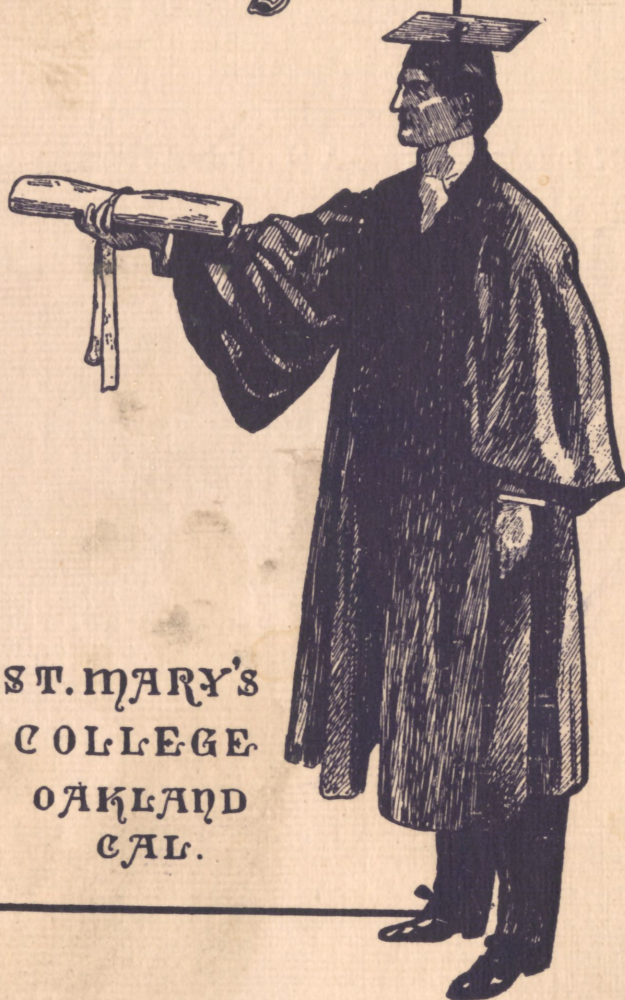


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OAKLAND, CAL., JUNE, 1908

No. 9

GRADUATE'S FAREWELL TO COLLEGE

FAREWELL! O word, with sadness fraught
That vainly striveth to portray
With vivid force, each tender thought
Flooding my eager soul today.

As pausing where the Future holds
The Golden Gate of Youth ajar,
I mark the vista which enfolds
My path of life that leads afar

From these loved scenes so fair, so dear
To boyhood's glad and carefree hours,
Spent where aye flows Truth's fountain clear
Amid blessed Wisdom's favored bowers.

Home of my heart! No more for me
St. Mary's bells with silvery swell
Shall mark the moments as they flee,
For, I, alas! must say Farewell!

Farewell! Farewell, but in my heart
Fond memory shrines the precious past,
The friends from whom with grief I part
True friends whose friendship e'er will last.

Loved Teachers, faithful Guides who led
My wayward footsteps up the height,
'Mid wealth of richest treasure spread
Illumed by the Celestial Light.

What priceless dower for coming years
Through your kind hands was freely given,
Your words of hope dispelled my fears,
Else vainly, vainly had I striven.

To you St. Mary's son would pay
A grateful tribute ere we part,
Pledging to you, dear Friends, today
The homage of a loyal heart.

Farewell! Farewell! Whate'er my lot
All unforgotten you shall be,
The lessons that your love has taught
The Labarum of my life shall be.

—M. A. F.

DECADENCE OF CIVIC MORALITY

MORALITY is a word found in books, and in the mouths of men, but the relation and power which this word conveys, abide in man's innermost being. Morality is love, love means union—the union of the human will with law. It is not a philosophical theory, a mathematical formula, a physical principle which men may ignore in the daily activities of their lives and still profess by word of mouth. All of us are subject to the moral law as we are to the physical law. The transgression of the former is followed by consequences more fatal than the neglect of the latter. And what is here true of the individual is equally true of the collectivities which we call civic society. As there is individual morality, so must there be civic morality; and by civic morality I mean the conformity of the civil law with the external rulings of the moral law, and the practical application of these righteous principles by the functionaries of the states to the activities of the government.

Let us see how far the functionaries of this great republic in the discharge of their official duties observe and vindicate the civil law. Let us go one step further in our inquiry and see for ourselves what is the attitude of the public mind toward the malfeasance in office. That mind we know full well. It is reflected in our great daily newspapers, in the whole range of periodical publications, in the voice of the pulpit, in the public assemblies of the people, and especially in the verdicts of juries.

Here we have a standard by which to judge the state of civic morality in any community. With these principles before us, we may discover for ourselves what is our civic moral condition.

The mere fact, however, that certain public officials have become venal, proves nothing against the integrity and honor of the community. But, when money can buy the opinion of influential newspapers, turn the administration of justice into a farce, change the verdict of juries into a lie, move grave and dignified judges as the loadstone moves the magnetic needle, aye! silence the very mouthpiece of the gospel of Christ, this I say with all the conviction which truth gives to the mind is an indication of the woeful decadence of civic and private morality.

The three moral enemies of man, we are told, are: the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life. Their influence for moral degradation is so gigantic as to transcend the calculations of the most judicious and far-seeing moralists.

I say, however, that bewitching as is the voice of the siren of pleasure and self-indulgence, it cannot compare in its power of corrupting with the bribing millions of conscienceless corporations. I assert this with all emphasis, because I firmly believe that the bribery of today is the very root of the idle, low and worthless lives of millions of the so-called smart-set and of countless governmental officials.

Bribing lures public functionaries into the path of venality or graft, blackens

wholesome, just and necessary legislation, crushes the producers of the soil; in a word, does more to lower the standard of civic life than all other corrupting agencies taken together. The great corporations do all this, however, they claim, for the progress of commerce; for the material development of the resources of the country; for the advantage of the traveling public—aye! even for the wider and more rapid spread of the gospel of the humble Nazarine. Hypocrisy, thou art bold and barefaced. And yet, there are not found wanting great organs of public opinion who cry daily, "'Tis well, 'tis well!"

Our sister city may be instanced as a type of civic decadence, in its present popular form. Loving her as we do, are we not humiliated at her plight? Shielding her as we may, do we not feel forced to whisper, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, but pity 'tis, 'tis true."

But bribery and graft are not modern innovations, for in all history they have been tests for the morality of the city and the state. We see Rome flourishing under goodly rulers. Again we see her abounding in wealth and power about to conquer the world, when lo! the inordinate love of riches creeps in, gnaws at her roots, and, behold, the entire fabric—government and governed sink into premature decrepitude.

True, it is not for us to penetrate the future; but as our social life is built upon principles of unity and order, we may be certain that when these principles are constantly ignored, society is ultimately doomed to destruction. We cannot view our present situation without the greatest alarm. We find today a few giants listed for the cause of truth and justice—aye! such is the mentality of our people: so often have they been deceived and their confidence destroyed by self-whitewashed moral demagogues, that now, not even the worthy priest of God, unselfishly fighting the battles of his people, is without suspicion of playing into the hands of

the enemy. There must be a moral revolution, and it must come soon, or we are doomed. The on-coming generations must be reckoned with, and unless the present greed for gold in our public servants speedily gives way to love of justice, the children of the future, by material consequences, will be guided by a civic standard that will have not even the tint of morality.

The man who debauches our public life, whether it be he who malverts the public funds, or he who bribes voters, or he who protects the unworthy or rather vicious—he, I say, is a traitor to his country's cause—worse than Arnold, who ignominiously delivered his sword and himself to the enemy—worse, I repeat, because he sacrifices at the altar of avarice, not only his country and himself, but his country's principles and honor, his country's children and his country's future.

There are signs of joyous hope on the horizon, however. Many a noble man among us has yet to bow down before the shrine of Mammon. The great bulk of the nation still stands for justice, integrity and honesty. We are living in a whirl and unfortunately too often carried about by every wind of doctrine and sentiment. Election day comes around and, like the gambler, bewildered, we take a chance. We read the papers and, unconsciously, we allow the newspapers to do the thinking for us, until we find ourselves caught in a maze. Let us become intelligently active and ever on the alert, and at some distant day the cause of justice must triumph; then, like our Master buffeted by temptation, we too shall view the vanities of the world from the heights of the mountain and, strengthened by principles of righteousness, shall voice with vehemence the divine imperative:—

"Begone, Satan! The Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve."

—FRANK J. DUNN.

THE TIME SPIRIT

THE spirit now swaying the minds and the aspirations of the modern world is the spirit of agnosticism, which ignores whatever transcends the domain of sense perception. It takes no account of God and the supernatural order in the march of time, and the multifarious phenomena of space. It answers the great question of life and death with a shrug of the shoulders. Society is pressed by problems whose data reach back to an age prior to the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, prior to the Western schism, prior to the Greek schism, prior to every form of philosophical and religious heresy which the onward march of Christian civilization has left maimed and broken in its wake. These problems refer to philosophical speculation, to institutional life, to religious belief, to ethics and to literary and scientific principles. Agnosticism has no solution to offer capable of giving rest to the troubled mind and peace to the bruised heart. The solution can be found in Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. His Vicar on earth in a late papal document, the most important, perhaps, that has ever emanated from the Holy See, analyzes with masterly grasp the complexion of the time spirit, which he calls Modernism, and warns the Christian world against this protagonist of error.

The heresies of former centuries attacked some particular dogma, or common belief of the Universal Church, as the Procession of the Holy Ghost at the time of the Greek schism, or the Unity of the Papal authority, when the Western schism set up an anti-pope at Avignon, or the divine maternity which Bishop Nestorius denied; but the present controversy is between faith and unfaith. It is not the simple denial of a truth of revelation. It is not a mere attack on the constitution of the Universal Church; it is the practical application in the domain of faith of the false principles of German philosophy, English Agnosticism and French positivism. Indeed, if we trace back to its source the time-spirit which assumes

in our day the title of Modernism, we will find it in the philosophical systems of Protagoras five hundred years before the Christian era. The application of this ancient philosophy leads to the denial of a personal God, the divinity of Christ, the divine institution of the Church and her sacramental system; in short, it sweeps away the whole supernatural order and leaves nothing but the crude materialism which Carlyle used to call "pig-philosophy."

One prominent feature of the time-spirit of the modern world is its intense self-consciousness. It is a mark which sets it apart from that of the Middle Ages and of classical antiquity. Ancient Greece and Rome made the individual subservient to the State. The old pagan civilization hated and proscribed the individual as such. The church of the Middle Ages recognized indeed the supreme value of the individual soul, and addressed herself, first and foremost to the individual conscience; yet, she by no means left men to themselves. She drew them together by the strongest principle of cohesion that the world has ever known; a belief in a Divine Fraternity, working, as the Gospel parable tells us, as leaven upon the minds of humanity. The conception of the family which had been the unit of ancient society remained, although enlarged and spiritualized. The Church was the Christian family and her members were the servants of God. Participation in religious rites was the strong tie of associations whose characters were most distinctly secular, such as military orders, municipal corporations and trade guilds. In short, the thought of God was the great idea that permeated and knitted together all Christendom.

This, then, was the organization of society in the Middle Ages—an organization based on the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christians as the great objective facts of life. This organization remained long after the mediæval period. Malebranche could still write in the seventeenth century, "Dieu seul est le lien de notre société";

the dominant tendency of what is specifically called "modern thought", whether as formulated in the eighteenth century, or in the nineteenth, has been to eliminate the idea of God from all human activity.

That was manifestly the issue of that experimental psychology of which Locke was the most popular exponent in England. It received from Mostesquieu and Voltaire in France a logical though one-sided development, and it soon became prominent throughout Europe. The elimination of the idea of God from Christian society is also the issue of the doctrine originated by Kant in the Critique of Pure Reason. The philosophy of Kant has given the tone to subsequent speculative thought, and has infiltrated itself into the minds of millions who have never read a line of it. It is responsible for much of the nihilism and atheism which characterize the modern time-spirit. In the words of Heine, "Kantism puts a knife to the throat of Theism."

