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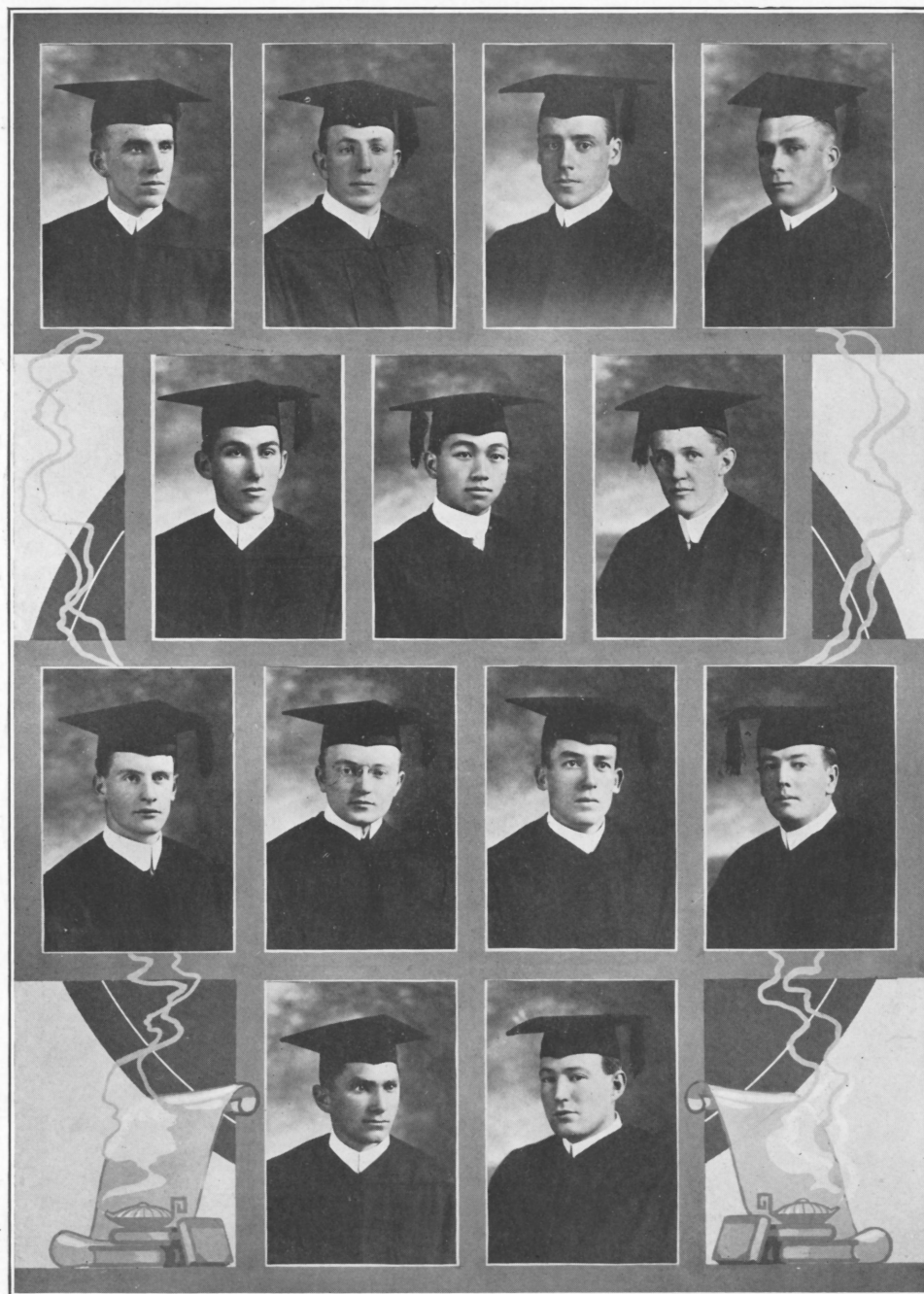
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The Collegian

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OAKLAND, CAL., MAY-JUNE, 1913

No. 8

THE MESSAGE OF THE JUBILEE

S AINT MARY'S COLLEGE is celebrating a Golden Jubilee. Faculty, alumni, students and friends of the old institution are gathering from far and near to rejoice in her rejoicing and give thanks in her thanksgiving because a half century cycle of golden years stands completed. Fifty years bestow the dignity of age; fifty years establish traditions; fifty years proclaim a triumphant past and presage a glorious future.

Half a century as this world goes is not a very long time. But the first fifty years in the life of any institution are of monumental importance, for they constitute the crucial test of the institution's efficiency. A Golden Jubilee bears a message fraught with deepest significance. Particularly is this true in California, where our very statehood is comparatively young; here fifty years of life and achievement mean fifty years of identification with the growth and development of the commonwealth, and the organization that attains its fiftieth anniversary in the first momentous century of a state's existence is an organization endowed with those essential attributes that make for success.

Success! If the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's College means anything at all it means success. This is the mes-

sage of its celebration. Fifty years have brought with them, beside the host of trials and tribulations that beset the course of ordinary life, the additional calamities of fire and earthquake. They have proved for St. Mary's fifty years of bitter struggle against "a sea of troubles," against obstacles and adversities that have tried her integrity as "the fire tries iron and temptation the just man." And the Jubilee celebrates her day of triumph and success, the triumph that follows a long battle nobly won, the success that comes to reward the consistent and unfaltering endeavor for the maintenance and realization of high ideals.

The inculcation and development of these ideals in the character of the true Christian gentleman constitutes the function of the Catholic college. The secular universities throughout the land are the crowning glory of America's educational achievements, they represent the latest steps in the march of the educational idea. But they are godless schools of godless knowledge. They concentrate their entire effort upon the perfection of the rational intellect in man, and they turn a deaf ear to the eternal cry of the soul for that spiritual food which is its only true life. They build their concept of man

on materialistic premises, they base their ethical systems upon principles of utility and convenience, they find the end of life to be the development and uplift of the race, and they utterly ignore all the relations existing between man and God, the "first beginning and last end of all things." Their graduates are cultured American men, if you will, but they are not Christians, they are pagans.

The trouble with the universities is that they are nothing more than huge educational machines. Their immense size renders them unwieldy, their numberless departments deprive them of unity, the attendance of thousands of students makes them impersonal. They must be all things to all men, and so become nothing to any man.

And here enters the function of the small Catholic college, in the preservation of and the consideration for the personal element. The most successful development along any line is the development that reaches directly to the individual. But this particular interest in the particular individual is possible only in the small college where the ordinary relations between professor and student are supplemented and strengthened by the bonds of sympathy and love in human companionship. In the small college individuality is developed, in the university it is submerged in the collectivity. It is a false system that neglects the individual that the type may be preserved, for in the perfection of the individual is the type perfected.

The Catholic college develops the individual with a view to his attainment of his last end. It places the soul of man first in the scale of values, and relegates the mind to second place. It imparts a Christian instead of a godless education. It does not neglect intellectual development, nor minimize the importance of purely secular learning; it does not fall behind the leaders in the progressive march of the scientific thought of the day, but it does emphasize the supreme importance of soul and the necessity of religious education.

The function of the Catholic college is the development of the cultured Christian gentleman. To effect this it is necessary that the college look to the physical, mental and moral elements in man, for "only when truth and goodness walk hand in hand and the soul grows apace with the intellect, does the soul develop into strong, healthy action." The Catholic college must supplement the home, it must strengthen and complete the training commenced at the mother's knee; it must mould the character of the "rare immortal soul" placed in its care, and equip it and fortify it for its great battle against the powers of evil; it must evolve an available solution to the baffling problem of adjustment and render it adaptable to the needs of the particular individual; it must make the man fit to enter the arena of real life which opens at his Commencement.

To accomplish these things the college must possess certain guiding ideals. If the ideals are true and consistently pursued, the college will stand; if they are false or neglected, the college will fall.

St. Mary's College was endowed with ideals in the day of its foundation. Archbishop Alemany, of sainted memory, raised an institution on San Francisco's historic Mission Road whose only aim and end should be the development of the Catholic gentleman. The Christian Brothers coming from the East to assume the direction of St. Mary's accepted the ideals of the foundation and added to them those exalted ideals of education which have made the order of St. de la Salle renowned the world over. These ideals became so inseparably identified with the life of the college that their realization alone could spell success. They consisted in the inculcation in the Catholic youth of a deep and abiding faith in the religion of Christ's Church, with a practical piety, free from frills and insincere display; the development of a certain self-control blended with a spirit of self-reliance and independence among men; and the teaching of that practical knowledge of American men

and American methods which alone will make the successful man of the world.

These are the ideals at which St. Mary's aimed and upon the attainment of which she stood or fell. And the success of her standards is attested in the success of her graduates. In the ranks of our priests, doctors, lawyers, in all the professional, political and business walks of life she numbers her alumni. And they who stand the leaders in their professions are the men whose lives and characters reflect in an eminent degree the practical ideals of St. Mary's College, their Alma Mater. These ideals make for efficiency; and efficiency is the thing that makes for success.

And so we join, alumni, students and friends, with old St. Mary's in the celebration of her Golden Jubilee. We gather in her now historic halls,—the graduates of fifty years, the students of today,—in one happy, jubilant throng; and our hearts are welling with emotions too deep and too sacred for words. We have "that within which passeth show," and we dumbly speak our feelings in the smile of joyous congratulation and the silent hearty clasp of the hand.

In the Jubilee we rejoice with St. Mary's in her success. She has stood undaunted the supreme test of time, she has grown old in years without the loss of youthful vigor, she has established traditions the "noblest and the best," and she has become a great factor in the world of Christian education. The sons of her graduates are graduating now, and their love for Alma Mater shall endure beside that of their fathers. The alumni of St. Mary's are a body of successful men in all the walks of life; their success is the success of their college, and therefore are they gathered rejoicing.

In the Jubilee we honor the men who have lived and died that St. Mary's might prosper, the noble self-sacrificing sons of La Salle, the Christian Brothers who have made our college what it is, who have taught the lessons that have made the successful alumni, who have

labored incessantly and spent themselves unsparingly for no earthly reward beyond the undying love and respect which their students bear them. That little pioneer band of heroes, who worked and suffered in the trying days of the institution's foundation have "one by one passed silently to rest," to live unforgotten in our memories and our prayers. We honor them, and we honor their successors who have unflinchingly stepped into their places to carry on the good fight through fifty years to victory. We honor the faculty of this day of jubilation, and rejoice with them in this their hour of triumphant celebration.

In the Jubilee we usher St. Mary's upon a new era of her career, an era of prosperity and of continued success. "We can only judge the future by the past; and judging by the past," we may safely predict for our college a career of successful endeavor and glorious achievement. We see St. Mary's today still endowed with the ideals of her foundation and her growth; the adherence to those ideals has made her what she is, and in their increase and fullness shall bring to her even greater honors and successes.

Finally in the Jubilee we lift our hearts in prayer. We turn our thoughts to the God of our fathers, the same living God whose saving Spirit inspired the chosen Twelve in the days of the Church's infancy, sustained and strengthened the faith in the hearts of the numberless martyrs of the earlier years, became the principle of life in the monastic institutes of the Middle Ages, and now remain our Hope and our Salvation in these days of materialism and agnosticism. "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini": our help is in the Name of the Lord. And we pray and beseech that the all-sustaining Light which has been the guide and inspiration of St. Mary's in the days now gone may never fail, but may continue to lead her on, illuminating the way, making bright the darkest days, helping and sustaining forever and forever.

—RICHARD J. CURTIS.

