sullivan were doing the bulk for the Knitters.

Track.

As a goal for our track men a field day among themselves has been arranged. The idea of an interclass meet, which was first prevalent, was made to look ridiculous because of the unevenly distributed athletic timber in college. Two, possibly three, classes would garner all the points and hence entries from other classes would be discouraged. The question was argued over and over again, and a final agreement was reached, viz.: that two clubs be formed and the track men be as evenly distributed as possible between the two clubs. This was done and immediately a friendly rivalry sprung up and the spectator-students took up sides naturally, thus making a desired situation.

Many of the track men have shown a lazy, unmanageable spirit and have excused themselves from training on flimsiest pre-

text. We must own that our possibilities for a track team are not of the best, but many of our men have not shown the spirit that should prevail.

Reggie Starrett is a likely looking athlete and is a faithful one in point of regular appearance for training. Many of our "sideliners" predict great things for Starrett and if appearances count, let us join the "sideliners".

"Tiny" McDonald gives promise of becoming an extraordinary half-miler. He, too, has trained patiently and regularly.

Frank Dunn, of course, is showing the ability of a born athlete. With regular training he would "class up" with any collegiate athlete in the State.

Roy McNeill is doing well in the weights. His experience is limited, but he shows marked ability. Sickness has handicapped him recently, but for which his marks would certainly have been better.

Jack Burke deserves praise for the amount of training he has done. Every day he plugs away, 'round and 'round the oval, in training for the mile. He has the ability to make a good miler.

Billy Wallace is one of the likely-looking novices of the track. His work in the fourty is very commendable, although he is in poor condition at present.

Bill Brown is showing the foremost form among the pole-vaulters. Thus far, Bill's practice hours have been few and far between, and it is generally thought that he, with a long, patient spell of training, could attain a most creditable mark in the vault.

Big Bob Concannon has as pretty a stride as a distance man could long for. His stamina is getting better as the training spell ages. The race between Concannon and Jack Burke in the mile should be a feature.

A pretty runner is Bell, but his appetite for training is a minus quantity.

Lucien Faure shows good form in the hurdles and the dashes.

"Cap" Vicchio is plodding along at the weights and is doing better work. With proper coaching he should be able to heave 'em high and far.

Dunn, Hughes, W. Burke and Mullin are the best of the broad-jumpers, but their marks are not what they should be.

George Miller displays marked ability in the high jump.

JOSHES



B ACKWARD, turn backward, O
Time, in your flight,
Feed me on gruel soup just for
tonight.

I'm tired of eating this sole-leather
steak,
Pulverized doughnuts and vulcanized
cake;

Oysters that sleep in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath,
Tired of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing at rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary
I am,
Give me a whack at my grandmother's
jam;

Let me drink milk that has never been
skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been
trimmed;

Give me once more an old-fashioned
pie.
Then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

Prof. Fitz—There's but one way to
learn anything—that is, to begin at the
bottom.

Roy—How about swimming?

Beck—Down in Santa Cruz I entered
a cornet contest for endurance and
played "Annie Laurie" for three weeks.

Mattai—Did you win?

Beck—No, my opponent played Sou-
sa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Lee—My sister sings "Il Trovatore"
in five sharps.

Doyle—Mine sang it in six flats, and
she had to move out of every one of
them.

Prof.—A fool can ask questions that
a wise man can't answer.

O'Keefe—That's why so many of us
flunk.

Dunn—How do you know Bob
Evans is a temperate man?

Brown—Well, hasn't he lived on
water most of his life?

Porter—What event is "Morgue-
wagon John" going to enter?

Herrin—He says he is going to try
the broad jump, but I think he would
do better in a vault.

We always laugh at our teacher's jokes,
No matter how poor they be,
Not 'cause they're really funny folks,
But because it's policy.

Doran—I thought you studied logic
before?

Smith—So I did, but my teacher gave
me an encore.

The Sophs saw something green, 'tis
true,

They thought it was the Freshman
Class;

But when they closer to it drew,
They found it was a looking-glass.

Prof. Q.—Macbeth says, "We'll die
with harness on our backs"; to what
does "harness" refer?

Hughes—His suspenders.

Kelly—How long does it take to
hang a man?

Burke—Haven't the least idea.

Kelly—Six months.

Burke—You're sick!

Kelly—Not a bit of it; it surely takes
all of one spring and a fall.

Prof. in Geology—Stones have neither
emotions nor life.

Reardon—What about the Glad-
stones and Livingstones of England?

Beck—I notice our love-sick friend Donnelly trying to solve some problem about a clock.

Hillman—Oh, he is only figuring when the hands will come together again.

Faure—This structure is a bird of a building.

Feeney—Sure thing; it has two wings.

A little bird sat on a telephone wire,
And said to his mates, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll all have to sit on the air."

Ye wise ones sedate as an earl,
Ye vain ones who live in a whirl,
Is it thought to come true
Or a mere bugaboo,
To speak of the great "yellow peril?"

Moul—See that little leaflet blown by the breezelet floating on the wavelet?

Miller—You had better go in the back yardlet and soak you headlet under the pumplet.

Prof.—Give the Latin for the word "to speak" and its principal parts.

Smith to Burke—Say, what is it?

Burke—Darned if I know.

Smith to Prof.—Darndifino, darndifinare, darndifavi, darndifinatus.

Johnny studied chemistry,
Studied long and late,
Johnny breathed some chlorine gas,
He'll not graduate.

Dick—Have you seen Al?

Shine—Al who?

Dick—Alcohol; kerosene him last night, but he hasn't benzine since; gasoline him up against a lamp-post and took a naphtha. The petroleum wagon took him up.

Carroll—Why are you always behind in your studies?

Starrett—if I were not behind, how could I pursue them?

Doran—Don't send any joshes on the staff, as they have formed a conspiracy to protect one another.

If ever perfect manners were,
The Boston lady had 'em;
She wouldn't say chrysanthemum",
She said chrysanthemum".

Freshman—Please pick that splinter from under my nail?

Senior—What have you been doing?
Scratching your head?

We have a gay Senior named Ed,
Who had many admirers, 'tis said;
First it was T.,
But now it is C.,
'Tis doubtful which one he will wed.

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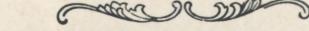
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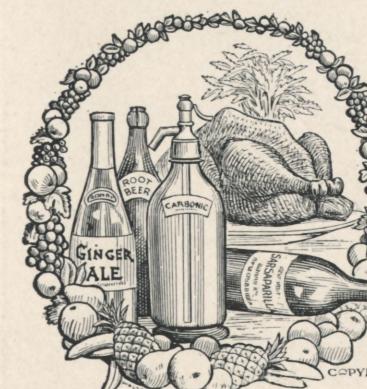
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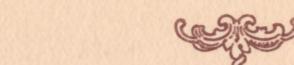
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