The result of "modern thought", or the time-spirit, as I call it, has been to break up the great idea which in the time of Malebranche was still, as it had been for over a thousand years before, the bond of society in every department of institutional life; the result has been to unloose that bond and to throw men back upon themselves—to make them unconscious of God and intensely conscious of self. "No one in nature," says Richter, "is so alone as the denier of God. He mourns with an orphaned heart that has lost its great father, by the corpse of nature which no World-Spirit moves and holds together, and which grows in its grave; and he mourns by that corpse until he himself crumbles off it."

"The world," says an eminent thinker, "has not for a long time witnessed such a spectacle as that which is presented in our age; the spectacle of a vast number of men and women possessing a certain amount of intellectual culture, endowed with a sufficiency of the gifts of fortune to dispense them from the necessity of daily toil and, withal, quite devoid of the first principles of faith and action." Where can we find a parallel to this state of so-

ciety? Nowhere, indeed, except in the days of Seneca and Petronius, of Tacitus and Aurelius; and it may be added that the tone of sentiment characteristic of the decaying Roman Empire presents a strange affinity to that which finds expression in current literature. Outside literature, which is essentially godless, nowhere do we find the tendency to eliminate the idea of God from society more strikingly evident than in France at the present time. The very external indications of that idea are rousing up the fanatical zeal and hatred of French rulers, and of their constituents who elect them to office. It matters not how sacred may be the individual rights of the living or the dead; it matters not how ancient and closely knit with the glorious history of the nation may be the institution; that right must be violated and that institution must be obliterated if they recall the idea of God.

This is the outcome of an intellectual movement which in the first place set aside scholastic philosophy, then proceeded to destroy the reality of God, the reality of duty, the reality of men's personality, the morality of knowledge. What now is left to mortal man in this life? Nothing but an interrogation point, which can be interpreted in only one way: whether life thus shorn of all supersensible basis is worth living. Nor is it easy to see what answer may be given save that supplied by religious faith. "How can I hold myself up in this miserable life unless Thou strengthen me with Thy mercy and Thy grace, O Lord?" asks the mediæval mystic Thomas A.—Kempis. And the time-spirit of the twentieth century echoes back the "How" of the Mystic. It cannot answer. The philosophy of Kant cannot answer. Agnosticism cannot answer. The modernists who seek for an answer in the systems of philosophy founded by Kant and Spencer, and their followers; in the studies of Renan and Hornack have failed to answer. They say much and they say it with great eloquence, about the modern world, its ideals, its aspirations, its language, its up-to-date philosophy, its religious wants; but they do not solve the enigma of life. They betray the

restlessness and longings of the spirit that has been cast out, and that goeth about seeking rest and finds it not; but they answer not the question of the mystic.

Modern progress with all its alluring marvels is equally unable to bring consolation and strength to the heavy heart. It begets a thirst for changes

that ever cries for more, and more, but fails to satisfy the longings of the heart. True progress is the growth of humanity in the knowledge and love of the true, the good and the beautiful; it is progressive union with the beauty that is "ever ancient and ever new."

—RICHARD J. DORAN.

TO MARY

O MOTHER, hast thou heard my cry
From troubled earth through blackest sky,
Where everlasting night abounds
And tumult and unholy sounds
Fall o'er my soul o'ercast with gloom,
Like shadows 'round a silent tomb?
In childhood's hour, when all was fair,
Maria, thou didst hear my prayer,
And from thy holy starry shrine,
Where brightest angels intertwine
The garland diadems of love,
My soul then breathed thy grace above,
And floated out so happily
Upon life's bright enjeweled sea,
Not dreaming that its fragile bark
Would ever sink or meet the dark
Of such a black unholy night
As this which shrouds it from thy light.
Fast sank the sun from out my view,
And skies assumed a sombre hue,
The silvery luster of the moon
As proud she tottered in the noon
Of her ecstatic life, expired—
While down the heavens she retired.
Nor did a star enamored bright
Shed o'er my soul one ray of light,
But billows dense and huge in form
O'erwhelmed me 'midst the awful storm
That raged amid the thunder's roar
And fearful shrieked "No more! No more!"
And in that ominous monotone
Which fell upon the heart like stone,
I heard—I felt the prophet's cry
Like thunderous tumult pass me by.
But Mother, while within the flow
Of these dark hours, I feel—I know—
That far beyond the realms of Night
Doth shine supreme eternal light
In myriad rays upon that shore
Where Sorrow never passes more—
O turn, Maria, turn and see,
That now my last hope is in thee!

—CHAS. MOUL.

THE U. S. S. CONNECTICUT'S SKY PILOT

As Some Prominent San Franciscans and One Oaklander Have Seen
Father Matthew C. Gleeson.

"THERE'S only one thing the matter with Father Gleeson, the Catholic chaplain of the Connecticut," remarked an associated press correspondent who had just fallen down on an interview with the flagship's spiritual director; "he's too blamed popular. I've chased out to his ship a dozen times and each time have found him busy entertaining or being entertained by his friends."

The associated press correspondent isn't the only newspaper man who found Father Gleeson "too blamed popular";—put me to the test and I will name no less than seven newspapermen who failed to arrange their little story with the Connecticut's chaplain. I, too, sought an interview with Father Gleeson and I, also, joined the ranks of the "fall downs." But I didn't come back to our sanctum entirely empty-handed, however, for while traveling to and from the Connecticut I learned many interesting facts about the popular Catholic chaplain. For instance, I learned from a jacky how Father Gleeson happened to be assigned to the Admiral's flagship. "You see," said Jack, pleasantly, "before the squadron started on the famous voyage all the ships put up a cry for Father Gleeson. And the cry wasn't a mild one. It lasted for some time. All the ships shouted and fussed over Father Gleeson so long that Admiral Evans decided that if Father Gleeson was needed so greatly aboard the other ships, he was needed just as badly aboard the Connecticut. And since the "old man doesn't hold to any religion," added Jack, "you can just make up your mind that he thought a lot of Father Gleeson when he insisted upon his being assigned to the flagship."

A Skillful Naval Officer.

"The first impression I received of Father Gleeson," said Ernest S. Simpson, managing editor of The Call, "was that he is not only a capable spiritual

director, but that he is also a skillful naval officer. I watched him closely, as he stood on the float observing the passengers boarding his launch. The instant the specified number had boarded, Father Gleeson put out his hand and, in spite of protests, allowed not another person aboard. He's got that decisiveness so necessary to a naval officer. The orders he gave while the launch was making away from the float were quick, sharp and very decisive. Besides his ability in issuing orders, Father Gleeson has a thorough knowledge of the constructing and operating of battleships. While showing our party through the Connecticut he explained the size and strength of guns and shells and the uses and construction of the many pieces of machinery with remarkable minuteness. Any landsman who wants to learn something about a battleship should have Father Gleeson for a guide. He's certainly well versed in affairs naval. Besides he has the assistance of every sailor aboard. The jackies are mighty fond of Father Gleeson and are only too anxious to operate machinery for the benefit of his friends.

First and Last a Priest.

Father Jacquet, the well known Jesuit who did such splendid missionary work in Alaska, is one of the many people who declare Father Gleeson "the fittest man on earth for the place."

"He's an ideal chaplain," says Father Jacquet. "He knows how to mingle with the sailors, how to keep them in good spirits, and how to maintain complete control over them. What pleased me most in my visit to the Connecticut was to find that while Father Gleeson is given all privileges aboard ship and, of course, since he ranks as an officer, wears an officer's uniform, he seems ever to remember that he is, first of all, not an officer in the United States service, but an officer in the service of God. Father Gleeson was showing us about

the Connecticut and was wearing his naval uniform. When we reached the gun-room, however, he got us interested in some mechanism—then quietly excused himself, went to his room and reappeared in the regular garb of a priest. You see, he never forgets that his is a spiritual work. Even when his naval uniform would be more comfortable, he remembers that his proper garb is the priest's frock. He's witty, too," said Father Jacquet, with a smile. "He got off a good joke at my expense."

"What was the joke?" was the prompt query.

"Oh! I'll keep it a secret, never fear," responded the Jesuit.

And no amount of persuasion could influence Father Jacquet to tell the joke.

A Born Diplomat.

Father Gleeson is a born diplomat," says James H. Barry, editor of *The Star*. "He always does the right thing at the right minute and he's never confused. Epigrammatically speaking, he's a seaman who's never at sea. The minute the party of which I was a member stepped aboard the Connecticut Father Gleeson insisted upon being introduced to everybody in our little group immediately and asked to meet the ladies first. He wasn't going to become acquainted with us by degrees—the afternoon was too short for that. And while showing us about everybody received equal attention—each one of us thought himself to be the guest of honor. While strolling around deck several persons on different occasions attempted to join our party and share the chaplain's enlightening remarks, but Father Gleeson, anxious to keep our little group together, requested the stragglers not to intrude; and he did it so graciously that the stragglers were quite as happy as if they had been invited along.

"Father Gleeson loves the sailors and the sailors love Father Gleeson. He had a pleasant smile for every sailor we passed and often paused to chat with the little group of jackies that gathered here and there. Strolling towards the stern we passed a sailor who was talking to his sweetheart. I was straggling

behind our party and passed the sailor just in time to hear him say, 'There goes Father Gleeson—he's a fine fellow!'

His Great Influence.

Some knowledge of Father Gleeson's influence on the sailors of the entire fleet may be gained by considering the large numbers of sailors who assisted at Mass while ashore, and the gentlemanly manner in which the jackies conducted themselves while in the city. Captain J. B. Murdock, U. S. N., when asked to give his opinion as to the cause of the jackies' unusually commendable behavior while in San Francisco, said he attributed the good behavior to the great influence Father Gleeson has over the men. Captain Murdock's opinion is shared by the majority of officers of the fleet.

During the voyage around Cape Horn six sailors died. Five of these were given the consolations of the Catholic religion by Father Gleeson.

Father Gleeson Indicted.

Detective Burns spent an entire afternoon on the trail of Father Gleeson, and before leaving the Connecticut indicted the chaplain for being one of the most witty men he had ever met.

"He's witty because he can't help being witty," declares the detective. "He doesn't overwork his wit, either, for just when you expect an amusing remark you get something serious. Father Gleeson was showing us through the hospital ward and commenting on the abilities of the surgeons. 'Why, do you know,' he said, 'our surgeons are so skillful that men come in here, have their heads cut off, and are out on deck again in half an hour.' This remark brought a laugh. Instantly Father Gleeson became serious. He spoke in glowing terms of the good work done by the surgeons and medical attendants, and sighed slightly when mentioning the poor fellows who never come out of the hospital ward alive.

When leaving the ward we passed one of the hospital nurses. "Behold our nurses," said Father Gleeson.

"They're not as beautiful as your nurses in white caps and aprons, and it's just as well they're not, for in that event every man aboard ship would be sick all the time."

"When showing us the gun-room," continued Detective Burns, "Father Gleeson remarked that 'the apartment was so hot when the guns are in operation that no ladies would care to go into the room during target practice.'"

A Charmer.

"He's certainly a charmer," said a pretty young lady in Detective Burns' party who wished to call attention to the fact that Father Gleeson is very cordial to the fair sex. "We girls were sitting in the forward part of the launch coming back from the Connecticut and the gentlemen were sitting near the stern. Father Gleeson was standing and talking to the girls. Mr. Burns called to him offering him his seat. But Father Gleeson wouldn't accept the offer. 'Now, you let me alone, Mr. Burns,' he called out; 'this is the first chance I've had to talk to the ladies today.'"

He's fond of children, too, and takes delight in showing them around the ship.

A Christian Brothers' Boy.

Nobody is more enthusiastic over Father Gleeson than the Christian Brothers. During fleet week our own Brother Agnon attended a Young Men's Institute meeting at which Father Gleeson was giving an informal talk. After the chaplain's little discourse, the chairman of the evening called upon Brother Agnon to say a few words. Brother Agnon had the extreme pleasure of informing the as-

semblage that Father Gleeson is a "Christian Brothers' boy"—that he was educated and graduated with honor at Manhattan College, New York.

"All of the Brothers are mighty proud of him," says Brother Agnon. "What educators wouldn't be proud of such a man? I was greatly pleased to be able to stand up before that Young Men's Institute gathering in San Francisco and call attention to the fact that Father Gleeson comes from a Christian Brothers' College. But you can't appreciate Father Gleeson by simply hearing people talk about him—you must meet him yourself to know what a splendid fellow he is."

Through the Poet's Spectacles.