WHILE THE FACTORY LAUGHS

IN ye good olden days when gaily clad knights were wont to ride hither and yon upon prancing chargers, there lived ye mediaeval press agents; only in ye olden days these men of many and varied adjectives were called by the more euphonious names of troubadour and trouveur. Now the troubadours and the trouvers possessed the artistic temperament, which is another way of saying that they were the original opponents of hard work. So, like all artists they planned ways and means to avoid labor and calloused hands and to say that they succeeded is to put it mildly. As long as the knight was content to provide three meals a day, plenty of wine and sleeping apartments, the troubadour and the trouveur were content. But of course the knight had to be repaid in some way, so after a pleasing repast the minstrel would bring forth his lute and sing and sing and sing. All of which was very good for the knight and the minstrel. However, one troubadour of an ingenious turn of mind saw that in time the knight would become weary of songs of the fields, the sky, the birds and the animals, and accordingly he devised a brilliant plan for insuring permanent employment. The scheme was simple, but worthy of a genius. Instead of praising the beauties of nature, this troubadour sang the praises of the baron who supported him. Needless to say that the knight was pleased. The minstrel was rewarded with gold and a quart more of wine every day, which made the minstrel exceedingly joyful. In time the rest of the profession learned of the subterfuge; and as the troubadour had been careless and had neglected to have his idea copyrighted, the rest of the brethren took the scheme unto themselves. And then ensued a terrible battle of song that made the Prince of Liars shake in envy. The knights were convinced that each and every one of them was the only person in the world that mattered, which made the knights particularly cocky and increased the

death rate of the country enormously. But the troubadours and the trouvers didn't worry as long as they were able to increase their supply of superlatives.

When the knight overcame an enemy in battle the minstrel would compose new verses, telling of the glorious conquest. But if it chanced that the knight was overthrown the minstrel remained discreetly silent. Thus it is that we never read today of the terrible defeat of the heroes of antiquity. When the knight went forth to slay the dragon he always slew him, at least according to his press agent. The poor dragon never received his just dues and if he had a half dozen dashing knights for breakfast and died later of indigestion, he didn't even receive an inch of space in the obituary notice. Such was the way of the middle ages.

Now in the year Nineteen Twelve A. D. there lived a fierce old baron of finance, known to the world as James Wellington Manning. Many years ago he had started a fight against a terrible dragon that was called the Factory. It had been a long and weary battle, but at the end James Manning was able to write a check for six figures and men said of him that he had won the fight. But these men were direct descendants of the troubadours and the trouvers and the Factory wasn't given its just due. Were we able to claim relationship to the minstrels this story would never be told; but fortunately or unfortunately we are not, so the truth will out.

James Manning had a son, called William by his father and Billy by his chums at college. When Billy bade farewell to the college on Commencement day he had certain high ideals for which he meant to do battle. Looking around him for a foe worthy of his steel he saw the Factory. Whereupon he convinced his father that he was needed in the business and immediately began work in the office of the "Manning and Company's Steel Factory." The father belonged to the old school and while new inventions were welcome in the Factory he would have none of

them in his office. The same bookkeeper that had started with him when the Factory was in its early stages was still working in his employ and the rest of the office staff were for the most part veterans in the service. Typewriters, dictaphones, adding machines and the other time and labor saving devices had no place in that office. The desks were old, the office stools were racked and unsteadied by age, the wall paper was streaked and musty, but the head of the Factory minded all these things not at all. As long as the Factory prospered he was content.

Billy, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, saw the office and told himself that in a short time all would be changed. But it was much easier said than done. James Manning had a will of his own and was not to be dictated to by his son.

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine," he told his son, when the subject of office improvements was broached. Being wise in his generation, Billy was not discouraged, but by dropping hint after hint and by various schemes he at last persuaded the head of the firm to purchase typewriters and adding machines. Inspired by his success Billy ventured the opinion that they should employ a typist.

James Manning exploded:

"I've stood for your new-fangled ideas long enough without a murmur, but this is too much. I'll not have a girl around this office. No, sir. That's final."

Sammy, the office boy, told "Pop" Rankin, the ancient bookkeeper, all about it the next morning. Before "Pop" could make any comment, the door swung open and James Manning walked into the office.

"Good morning, sir," said the bookkeeper, in the exact way he had bade his employer good morning for twenty-two years.

"Morning, Rankin," answered Manning. "Has my son arrived yet?"

Rankin looked at the clock. It was ten after nine, and Billy was due at half past eight.

"No—no, sir," he answered, once more looking at the clock.

"Hm. When he comes let me know. And, Rankin, bring your ledger into my office." And slamming the door behind him, Manning went into his private sanctuary.

Hardly had the father departed when the son, whistling the latest popular song, entered.

"Morning, Rankin. Hello, Sammy," was his greeting. "Dad arrived yet?"

Sammy grinned.

"He sure has. And what a panning you're in for. Take it from me and beat it for the tall timbers."

Billy slowly removed his auto-duster and his checkered cap, hung them carefully upon the rack, lit a cigarette and started for the private office. With his hand on the knob, he paused, then turned the handle and entered the room. His father was sitting at his desk immersed in work. As Billy shut the door he looked up.

"So you're here at last?" he asked.

"Yes, dad, here I am."

James Manning swung around in his chair, facing his son.

"Young man," he said, sternly, "when I took you into this business it was with the understanding that you were to work. And what do you do? Run around town with your society friends—late suppers—dances—theatre parties and all the rest of it. Now you get down to work or get out. Understand?"

Billy nodded:

"I do."

"Well, see that you follow my instructions. Now send Rankin into me."

In the next office Rankin was anxiously going over his books.

"Dad wants you, Mr. Rankin," said Billy.

The old man picked up his ledger and moved slowly towards the door. Then he turned.

"My boy," he said, "yesterday your father was talking to me about you. He thinks you're light headed and frivolous. He says you can't take things seriously. But don't get angry at the things he might say to you. He's

bound up in this business heart and soul. It's his life."

Perched on Rankin's flat-topped desk Billy, swinging his feet backward and forward, asked:

"What did the governor look like when he was my age?"

Rankin smiled.

"Not badly,—like you," he answered. "He was straight, slim and good looking."

Billy whistled, then said:

"And look at him now. Fat and bald headed. Oh, no disrespect to dad. But it's the truth. If business does that for you, I want none of it for mine."

"Rankin!" called Manning, senior.

"Coming, sir, coming," answered the bookkeeper.

After Rankin had gone Billy walked up and down the office. He took a blue paper of legal appearance from his pocket, looked at it, shook his head and then restored it to its former place. The phone bell rang.

"Hello," he said, taking up the receiver. "Oh, hello, Momsy. No, not very bad. He might have pitched into me worse. Tickets for tonight. All right. Good bye, Momsy."

He hung up the phone and entered his father's private office. At the door he stopped, for his father was talking to Rankin.

"Yesterday, Rankin," said James Manning, "I warned you that you were getting careless in your work. Today I find you have made a very serious blunder. This cannot go on. If you can't do the work—resign. And that's what you had better do."

Rankin did not answer, but sat very still and white, clutching the arms of his chair. Billy took a step forward.

"Say, dad, where's your idea of gratitude? 'Pop' has worked for you for years and years, and now when he makes a mistake you discharge him. It seems to me, dad, that that's a rather strange way of rewarding his services."

"Never mind, my boy. When we get old we have to go under," the bookkeeper interposed.

"Quit nothing. If my father hasn't any sense of decency, I hope I have.

You're going to stay here."

The father arose from his seat and faced his son. His face was white and stern.

"Young man," was all he said, and he pointed to the door.

But Billy refused to leave.

"You gave me charge of the office, didn't you, dad?" he inquired. "I thought so. Well, I find I need a private secretary and Mr. Rankin has applied for and accepted that position."

"Young man, don't carry this too far. There's a limit to my patience."

Billy smiled and approached his father and said calmly:

"I'm not trying to fight you, dad. I'm only trying to help Rankin."

The father grunted, sat down and motioned Billy and Rankin to the door. As they were leaving he stopped them.

"Have it your own way," he agreed.

"Keep him. I'll get another bookkeeper."

Outside of the door the old man grasped the hand of the younger man. Tears were in his eyes and his voice quavered as he tried to speak.

"My boy," he said.

Billy interrupted: "That's all right, 'Pop.' There, never mind the thanks."

All that day Billy thought of the troubles of the morning. And somehow before him there appeared time and again a picture of his father when he was young and then a picture of him as he was now. And through his mind ran Rankin's words: "He's bound up in this business heart and soul—it's his life," and then his own words: "If business does that for you, I want none of it for mine."

Finally Billy got up and walked to the door. He opened it. He could hear the giant wheels of the Factory as they turned unceasingly and the whir and the puffing of the engines. Through the windows he could see the bodies of men, stripped to the waist, laboring before the furnaces. Through the chimneys giant flames leaped upward and over all hung a black pall of smoke that resolved itself into fantastic figures.

Billy shook his fist at the Factory.

"You've got him," he muttered to himself. "But you can't get me. You can't get me."

He closed the door and went back to work, but the Factory was still his dominant thought. The Factory became a living thing for him; something to be met and conquered. As he resolved again and again never to let it overcome him, he thought he heard above the noise of the machinery a terrible laugh—the laugh of the Factory.

It wasn't until late that afternoon that he remembered his mother's message. Going in to his father, he said:

"Dad, mother asked me to remind you to get tickets for Nazimova tonight. You know, dad, mother has wanted to see her for quite a while."

Hardly glancing up from his work, James Manning replied:

"I'm sorry, but tell your mother I'm busy tonight. Business is bad. I have to work. I'm sorry—but it can't be helped."

Billy waited a moment and then spoke.

"You mean——"

"Exactly. I can't go."

"But just for tonight, dad."

"I can't go. That's final." And with a wave of his hand Manning seemed to dismiss the whole matter.

"The son's face grew slightly red. His hands clenched and unclenched. "I wouldn't give mother that answer if I were you. I'd go and let business go hang," he advised.

His father got up from his chair and threw his cigar violently into the waste basket. "You'd do what?" he asked, sharply.

"I'd go to the theatre, with mother. It's over six months since you've gone with her. I think you——"

James Manning exploded. He grew purple with anger.

"You think!" he shouted. "It appears to me you've been doing a little too much thinking lately. I've stood for your fool ideas and I've stood for your hiring Rankin when I had discharged him. But now you've gone too far. You attempt to dictate to me.

Well, I'll do a little dictating on my own account. You can hunt for a new job. I'm through with you."

Father and son stood there facing each other. The same fire of anger burned in their eyes and the same resolute look was on their faces. Neither would give an inch.

"You're wrong," said Billy, "you're not through with me, but I'm through with you. Now, wait a minute, dad. You've been doing a lot of talking and now I'm going to do a little. You wouldn't go with mother tonight and you haven't gone anywhere with her for months and months. And why? Because you're a slave of the Factory—because the Factory owns you, body and soul. You know it. You know it."

The father took a step forward, but Billy was not to be stopped. The pent-up feelings of the day were loosened and could not be stemmed.

"Manning tells me that when you started in this business you were tall, slim and good looking. And now—why! now, dad, you're old—old before you're out of the forties. You railed at me because I went to dances and parties. Well, I went because I didn't want to be 'a business man,' but I wanted to be 'a man in business.' And, dad, that's exactly what you are not. What are your pleasures? You have none. It's the Factory—first, last and all the time—the Factory."

The elder man was fast losing his grip upon himself. His voice rose as he spoke, and he ended almost with a scream:

"You're a fool. How can you live? Who'll employ you?"

The boy smiled as he drew the blue paper from his pocket. He passed it to his father. It was an unsigned baseball contract calling for one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. The boy had been the star pitcher at college and had given up the national game for the bigger game of business.

"Well, take it," Manning snarled. "I'm through with you."

Billy walked to the door. There he said quietly: "And mother is going

with me. She will be glad to leave you."

Manning, senior, was stunned. He was unable to speak. The shock had come so unexpectedly that it had taken his breath away. At last he managed to gasp:

"Glad to leave me? Have I done —"

"You have. She's jealous of her rival."

"Her rival! I don't understand. I have never —"

"Yes, her rival in your affections, the vampire that is sucking out your life-blood, the Factory. Mother will go, all right, and she'll go tomorrow."

The boy left the office hurriedly. His father started after him, paused, turned and walked slowly back to his desk. He heard the door of the outer office slam. He took out a cigar, bit off the end, lit a match and held it until it burned his finger-tips, threw it on the floor, lit another and then lit the cigar. He puffed viciously for some minutes. Suddenly he pressed a button in the side of the desk. He pressed it again. A bell rang in the outer office. Rankin walked into the room. Manning arose and threw the cigar away. He walked the length of the office and stopped.

"Rankin," he said, gruffly.

"Yes, sir."

"Rankin, I want the truth. Am I getting old, fat and baldheaded?"

The old man flushed slightly and did not answer.

"Rankin, answer me."

"Why, Mr. Manning," he stammered, "you are rather-er-er—stout and you're not as young as you used to be, and your hair is rather thin, but—"

The head of the Factory walked to his desk and sat down.

"Rankin," he asked, "you're my son's private secretary?"

Rankin smiled a gentle smile as he answered, "So he tells me, sir."

Manning did not smile as he replied: "Rankin, you're discharged."

"But, Mr. Manning, you asked me —"

The head of the Factory walked to

the door and opened it. "I said you were discharged."

Holding himself very erect, the old bookkeeper started to leave. Manning stopped him.

"And, Rankin," he said, "I want you to accept a position as my companion. I'm getting old and fat, Rankin, and need one."

As he had answered hundreds of times before the old man answered again:

"Very well, sir."

The head of the Factory chuckled to himself. "And, Rankin, you, my wife and I start for Europe as soon as possible. My boy, Rankin, my boy will run the Factory. Are you smiling, Rankin?"

And Rankin, not knowing whether he was crying or laughing, made reply:

"Yes,—that is, no—yes, sir."

Now if we had the blood of troubadours and trouveres in our veins we would have ended the story right here with everybody living happy ever afterwards. But such is not our fate. We must needs go on.

As the minstrels used to sing it, "Twenty years have rolled past." The office of the Factory has scarcely changed. In the Factory new machinery and the latest inventions turn out profit for the man, the world calls a success. The furniture in the office is old and time worn. The fixtures are ten years out of date. The tinted walls are faded and streaky. The office force are veterans in the service.

In the private office of the head of the Factory a picture is hung over the door, draped in black, for when a giant ocean liner sank in mid-Atlantic it took with it James Wellington Manning, his wife and his companion, whom the office staff had affectionately called "Pop" Rankin.

William Manning, often called "Billy" by his college friends, sits in the desk formerly occupied by his father. He has barely passed his fortieth birthday and yet he is fat, old and bald. The telephone bell rings. He picks up the phone hurriedly.

"Hello," he snaps. "Yes, this is the office. Oh, Margaret. No, my dear, I can't go tonight. Yes, I know I promised. Business is in a bad state. I've got to stay. I know its quite a while since I've gone to the theatre, but I must attend to business. I'm sorry—good bye," and he hangs up the phone with a bang. Later he mutters to himself: "Confound it. Women can never get it through their heads that we haven't time to wait on them. I haven't time. The Factory has to have all my time."

You remember in ye olden days when ye dragon used to destroy ye knights,

and ye troubadours and ye trouveres didn't give him any credit for ye deed? Well, ye dragon didn't mind, but he used to retire to a nice cool, shady spot, and as he thought of his triumph over ye knights he was wont to laugh a terrible laugh. When men, descendants of the troubadours and the trouveres, called William Manning a success, the Factory didn't mind, but if you could have listened you would have heard the Factory laugh a terrible laugh, a cruel laugh, a laugh of triumph.

—LOUIS F. LE FEVRE.

A JUBILEE PAEAN

RING, Jubilee Bells, ring merrily,
For the years that have sped away;
Ring, Jubilee Bells, ring cheerily,
For the joy that is ours today.

Fifty years! Fifty years! Ring it loudly,
Let the glad tones circle amain;
Fifty years! Fifty years! Sound it proudly,
Till echo re-echoes the strain.

O ring, Jubilee Bells, ring out gaily
A paean of joy for today;
O ring, Jubilee Bells, ring merrily
Of the years that have sped away.

Fifty years bring their joys and their sorrow,
Fifty years bring their pleasure and pain;
Some voices we loved now are silent,
Some faces we seek for in vain.

So toll, Jubilee Bells, toll sadly
A requiem to our dear dead;
Then peal out your grandest Te Deum,
For the joy that is theirs instead.

Fifty years! What a glorious half-cycle!
Fifty years patient labor of love;
Fifty years! What a golden harvest,
To lay at the throne above.

So ring, Jubilee Bells, ring merrily,
O the joy that is ours these days!
O ring, Jubilee Bells, ring sweetly,
To memories that will live always.

—S. M. C.

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE

FROM Simon Peter, prince of the chosen twelve, in the year 33, unto Pius X, prince by succession in this twentieth century—behold your spiritual lineage! Along that great highway of time, spanning the lapse of ages, myriads have passed in procession; men gathered from all nations; of every rank and rite; from every stratum of society; the prince and the peasant, the literate and the illiterate, all signed with the symbol of Faith, all enlisted in that great army of Simon Peter. How gorgeous the panorama unrolled to the eyes of the Christian World.

In our day that army is pressing onward; at its head other generals exhorting and leading; in the ranks other warriors warring and waging, combating the forces of error, smiting the idols of false belief, destroying vicious weeds in the garden of society; but leaving in the path of conquest not the wreckage of human institutions, not the destruction of human enterprise, not the blighting of human growth,—no, none of these. Whithersoever these legions march, there are erected the shrine of faith and the temple of philosophy, where man's soul may grow and expand and fructify in the knowledge of God and humanity.

The Church militant is pledged with an unflinching pledge to one ideal—the restoration of man to his high estate. In the pursuit of that ideal her abiding instrument is the Catholic School. Indeed, the School is the right arm of the Church. In her scheme of conquest she destroys and in destroying builds anew. On the one hand stands the hydra-headed idol of Unfaith with its ministering high-priests Frenzied Liberty, Unrestraint, Self-worship, Humanitarianism, the last symbolizing the supreme effort of human reason to ease its conscience. On the other hand, the Church, through the School, aims to reconstruct society, morally and religiously, where once stood idols of ligiously. Where once stood idols of brass and clay she rears an humble

chapel and around it she groups the halls of culture and in these temples of the true God, she bids man to "live and move and have his being."

The conquests by Catholic education in the old world won to civilization the barbaric hordes of Europe. Stand on the summit of events and review the panorama as pictured in the pages of history. There as on tablets of flint the historian has chiseled deep the achievements of monastic education. In the monastic schools, as in wells undefiled, the waters of culture reposed, and rising, flowed out over the land bedewing arid wastes, reclaiming desert places whence sprang up rich growths budding forth into a system of schools for the conservation and diffusion of learning. What, now, is the debt of regal university to mediaeval monk? Like so many armies the great teaching orders swept over the land, battalion on battalion, swinging steadily forward to the trumpet blast of their battle-hymn, Christianity and Culture! The strains of that battle-cry have encircled the globe, America has heard it, California has heard it. Our fathers in the faith have heard it.

Fifty years of educational effort in this province of the west have yielded harvests richer than mere tongue may tell. Faith, culture and a spirit of sacrifice—these were the seeds St. Mary's sowed. That the soil was cultured and the sowings constant, examine the sheaves and the clusters of her graduates. Assemble them all this Jubilee year. The priest and the physician, the jurist and the engineer, the layman, merchant and the man of affairs. All did drink from her fountains the waters of Truth; from her palms they did eat the bread of Broad Culture. List to the chant "In Excelsis Deo" of her eight and twenty priests, and the deep "Deo Gratias et Almae Matri." In that swelling hymn of gratitude mingle the birdling notes of the morning graduate, and the dulcet strains of him in the evening of life; and faint on the wings of an echo the low "Amen" of the dead.

The mission of the Catholic college is twofold in its purpose: On the one hand, training its charges to higher efficiency in life and through these products translating the spirit and teachings of Christ into the laws that govern society. When the Catholic college man ventures forth into the business of life he finds himself set in an environment morally foreign to that from which he has lately come. In the college he was taught to rise to ideals; in life men seem to measure downward. In the classroom he learned that ethics is the science of right thinking; in life he finds the conduct of men mercurial, like the barometric fluid, now low, now higher, according to the pressure of spasmodic reform. He sees everywhere varying standards of morality in the hands of intelligent men. He walks with them and talks with them. They tell him that life is enigmatic, that revelation is a myth, that knowledge alone is sufficient to guide the human will, that Humanitarianism is the only religion—the great panacea for the wrongs and ills of society. And yet, he observes, the multitudes are murmuring discontent. Class hatred is abroad. The rich oppress the poor; the weak mistrust the mighty. The gulf between is widening, deepening. Reformers shriek from afar at the peril of Socialism, but are blind to the causes that produce it. Philanthropy, it would seem, waits for the deadly canker to appear for the pleasure of giving a cure. More schools, the secularists cry, but mere knowledge does not blot out crime. Charity is organized, but it coddles reciprocity. The State should be paternal, but the child of Cain harks back: "Am I my brother's keeper?" All this and more sees the Catholic college man. To the unbeliever life, indeed, is enigmatic. Up before his vision swim the fundamental problems of society, but alas! unsolved, swirl onward to unfathomed depths.

Wearied and heart-sick, the Catholic college man returns to his books of wisdom to read again that philosophy which is the outcome of the noblest efforts of human reason, to re-absorb

the principles of that philosophy enlightened by divine revelation and governed and enriched by the experience of all the ages. He breathes again the sweet breath of Faith and drinks again the waters of Truth. The cloud has passed and the glory of a child of God shines around about him.

The Catholic educator from a window in his Shrine of Faith and Temple of Learning looks out upon the masses. He yearns to reconstruct society. He cannot influence those who already are without the pale; he may confirm the sheep of his own fold. Night has fallen on the scene and the Catholic educator returns to his study. If the Church, he reflects, will save the Catholic youth of the nation, the process of conservation must operate through the Catholic college. There are no better subjects for Socialistic propaganda than weak-kneed Catholics. And for the most part weak-kneed Catholics are the product of secularism. The Catholic college man may wander from the paths of righteousness, but rarely into the shades of unbelief. It is the under-instructed member who falls prey to the Socialist agitator. No man who knows the mind of the people can deny that discontent is fomenting in a certain species of the laity. In a certain sense these are lost to the cause. Hence the starting point in the way of conservation is with the children through the medium of the parochial school; thence through the high school and the college. Then only have you a finished product, a good citizen of the State, because a high citizen of God. To accomplish this end we must have free Catholic Schools. If the Church would reach all the children, if it would save them from the secularism which dominates our social structure, then it must gather them into free schools. In these days of trading stamps and governmental paternalism, in order to safeguard the interests of the children, the Church must meet that growing American tendency "to get something for nothing." The toiler objects that he cannot pay. The penurious acclaim they will not pay. The child of the

toiler as well as he of the "get-something-for-nothing type," must be saved. The free school will do it.