In his "Ward Room Wanderings," Lieutenant Commander Lloyd H. Chandler, the poet laureate of the fleet, sings of Father Gleeson in the following strain which, the poet declares, was provoked by the chaplain's insuppressible Irish love for fun.

To the Sky Pilot.

"In almost every house of prayer
You'll find the devil roosting there;
Although to tell it makes us weep,
He giveth his beloved sleep!
So sayeth the scribe, but you can bet
No man on that his thoughts can set;
Not on your life! It's not like that
When things are run by Father Matt.
'Cheer up, my lads; don't dare to sleep—
I'll crack a joke to make ye weep;
And if that fails to start your tears,
A song I'll sing in spite of jeers."
So daily moves our padre gay,
To whom upon his jolly way
Our cheers and not our jeers, we send,
To keep him merry to the end."

—JOHN P. DORAN.



THE ENGINEER AS A MAN AMONG MEN

THE progress of material civilization of the nineteenth century is generally conceded to have been due largely to the development of applied science. The engineering profession, which a century ago was but a subordinate branch of the military art, has become a dominant factor in the material development of nations, and today this profession is recognized as one of the most important in our industrial and commercial organization. The engineer is the man who makes physical science, in its various lines, applicable to the complex problems of construction and development. He it is who has paved the way for the recognition of the technologist and the expert in every line of human activity. He it is who has shown how mathematics, instead of being an abstract discipline, remote from every-day human affairs, may become the means of applying truths, for a long time abstract, to the every-day affairs of industrial life.

Not the railroads that he has built; not the structures that he has designed; not the machines that he has invented, represent the engineer's greatest achievements. His is the proud boast of having, in one brief century, established science as the arbiter of the material affairs of mankind and of having enforced her worship, so to speak, on a world, once reluctant, but now gloriously admiring.

Having attained this envious position, the question naturally arises: What is, or rather, what should be the standard of the man in the profession that has so benefited the race? What are the ethical principles that should govern his relations with the world around him? In my position I maintain that it is not enough to have technical training. It is not enough to know intimately the special sciences on which the practice of a profession is based. A man must have more. He ought to have a clear conception of the civic services, which his profession can render, and of the public duty its members owe society. Thus, and thus only,

can any professional man, whether the engineer, the doctor, or the lawyer, rise to the full dignity of his calling.

There are two distinct qualities, which must be combined in the individual in order to secure the best professional services; two quite distinct tests, which must be successfully passed in order that the work may be pronounced first class. One is the technical standard; the other, for want of a better word, we may call the ethical standard.

A great many people believe that it is the aim of the engineering colleges to attain the former solely. If this were the case, then the technical schools and engineering colleges are on a level with the blast furnace and the factory. But, happily, this belief is not the true standard, for our engineering colleges and our universities strive to build men of character, fit for social, economic and political leadership, as well as to be experts in their profession.

Our colleges and universities have won their well deserved merit, not by training the technical man alone, but by the training of the men of character. They deserve the honor and the support of the people, not because they instruct men in science and letters, but because we expect more from them. They have formed and are forming the men of principle on whom the engineering profession and the proper service of the public largely depend.

In former times the old culture studies were depended upon to build up the character of the student, and even today there are some who hold the same views. They maintain that the so-called liberal education did more to build up a high type of manhood than the modern education in arts and sciences. In answer to this, let me quote Mr. Charles Whiting Baker, a man of wide acquaintance in matters educational. He says: "We know of no set of men who possess, in a greater degree, the qualities of breadth of outlook, high sense of honor, fidelity to

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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ALUMNI DAY, as a social function, was a decided success. Such a huge, spirited family reunion St. Mary's never before has sponsored, and never did such unrestrained happiness, with its bubbling mirth and few little threats of tears, run quite so rampant in our College corridors. "Open arms" was the cry of the day, and old College rivals—nay, even enemies—as well as political rivals—reposed happily, side by side, arm in arm, in St. Mary's warm embrace. Political "big guns", giants of commerce, quiet citizens, all gathered and partook of Alma Mater's cupful of undying love, and every grad, young and old, showed, to the eminent satisfaction of the rankest skeptic, that he had a corner in his heart for his College and, moreover, that in that corner forgetfulness or ingratitude would never enter. The doings of the day were entered into with a spirit that spelled success for the occasion. If Alumni Day, now but in its infancy, was such a success for all concerned, what will it be, as the years roll on? Surely a great event of St. Mary's annual calendar every year hence. Gad! how I do want to be there!

As his highly conceited majesty, the editor, sits foolishly and lazily blinking out of THE COLLEGIAN office window, the most attractive sight of all is a continuous roundelay of scrapers, plug-

ging away systematically at the grading of our new athletic field. And it surely is a sight for tired eyes! To think that our long-nursed hopes for a thoroughly equipped gymnasium and a class A cinder track is about to be realized, is really a happy, almost a heavenly, thought. What if a few palm trees, decades old, must meet a death before the advance of athletics; will not a new St. Mary's Field be of infinitely more benefit than those state-ly idle palms? What if a petty sentiment does grip the throats of a few traditionists—we'll soon be out of the old rut, and St. Mary's general prospective athletic prowess must surely win her new laurels among contemporary colleges. Students leave in June, they return in September, and lo! behold! a spick-and-span "gym" and a classical track have appeared even in that fleeting, ending-all-too-soon vacation. Quite a prepossessing thought, don't you think? But, now the question arises—it looms up like a mountain:—Will the fellows do St. Mary's and themselves justice on the track and in the gym? Will they try for all they're worth? Time alone—and my particular time is short—will answer the query, but would I could answer safely and honestly a short, sweet, certain "Yes!"

"Rome was not built in a day", neither can St. Mary's expect to mould

a sterling reputation for all-around athletics in a single year; but we can safely say that the scholastic year '07-'08 was eminently successful for St. Mary's, athletically speaking. Rugby, basketball and track athletics can we enumerate among our new departures—at least, they were all new to St. Mary's resident generation. And although we did not show championship class in any of these ventures, we expect to, next year; for, is not our student body at least a normally able gathering of young men? We believe that many members of the collegiate body are considerably above normal in athletic ability and we know of no reason why we should not stand, shoulder to shoulder, equal, and possibly above, our sister colleges throughout the States. The promises of our moderator of athletics make certain the presence of first rate coaches in every single branch. And those of us who do not try to better ourselves physically by the experience of instructors will not only do ourselves harm, but will act unjustly to our College. For a college is known and judged very much nowadays by the calibre of its athletes—stronger grows this mode of judgment with the passage of every scholastic semester. Many of our educators, prominent ones, too, are loath to admit such a condition, that reaches probably too far, yet such is the fact. So, bear in mind, students, you who are so seemingly bound to plead "physical unfitness", that you are not doing your best for your College when you submit a trumped-up doctor's certificate to make strong your "stall".

An article, under the guise of an editorial, appeared in the San Francisco Examiner in its issue of June 12th, and is a disgrace even to the yellowest journalism. The article is headed, "Disgracing a Parent's Religion is Mean Business". The writer begins by heaping ridicule upon religious missionaries. He says: "But for the man who becomes converted nobody has very much respect—unless the convert be some poor, dancing savage." And then:

"The so-called civilized man, however, who gives up his religion and takes up another religion . . . is a pretty poor sample of humanity." Again: "For a man to leave the faith of his own people and take up another faith, changing one for the other, is a feeble performance, intellectually, and a mean performance sentimentally." He accuses, in strong wording, the convert, of disgracing the religion of his family and his friends—in short, he openly considers a convert weak-minded and disloyal. As if one could justify religious stubbornness by claiming that his family and his friends were more to him than his God! Verily, relation with family and friends ooze away, far, far into a far-away background when relations with God enter the same question.

And to say that nobody respects a convert is an absolute falsehood. Thousands of far greater men than this penny-a-liner have been converted; men beside whom this unprincipled writer would appear as the veriest pigmy among giants. Columns of space could be consumed in cutting his creed, and 'twould be space well spent, too. That such a man, with such thoughts, should be allowed to contribute such articles to a newspaper of the Examiner's pretensions to fairness, is a crying, howling shame: for he is thrusting fallacy,—rotten, rank fallacy—upon a people whose ideals are even now all too material and whose thoughts of a coming eternal life are all too prone to be chased into nowhere by thoughts of terrestrial well-being.

Commenting on this same editorial, **The Town Talk** says:

"Mr. Hearst will probably learn that these sentiments are far from conducive to the enlargement of the circulation of his papers. There is a very large religious body in this country that does not confine its missionary work to savage countries, and which numbers not only among the laity but among the clergy a very large number of converts. In this religious body the memory of John Henry Newman, who abandoned his religion and his friends, is still revered. In this religious body there is a powerful order, distinctly

American in character, which is almost entirely composed of converts, and surely the sentiments expressed by Mr. Hearst's editorial writer will excite the indignation of these gentlemen and of their friends and admirers. If the interests of the Independence League are to be conserved Mr. Hearst should warn his editorial writers against insulting men who are engaged in what they conceive to be noble religious work."

The laxity of Catholic men of wealth to assist financially in the propagation of the faith is not a whit more apparent and definite than the dearth of Catholic men of wealth in the support of Catholic education. Just as the humbler classes contribute the major portion of the fund which builds our churches, so do the dollars of the commonality go a long way in the support of our Catholic schools. It is extremely different with our separated brethren. Let a minister of any sect advocate the building of a new church, the response is wonderfully rapid and substantial. Let a rector of a university sound the trumpet for the establishment of a new chair, however trivial and needless it may be, and the blast is hardly spent when the gold of the realm comes pouring in. But let a priest of the true gospel appeal for a church suitable for divine worship, or let him picture in his appeal for Catholic education, the spiritual devastation on the Catholic children of our country made by non-sectarian schools, and the response comes feebly back to the tune of straggling nickels. Why is this so, is a question that has long been unanswered.

There are endowments for every form and whim of education under the sun, but Catholic education. This fact is a glaring monument and a shameful one, at that—of the indifference and laxity of Catholic men of wealth to Catholic education.

In connection with the education of the intellect the development of the physical man has become in the course of time a necessary consideration in the curriculum of a college. The need

of physical culture to the bodily health of our students is now a recognized factor in every educational institution. Hence the importance of the gymnasium and the campus. Here at St. Mary's athletics have been mainly developed in one line only—baseball; and this is readily accounted for: we have no gymnasium, and the outlay for baseball is inconsiderate. But although the cost of erecting and equipping a gymnasium is indeed large, St. Mary's gymnasium would now be a reality had not the late earthquake plunged the institution into a fresh debt. But we are happy to acquaint our friends that a gymnasium is on the way. The Alumni Association of St. Mary's have undertaken the task of raising the necessary funds. These gentlemen appreciate what Alma Mater has done for them, and conscious of the financial handicap of an unendowed institution have recognized the absolute necessity of a gymnasium and track for St. Mary's. It is planned to start the erection of the gymnasium this summer. When completed it will be suitable for all sorts of public functions, and next year the annual commencement exercises in all probability will be held in St. Mary's new gymnasium—a monument of the loyalty of St. Mary's Alumni.

A farewell editorial!—yes, it's up to me, and it's a task I do not fancy. It is hard to quit thanking your benefactors and blustering at your foes, and the trusty pencil balks thereat. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Briefly, then, and from the deepest depths of our grateful hearts, THE COLLEGIAN staff of 1908 thanks its contributors, subscribers, advertisers, friends and even its harshest critics, for all have been a benefit to the year's volume. To those who will take up our work we wish them all success. It is with a feeling of sadness we lock our desk for the last time and pass the key to our successor, whose year's work, we trust, will be as ours was, a labor of love.

—F. J. H., '08.

FAREWELL

FAREWELL! Farewell, dear College-home,
The laughing summer's here
We part—yet linger to review
The thousand pleasures pure and true
That fill this golden year.

The study-hall, its busy hours,
Its intellectual treats
Of Egypt and of Palestine,
Yosemite, great Nature's shrine,
Where earth with heaven meets,

And then of wondrous Yellowstone;
And oh, "The Bells"! "The Bells"!
And the fine "speaking" and debates,
And then our evening-games and mates
Wallace, "Rusty", Wells . . .