In this system of education the children of the masses will have all the advantages of a thorough Catholic training. Then indeed will our laity be men of light, leading exponents of Catholic philosophy, whose principles they may confidently apply to the issues

of the day. The State, too, will profit, for the cultured citizen of God is the bulwark of morality, and morality exalteth a people. Then will the great army of Simon Peter march onward, translating the spirit and teaching of Christ into the laws which govern the nation.

—RICHARD J. DORAN.



A MEMORY

THE crescent moon is beaming,
Through its flaky vapor gleaming,
And its pearly tints are streaming
As the lustre of thy smiles;
The silver stars, senescent,
Flash their twinkles, evanescent,
And their lights are soft, liquescent,
As thine eyes were liquid wiles.

The nightingale is singing,
His golden voice is ringing,
And the limpid tones are bringing
Thy voice to memory;
The winds of night are sighing,
As souls when they are dying,
And my sad soul is crying,
That they are but sighs from thee.

My memory is throbbing,
My soul is sadly sobbing,
'Gainst the death that came a'robbing
Me of thee, my love;
'Gainst the death that came a'killing,
'Gainst the frost that came a'chilling,
And bore thee from me, unwilling,
To the filmy clouds above.

Though the stars are thine eyes, shining,
Though the winds are thy sighs, pining,
Though in clouds thou art reclining,
And from me forever fled—
Though the nightingale's soft straining
Is thy voice in sweet refraining,
Though thy loss hath left me paining,
In my soul thou art not dead.

—THOMAS L. LENNON.

IS BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER?

An Episode of Indian Ghost-Dancing Days.

(Concluded.)

"VERY well," he said, "please yourself, but be careful, my boy; and now for the final and important word of my orders to you. If the Indians refuse to surrender their guns, do not return to me. Remember now, do not return to me. Walk slowly toward the hills away from my camp and that of the Seventh Cavalry, over there. I shall see you thus moving, as will also the officers of the opposite camp, for I have instructed them in the matter, and your action will be a signal to us that your peaceful mission has failed. Then both camps will move out—surround the hostiles, and, if necessary, disarm them by force. Now go, and may good luck protect you."

I turned away and swung off toward the Indian camp. As I neared it, I turned and looked back at the colonel's tent. He was standing inside its flap, watching me through a field-glass. By the time I had reached the center of the camp all the warriors therein had assembled about me, for they well knew that I came as a messenger from the troops. The faces of the men looked wan and worn, and their bodies were terribly emaciated from their vigils and fastings, but in the eyes of most of them there was a fanatical light that spoke of a firm resolve and dangerous passions. I stated the demand for the surrender of the guns as forcibly and diplomatically as I could. The demand was met with such a thunderous and universal "No!" that I almost gave up the cause as helpless. I was about to continue the argument, however, when a noted Sioux Medicine Man stepped forward and settled the matter.

"What you ask," he said, "is impossible. You know that two weeks ago Sitting Bull, our most able and illustrious chief, was butchered like a dog after he had given up his arms. What warrant have we, that we, his humble people, will fare better at the hands of the whites? You can go."

The warriors turned away from me and I saw that further talk was useless, though I knew that the man's statement about the death of Sitting Bull was false and misleading. That chief's death was due not to the fact that he was disarmed and helpless, but to the fatal mistake of having attempted to have him arrested by some of his own young men, who had been made policemen, instead of having him taken into custody by the regular soldiers. "These boys," said the chief, "whom I have held on my knee, think they can lay hands on Sitting Bull! Not while I am alive!" And so, resisting them, he was shot to death.

All this, however, was beside the question of the moment. I saw that my mission had failed, and I proceeded to carry out the colonel's instructions. I strolled slowly toward the hills with my head down, as though meditating something serious and important, but all the time casting an eye from side to side toward the camps. At once I saw an active stir there. No bugles sounded, but the troopers fell swiftly into line, and circling out, surrounded the Indian camp on three sides, leaving only the eastern side, toward the agency, open. The soldiers proceeded at a walk and without noise. When the troop closing in from the rear reached me I passed through the ranks to the last one, and then taking hold of a dragoon's stirrup, walked back with the horsemen toward the camp to see the end.

Then the colonel, from his position in the center beside the guns, called me to him.

"Go, Bonnet," he said, "and convey one more request to those Indians. Tell them that if in three minutes they are not stacking their arms in the open here in front of this line of troops I will send and take the weapons by force. You can remain in the camp. If force must be used you may be useful in showing my men where they are most likely to come upon the arms, as

I see but few weapons now actually in the hands of the warriors."

I delivered the colonel's order. For a moment the stillness of death reigned in the camp. Then by twos and threes, warriors not wearing the ghost shirt stepped forward and laid down their guns until thirty or forty, a third of the force of fighting men, were disarmed; but the others stood defiant, like men-at-arms in mail of proof.

Seeing this the colonel ordered forward a file of troopers to collect the remaining arms. As these men came forward to perform this duty something happened which caused me to really precipitate the conflict that followed. The young medicine chief I have mentioned refused to deliver his gun, at the same time stepping forward and assuming leadership. Two burly soldiers advanced to disarm him by force. At the same time I stepped forward to again try persuasion. As I did so Cunning Hand, whom I had not before seen, and who had, as I believed, left the camp, stepped from behind a nearby lodge and approached. As he saw me his evil face darkened with a demoniac scowl of ferocious hatred, and his eyes glistened with all the passions of brutal savagery. As he came near he thrust his face close to mine and begun to revile and abuse me.

"You here?" he shrieked. "You, cur, renegade, traitor, woman stealer, coward, white-livered coyote, curse you for a black-hearted thief and devil, curse you, curse you!"

Thus he poured out his wrath and hate with rising passion, while all paused to listen and to look at us, until his rage seemed to completely master him, and in impotent fury he spat full in my face.

Flesh and blood could not endure this insult, especially the fighting blood that had flowed in my veins from both my father and my mother. I felt my whole body harden like a rock; a red film passed before my eyes, and my whole soul seemed bent upon the impulse to strike and strike hard. I did not try to resist this desire to punish. My right arm flew out like a flash of light. The blow landed on my enemy's

neck just under the ear, and he dropped like a felled ox in the shambles.

Instantly several rifles cracked, and three or four soldiers fell about me. The remainder fled back to the line of troops, as had been their orders, if attacked, and I followed closely. Hardly had I passed the front rank, when a sheet of flame leaped from it, followed by the crashing roar of the guns in the center. I looked toward the Indian camp. The battle smoke lifted and I saw some three score victims of that terrible volley stretched prone and still, or in writhing agony upon the snow-clad earth now fast reddening with their blood.

The soldiers made ready but held their fire, and the colonel called upon the Indians to surrender. The surviving warriors rushed together amid the bodies of their dead and motioned for a parley, but this was only a subterfuge. Poor, deluded, suffering creatures! They saw now that the ghost shirts did not save them from the bullets of the enemy, that the messiah, the savior, was not there; but they saw also that they must die there or accept a fate worse to them than death,—degrading slavery. A terrible thirst for vengeance before dying possessed them. They raised their guns and poured a last volley into the ranks of the soldiers. A large number of these, both officers and men, fell. I escaped unharmed, though men fell all around me, and seeing that the doom of the Indians was now sealed, and their destruction only a question of a few moments, I turned and fled at my topmost speed toward my own little camp to relieve the anxiety of my women, and give them my aid and protection.

Fleeing toward the hills, I had reached a rising ground, when I heard the terrible guns speak again. The soldiers had recovered from the shock and surprise of the unexpected attack, and were now finishing the tragedy. Volley after volley of combined battery and rifle fire rang out with terrible swiftness and effect. I paused a moment to gaze upon the scene. Not a single figure was standing in the In-

dian camp. All men, women and children had fallen before that smiting, withering fire, and, like a black pall of death, the battle smoke hung over the stillness and terror of it all.

Appalled by the horror of the bloody scene I again started on, bounding toward my camp, and had covered three-fourths of the distance when I saw my mother and wife speeding toward me down the gentle slope. As they drew up to me my wife caught my hand and gaspingly cried out:

"Hasten, Bonnet, hasten. Some one is following on your trail and I fear he means harm. All is ready. Let us away, let us away."

I turned and looked behind me. Sure enough there was a single Indian following swiftly on my track.

"Let him come up," I said. "It is only some poor creature escaping from that field of blood. Perhaps he needs us sorely and we can help him. Let him come up."

For a moment we watched the seeming fugitive and then my wife cried out in wild appeal:

"No, no. It is an enemy. I knew it. I felt it. See! Do you not know him? It is Cunning Hand, and he is after your life. He means murder and worse. Let us away, let us away."

She spoke truly. I could now recognize my enemy, for he was within rifle-shot. Suddenly he stopped, threw his gun to his face and fired. My wife was standing by my side, with one arm around my mother and the other hand clasping my arm. As the gun cracked, I did not, as I expected, feel the bullet myself, but I saw my mother sink down a lifeless heap, without a moan, while my wife with a shriek fell fainting beside her. The ball had passed through my mother's heart, and into my wife's arm near the shoulder. As I bent over the bodies, horrified by what had happened and trying to see if either of the victims yet lived, I heard the sound of approaching footsteps and turned to see Cunning Hand running swiftly toward me. He had thrown aside his rifle as useless, it afterward appearing that his ammunition was exhausted, and was coming on waving a glittering

knife and yelling his hatred, defiance and vengeance. He clearly believed me unarmed, having seen me apparently so in the Indian camp. There he was mistaken. I had shown no arms there, thinking it not best. I had, however, concealed in a secret pocket of my hunting shirt, beneath my left arm, a trusty blade that was now to serve me well. My enemy circled around me, hurling threats and abuse, and enjoying what he thought my tortures, as the cat does those of a captured mouse. I faced him and watched him closely, but said not a word. When I saw from his eye that he was about to spring upon me and glut his vengeance, my right hand flew to my concealed weapon, and in an instant I was armed, and his equal.

The flash of the cold steel seemed to strike a chill to his very vitals and he recoiled from me even in the act of springing. As I have said before, the man was a natural coward and bully, and he now showed the yellow streak. With all the chances in his favor he could torture or murder and chuckle with glee in the act; but before a foe on an equal footing he was afraid. I then spoke my first word to him, and it was a taunt. I had determined that this man should not escape justice and merited punishment, and I was eager for the conflict to begin, for I felt that in such a battle as this mine must be the victory.

"So, sneak, snake-in-the-grass," I said, "you are afraid. For months you have hounded and abused me. You have maltreated my wife, and now you have killed her and my mother, as it was your purpose a moment ago to kill me. Why do you hesitate? Come on, you faint heart! If you do not instantly come to me, I will come to you, and kill you like the dog that you are."

He saw that I meant what I said; that the die was cast and the game desperate. He saw that he must slay or be slain where he stood, and he leaped at me with the agility and ferocity of a tiger. As we closed I saw that I had no mean antagonist to deal with. He showed himself a past-master in the art of knife-fence, but I, too, knew

something of the use of the weapon as did most plainsmen of that day.

I soon had several slight wounds, though nothing dangerous or disabling, and I verily believe that had he been a fearless man with a just cause to defend he would have vanquished me. He fought wildly, viciously, savagely, for no creature fights more desperately than the common coward. I fought coldly, warily, cautiously, but with every sense alert to defend myself and compass my enemy's death.

I soon found that the contest must end quickly, or by some wild lunge he would reach my life. His favorite attack appeared to be a swinging side-wise thrust at the side of the neck, and so expert was he with this blow that I saw it likely to prove quickly fatal. As I cast about for some successful means of meeting or avoiding this dangerous thrust, there went through my mind a notable knife-play taught me by a famous chief some years before. It was an almost surely fatal stroke, but to practice it a man needed to be ambi-dexterous, have equal use of either the right or the left hand. It was my good fortune to be thus equipped.

I therefore waited for him to again attempt this terrifying and dangerous pass. When I saw by his eye that he was fully intent upon the thrust, I quickly threw my knife from my right hand to my left, a movement that he was not expecting, and which he did not perceive until it was too late, when his blow was in the air, swinging toward the left side of my throat, I threw back my head, turned slightly to the left and caught his descending right arm in my right hand. Then with a quick jerk I spun his body around toward his left, aided thus by the impulse of his swinging blow, and in an instant had his unguarded back completely exposed to the knife in my left hand. With all my power I drove the blade in between his shoulders. It cleft his heart in twain. He uttered a gasping sob; and spitting blood and curses, he fell at my feet, dead.

Yes, he was dead, and well he deserved his fate. How he had escaped

the massacre on the plain to follow me I never knew, but doubtless there his subtle cunning and ingenuity served him as it had in many another case.

Gasping for breath and wiping the sweat from my face, I turned from the dead body of my enemy to what I supposed were the corpses of my loved ones. My mother had indeed passed beyond human aid, but what was my delight to find that my wife, though unconscious, was still breathing faintly. Examining her for wounds I found that the bullet of the assassin, passing upward through my mother's body, had penetrated my wife's arm above the elbow and, ranging along the bone, had lodged just under the skin back of the shoulder, making a deep but not dangerous flesh wound. With the point of my knife I removed the ball, then brought water from the camp and, with such rude skill as most frontiersmen have, bathed and bandaged the wound. As I completed this she recovered consciousness, and I soothed and calmed her by telling her gently what had happened and that all was well. Then I carried her to the camp and left her warm in the lodge while I found means to lay my mother in the grave.

For several days we remained undisturbed in the little camp, and then when my wife was able to travel we journeyed here. In storm and cold we built our first little home, and with the winds of winter ever howling about our poorly sheltered heads, we waited for spring. Then we began to make the home you see about us, and here since we have lived happily and in comfort, our industry providing for our wants, and our loneliness for our peace. This land is mine by rights that none can question. Upon it myself and wife will live until death calls us. Then we shall leave it to our children, assured that they can, as we have, live upon it outside the dark shadow cast by the curse of crossed blood, for, with this clouded inheritance, they will find, as we have, that "blood is NOT thicker than water."

—J. W. WALSH.

IDEALS IN COLLEGE TRAINING

[The following article, originally an address delivered at a faculty meeting, has a special appositeness in view of St. Mary's College Golden Jubilee. Over thirty priests and scores upon scores of professional men are graduates of St. Mary's Department of Arts and Letters, and their success in life is to a great extent due to the ideals cherished by their alma mater. Brother Leo is Dean of the Department of Arts and Letters and Professor of English at St. Mary's.]

THE history of St. Mary's College—a history rich in achievements and bright in associations—manifests the fact that the Departments of Arts and Letters constitutes and has always constituted the heart and inner center of the institution's life. Other departments have been called into being in response to the demands of conditions in the outer world and by reason of the changed and changing standards of collegiate efficiency; the Department of Arts and Letters stands as the sufficient *raison d'être* of the college, the department by which the true worth of the institution can be most adequately determined, the department which links the work of the St. Mary's of today with the St. Mary's of fifty years ago and with the long line of academic ventures with which, almost from her beginnings, the Catholic Church has been identified.

The Department of Arts and Letters, as its name indicates, concerns itself with the Arts of Living and with the Letters of the Race. The Bachelor of Arts, despite his necessary limitations which only time and experience will remove, is a man who possesses a knowledge of the meaning and dignity and sacredness of life. And that knowledge has been secured by four years of intimate and vital contact with the Letters of the Race—the record of man's strivings and successes and failures, of man's fears and hopes and loves.

This history of the Department of Arts and Letters of St. Mary's College reveals numerous external mutations during the half century of its existence—an emphasis now on philosophy, now on languages, now on history, now on the arts of expression; but through all the changes—changes typical, not of uncertainty nor of mistaken policy, but

of foresight and vital development—are discernible the ideals toward which the department has been steadily tending and which in many respects have been realized in so far as ideals are attainable. Methods have changed, textbooks have been adopted and abandoned, instructors have come and gone; but the ideals of the department have remained unaltered and undimmed.

And what are those ideals? They may be summed up in two words—Culture and Efficiency.

Though often sadly abused, culture is still a word to conjure with. It connotes education, scholarship and character, but implies more than all three. It implies more than education. Education concerns itself with the relatively elementary processes and conditions of mental and moral growth, with the methods and materials of learning. It is the necessary foundation of culture, but not the fine fruitage of college training.

Culture implies more than scholarship. The scholar, despite his superb advantages, finds perils in his paths of lore. On the one hand he may lapse into mere pedantry and become interested in books simply because they are books, forgetting that even the most vital books are at best but substitutes for life itself. On the other hand he is open to the temptation of the specialist—the man who devotes himself so exclusively to the classification of insects or to pondering the course of the stars that he becomes intellectually near-sighted or far-sighted, and his personality suffers from hopeless deflection.

Culture, in the sense in which the word is understood at St. Mary's, implies more than character, for it pertains less to what a man seems to be than to what a man really is. Now,

what a man really is, is a fact of the spiritual order, and facts of the spiritual order imply the relations of the individual soul with God—in other words, they imply religious experience and the viewpoint of faith. If the soul is right, all is right.

The second ideal cherished during the past half century by the Department of Arts and Letters is efficiency in the liberal and enlightening meaning of the word. A man is efficient when he not only knows, but knows how. Efficiency implies the power of expression and the power of execution. A tradition of St. Mary's is identical with a tradition of Oriel College, Oxford—the preference for the student whose mind is an instrument over the student whose mind is merely a receptacle.

One aim of the department has been, therefore, to develop in its students a sense of proportion; to impress upon them that the mind must be an instrument and—should occasion arise—a weapon of offense and defense; that a thorough grasp of principles is necessary for dealing intelligently with things; that self-expression depends largely on a facile, clear and vigorous

use of the mother tongue; that the only short cut to achievement is the royal road of hard work; that it is important to distinguish between the size of a man and the size of his megaphone; that, while there is both cultural and practical value in linguistic studies, a man may be able to speak half a dozen languages fluently without having a solitary idea to express in any one of them; that a knowledge of the doctrines of the Church and a practical, manly piety are proofs of efficient adjustment in life quite as much as they are evidences of the highest and deepest culture.

That the ideals of culture and efficiency, conceived of and fashioned under the inspiration of faith and truth, have been striven after and in a way attained to, is due to the teaching staff of the department—to the enlightened zeal of the men whose voices are now stilled, but whose works, thank God, endure. They were men who had mastered the Arts of Living, who had penetrated to the inner meaning of the Letters of the Race.

—BROTHER LEO.

TO THE CLASS OF '13

RESPLENDENT rays of morning sun dispel
The last faint mist. The roaring breakers surge,
In angry mood, beneath our feet. And hark!
The troubler bar, in hollow fitful moans,
Now calls us on! Our parting hour has come!
Sweet Friendship's ties! Affections fond would stay
The hand of time, yet that shall never be.
On Life's expansive deep we must embark,
To brave the storm, the tempest wild—alone.
Embark! 'Tis sad to think we now must leave
These hallowed walls we love, our masters kind,
Our true devoted friends, whose genial smiles
Oft' cheered our hearts, when grief surrounded all.
O comrades dear, yet linger—once to glance
O'er scenes of youth, to share one loving smile,
One fond embrace, ere thither we disperse.
In tender strains let Alma Mater hear
Our long farewell, our loving, fond farewell.

'13.

THE SYMBOL OF "THE RAVEN"

EDGAR ALLAN POE was ever and always, consciously and unconsciously, garbing the sublimity of his thought and its psychological import with a morbid, sullen symbolism. Because of this tendency to symbolize, the majority of his poetical works, and a goodly portion of his prose, possess two distinctly different yet correct meanings—a literal and a figurative. But oftentimes the fantastic form and glyptic glamour of the literal outshines and overshadows the lustre of the deeper and intended meaning so far as to conceal it completely. In "The Raven," however, Poe has inculcated the figurative and symbolic elements to such an extent as to place them upon a plane with the literal; he has laden the poem with his symbols so heavily that three meanings may be taken from it, each more fancifully grotesque than the others. The literal meaning of "The Raven" is, briefly:

The poet was pondering over his books late in the evening of a bleak December day. He was startled by the sound of some one rapping at his chamber door. His mind was crowded with visions of his lost Lenore, his love, and half dazed and almost mechanically he moved to the door, opened it and peered into the night. Finding no one there, surprised and startled into consciousness at the strangeness of the occurrence, he returned wondering to his chair. He had again settled himself to his books, when the rapping again was sounded, this time at the window. The poet opened the lattice and silently and gravely a "stately Raven of the saintly days of yore" stalked in and perched himself on the poet's "bust of Pallas just above his chamber door." The man's distorted mind now hurled all sorts of questions at the bird, which continued to sit and answer stolidly and with a mysterious taciturnity a sullen "Nevermore" to all the queries. So much for the literal meaning, the simple story of the poem. The air of mystery surrounding it, and the preternatural

shroud of mysticism that envelops it, coupled with the alluring genius of Poe, makes the literal meaning peculiarly attractive and possessed of the sweet charm of melody. In fact, the literal meaning, at a first glance, is seemingly the only meaning, Poe having constructed the apparent impossibility of the tale into a probability. But Poe had a second meaning, aside from the "machinery" of the poem. "The Raven" symbolizes the saddest part of Poe's all too sad life. The melancholy bard had a proclivity to darken the stories of his pen with the shadowed story of his own life, and in "The Raven" he has done so probably more so than in any other of his poems. It is apparent that "Annabel Lee" is the story of the loss of his child-wife. But "The Raven" tells the same story with a more complex system of narration. It is not apparent or obvious that the tragic story of the death of his wife is contained in "The Raven," but that sorrowful tale is written more deeply into "The Raven" than in any other of the poems. As the poet himself said in "Annabel Lee,"

"A wind blew out of a cloud,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee"

and Poe had been a melancholic ever after. The zest of life was gone from him, all was merely a bleak December of an existence, fraught with memories that brought nothing but sorrow to his sensitive soul. In "The Raven" he represents himself dreaming over the past, his lost Lenore, and wondering if he shall ever see her again in the supernal world, if there be a supernal world following this. The question, is there a Heaven, has raised itself in his mind, just as it has raised itself scores of times in the minds of all men. But Poe's mind was weakened and rotted by drugs and sin, and this, coupled with his genius, caused him to reach a different conclusion from the normal mind. He wonders and fears that he shall never see his Lenore again, that

she is gone from him forever. The idea is hazy at first, but it festers and grows stronger and stronger in the rotted mind of the man, until he accepts it as the truth. "The Raven" itself is the figure of the thought that tells Poe finally and irrevocably that he shall never see his Lenore again. The Raven is the figure of the thought that destroys all his hope, that leaves him despairing, blighted and crushed. He cannot drive the thought away, and the Raven remains "perched above his chamber door," casting a dismal reflection on the Poet so that he exclaims,

"And the lamplight o'er him streaming
casts his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that
lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—Nevermore."