Farewell, dear campus, with your sports;
What crowds there came to see
Our battles and our heroes brave!
I think I hear them shout and rave,
Like children and like fools behave
As Krause strikes out his three;

And all the trips we had abroad—
And then Alumni Day—
And oh! the Track Team Banquet night—
B. Agnon's speech—that was "all right"—
The rousing cheers and wild delight—
"Ye sports, farewell!" we say.

Farewell, old class-rooms, with your year
Of pleasures and of woes;
Good-by, professors, one and all,
Still richer blessings on you fall
As life upon you grows.

Good-by, ye boon companions, dear,
That made the school a home,
We'll ne'er forget the songs we sang—
How on the night our voices rang!
We'll ne'er forget those club-room nights,
Our mutual helps, our passing fights,
However far we roam.

Adieu, most blessed place of all,
Where oft we knelt in prayer;
Where sweet harmonious hymns rose up
With incense from the censer-cup
And filled the solemn air.
Ah, golden memories of this year,
Ye'll soften many a future tear
And make our life more fair.

'08.

COLLEGE ITEMS

THE Cottle Medal contest, held on the 5th of the month, brought to St. Mary's stage fewer competitors more evenly matched than the orators of 1908. Every one of the seven speakers possessed that ease and naturalness characteristic of finished orators. All the subjects chosen by the collegians were timely, and as a consequence proved extremely interesting to the delighted gathering present. The paper written and developed by John P. Doran, '09, carried off the honors. His subject was "The College Man in American Life." This topic, ever popular, the skillful Junior treated in the light of the latest developments, and delivered it with such naturalness and force as to elicit the generous applause of the five hundred enthusiasts present, and what was far more substantial, the unanimous decision of the judges who pronounced him the winner of the Cottle Oratorical Medal for the year 1908.

To many the medal winner was a surprise. Frank Dunn, '08, and Charles Moul, '11, divided honors in the estimation of the students, but even these fell down. Both of these had excellent papers, and their delivery was good. That the choice was the right one was well emphasized by the long and repeated applause which followed the decision. The program of the evening was as follows:

March, "College Days," College Orchestra; "Labor Unions," Thomas P. O'Keefe; double quartet, "Sleighb Song," Glee Club; "Coast Naval Defense," Richard J. Doran; baritone solo, "The Bedouin Love Song," R. J. Guichard; "Our Heroic Dead," Charles T. Moul; vocal quartet, "A Night Song," A. Wells, T. O'Keefe, R. Doran, R. Guichard; "America in the Pacific," John J. Burke; interlude, "Sizelletta," Orchestra; "Decadence of Civic Morality," Francis W. Dunn; tenor solo, "The Island of Dreams," R. J. Doran; "The College Man in American Life," John P. Doran; chorus, "Heigh Ho!" Glee Club; "An Aspect of the Fleet Question," Sylvester N. Andriano; in-

terlude, "Mill's Melodies," Orchestra; Judges' decision; finale, "Old Faithful", College Orchestra; Judges—Hon. Everett J. Brown, Hon. J. W. Stetson, Hon. W. H. Donohue, John J. McDonnald, '91, George J. McDonough, '02.

The elocution contest for the Plover Medal followed one week after the oratorical contest. As in the senior affair, the public were invited and responded loyally. Nine students from the Academic or High School department, attired in full dress, took part and delivered their selections without a nervous tremor, save when called for. The medal winner of this contest likewise upset the talent. Hector A. McNeill rendered "The Dandy Fifth" in splendid style, and for so doing Hector won the medal. For second place honors were divided between Roy McNeill and Edward Reardon. The "Murderer's Confession" was cleverly rendered by John Clecak, and many thought Michael O'Connell's interpretation of "Bernardo del Carpio" well nigh perfect. The showing made by the nine elocutionists was gratifying in the extreme, and just as Judge William A. Kelly, '96, announced: "They were all good; I regret there is not a medal for every one of them."

The entire program was as follows:

March, "Old Faithful," College Orchestra; "The Maniac," Charles M. Weber; "The Brigade at Fontenoy", Gerald Brusher; vocal solo, "The Old Rustic Bridge", J. J. Burke; "Caoch the Piper", Edward A. Riordan; "The Murderer's Confession", John A. Clecak; cornet duet, F. Ench, E. Spellman (St. Joseph's Academy); "Columbus", George C. Lafitte; "The Dandy Fifth", Hector A. McNeill; vocal quartet, A. Wells, T. O'Keefe, R. Doran, R. Guichard; "Sheridan's Ride", Irving Scott; "Spartacus to the Gladiators", Roy McNeill; "Bernardo del Carpio", Michael J. O'Connell; interlude, "Merry Melodies", Orchestra; Judges' decision; finale, "College Days", College Orchestra; Judges—W. A. Kelly, '96; Hon. B. J. Flood, '97; A. F. Burke, '04.

Ascension Thursday, being a free day at college, an all-day tramp into the Contra Costa hills was enjoyed by the majority of the students. The "tramp" began with a car ride to the end of the line and then a ramble of about twelve miles into the ravines and picturesque spots in the little mountains. Before returning to the starting point a healthy luncheon was spread on the shaded bank of a running stream, a wagon loaded with foodstuffs having been dispatched to the tramping grounds in the meantime. The trampers who had that morning signified a general desire to join the "Weston walking club" were in the evening very much taken up with the desire to enlist in the "down and out" fraternity. Baseball practice may sometimes be strenuous, but all-day tramps are strenuous to the ninth power.

Decoration Day followed close on the religious holyday, and afforded the students of the merry tramping club a needed rest.

Alumni Day this year was the most elaborate and gratifying celebration of the whole College year. The old boys gathered from all sections of the State to pay their loyal tribute of affection to their Alma Mater. Some had been away for thirty years, some twenty, ten and five years, and others went out from her revered portals only a twelve-month before; but all mingled in that happiness which only they understand who have been and are still true sons of St. Mary's. A full account of the day's program may be found in the Alumni Notes. We will say here, however, that the singing of the old boys, John Plover, '01, Frank E. Michels, '00, Dan I. Sheerin, '02, Jim Blossom, '04, George W. Poultney, '05, Willie Thompson, '07, and S. J. Fields, '07, during the morning service, was something well worth hearing. The rendition of "My Rosary", by George W. Poultney, was, to say the least, soul-stirring.

The Interstudent Field Day, held last month on the College campus, resulted in victory for the "Whites", captained by Roy McNeill of the Commercial de-

partment. The "Reds", captained by Frank Hart, '08, made twenty-eight points against a total of fifty-seven scored by the "Whites". The affair has inspired the Athletic Association officials with greater prospects for field and track events for next year. There is an abundance of good material at St. Mary's. All that is needed is system—systematic training and proper direction.

The individual winners of events received valuable prizes and the successful team formed a theatre party and were banqueted. The full list of events is chronicled in the athletic section.

The Athletic Association annual banquet of 1907-08 will go down in the history of St. Mary's as the most successful affair yet undertaken by the directors of the association. The dining hall was tastefully decorated in flags and streamers of the national colors and festoons of smilax graced the long tables. A menu card worded in the parlance of the athletic field was placed at every one of the two hundred plates. The opening words of the menu cards read:

Men U
are to run over a variety of courses
on the
College Tableland
Get on your napkins!
Set for the first course!
Go!
First Race (Irish)

To be finished in one lap. Patti a la Reign
Time—4 flat. Won by—one

Thomas T. Feeney, President of the association, acted as toast-master. In a few brief remarks he reviewed the work of the past year, impressing upon the students meanwhile the necessity of hearty coöperation. Before concluding President Feeney thanked his fellow members for their loyal support, adding that it inspired the officers of the association with zeal and encouragement and made success theirs. Brother Vellesian, Brother Agnon, William Fitzgerald, Albert T. Shine and Roy McNeill responded to toasts.

Past President Shine made an eloquent appeal for an expanded athletic

policy, and Brother Agnon, in responding to "The Old Phoenix", gave out some treasured traditions that go back to 1870. The evening closed with a brief talk by Brother Vellesian.

The officers of St. Mary's A. A. for 1907-08 are as follows:

President, Thomas F. Feeney; Vice-President, Frank J. Hart; Treasurer, Lucien A. Faure; Secretary, William B. Davie; Field Captain, Frank P. Arata; Athletic Manager, Albert T. Shine.

The Academic department of the College held a Field Day on Wednesday, June 17th. The campus was alive with student spectators, enthused over the surprising performances of the youngsters. St. Mary's need have little fear of a dearth of athletic material in the years to come. When youngsters of fifteen years cover seventeen feet in the broad jump, vault seven feet and make a high jump of five and one-half feet, there is every prospect of developing such promising material into record-breakers before they reach graduation. The performances of Edward Reardon, Edw. Fitzgerald and Wm. Armstrong were for youngsters well nigh phenomenal. Frank Dunn was Starter, Irving Scott and Gerald Sheehy, Timers; R. Concannon, George Miller and Mike O'Connell, Judges at Finish; Roy McNeill, Field Captain; and Regie Starrett, Announcer; Albert T. Shine was Referee. Prizes were received by the winners of events.

An automobile ride of three hours, a theatre party and an elaborate spread at a down-town cafe, summarizes the annual celebration of St. Mary's Sanctuary Society. Membership in the society is limited to twelve, consequently only the very select among the students gain admission. For the past year Brother Cornelius has been acting as director of the society. The newly elected officers are: President, Clifford Russell; Vice-President, H. O. Beck; Secretary, Ray Miller; Treasurer, George Miller.

The students enjoyed a lengthy and extremely interesting heart-to-heart talk, as the lecturer termed it, by

Father Gleeson, chaplain of the battleship Connecticut, on the evening of June 22d. Father Gleeson is an "old boy" of the Christian Brothers, having graduated from Manhattan College, New York, with the Class of '91. He has been connected with the navy for the past four years, and has become a prime favorite with the officers and jackies of the Atlantic squadron. How Father Gleeson became assigned to the Connecticut was told by Brother Vellesian while introducing the noted chaplain, and created a bit of pleasantry. It seems that while the chaplains were being assigned to various ships, the captains of the Atlantic battleships were, one and all, clamoring for Father Gleeson. The claims became so numerous that the matter was brought to a crisis. The disputants finally carried the squabble to Admiral Evans. The Admiral listened patiently to the several claimants and became extremely interested in the affair. He then fired a few questions himself. The last claimant being dismissed, he assembled the captains and thus addressed them: "Sirs, I have heard your claims. If this man is such a good fellow, I'll take him myself." Father Gleeson went to the Connecticut and made the famous trip of fourteen thousand miles on the flagship of Admiral Evans. The famous voyage was interestingly portrayed by the lecturer from the day of departure from Hampton Roads until the sixteen battleships dropped anchor in Magdalena Bay. The speaker spoke of the high degree of civilization which was everywhere evident in the South American ports, especially that of Rio Janeiro, where the people are as highly progressive as those of our own country. Think of a fifty-million-dollar docking facility and a ten-million-dollar municipal theatre building, and you will have a good idea of what is to be found in a Brazilian seaport.

Father Gleeson closed his pleasing and instructive lecture by paying a glowing tribute to the people of California, stating that the officers and men of the fleet had no conception of what hospitality meant until they mingled with the generous citizens of our Golden State.

By special request Father Gleeson recited a poem of his own composition, entitled "The Irish Japanee", a humorous selection, showing that the Japanese owes his great fighting ability to his Irish descent.

"The Bells" was presented to the Oakland public by the members of the A. P. G. U. literary and debating society on the evening of the 16th ult. The College auditorium was far too inadequate to hold the large number that came to witness the production. In fact, several were turned away. The rendition of the play elicited favorable comment and has encouraged the members of the A. P. G. U. to make greater efforts next year. Charles T. Moul, in the role of Mathias the Burgomaster, was the center of attraction. His acting would easily entitle him to a place on the professional stage. He was ably assisted by John Burke in the role of Wilhelm, brother to Mathias. The singing of the ballad "The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill", by John Burke, won for him hearty applause and an encore. Clifford Russell and Burnett Sheehan, as Farmers, filled the parts with credit to themselves, while the genial presence and rich voice of Ray Merrick admirably fitted him for the role of Christian the Gendarme. The remaining characters acted their parts with the skill of professionals. The play was under the direction of Frank Dunn as Stage Manager. The play was later staged in a public hall in Oakland for the benefit of the Portuguese Church, of which Reverend Father Galli is pastor.

The cast was as follows:

Mathias the Burgomaster, Charles Moul; Christian, a Young Officer, Raymond Merrick; Wilhelm, Brother of Mathias, John Burke; Hans and Capt. Walter, Farmers, Clifford Russell and Burnett Sheehan; President of the Court, Richard Doran; Mesmerist, Frank Dunn; Notary, Cornelius Kelly; Dr. Zimmer, Raymond Miller; Franz, Servant to Mathias, Erle Henderson; Karl, William Burke. Act I—Kitchen of Village Inn. Act II—Sitting Room in Burgomaster's House. Act III—

Scene I, Mathias' Bedroom; Scene II, the Death Dream; Scene III, same as Scene I. Time, 1833. Place, Alsace.

St. Mary's Choral Society, in charge of Brother Bernard, journeyed to Pleasanton on Sunday, June 14th, where they sang the Messe de St. Therèse at the Church of St. Augustine, of which Father Joseph A. McAuliffe, '90, is pastor. The occasion was the final celebration of the Feast of Pentecost, which according to the customs of the Portuguese, is continued for several weeks. The singing was arranged for three parts and added greatly to the religious celebration. Professor F. Schorcht, Jr., of St. Mary's, assisted at the organ. At the conclusion of the exercises in the church the choristers, escorted by Father McAuliffe, proceeded to Pleasanton Park, where they did justice to a grand barbecue. In the afternoon a baseball match between the Phoenix of St. Mary's and the Olympics of San Francisco, which ended in victory for St. Mary's, proved interesting entertainment to the delighted gathering. After the game the College boys returned to the pastoral residence, where a fine dinner awaited them. They returned to College on the evening train well pleased with the outing.

St. Mary's Reading Society has ended the school term well. Reading has been pursued with enthusiasm, but the improved library has been especially utilized by busy essay-writers of all the classes. Only a few days ago about forty volumes were added, comprising the works of Bishop Spalding, Father Finn, several by Winston Churchill and John Ruskin, and various books of fiction, biography, etc. With hearty thanks we note here the generous gift of \$25 given by Andrew Mattei. We also thank Mr. Harry Davie, George Lafitte, Ray Miller, W. Treat and Ralph Dillon for donating books. THE COLLEGIAN supplies Benziger's Magazine and has now added its own welcome monthly. Vacation is a time of leisure. We think we see our readers already in the quiet nooks of nature or of the home in the company of some

delightful author. And saying to themselves, on finishing their volume, "This will make a fine addition to S. M. R. S. Library."

The special free-hand drawing class exhibited its charcoal work on Alumni Day. It was universally admired. The Drawing and Penmanship exhibit was witnessed by many teachers from San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland, and all pronounced the work of the students excellent.

The following students having finished satisfactorily the Palmer exercises, received teachers' diplomas: Gustave Colson, Edward Tompkinson, John Deagle, Nicholas Clecak.

The following Palmer Method students received students' graduating awards: J. J. Delahide, T. Allen, G. P. Haines, H. D. Myers, J. A. Doyle, J. A. Clecak, J. Fallon, M. Pistolesi, R. Biggy, J. Duboy, G. Sterett, M. L. Parker, H. Moore, M. Inzunza, C. Dinmore, W. Armstrong, C. Hendrick, F. Tompkinson, J. Tamayo, J. Sanchez, C. Carlyle, J. McCrohan, I. Sweeney, T. Mullen, C. Weber, S. Andriano.

The fortieth annual commencement of St. Mary's was held at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, on the 24th of June. A large and distinguished gathering was present to witness the graduation of five students from the Arts department, nine from the Science, and nine from the Commercial department. In the absence of the Archbishop, Rev. P. A. Foley, the popular pastor of Alameda, presided and presented the degrees and honor medals to the successful students. The graduating speakers were Thomas P. O'Keefe of the Science department, whose theme was "The Engineer as a Man", while the Arts department was represented by Richard J. Doran, who spoke on "The Time-Spirit". Besides these numbers, there were some spirited choruses by the Glee Club, which won well merited encores. Hon. Edward F. Fitzpatrick of the Class of '77 addressed the graduates. The Judge delivered a splendid talk. Among the many good points he made was this:

"Find out what you are mentally and physically fitted for, and go after that and that only. Remember there are other storehouses of knowledge besides your own. Ever aim higher than the mark."

The value of such advice, coming from one who is an old Christian Brothers' boy, who graduated like ourselves and fought successfully the battle of life, is indeed advice worth heeding. The entire musical program was under the direction of Professor Schorcht, Jr. The program of the exercises is herewith given:

March, "College Days" (Soter), College Orchestra; "The Engineer as a Man", Thomas P. O'Keefe; Double quartet, "The Boatman's Song" (Geibel), Glee Club; "The Time-Spirit", Richard J. Doran; chorus, "Marching" (Trotter), Glee Club; overture, "Merry Melodies" (Mills), College Orchestra; Conferring of Degrees; Awarding of Honor Medals; Address to the Graduates, Hon. Edward F. Fitzpatrick, '77; Finale, "Salute to College" (Boem), College Orchestra.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred on: Richard Joseph Doran, San Francisco, Cal.; Francis Joseph Dunn, San Francisco, Cal.; Erle Andrew Henderson, Sacramento, Cal.; Raymond Wilfred Merrick, Oakland, Cal.; Peter Burnett Sheehan, San Francisco, Cal.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering conferred on: Lucien Alexander Faure, Sacramento, Cal.; Thomas Francis Feenev, Gilroy, Cal.; Leonard Edward Grundell, Oakland, Cal.; Francis Joseph Hart, Oakland, Cal.; Thomas Patrick O'Keefe, Berkeley, Cal.; Edmund John Rogers, Alameda, Cal.; Arthur Streeter Dana, Nipomo, Cal.; Paul Albert Dufour, Alameda, Cal.; Reginald James Guichard, Oakland, Cal.

Commercial Diplomas granted to: Sylvester N. Andriano, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry A. Borgerding, Oakland, Cal.; John F. Fallon, Livermore, Cal.; Henry J. Gianella, Honcut, Cal.; Albert A. Langner, Pueblo, Mex.; Andrew Mattei, Malaga, Cal.; James G. Porter, Madera, Cal.; John A. Rvan, Austin, Nev.; Nabor G. Sanchez, Sinaloa, Mex.

Honor Medals awarded:

The Archbishop's Gold Medal, for Evidences of Religion. Founded by the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco—P. Burnett Sheehan. Next in Merit—Richard J. Doran, John P. Doran.

The Justin Gold Medal, for Modern Languages. Founded by the Reverend Clergy of the Archdiocese of San Francisco—Raymond W. Merrick. Next in Merit—P. Burnett Sheehan.

The Alumni Gold Medal, for the Best English Essay. Founded by the Alumni Association of St. Mary's College—Richard J. Doran.

The Cottle Gold Medal, for Oratory. Presented by Rev. J. E. Cottle, '77—John P. Doran. Next in Merit—John J. Burke.

The Graves Gold Medal, for Engineering Drawing. Founded by J. A. Graves, '72—Paul A. Dufour. Next in Merit—Lucien A. Faure, Thomas P. O'Keefe.

The Mathematics Gold Medal, presented by a Friend of the College—

Francis J. Hart. Next in Merit—Thomas F. Feeney, Thomas P. O'Keefe.

The Erminold Gold Medal, for Civil Engineering. Founded by Friends of the College—Thomas P. O'Keefe. Next in Merit—Francis J. Hart.

The President's Gold Medal, for Christian Doctrine. Presented by the College—James M. Smith. Next in Merit—Sylvester N. Andriano.

The Christian Doctrine Gold Medal. Presented by the College—Louis F. Lefevre. Next in Merit—John White, William Gloria.

The Plover Gold Medal, for Elocution. Founded by J. P. Plover, '01—Hector A. McNeill. Next in Merit—Roy McNeill, Edward Reardon.

The Collegian Gold Medal, for Work on College Paper. Presented by the Staff—Francis J. Hart. Next in Merit—Richard J. Doran, John P. Doran.

The Penmanship Gold Medal. Presented by the College to the Commercial Department—Milton L. Parker. Next in Merit—John J. Delahide.

UNFULFILLED DESIRES

WITHIN the citadel of the heart they rest
And sob and moan,
And weep and groan,
Like human creatures with deep grief caressed,
Like anguish sorrowing on sweet Joy's breast,
Oh! sad and mournful do they crowd the place,
But on the heights
Gleam wondrous lights,
Tho' hoary Care with dark and wrinkled face
E'er sentinels the fort with steady pace.
Like Tantalus they gaze upon the bliss
They cannot grasp,
Their hands they clasp,
And now they weep, entreat, then groan and hiss
At joys so near at hand—the joys they miss.
And here they linger till the heart is cold,
And still and dead,
When all desires are fled,
When past and present are together rolled
Into th' eternal Present—their eternal goal.

—J. N.



THE members of A. P. G. U. have every reason to be proud of their achievements during the year.

From the very beginning of the term in September last, the literary and debating efforts of the members have been most successful. To crown all, they have successfully presented "The Bells" on two public occasions before appreciative audiences. They have now three plays under consideration, which they intend to present next year. Although debating among the members was a prominent part of the society's work, and a very helpful means for public speaking, yet the annual public debate with our sister society, the S. S. S., which was looked for eagerly by the A. P. G. U. men, did not take place, for reasons best known to the officers of the S. S. S. Our committee tried repeatedly to arrange final details for a debate, but the science representatives were timid about meeting their conquerors of last year. The A. P. G. U. men enjoyed their annual theatre party and banquet on the evening of the first Tuesday in June. The society witnessed the production of "Marie Antoinette" as presented by Miss Nance O'Neil. After the performance they proceeded to the Saddle Rock Cafe, where a sumptuous menu was served.

Our esteemed President, Mr. Richard Doran, retired from office at a special meeting held this month. Too much cannot be said in praise of the efforts exerted by him in the past year. The manner in which the A. P. G. U. thrived under his guidance will last as a distinct feature in the three past years of its life. Never before were such under-

takings carried into effect, and never before did so complete a success crown a year's achievements in the annals of A. P. G. U.

It was not without a feeling of regret on the part of the members when they bade "good-by" to him and the officers who labored so earnestly with him for the welfare of the society, and it is sincerely hoped that next year will favor us with as capable men.

Mr. Cornelius Kelly was elected to the chair in accordance with the custom of the society. Several other candidates were also chosen, but resigned their place to the unanimous choice of Mr. Kelly for President.

The A. P. G. U. has been increasing remarkably in the past year and never before was a special meeting-room needed more sorely. The addition of this and a reading room for the members was earnestly looked forward to from the beginning of last term, but owing to the comparatively "close quarters" with which the students of the College were forced to content themselves, sufficient space could not be allowed for such conveniences. It is the wish of our worthy Moderator, Brother Fabrician, that nothing should be overlooked which would lend any advantage to the society, and as many necessitated improvements are now being made about the College for the coming semester, it is to be hoped that a reading and meeting room will be ready next fall.

—RAY W. MERRICK.

ALUMNI NOTES

Alumni Day.



ALUMNI GATHERING JUNE 7, 1908

"DOTH not a meeting like this make amends for all the long years we have wandered away?" Such, in truth, was the heartfelt sentiment so much in evidence at the memorable gathering of "old boys" on Sunday, June 7th, 1908. Alumni Day, 1907, was an occasion not soon to be forgotten, but in organization, numbers and the general spirit of rejoicing and good-will it pales in comparison with Alumni Day, 1908. "I should not have missed this day," said an old grad., "for love or for coin; it was in truth a day of days for me—I've had the time of my life." And what was here expressed with keen conviction, was but an echo of the general feeling so frequently heard 'round. The occasion must be recorded in the annals of the College as St. Mary's Day par excellence. It is doubtful if we can boast a more enthusiastic celebration. As we ponder over Alumni Day of the future we are struck with the magnitudinous possibilities that the occasion affords. Only a year or two a celebration of the College Calendar, it now easily eclipses in importance and sentiment all other days of recreation and rejoicing. It is a boon to the Alumni themselves, a mighty lesson to the student-body, and an encouragement to the faculty in the great work of education with its heartrending situations of neglect, apparent unfaithfulness at times, and ingratitude.