The Raven in its third and deepest meaning, may well be termed a treatise on the psychology of despair, or the story of despair following in the wake of sin. A striking analogy exists between "The Raven" in its third meaning and the "Fall of the House of Usher" in the symbolic interpretation of that lurid tale. The psychology of despair formed the underlying principle of many of Poe's works, prose as well as poesy, and "The Raven" is merely the poetical rendition of the "Fall of the House of Usher," so identically do the ideas of the two coincide.

In the symbolic interpretation of the poem, Poe goes into Philosophy, Psychology, and Ethology, and his genius has constructed a masterpiece of fictional ethics tempered with a philosophical trend of thought. In this meaning of the poem, the house is the mind of any man, who has sinned grievously; Poe himself is the soul of that man. The soul is dreaming over the past, the lost Lenore. In the symbolic interpretation, Lenore is the lost grace, the lost innocence of the man, caused by his fall into sin. The soul dreaming over the past remembers its sin, the consequent loss of innocence,

and debates the possibility of its ever being again happy. Because of the enormity of the sin, the mind has become a tarn where evil despairs may breed, and even before the Raven enters, has almost extinguished all hope of forgiveness. The Raven comes, and in Poe's deepest meaning, the bird is Despair entering the mind of the man. It settles over the soul, and casts it into perpetual gloom and sadness. Because of its inherent nature the soul fights against accepting the despair, calls upon it with oaths and revilings, tries by threats to drive it away, but even as it had in the past yielded to the sin itself, so does it now yield to the aftermath of the sin, succumbs to the despair, and is shadowed forever by the Raven.

The symbolism of psychological interpretation of the Raven is the most forcible of the three, and possesses that morbidness that characterized Poe from beginning to end. After reading "The Raven" in its three meanings the student is confronted with the problem of determining the truth or untruth of the poem. No discussion can be made upon the literal meaning, as it is merely the outcome of Poe's imagination. The figurative meaning, containing as it does the story of his wife's death, cannot be doubted as to its veracity. But the symbolic meaning, because of the ethics in it, is to be seriously regarded. The ethical significance of the poem does not gibe with the tenets of Catholic theology, and ethically "The Raven" is decidedly opposed to the doctrines of the Mercy of God, and the Communion of Saints. Aside from the ethics of the poem, however, "The Raven" possesses a profound psychology, and its third meaning clearly expresses the meaning of "The Wages of Sin Is Death." Though Poe erred in his ethics he was correct in his morals, and taken as a purely psychological study, "The Raven" presents a sound lesson.

—THOMAS L. LENNON.

MOTORMANIA AND THE MOTORMANIAC

THERE are two things on earth that will bind men together in a bond of eternal union; one is jail and the other is suffering. Now not all persons have the chance to experience the joys of the former, owing to the fact that not every one can go to jail in these modern times. Jails are reserved in most thriving communities for the use of trust magnates and policemen and the common people are given no chance at all. Policemen seem to be in the lead at present, owing probably to the fact that they are able to wield strong influence both without and within the prison walls—quite a few of their compatriots, minus their stars and clubs, are usually found within and the rest of their fellow employees of the city, town or bunco ring, as the case may be, are getting ready to make their reservations and learn the gentle and popular sport of weaving jute. But the trust magnates manage to maintain quite a healthy average in spite of this handicap and many of them are giving up their summer homes, owing to their habit of spending part of their time at the government hotels, where the cells are airy, well ventilated, furnished with shower baths, hot and cold water and all conveniences for the comfort of the guests.

However, it is not advisable to spend too much time in discussing the many advantages of the well equipped jail—no, it is better to call it a boarding-house which the state supports for the entertainment of its particular friends—such an expression is more euphonious and not so liable to hurt any one's feelings. At present we intend to concern ourselves with a consideration of the second of the aforesaid bonds, which are as dependable as those issued by the United States government and as lasting as a cough in the dead of winter.

Suffering is one of those touches of nature that makes the whole world kin, or thin—we have forgotten which one the poet said, but either will suit the

case fairly well, and life is too short to spend much of it in making scholastic distinctions. At any rate, suffering brings more people together than a general alarm of fire in a big town. Have you ever acquired the eternal friendship of the man hanging on to the adjoining strap in the street car because he turned to sympathize with you when the stout lady trod gracefully but not lightly on your pet corn? Certainly you have, unless you do not happen to be the proud possessor of one of those pedal adornments. The man tells you the peculiarities of his own corn, explains its fine points and does everything but show it to you. Before you have reached your street the acquaintance has been firmly cemented and the man has given you a cigar—which if you are wise you will donate to the unsuspecting Japanese servant boy as soon as you get home. It is as dangerous to smoke unknown cigars as it is to fool with unknown dogs, so don't take any chances. But the fact remains that the man on the car has become your firm friend and the next time you meet him down town he will nod to you with all the cordiality of the man who has lived in the flat below you for twenty years, and may ask you to come in and have an ice cream soda or a nut sundae with him; personally we would not think very much of a man who would extend such an invitation as that, but you usually can guide him around the corner to your friend Bill's dispensary of high powered stimulants without very strenuous urging. After you get there no one can tell what will happen. And all this on account of a bit of suffering!

As it is with corns so it is with everything else. When your wife attends one of those tea tournaments, which the ladies of her set hold whenever they can obtain the services of some literary giant who once wrote a joke for the comic section of a Sunday paper, or a futurist painter, whose artistic creations wouldn't be accepted as the advance ad-

vertisements for a circus, the main topic of conversation after she has tired of rhapsodizing over the thing with the long hair and the soulful eyes, is how much trouble she is having to find a good cook; this is the cue for her sister-sufferers to get in the game and the Gloom army marches in en masse to encamp for the remainder of the afternoon.

But the king of troubles, the prince of suffering inspirers, the very acme of all things that will make a man think the world has turned against him, is the automobile! There is more concentrated trouble in one little harmless looking motor propelled vehicle than in all the other things in the world combined, with a few of the fiendish inventions of the Coal Heavers' brigade of the next world thrown in for good measure and an ample sufficiency. Consequently there is nothing that will make friends for you faster than the possession of an automobile. Have you ever seen two automobile owners that were anything but friends? Of course, the first owner may hold that his 1913 Zeezu is a better machine than the second man's 1863 Chugger, and thus open the way to a heated and protracted argument between drinks, but the two men are close friends, nevertheless. They are companions in misery. They understand each other's troubles and can mutually proffer comprehensive sympathy and advice. They are both afflicted with motormanias and both able to prescribe for all cases save their own. So runs the world along when you put it on wheels and use gasoline as the motive power.

If you are an automobile owner you will appreciate this article and agree with its statements; if you are not yet paying garage bills, you may not do the former and are certainly not qualified to do the latter—but the great majority of persons know what it is to drive something faster than a sleepy farmer's horse, so the outlook is cheerful. And now for the automobile.

Do you remember the day you bought your first automobile—and per-

haps your last? Certainly you must. That day is one which sticks in your memory along with recollections of the day you were married and the day you fell down a flight of stairs and broke your arm—it's queer how the pictures of those particular calamities continually pass in review before your mind's eye. Yes, of course, you remember the day you bought your automobile. You recall how beautifully the thing worked when the agent took you out on the trial trip. The car skimmed along like a swallow, not seeming to touch the ground except at the bumps—every automobile takes care to hit all the bumps possible. There seems to be a spirit born or rather bolted in the insides of every motor which impells it to seek out all the uneven places in the road so that it may present a correct imitation of a brewery wagon horse climbing over a six-foot hurdle. If any self-respecting automobile missed one of the chain of mountains that provide artistic roughness for our country roads and a means of subsistence for tire dealers, we firmly believe that it would turn around of its own accord and go back to make a perfect record in the field meet. But they don't miss them. Some make a better jump than others, some rise high in the air, some stick close to terra firma like a flying fish out of water, but they all land on the opposite side of the obstacle with a good sound, soul-satisfying "thump," which gives those riding in the back seat a chance to experience all the joys of aviation without having to go to the expense of buying an aeroplane. You recall also how dexterously he manipulated the thousand and one levers, pedals, pumps, cranks, wheels, horns, whistles and all the other things. At the time you wondered if you would ever be able to understand the use and purpose of each one. But the agent assured you that running the machine was mere child's play and that you would have no trouble at all in learning how to do it perfectly.

In the hands of the agent the machine behaved beautifully. They always do

when they are in the hands of the agent. Later on you find out that they are very much like the trick mule in the circus, the clown can ride him with ease, but the result of any one else's attempts to do the same is a hurry call for the arnica bottle and a soft cushion. After the lesson the agent told you that you would have no difficulties—in fact, the machine would almost drive itself. That last statement proved to be nearly true. The machine permitted you to drive it when it wanted to be driven; when it didn't, neither you nor any one else could do more than wait till it recovered from its grouch and decided that it was time to move. The best way to get along is to humor its wishes and treat your automobile as you would treat your child.

After receiving your due share of information and misinformation from the man who wished the automobile on to you, you decided to take your first trip—an "automobile tour" you probably called it. Why automobile owners always desire to make their first trip a long one is a mystery, but they do it every time. First you and your wife and a conclave of the neighbors who did not happen to be the proud possessors of machines went into executive session concerning the route to be followed. You purchased a volume of road maps and during the next few evenings the whole country in book form was traveled over again and again. Here your neighbors had a great advantage which they failed to realize; they were able to enjoy the whole trip without the annoyances that were to knock big holes in your store of pleasure later on in the game. But ignorance was bliss, so you did not worry about the unseen black clouds that were hanging low on the horizon. At last you selected a route that seemed to please every one concerned and almost all of those not concerned.

The day that you pick for the start of your transcontinental trip always dawns bright and sunny. But long ere the first faint streaks of dawn have tinged the eastern sky you are up and

busy with the preparations for the voyage that is to prove your machine the superior of all others. You spend more time over your car than does a driver before entering a Grand Prix race on the Indianapolis speedway. You scour and polish, scrape and rub, until the Chugger glistens like the noonday sun. You load barrels of lunch aboard, put in blankets and rugs and your library of road maps don your immaculate new duster and a pair of goggles that make you look like a deep sea diver, round up your passengers and proudly announce that you are ready to start.

All your friends, acquaintances and neighbors have assembled to witness the grand get-away, fondly hoping that you won't be able to get away, and thereby furnish some free amusement for the crowd. Disdainfully ignoring some poor attempts at humor on the part of the onlookers, you mount to your seat, turn what you have reason to suspect are the right levers, then ask some one to "crank her up." A volunteer steps out, grasps the crank, which projects beneath the radiator, and exerting all his strength, gives it a mighty twirl. Nothing happens save that the crank flies loosely around, causing your assistant to sit neatly, forcefully and unexpectedly on the ground. The crowd applauds gleefully, and seeming to think that his downfall was the result of a practical joke, the assistant refuses to have anything more to do with either you or your machine and retires from the scene of the conflict, limping perceptibly.

After witnessing his fate, none of the crowd is willing to take the volunteer's place, hence you are forced to get down and try yourself. You also grasp the crank and give a mighty heave with equally fruitful results. By this time the crowd is impressing on you the advisability of getting a horse. At about the fifteenth cranking, which is entirely uneventful as far as the automobile is concerned, a shabby individual in the mob inquires,

"Why don't you turn on your gas?"