Early in the forenoon graduates and other "old boys" with their friends headed the long train that was to continue college-ward until far into the afternoon and evening. At 11:30, Mass for the Alumni was celebrated by Rev. T. J. Kennedy, '01. Music during the Mass was furnished by the Alumni choir, presided over by Brother Agnon. Prominent in the choir were: D. I. Sheerin, '92; F. E. Michel, '00; J. P. Plover, '01; G. W. Poultney, '05; J. A. Blossom, ex-'04; W. J. Thompson, '07; S. J. Field, '07. Prof. F. Schorcht, Sr., presided at the organ. At 12:15, a re-

ception was tendered by the students of the College. Edward J. Rogers, President of the Class of '08, welcomed the Alumni on behalf of the student-body. "Three minute" talks by the "old boys" were next in order. Hon. Judge Frank J. Murasky, '83, Past President of the Alumni, presided in his customary clever style. Among the speakers at this meeting were: Prof. L. Taaffe, B. P. Oliver, '73; H. E. Coffey, '80; G. E. Lawrence, '82; J. P. Plover, '01; A. F. Burke, '04; and F. J. Devlin, '81.

Then followed luncheon in the spacious dining hall, after which was a roam through the "old halls" and an inspection of the drawing and pen-work exhibit.

At two o'clock the annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held. Possibly this was the most important deliberative assembly in the history of the Alumni. It meant much for St. Mary's, and its proceedings marked an era in the progressive spirit of the College authorities. For many years the Brothers, always awake to the wants of their students, were anxious to improve the College grounds and to erect a gymnasium and a library. The great fire of 1894, and the havoc of the 1906 disaster, left difficulties in their wake that not even time itself seemed sufficiently agile to surmount. The needs, however, became imminently necessary and a positive move was imperative. The Alumni took hold of the situation, unraveled the difficulties and the gymnasium, stadium and library, soon to be reared, will stand as monuments to the gratitude and tact of the proverbially loyal Alumni of old St. Mary's. Twenty thousand dollars must be immediately available, and the Alumni set the hens that are to lay the golden fruit. Hon. Judge Murasky, '83, Hon. Thomas J. Lennon, '85, President of the Alumni, Garrett W. McInerney, '81, and Frank J. Devlin, '81, took the initiative in preparing plans for the undertaking, and we are glad to state that a subsequent meeting of the new board of

Alumni directors lay at rest any doubt that the first steps of the great undertaking were induced solely by a momentary sentimental spirit. We have every confidence that the pledge of the "old boys" to pay for the required improvements will be kept and it is upon this conviction that the College President will press the improvements to a speedy completion.

The meeting of the Alumni was made doubly lively, as the boys say, by the active participation in proceedings by the Rev. M. C. Gleeson, '91, Manhattan College, N. Y., Chaplain U. S. S. Connecticut. Father Gleeson, by special request, gave a spirited rendition of his own, now famous, poem, "The Irish Japanee". We epitomize comment upon the Rev. Father by asserting that he is a true Brothers' boy and a gem.

The election of officers of the Alumni for 1908-09 was noteworthy. Hon. Thomas J. Lennon, '85, undoubtedly one of the most eloquent sons of the Golden State, was chosen President to succeed a no less noteworthy personage, the Hon. Frank J. Murasky, '83. William A. Kelly, '96, succeeded Hon. Thomas J. Lennon as Vice-President. Andrew F. Burke, '04, the prominent young attorney, was elected in place of that tried and true old-timer Frank J. Kierce, '82. Another fond member of the old school, E. R. Myrick, '81, retired and was replaced as Treasurer by Joseph F. Coffey, '75.

The new board of directors chosen is composed of the following: B. P. Oliver, '73; E. R. Myrick, '81; F. J. Devlin, '81; F. J. Kierce, '82; Rev. P. E. Mulligan, '83; Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83; P. J. McCormick, '88; J. L. Taaffe, '96; R. J. Doran, '08.

After the meeting a large group of the Alumni present posed for a camera shot. The result appears in a cut in this issue of THE COLLEGIAN. We regret that many of the members on the campus did not learn of the presence and intent of the camera man. The Alumni baseball team men at this moment were doing old-time turns and many of the has-been Phoenix admirers were too busily engaged doing side-line

stunts to bother much with the workings of film and tripod.

The Alumni-Phoenix baseball game, be it said with emphasis, was no sandlot exhibition. For nine innings the new and the old struggled fiercely only to have the referee call matters a draw. The score then stood one, all. The Columbia Park Band, led by Mr. S. Peixotto, gave a concert on the lawn during the game.

After baseball came the Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. J. E. Cottle, '77, followed by Benediction. The College Choir furnished excellent music during the service.

Then came Dinner—yes, the Banquet! We pause here, as we cannot with consistency, or, rather, justice, go on. Suffice it to say that nothing was wanting, and that every one present had several hours of real good fun. Judge Murasky was the toastmaster, and the Judge knows how to preside at the table as well as on the bench. Then we heard from Judge Lennon, the golden-tongued orator, and Father Collopy, '94, F. J. Kierce, '82, J. F. Coffey, '75, W. A. Kelly, '96, and W. J. Fitzgerald, '05. We had songs from George W. Poultney, '05, J. A. Blossom, ex-'04, J. P. Plover, '01, F. E. Michel, '00, and D. I. Sheerin, '92. And we had agreeable nonsense from a great many. In this last, the famous "Johnny" Richards, '87, "the youngest antiquated kid" present, was handed the palm and, incidentally, several other things by Presiding Judge Murasky.

A very touching incident of the Banquet that was deeply appreciated by the Alumni and the Faculty was the reading of a dispatch from some of the "old boys" in Portland, Oregon. The telegram was couched in a few full-meaning words, viz., "We are with you in spirit today." It was signed as follows: William P. Sinnott, '93; Frank J. Sinnott, '93; Frank J. Richardson, '96; William E. Donovan, '94; John Coffey, Bank, '83; William F. Murphy, Bank, '81; Charles T. Hughes, '90; Hugh J. McIsaac, '96.

Finally came the "Au revoir" till '09. It was a joyously sad parting that Alumni night. Nobody could tell just

why. We should all have wished the day to be indefinitely prolonged, but, of course, we realize that terrestrial pleasure cannot be lasting, and so, while reveling in the joys of Alumni Day, 1908, our hopes expand for even a great day, if such is possible, for Alumni Day, 1909.

Besides hundreds of "old boys" the following graduates were at Alma Mater on Alumni Day:

B. P. Oliver, '73; J. F. Coffey, '75; Rev. J. E. Cottle, '77; T. J. Fallon, '77; W. E. White, '78; P. F. Kingston, '79; H. E. Coffey, '80; G. W. McEnerney, '81; F. J. Devlin, '81; E. R. Myrick, '81; F. J. Kierce, '82; G. E. Lawrence, '82; Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83; Rev. P. E. Mulligan, '83; F. J. Fallon, '84; R. F. Mogan, '84; D. C. McGanney, '85; Hon. T. J. Lennon, '85; C. W. Lynch, '87; J. E. Richards, '87; P. J. McCormick, '88; E. F. Conlin, '89; Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90; J. J. McDonald, '91; B. A. Smith, '91; W. B. White, '91; F. J. Sullivan, '92; D. I. Sheerin, '92; D. S. Diamond, '94; Dr. T. D. Maher, '94; W. A. Kelly, '96; J. L. Taaffe, '96; B. J. Flood, '97; Dr. T. M. Maguire, '97; Rev. W. P. Sullivan, '97; J. T. Killian, '99; F. E. Michel, '00; W. F. Chapman, '00; H. R. Guichard, '00; J. P. Plover, '01; Rev. T. A. Crimmins, '01; J. L. Flynn, '01; Dr. J. R. McMurdo, '02; Dr. J. Maher, '02; L. F. Ryan, '02; P. F. Courneen, '02; Dr. F. E. Frates, '03; A. F. Burke, '04; V. C. Derham, '04; T. F. Greeley, '04; J. F. McCue, '04; G. W. Poultney, '05; W. J. Fitzgerald, '05; T. W. Lundy, '05; J. T. Fitzgerald, '05; J. F. Brady, '06; J. E. Derham, '06; L. J. McCarthy, '06; E. A. O'Dea, '06; A. T. Shine, '06; J. J. Rooney, '06; E. I. Barry, '07; J. P. Donegan, '07; E. J. Burns, '07; C. W. Deterding, '07; S. J. Field, '07; W. J. Thompson, '07; H. A. Davie, '07.

Rev. W. M. Hughes, '00, has gone to the City of Mexico, where he will re-

main for some months to study the Spanish language. For the past year Father Hughes has been assistant priest in Pasadena, where he has endeared himself to the people of St. Andrew's parish. A purse, subscribed by members of the congregation, was presented to Father Hughes and he responded feelingly, telling how much he had enjoyed and appreciated his stay in Pasadena and especially his association with Father Farrelley and the parishioners in general.

George E. Catts, '81, was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention to be held in Denver.

Dr. J. E. Taylor, '96, recently paid us a visit; he has left Weaverville, where he was practicing for the past three years.

"The Story of the Golden Fleece", by Henry S. Kirk, ex-'93, was recently produced in Oakland. It is a mythological play, dealing with the search of Jason, and written for Miss Nance O'Neil.

William H. Loutzenhuser, '82, is editor and publisher of the "Sierra Nevada Review". It is published monthly at Grass Valley; it is a well written and profusely illustrated magazine.

George J. McDonough, '02, was recently married in San Francisco. George is practicing law in Oakland. All at the College wish our old football captain all the bliss of wedded life.

George F. Bigley, '03, has left Alturas, Modoc county, and is now located at Oxnard.

NO TIDINGS

THE morn's crisp breath with its odors that saith,
Come! drink of my life-giving bowl,
Seduced me to stray where the day flings away
Her last rose on the "Cliff's" upper knoll.

The air seemed to hark to the seal's loud bark
As it answered the joyous wave;
But the sad sea-moan came up like a groan
From a sailor's coffinless grave.

The sand-browned shore was dotted o'er
With white messages from the sea,
But no clue could I in their forms descry
Of the one who had gone from me.

I picked up each shell, for dreamers oft tell
Of the wave-whispered knowledge they own,
But all I could hear made me start with vague fear—
Every shell made a musical moan.

Do the cloudlets that love to gaze from above
On the ocean's beating brow
Reflect the deep with its secrets that sleep,
Hidden forever, I trow?

If so, what meant the bright cloud that bent
Its huge hulk o'er the wind-wracked waves,
Like the coral-clad deck of an ancient wreck
In the ocean's tideless caves?

I questioned each wave that flowed in to lave
The green slime on the rocks of gray,
But they mocked me sore with their drowning roar,
As the tide sucked the torn kelp away.

Like a dying wail on the startled gale
From a far-alone shipwrecking isle
Sounded the scream from the gulls that dream
On the light-house barnacled pile.

The warning toll of the bell, where roll
The breakers o'er treacherous reef,
Joined in a dirge with the sorrowing surge,
Chanting the great sea's grief.

On the lone beach there I offered a prayer,
Ere I turned me weeping away,
That Heaven above would show its love
To my mariner gone astray.

—B. V.

EXCHANGES

As Others See Us.

ALL the way from St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., came THE COLLEGIAN, but its long trip lessened not a whit the delightful literary whiff one receives upon opening its inviting cover. First, the magazine is splendidly balanced. Second, its thought and verse is strikingly original. We are confident after reading THE COLLEGIAN that St. Mary's is a fine old College. One of the editorials in defense of the late Richard Mansfield should be copied by the nation's newspapers that simple justice be done that great actor.

The Georgian.

If we are somewhat tardy in commenting upon the sound and wholesome article of THE COLLEGIAN (March number), it is because we wish, as one of our Canadian orators deftly expressed it, to "save them for the desert." Among college journals, THE COLLEGIAN holds an enviable position. From month to month the essays and poems contained within the covers of this worthy magazine are, for the most part, above the ordinary. In the March number "Keltic Bards" presents us with a true picture of the status Ireland held—and should still hold—in the world of literature. The author begins with the bardic literature introduced by Amergan and leads us "along the corridors of time" till we find the Emerald Isle enjoying higher civilization and disseminating the seeds of erudition throughout Europe. Another phase of Irish history, too, is brought before us wherein we see that Ireland's stream of enlightenment and progress was not allowed to run smoothly on to the open. Here the author tells us, "how the marauding hosts of Denmark swarmed over her consecrated soil, and like the sands of the Sahara, destroyed every leaf that was green." Again, he shows us how the literature was revived, only to be trampled under foot by Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Elizabeth; and how these rulers resorted to such despicable, un-Christianlike principles as

to deprive the Irish people of any form of education. Their ardor for knowledge, however, could not be dampened, for,—

"While crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge,
Or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met
Feloniously to learn."