All the while you have been spending time and energy in trying to start an automobile with the gasoline shut off! The crowd applauds vociferously and you sheepishly turn on the gasoline. The next time you turn over the fly-wheel something happens. There is a roar and a mighty splutter which causes you to race madly for your seat, fearful that the machine will start off of its own accord and leave you standing helpless in its wake. But it behaves beautifully. You climb in, pull all the remaining levers, and with a sudden jerk start to travel backwards at the rate of forty miles an hour, narrowly missing a telegraph pole, two children and a delivery wagon. After managing to halt your mad course you find that you have had the satisfaction of scattering the crowd, which has retired to safe points of vantage on stairs and front porches. Changing from reverse to slow speed ahead, you throw in the clutch once more and, *Deo gratias*, begin to move off in the right direction.

After this, things move smoothly for quite a while. You spin along in the sunlight, exhilarated by the joy of motion and proud of your success as a chauffeur. Beware! You are filled with the pride that cometh before a fall. Joy in an automobile is joy predestined to be short-lived.

Just as you are pointing out the beauties of the surrounding country, there is a final "p-r-r-r-t" from your engine and it dies a sudden and unnatural death, leaving you stranded, becalmed, marooned and stuck amid the aforesaid scenery. Of course, you do what all other motorists do under the same circumstances—crawl under the machine and gaze up into its innermost parts. This is just what the machine has been waiting for. As soon as you turn your gaze upwards the accursed thing expectorates a large quantity of gasoline and oil into your eye with unerring

precision. You dive out and hop about the road, emitting howls of pain and the auto looks on with placid indifference.

Before you have finished turkey-trotting your friend in the front seat fiddles with the levers a bit and suddenly the machine starts purring as evenly and smoothly as a contented cat. It has had its fun and is now quite willing to go to work again. But you have lost patience. Your eye feels like Mount Vesuvius on one of its busy days and you are not sure how many more tricks the confounded machine may have up its sleeve. Your one desire is to get home and get there quickly.

You turn your auto around and head toward the desired refuge with all possible celerity. In this you and the machine appear to be of one mind. The thing fairly flies along. You compliment yourself on the turning of your luck, when you hear an imperative shout behind you, and looking back, find that you are pursued by a motorcycle cop and your sixth sense tells you that your speedometer is registering forty-five miles per hour. You are pinched for speeding!

But why go on with the tragic details? Sometimes the ordeal is short, sometimes protracted, yet an ordeal it is, and through it you must pass. When you have cured your eye, paid your fine and recovered your even temper you are an initiated motormaniac, bound to all other motormaniacs by that eternal bond of sympathy.

Now, as said before, all who own autos will appreciate the truth of this narrative. And if you happen to be one of those unfortunates who have not yet joined the rapidly growing band, save up your money, buy your favorite style of Chugger and find out for yourself.

—LEO A. MURASKY.



THE CHILDREN'S HERITAGE

THE social unrest of the age brings us face to face with innumerable problems of reform, which in themselves embrace but one general idea, the revolution and readjustment of our present mode of living. This tendency toward reform is the outgrowth of the development of nations that begets in the mind a more insatiable craving for luxury as one year succeeds the other.

And in this age of industrial revolutions, while the moneyed aristocracy on the one hand is crying for peace and the militant poor on the other for death to the rich, we are brought face to face with precisely the same conditions that threatened France in the eighteenth century and the mighty Roman Empire in the fifth.

In the history of our own gloriously opulent republic we will find that the stages of a nation's development have long since been past. Our United States has extended her power of dominion from the thirteen original colonies until today the stars and stripes float over her land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic to the Isthmus of Panama, and even to the very gates of India, China, and Japan.

Reasonably we may ask, What does all this mean? It means simply that with material power and the increase of our dominions has come wealth, and with wealth luxury, the third and final stage of national development. It is here, where we have found the apex of modern civilization, that we are made to confront the stern reality that on this side of eternity there is no happiness. It is here, where we find the fettered hands of man striving to tear down the impregnable wall of limitation that separates him from his Creator, that we are made to feel once again the inevitable undertow of discontent and revolution that threatens to drag our nation into the darkest heresy. It is here, in this generation, that we are brought to face the three lean and hungry wolves that lurked at the door of the ancient Republic of Rome, that

caused her corruption and her weakness, her decline and her fall; luxury, immorality, and divorce.

For our own modern, flourishing republic the same hungry, gnawing wolves await. But as times have progressed they have assumed the form and shape of an unearthly creature, a phantom of horror more lean and ferocious than the original. Out of their incongruity has sprung a ravenous appetite that gnaws unceasingly at the vital points of their sensuousness. And like a hurricane cloud that grows from a dark speck on the horizon to a thing of horror above our heads, this mad appetite for material comforts has grown until today we are engulfed in the wild storm that blows from its entrails. No longer can Socialism be considered a harmless cloud on the horizon of the world's life, politics, and religion, for already the storm of its abuse is upon us in all its fury.

Socialism. How many of us understand the true significance of that term? Sorely is our country in need of social reform, but never—never Socialism. It is by deceiving the public, by confounding these two totally different concepts, that the radical Socialists hope to attain their end they tell us that their government would have nothing to do with religion or the family ties. Socialism in its true form means the embodiment of all that is luxurious, all that is immoral. It is the means by which the state would usurp the throne of virtue in the heart of the individual and wreak havoc with the sacred ties of marriage.

Are these things to be considered lightly, to be regarded as mere matters of small moment? No, they are affairs that concern each and every one of us; affairs that should stir within our breasts sentiments of filial love, national pride and the fervor of charity. They are affairs that should arouse us to call forth every ounce of energy concealed within our frames that we might see in its true light the shadow that overhangs the pathway of the next generation, the generation of our children, and

that seeing, we might raise our children to respect the laws of propriety and decency.

Socialism, again, is the cell that would contain in its embryonic form the germ of divorce, the scourge of American law. The very idea that divorce would be tolerated under the Socialistic form of government should be enough to condemn it in the eyes of the public. But no! Socialism is gaining in strength daily by the intrigues of its leaders, who simply hold up before our eyes the bauble of municipal ownership and consequent higher wages and a lower cost of living. These things are very desirable in themselves, but we can never hope to obtain them at the cost of our own happiness.

Consider the present mockery of the divorce laws and then ask ourselves what would be the state of affairs if Socialism were to obtain the upper hand. What would become of those whom we consider the very light and guiding star of our existence? What of those bonds that link to our sides relatives and friends, who in times of tribulation and sorrow are our sweetest consolation? And you who are parents—what of the little curly headed ones whom you delighted so much to stroke and fondle, whose smile and laughter is your most enchanting music, whose joy is your joy, and whose future is your future?

Think of these things and then transport yourselves into the realm of Socialism and picture your infant child being torn from your arms to be nursed and reared in a government institution by other hands than yours. What, then, of those single touches of nature that make the whole world kin? What of those fond memories of the ones who now are all in all to you, the little ones who are flesh of your flesh?

No. Socialism is nothing more than a horrible nightmare, a thing that must not, cannot become a reality. True that it is a live subject. True that it is gaining in forces daily; but there shall come a time when you shall awaken from your sleep of tranquility and dreams of peace to find that the flood

of heresy is at your very door, that its waves are already lapping your threshold.

What will you do then? Will you be totally unprepared, or will you have provided a barrier that you can build up in order to protect yourself and your family from the ravaging waters. Will you gnash your teeth and rend your flesh and curse your neglect in those last moments of your existence?

Beware, you who have little ones to cherish, to love. Even now the flood gates are opened and the waters of iniquity are swelling into torrents of abuse. And remember, that it is not only your life alone that is threatened, but that of your little ones. And remembering, do not hesitate to build a barrier that will shut out the waves of temptation from the ears of your children.

Awaken from your dreams of tranquility and peace and strike asunder the bonds that bind you to a life of indolence and neglect and place a restraining hand upon the arm of those whom God has given you to guard and cherish. As sure as a chain is as weak as its weakest link, so is that bond frail that contains the link of neglect. Bind your children to you by strict discipline, lavish upon them the love that is theirs, but love them most by dimming the allurements of dances and late hours.

There is a picture that I have seen in one of the most virulent of Socialistic journals that portrays the pathway that leads from the home to the den of vice.

I would that a Michael Angelo or a Raphael were amongst us, that from the innermost depths of his soul he might express the degradation, the absolute despair painted upon the features of those whom neglect has cast into a life of ignominy and shame. I would that he might make expression of the illusiveness, the wantonness of those so young but yet so aged, that you awakening, might cry aloud to Heaven, "Is this my children's heritage?"

—THEODORE J. DAVIE.



THE big automobile parade held on Saturday afternoon, May 3d, proved one of the most successful features of St. Mary's Jubilee year. At 12:30 in the afternoon of a perfect day the parade formed in front of the college and started its triumphant journey through Oakland. The front of the main building was very artistically decorated with flags and red and blue bunting, with a great American flag draped from the central cross. The automobiles were bedecked with flags and college pennants, and the parade presented a gala sight as it wended its way down Broadway. The immense line of automobiles, more than a mile in length, made an extensive tour of the business and residence sections of Oakland, and then proceeded out the road to Hayward, where the happy riders sang and danced until evening at the pavilion among the cherry blossoms.

In the first automobile were Chief of Police White of San Francisco, Chief of Police Walter J. Petersen of Oakland, Mayor Thomas Monahan of San Jose, and Sergeant J. Sherry. In the second machine were Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, Mayor Mott of Oakland and Brother Fabrician, President of St. Mary's.

A feature of the parade was the St. Vincent's band, which was pyramided four tiers high in a giant auto truck, and which enlivened the way with some really excellent music. But where the band boys shone particularly was at the pavilion at Hayward, where their music made successful the dance of the merrymakers.

Great credit is due to Mrs. R. H. Hammond and her co-workers for the success of the affair. The automobile pa-

rade was Mrs. Hammond's idea and she literally worked day and night for months to make it a success. She is a true friend of the Christian Brothers and of St. Mary's College, and the sincere thanks of the faculty, the students and THE COLLEGIAN are hers for her glorious efforts and most successful achievements in the cause of the Golden Jubilee Fund.

Thanks are also due the generous agencies and owners who donated cars for the day, and whose coöperation meant so much to the success of the affair.

The annual Oratorical Contest for the Cottle Medal was held in the Alumni Gymnasium, Thursday evening, May 29. Following was the program: March, "The Whip," College Orchestra; Introductory Remarks, Leo A. Murasky, '13; "The Penalty of Progress," Louis F. Le Fevre, '13; Vocal Solo, R. H. Hammond, '15; "The Children's Heritage," Theodore J. Davie, '14; Interlude, "The Spirit of Independence," Orchestra; "The Case of the Newsboy," Frederick T. West, '14; Vocal Solo, J. Valentine Fleming, '16; "Catholicity and Patriotism," Richard H. Hammond, '15; Specialty, J. V. Fleming, T. J. Horan; "International Arbitration," Raymond T. McGlynn, '13; Interlude, Orchestra; Decision of the Judges; Finale, "Good Night," Orchestra.

The Judges of the contest were Very Reverend T. L. O'Neill, C. S. P., Honorable Everett J. Brown, Honorable W. J. Hennessey and Brother Henry, F. S. C.

The usual large crowd was assembled in the Gymnasium for the evening and displayed an unexpected enthusiasm in

the program. The orations of the evening were all of a very high standard, and deserved particular commendation for their originality of thought and presentation.