In "Keltic Bards" the author has given us a succinct, but a true and well related account of Ireland's literary period, and, as to the merits of the article, it speaks for itself. In "A Glance into Futurity", we find ourselves transported to the free and prosperous land of the Shamrock, where oppression and tyranny once held sway. The thought is almost sublime, the rythm pleasing; and it shows in every line the clear reason and earnestness of the author. We hope that this effort is the forerunner of another poem in the same strain. "To the Inner Voice" is the title of a carefully composed poem, and one that by reason of its leading principle is at all times apropos.

The Xaverian.

Tributes to Ireland and to Irish heroes, interspersed with a goodly quantity of those little bursts of song which the spring muse is wont to call forth, comprised the gist of material in the March and April exchanges. Among the essays, "The Keltic Bards", in the California Collegian, is deserving of special mention. In it the writer gives us a clear and interesting account of those wandering minstrels whose lives, like their legends, have been enveloped in prehistoric gloom by the uncertain combination of fact and fiction. To write on such a subject requires a careful study on the part of the writer. "The Keltic Bards" gives every indication that its author has done this. Another good quality of this journal is the interesting style in which the Athletic department is written.

Assumption College Review.

The March number of THE COLLEGIAN—hailing from St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.—contains an interesting and instructive article entitled, "Keltic Bards." The author in a pleasing manner recounts the glorious deeds of Irish Minstrels from the days of the Milesian invaders down to O'Carolan, "the last of the sons of the lyre," and shows forth their vast influence on their country's destiny. Well written pieces of fiction and clever poems complete this interesting issue. The editorials deal, for the most part, with questions of national interest and are, indeed, praiseworthy.

The Laurel.

THE ST. MARY'S COLLEGIAN is a little different from the ordinary run of college publications and affords a pleasing variety. "Keltic Bards" is one of the most interesting articles we've run across in a long time. The subject is an unusual one, full of opportunities for the student. The literary department of THE COLLEGIAN is rather scanty, while athletics, on the other hand, take up more than its proportionate share. "Torturing the Torturer" is also good, but is drawn out entirely too much. The whole magazine is pervaded with a spirit that brings to our mind the patron saint of the Emerald Isle.

The Carolinian.

That surroundings influence our natures, has been forcibly, but not in the least unpleasantly, brought home to us by the advent of the OAKLAND COLLEGIAN. Coming from the sunny slopes and smiling groves of balmy California, THE COLLEGIAN is a smile almost from cover to cover. The very first article is an amusing explanation of "Why We Laugh". "Fighting Bob", a patriotic tribute to the commander of our cruising fleet, is so stirring and enthusiastic that we are positive should Admiral Evans read those words of praise and commendation, they would warm the cockles of his weather-worn warrior's heart.

St. Ignatius' Collegian.

In the April COLLEGIAN, from Oakland, Cal., we especially enjoyed "Little Stories of the Theatre". It is, first of

all, something unusual, and then it is amusing. Any one who is fond of the theatre will immediately see the humor of the anecdotes, and it will doubtless recall something he himself has witnessed, and that is what gives pleasure to such reading. The editorials, poetry, and, in fact, every department is well handled, and the "A. P. G. U." have turned out a very good number, and, to quote from them, "It is to be hoped that their successors will produce at least one number yearly bearing the society symbols of A. P. G. U."

Mt. Angel Collegian.

The A. P. G. U. edition of THE COLLEGIAN, while not as interesting to the outsider as other numbers of this same journal, still contains much which, from the ex-man's point of view, is worthy of praise. It is a good example of the careful blending of prose, verse, and college gossip, which makes a good recipe for an admirable college journal if the individual components are well developed. The April number gives the history of the A. P. G. U. society, under whose auspices the edition is published, and in which the members of the society may justly take pride.

The Viatorian.

The ever-faithful COLLEGIAN, from St. Mary's College, Oakland, put in its appearance in due time. "A Dream" is a pretty little poem and the article entitled "Why We Laugh" is amusing and original. The editorials are forceful and to the point. The editor has the sympathy of every true Christian when he protests against the action of a Los Angeles committee in abolishing the name of Christ from public schools. The exchange editor devotes over a page to a criticism of the February number of *The Brunonian*. We have no fault to find there, but this criticism merely consists of a lengthy extract from the above, on the delights of cigarette smoking. These "coffin nails" are lauded to the skies and their pleasures expatiated upon. Cannot the ex-man find better material than this to fill his excellent department? The article entitled "Little Stories of the The-

atre" is humorous, interesting and original, and withal gives us some very excellent hints on theatre-going in general.

The Academia.

The October COLLEGIAN, from Oakland, contains a great deal of heavy matter which is pleasantly broken by the soft sweet cadences of the "Autumnal Night" and the lighter pleasing melodies of the "Stream of Life". "The Nation's Duty to Liberty" and "A Glimpse of the New Orient" are clear and instructive.

"The Human Pendulum" is well written and holds one's attention as, naturally, such a wildly imaginative tale would.

The editorial pen is held by masterly fingers, and the editorials, though unique and unexpected, call forth our heartiest commendation. Of the November issue, particular mention should be made. It is overflowing with beautiful poetry and splendidly handled articles. "In Memoriam", "A Reverie", "Bereaved", "Sweet Mother", and several others merit highest praises for beauty of thought, tenderness of expression and musical rhythm.

Loretine.

THE COLLEGIAN, edited by the students of St. Mary's College for April, is replete with the soundest literary merit. Poetry, essays, stories, editorials, in fact all branches are well represented, making the magazine perfectly balanced, if this may be said, and in our estimation an ideal publication.

Abbey Student.

We have no hesitation in placing THE COLLEGIAN at the head of our exchanges for November. Every article in it is of superior merit, and its matter and compilation prove it to be in the hands of energetic and efficient editors. This journal has been on our exchange list for some time, but the fact that at present we publish our paper only three times a year, accounts for the length of time between our visits.

Echoes from the Pines.

THE COLLEGIAN always has something to attract attention. Its last num-

ber presents a timely paper on "Keltic Bards", tells us of the excellent lectures on Ethics given by the Paulist, Father Moore, and gives us the result, in very readable form, of an interview with the dramatic interviewer of the San Francisco Examiner. We think the editor-in-chief of our Quarterly should engage some of his staff to interview the high and mighty ones who claim residence in our metropolis.

The Manhattan Quarterly.

THE COLLEGIAN of October is indeed a very creditable issue. The poetry of the entire paper is among the best that we have found among our exchanges. The one fault that can be found with THE COLLEGIAN is the lack of short and original stories. The one story found is not up to the standard of the other contributions and does not add very much to the value of the paper. The weighty articles are especially strong and well written. "Socialism a Mere Theory" is a very good article and shows careful and thoughtful study on the part of the writer who treats of this ever-present evil. The essay, "Public Conscience", is also well worth reading; in fact, it is the best of the articles. The author has not only thought of the subject until he has become familiar with it, but he has written in an easy flowing style that lends so much to the beauty of any article. The *Echo* is pleased to exchange with THE COLLEGIAN, because we delight to hear from our brothers who live beside the Pacific.

The Furman Echo.

The December number of THE COLLEGIAN, from St. Mary's, Cal., is filled with Christmas; poems, essays and stories all being devoted to that interesting subject. "The First Christmas" is well written, dealing with "the glad tidings of great joy" proclaimed over nineteen centuries ago. "Heroism of woman" is evidently written by a Catholic, as are most of the other pieces in this magazine, it can readily be seen. We like to know the views of others, and were interested in Christmas, social and religious, telling of the Catholic custom of observing this day. The

cover of the magazine is very appropriate for this season.

The Erskinian.

THE COLLEGIAN, from Oakland, Cal., is an ever-welcome and prompt visitor to our sanctum. Every piece between its covers is deserving of praise. But time and space will only allow us to say that the poems, and essay on "St. John Baptist de La Salle", each treats the worthy subject in a holy and fitting manner. Hope as a beacon gleaming from afar, stirs up in our hearts feelings before unknown. Your stories are interesting, though saturated with mystery.

Mount Saint Joseph Collegian.

"What College Journal has the best Exchange Column?" was a question asked of us the other day. This is a difficult query to answer, but we think that THE COLLEGIAN from Oakland, from its pedestal of excellence, can complacently look down upon many of us poor brain-racked ex-men. For facility and ready turn of expression, sure criticism, intermingled with a dash of wit and satire now and then, this COLLEGIAN is surely qualified either to praise or blame its many brothers and sisters.

St. Joseph's Collegian.

As usual, we find on our exchange table magazines from all over the South and West. Among those which come from a distance we find THE COLLEGIAN, from Oakland, California. It is a very creditable paper.

Tennessee University Magazine.

"Ye Scowl's Christmas Edition" is clever enough to pass in any magazine, and St. Mary's California, should be proud of so promising a student as its author, John Doran. It is full of life, and contains an excellent account of college fun. The plot is substantial and easily developed to the well-sustained climax. After enjoying this breezy bit, one cannot read "The Banker's Christmas" without wondering why the editor ever placed it in the same magazine. It is but a weak, superficial treatment of what might

have been a strong story, if properly worked up, and falls far below the general standard of THE COLLEGIAN.

The University of Texas.

Two numbers of THE COLLEGIAN lie before us, each meriting comment. The older one, the Christmas edition, besides some seasonable verse, has good prose articles. The heaviest paper is "A Phase of the San Francisco Graft Prosecution". A good story on class strife is found in "Ye Scowls Christmas Edition". In the January number, as a sort of a companion piece to the Scowl story, we see that "Kidder's Trunk A-Touring Goes". The verse in this copy is varied in form and sentiment. Quite befitting a New Year's number is the poem, "Vitae Via Virtus"—the essential inspiration of our resolutions. A war-thirsty junior has written some verse on "Fighting Bob". Its spirit stirs us. In a calmer strain we have "St. Joseph's Bells", each stanza full of feeling. Let us say before closing that we always enjoy the ex-man's pages, for the reason, perhaps, that he writes conjunctively with the josh editor.

The College Spokesman.

We are never disappointed in THE COLLEGIAN from far California. Each number seems more interesting than the preceding. There is an abundance of all forms of composition—poems, essays and stories which show a depth of reflection and a wealth of thought not often to be found in magazines of this sort. This month's issue is no exception, although its stories are its principal attraction. "Ye Scowl", an amusing story of school life, is, to say the least, very interesting. It deals with the rivalry between the four classes in a large college. It is written in a humorous vein, but, nevertheless, it is not difficult to find a profitable moral beneath the surface. "The Banker's Christmas" shows the spiritual struggles of a man who must decide between Masonry and Catholicism. The hero is a Catholic by birth and early training, but, should he join the Masons, he will gain many worldly advantages, wealth, rank and influence.

It is the oft-repeated story of the fight between God and mammon, but a story which never fails to interest its readers. At this season, when all the magazines are publishing their Christmas poems, THE COLLEGIAN supplies three very good contributions. As these relate to Christmas, one of the most beautiful of feasts, the thoughts contained in them cannot be anything but fruitful.

Pittsburg College Bulletin.

The October number of THE COLLEGIAN has such good solid reading matter as to rank this monthly among the best of our exchanges. The articles treat of lively up-to-date subjects. "Political Honesty" is a well written essay, pointing out what today characterizes our politics. The dangers of socialistic tendencies are convincingly set forth in "Socialism a Mere Theory". The author of "Public Conscience" recalls by examples from the eminent Spanish writer, Father Balmes, the triumphs of civilization over paganism, and further shows that although there is a strong paganizing progress evident in the present age, still an enlightened public conscience rests upon the nation. Besides involving a plot of lively interest, "A Vacation Episode" gives a vivid picture of California scenery. The poetry of THE COLLEGIAN is especially good. "Autumn Fancies" has some pretty thoughts suggested by the fall season, and "The Trusts" is a clever, humorous satire. "Fate" is such a beautiful poem and so deserving of repetition that we quote it entire in this issue. The excellence of this copy leads us to look eagerly forward to the coming issues of our far-away exchange. THE COLLEGIAN has throughout the year maintained its high standard. The February copy is replete with poems of more than average worth.

The Mountaineer.

THE COLLEGIAN is one of the best exchanges that comes to us. It is not elaborate, but plain, with plenty of good reading. It lacks a sameness; the material is well arranged. The poem "Fighting Bob", in the January issue, is good; it would make the mas-

ter of the seas feel good, I am sure, if he could read such about himself. This exchange from sunny California has excellent poetry and prose. The magazine has the best exchange department of any of our exchanges.

Mississippi College Reflector.

From Oakland, California, comes THE COLLEGIAN, welcome as ever, sprinkled with neat verse and absorbing articles. "Disarmament of Nations" is a sane article, in which the writer implies that the advocates of such a course have about as much chance for success as have the rabid Socialists. The "Thanksgiving Hymn" is real, human, breathing gratitude in beautiful simplicity of words and thought.

St. Jerome Schoolman.

What shall we say for THE COLLEGIAN? We are almost afraid we shall be considered presumptuous if we remark that it is up to its usual high standard. We were going to add that the beautiful poem, "My Invar Bay", was worthy of a real poet, but the signature makes the remark superfluous.

The Loretto Pioneer.

THE COLLEGIAN offers, in our opinion, the best specimen of college editorial. While everything discussed in the editorial column has not a direct bearing on a college life, the topics are all of universal interest. "The Newman Club at Berkeley" is a very well written interview.

The Patrician.

"Kidder's Trunk A-Touring Goes" is the best thing in THE COLLEGIAN from St. Mary's College. We do not, however, like the letter form of story-writing and think that this could be much better told by other methods. Throughout the story the reader is kept too much in the dark.

The Southern Collegian.

THE COLLEGIAN from St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, is rated as one of our best exchanges. It is one of those productions that we take especial pleasure in reading.

The Ottawa Campus.



A RETROSPECTIVE glance at the doings athletic of the scholastic year about to take its place in annals, although creditable, does not reveal extraordinary success for St. Mary's. Of the games newly installed here we can but say that in them we did fairly well. Our performances were, in fact, successful, with the exception of but one or two instances. The only really keen disappointments of the year were the few off-colored showings of our Phoenix; but we have discussed our erratic nine thoroughly in issues agone, and have agreed to content ourselves with an indisputable intercollegiate championship and a high standing in amateur circles.

The majority of St. Mary's athletes have been too prone, during the year just fading, to sit about lazily and convince themselves that practice and training avail them "nil." This comfortable habit must needs be relegated to the backwoods next year.

Track and field athletics have at last obtained a footing, more or less firm, here at St. Mary's by virtue of a successful track and field meet, the first in several years, and by honest assurances from the faculty in regard to a new athletic field, to be completed before the fall opening of 1908. The interest shown in the recent meet was encouraging, and with a new field, doubly attractive because of novelty and excellence, athletics should flourish next year.

That the "Reds" should fall before the "Whites" was rather unexpected even in the "Whites" camp. But, while the "Reds" were straining every tendon to gather 48 points, the "Whites" had succeeded admirably in totaling 65. Dunn's great work was the "Whites'" big factor, for his total of 20 points gave them a margin sufficient. Other members of the "Whites" did fine work, too, and prominent among these were Mullin, Martin, Capt. McNeill and Sheehan. The "Reds", too, made a fine showing and pressed the "Whites" closely in every event.

A large enthusiastic crowd spent the afternoon on the athletic field and every one had a favorite to yell for and to applaud. The officials were apt and willing and put the program through without a hitch, which fact

greatly assisted in making a successful afternoon of the long-planned event.

That St. Mary's has a sterling athlete in Frank Dunn is a fact which no one can deny. When you compare his athletic ability to that of his fellows, he shines above all. His capability extends to a wider scope than does that of any athlete at St. Mary's. He was a member of the Rugby, baseball and basketball squads, and in every one of these sports he is fast, heady and nervy. He is recognized as the premier handball player of the "yard," and a medal binds the question of his aptness in this sport. Perhaps the best performance of his career was the sprinting he did on Field Day. He flew over fifty yards in 5:2-5 seconds—even a bit faster, although the timers were loath to credit him with a world's professional record performance. "Ten flat" for the century, on a rather poor straight-away, without a bit of assistance from any of the four winds, is a performance that a world-beater need not be ashamed of. His time in the 220-yards dash was 24 seconds, which, considering he was untrained for the ordeal and that the track was poorly conditioned for time-making, is a good performance. A 20-foot broad jump, with reserved powers, is another mark. Dunn is pronounced by capable judges a wonderful, natural sprinter, and these same judges contend that with systematic training he would do great things in the world athletic. It is to be hoped that he does not altogether neglect athletics after leaving St. Mary's.

Regis Starrett is as pretty a runner as either of our clubs can boast. He has the earmarks, all of 'em, too, of a great natural athlete. His ability, like unto Dunn's, embraces many track-meet stunts. He figured strongly in the sprints, won the high jump, took third place in the pole vault, and more than held his own in the relay. He has but to specialize a bit and he will soon commence to make championship-class showings. His form in the high jump is very pleasing to the critical eye and his running form is almost without a blemish. He must specialize, however, and this promises to be no easy matter for an athlete of his all-round ability to contend with. Fans consider him our coming one best point-winner.

Frank "Tiny" McDonald is certain of a position on our prospective 1909 track team. His ability is evident, especially in the half-mile run. He won with yards to spare and, although slow time was made, he could easily have done fifteen or twenty seconds better. He allowed competitors to set a snail's pace for three laps, but at the beginning of the last lap he showed a burst of speed that gained much applause for him. "Tiny" is conscientious in matter of training and he can be depended upon to show at his best with consistency.

Jack Burke had plenty to spare in the mile run. With a more perfect knowledge of his powers, he will be likely to do something surprising in the distance events next year. He has great natural stamina and his form steadily improves.

Ray Crummey is the promising youngster of the track. He entered events untrained and made good showings in the dashes. It is to be hoped that he will take advantage of the new track next year, for he is pronounced one of the most promising of our budding athletes.

Billy Wallace ran a good lap in the relay. He succeeded in showing his heels to Tom Mullin, and few runners in college can do that. He cantered in with a ten-yard lead, but this work was quickly undone. He copped third place in the 440 with such runners as Martin and Dana to contend with. We all look for "Billy" to do great work on the cinders next year.

Artie Dana made a fine race in the furious four-forty. He was in very poor condition, but he virtually outgamed the major part of the field.

Roy McNeill is about the best man with the weights in College. His marks in the recent interclub meet were very good, considering circumstances, for he was shy on form. He should become a winning weight thrower next year.

Tom Mullin showed superior form in the hurdle races. With an injured knee he beat his field nicely and displayed the natty form of a real hurdler. Had not he sustained the injury to his knee he would have figured in the sprints with the best of them.

Willie Burke and Lucien Faure did good work for the "Reds" in the broad jump.

They both neared the 20-foot mark and pressed Dunn very closely.

Big "Tommy" Sheehan virtually won the relay race for the "Whites". He started his lap against a 10-yard handicap and after narrowing the gap he passed his man and gained considerable ground by dint of a furious spurt.

Ed Martin ran a winning race in the four-forty yard dash. He judged distance nicely and in the parlance of another turf, he "won handily". He developed remarkably in two months' time and we can rest assured of a good showing by him next spring.

The three weight men of the "Reds"—O'Connell, L. Smith and Vicchio—will make a formidable trio before they desert the field athletic.

R. Concannon, Jim Smith, C. Russell and V. Hogan are up among our best distance runners. All made fine showings in their respective races.

Frank Dunnigan and Bill Brown took the pole vault by storm for the "Reds". Their mark was low, but they have done better in practice and, if they train seriously next year, we should be able to remedy our most deplorable weakness, the pole vault.

Alumni-Phoenix Game.

The annual Phoenix-Alumni game was a feature of Alumni Day. Every fan—which is to say, practically every member of the Alumni Association—was present and, of course, the old boys affiliated most strenuously with the nine old grads. Notwithstanding all joshing, the game was quite a fair specimen of the national pastime and "uninterested" spectators enjoyed the game solely on account of its real merits. The rooting contingent of the Alumni showed us young fellows a couple of fancy, noisy, gingery capers that we might well put into play in our own rooting. Prominent—most prominent by virtue of the amount of noise they emitted—among the "old" rooters were "Barney" Flood, '97, and Frank Michels, '00, who are both ex-Phoenixians, but who graciously refused to don the garb of the game. Anyhow, their playing certainly could not have been better than their rooting.

The present generation "got" a run in the

first inning and 'twas by both "hook and crook" that they "got" it, too. Hart, first batter, slammed one at Gaston Domergue, who was playing at second base. "Gassie" knocked the sphere down nattily enough, but he picked it up, looked viciously at the ground, and made one of his famous "bull-headed" throws of old. Hart reached second on the crazy heave and stole third. Feeney flew out and Billy Wallace came up. Enter "Gassie". He picked Wallace's grounder up in approved style and proceeded, with indescribable gusto, to peg it far, far over Brady's gigantic reach. Hence the Phoenix run.

The Alumni garnered a tying tally in the eighth. Thompson, that is, "Mickey" Thompson, kept his Irish down and waited patiently and gracefully-poised for a walk. He got it. Jack Halloran tore off a hit and the "irrepressible Mickey" gum-shoed it around to third. A double steal was then played, with "Mickey" and Jack as leading men and half the Phoenix as sheepish "supers". Tie score. The ninth brought no material result for the Alumni and the Phoenix were just telling of how they'd "break it up" in the ninth inning's last gasp, when, lo! the entire Alumni nine beat it ingloriously—or gloriously, which?—to the club house. And so it was that Defeat remained unknissed during all the afternoon.

Among those present were Jack Flynn and Louie Ryan—the old battery that brought many a victory St. Mary's-ward—and they performed nicely. Tom Lundy, Jack Halloran, "Jaun" Rooney, "King" Brady, Andy Burke and others—who have already been written up as they deserved—made up, with the steady old star battery, the team which tied the intercollegiate champs.

Dick Fitzgerald, '05, and Tom Phelan, '91, acted as umpires and, to a student now attending St. Mary's, it seemed hanged bum acting at that, but the cheers and threats of those rampant graduated fans inspired the two infallibilities until they weren't even fallible.

Everybody was happy, however, and as the Alumni team beat it as a unit for the club house, the Phoenix stood a-gaping—but not for long, for their season was over and they turned in their suits with a sigh.

The tabulated doings of the day:—

Alumni.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Thompson, 3b.	3	1	0	0	1	1	0
Halloran, ss.	4	0	1	0	7	4	0
Brady, 1b.	4	0	2	0	6	2	1
Ryan, c.	3	0	1	0	5	1	0
Lundy, lf.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Domergue, 2b.	3	0	0	1	2	4	3
Rooney, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. Burke, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Flynn, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
	29	1	5	1	24	13	4

Phoenix.

	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hart, p.	3	1	1	1	0	3	0
Feeney, 2b.	4	0	1	0	2	1	2
Wallace, 3b.	4	0	0	0	2	2	1
Deterding, cf.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
Dunn, 1b.	4	0	0	1	4	1	0
B. Burke, c.	4	0	2	0	15	4	0
Duggan, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Wilkinson, rf.	3	0	0	1	2	1	0
Smith, lf.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
	30	1	4	4	27	13	3

Score by innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alumni	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1
Hits	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0—5
Phoenix	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—1
Hits	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	x—4

SUMMARY: Three-base hit—B. Burke. Two-base hit—Lundy. Sacrifice hit—A. Burke. Bases on balls—off Hart, 7. Struck out—by Flynn, 6; by Hart, 14. Double plays—Domergue to Halloran to Brady, Wilkinson to Wallace. Hit by pitcher—Deterding, Hart. Passed ball—B. Burke. Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes. Umpires—"Dick" Fitzgerald and "Tom" Phelan. Scorer—Russell.



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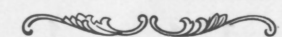
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