Father O'Neill, as chairman of the Judges, announced the decision in favor of Theodore J. Davie. Mr. Davie's oration was a well written denunciation and exposition of Socialism and other evils of the day. His delivery was well nigh perfect, displaying admirable ease and laudable repression and at the same time never sacrificing a certain intensity of feeling throughout. Mention must also be made of Mr. Le Fevre's splendid paper on the "Penalty of Progress," and Mr. McGlynn's scholarly essay on "International Arbitration." Both of these orations undoubtedly displayed purer English and more artistic literary finish than that of any of the competitors. But Mr. Davie excelled in the matter of presentation.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the Associated Students of St. Mary's College was held in the Hall of Studies, Monday afternoon, May 26. The meeting was called to order by President Horan at 3:30. Brother Fabrician, our President, made a brief address to the students, urging the election of a staff of officers which should be representative of the standard of the student body, and which, above all, should work in harmony with the policy of the college faculty.

President Horan, after a few remarks anent the election, declared nominations in order. Mr. Dreier and Mr. McGlynn were on their feet in an instant. The President recognized McGlynn, the Senior, who after a very capable address moved for the nomination of Theodore Davie for the office of President. Q. Cotton seconded. Mr. Lennon took the floor, and made the greatest speech of the afternoon, and perhaps the greatest nominating address ever made at St. Mary's, proposing the name of Frederick T. West for President. His speech was interrupted throughout by burst after burst of applause and at the conclusion was

greeted with a veritable tumult. E. O'Connor seconded the motion. The nominations were closed and the ballot taken. Mr. West was elected with an overwhelming vote.

In a short speech of thanks and acceptance the President-elect pledged himself to the best interests of the Associated Students and to a faithful adherence to the policies of the college faculty, urging that every man of the student body should support him in putting shoulders to the wheel and making the coming year an era of progress and prosperity.

Mr. Fleming moved the nomination of Earle Diller, '14, for the office of Vice-President; Joseph Guptil seconded. Mr. Magee moved the nomination of "Cy" Young, and was seconded by Peter Stolz. The ballot showed that "Cy" had the required majority. Mr. Young thanked the assemblage for honoring him and pledged his support to President-elect West.

Leo A. Murasky made a neat address moving the nomination of J. Valentine Fleming for the office of Secretary. He was seconded by Charles Weber. Louis F. Le Fevre, in a speech which was second in merit only to Lennon's wonderful nomination of West, moved the nomination of the silver-tongued Thomas Lloyd Lennon. Richard Hammond seconded. The ballot was close, but Lennon was elected. Once more the oratorical Sophomore broke into liquid speech, thanking the students, announcing his intentions of support for Mr. West, and presaging a glorious future for the student body in the coming year.

Howard Magee achieved the distinction of a unanimous election to succeed himself as Treasurer of the organization, on the motion of John Cummings, seconded by "Val" Fleming.

Joseph O'Connor was elected Yell Leader, and John Cummings, Field Captain for the ensuing term.

President Horan called upon Brother Cyril. Our worthy Prefect in a well-worded and brief speech complimented retiring President Horan and his efficient board of officers on the excellent

work accomplished during the past year, and exhorted the incoming officers to continue the endeavors of their predecessors.

Mr. Horan then made an effective and graceful retiring speech, thanking the students for the support of his administration and wishing them continued and increased successes along all lines of collegiate activity, and the meeting was adjourned.

The first Annual Entertainment of the Class of '16 was given in the Alumni Gymnasium early last month. Following was the program: Overture, S. M. C. Orchestra; Vocal Solo, J. Valentine Fleming; Recitation, Frank A. Atwill; Violin Solo, Joseph O'Connor; "Our Object," Quincey Cotton; "Latent Resources," Brother Lewis; Selection, S. M. C. Orchestra; "Box and Cox," a farce in one act, by J. M. Morton. Cast—Cox, a Hatter, J. Valentine Fleming; Mrs. Bouncer, Landlady, Howard F. Magee; Box, a Printer, Joseph E. McNamara. Exit March, S. M. C. Orchestra.

The sketch "Box and Cox" and the solos of the inimitable Valentine Fleming were the big successes of the evening. Howard Magee, as Mrs. Bouncer, was a scream. All in all the Freshman show was a decided success and presages great things for future years from the '16 men.

The Gamma Beta, the college musical society, held a grand Jubilee meeting on the evening of April 8. The occasion was enlivened by a debate and the following excellent program: Orchestra Selection; Dramatic Reading, B. Callahan; Piano Solo, R. Caffero; Recitation, R. Lyttle; Violin Solo, J. O'Connor; Clarionette Solo, E. Dreier.

The debate was on the same question proposed for the Sacred Heart-St. Mary's affair, namely, "Resolved, That it is opposed to the best interests of California that aliens ineligible to become citizens should be prohibited from acquiring land." The Affirmative was upheld by Frederick West and M.

Hurst, with Thomas Lennon and W. White on the Negative.

The Affirmative was declared the victor of a very close decision. Hurst scored the winning point in his rebuttal by proving conclusively that one of the arguments adduced by White was absolutely and atrociously false. Both White and Hurst are promising debaters. Considering the fact that a musical society is not necessarily supposed to consist of great debaters, the contest was one of exceptional merit. Credit is due Dictator Tait of the Gamma Beta for the splendid success of the evening.

On Monday, May 12, the student body was honored by a visit from Mr. James Kirwin of the publishing firm of "Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss" of New York, who was a pupil of our President, Brother Fabrician, back in the 60's. Mr. Kirwin has been prominent in political circles in his home state, having been successively Commissioner of Public Education, Commissioner of Prisons and Penitentiaries, and Commissioner of Public Works. He addressed the students assembled in the Hall of Studies, and paid a tribute of gratefulness and love to Brother Fabrician, his former teacher. He said that the influence of our worthy President was one of the greatest determining factors in the course of his life. "Brother Fabrician," he declared, "is the cornerstone in the edifice of my success." He spoke to the boys on the real meaning of life, and urged an attention to the education now placed at their disposal as the greatest preparation for a truly successful career. He spoke tenderly and at length on the saving influence of mother love, and dilated upon the salutary influence of Christian teachers for Christian men. In conclusion, he begged the President for a half-holiday for the students; a request which was readily granted. He retired amid a thunder of enthusiastic applause.

Later in the afternoon the students of the Senior Class were presented to him in the private office of the Presi-

dent, and enjoyed an intimate and personal chat with the worthy guest. Brother Fabrician accompanied Mr. Kirwin on an extended and detailed inspection of the college and its appointments, including the Gymnasium. Owing to his former experience as Commissioner of Education in New York, he is certainly a competent authority on matters of school equipment, and accordingly expressed himself as delighted with St. Mary's in its appointments and its well-oiled system of education and discipline.

Sunday, June 8th, was Circus Day at St. Mary's. The much heralded Student Circus, which was to constitute the boys' share in the endeavors for the success of the St. Mary's College Jubilee Fund, proved a success far exceeding even the most optimistic expectations. The immense advance sale of tickets had warned the management that a crowd would be on hand, and additional bleachers had been erected for its accommodation. But the attendance crowded the stadium far beyond its capacity, and additional chairs were hastily provided at all the windows of the college building overlooking the field.

It was truly a gala day. The weather was typical of the California balmy summer. The circus field and rings as well as the bleachers and walls of the stadium were profusely and artistically decorated with American flags and banners, college pennants and thousands of yards of red and blue bunting. The cries of the "barkers," the pleas of the "peanut butchers," the happy laughter and shout of the merry circus throng, filled the air and made the day one long to be remembered by all present.

Shortly after 2:30, amid the blare of trumpet and brass band, the great circus parade entered the field. This was a parade of collegiate and world sports. The famous Phoenix baseball team appeared in uniform, carrying the various intercollegiate championship banners won during the years of the team's existence, among which was the beautiful

Midwinter Fair championship trophy. The parade was led by the League of the Cross Band, and a company of the League, and comprised teams appropriately uniformed representing such sports as Basketball, Swimming, Rowing, Track and Field, Tennis and Wrestling.

A troupe of equestriennes under the direction of Miss Graham, who conducts a riding school in Oakland, displayed some daring and difficult feats of horsemanship for the audience, and received a generous applause.

The College Gymnasium classes, prettily uniformed in their class colors, gave three splendid presentations of Pyramid building, and later presented a Calisthenic drill team whose work was a marvel of perfection and precision.

A Track team composed of such St. Mary's stars as Vlught, Lennon, Meyers, Stolz, and West appeared in contest with some of the best athletes from the leading athletic clubs of the State.

There were splendid wrestling bouts by the students of Al Levene, as well as some brief but very fast boxing contests.

The comedy for the afternoon was furnished by a troupe of student clowns under the capable direction of Joseph Sherry, a professional circus clown. The leading clowns were J. Valentine Fleming, '16, and Emmett McNamara, '16; and they were assisted by Emmett O'Connor, Franklin Soules, John Kent, Howard Magee, Alexander McLean, and Roland Sisemore. The last named gentleman gave a very humorous presentation of the famous Fisher cartoon character, A. Mutt, with Otto Rittler's promising son adequately filling the bill in the capacity of little Jeff. This feature was a winner.

Then there was a great Bull Fight, an event par excellence. Raymond McGlynn, '13, was "el presidente" of this affair. The bull hide was filled by Joseph O'Connor, '16, and Howard Magee, '16. The bull was under the personal direction of Mr. Sawyer of the Orpheum Theatre. Emmett McNamara, '16, and Quincey Cotton, '16, were the Picadores; John Quinn, '16, and Emmett O'Connor, '16, were the Cholos; and our old friend and songster, the valiant and shapely "Jake" Valentine Fleming, strode about in the picturesque costume of the Matador, and stuck the Bull at the psychological moment in the exact physiological spot in truly Spanish style. This event, a farce burlesque in every sense of the word, probably caused more genuine laughter than any other feature of the day.

Charles Weber, '13, Peter J. Stolz, '13, Manuel Gochuico, '13, and Louis F. Le Fevre, '13, impersonated a troupe of trained bears with alarming naturalness, and danced and leered and hugged one another in true Red Riding Hood style to the merry tunes of a hand-organ under the personal operation of Leo A. Murasky, '13.

Under the shrewd direction of T. Jose Horan, '13, rigged out as a Hibernian Arab, E. McInerney and Bart. J. Hardiman, '13, did some very effective work under the guise of a huge elephant. A terrible tragedy was narrowly averted in this feature when Mr. Hardiman, impersonating the nether portion of the gigantic beast, stepped squarely on the embon-point of the Arabian Horan, while endeavoring to walk over his prostrate figure.

All in all, the circus was one grand success, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Otto Rittler, physical director at St. Mary's, for his untiring endeavors in the preparation of the entertainment. Every feature of the whole stupendous circus performance was under the personal management and direction of the efficient Mr. Rittler, and the unqualified success of the affair is the greatest tribute we can offer in testimony of the genial Otto's ability.

For the financial success of the circus the credit also goes to one man, Brother Lewis. Our genial instructor of Mathematics devoted himself unsparingly to the financing of the enterprise, and by the strenuous exertion of that rare business acumen for which

he is justly famous, succeeded in making the Student Circus the greatest individual success of the many affairs given for the benefit of the Jubilee fund of St. Mary's College.

THE COLLEGIAN congratulates the students, the faculty and the friends of the college in general, and Brother Lewis and Mr. Otto Rittler in particular, upon the unqualified success of Circus Day.

On the evening of May 28, J. Valentine Fleming, '16, and the College Orchestra, under the direction of Frederick T. West, '14, journeyed to St. Francis De Sales Hall, Grove street and San Pablo avenue, to assist in the graduation exercises of the Nurses of the Providence Hospital. As usual, the genial Val was the star of the program and had to respond to several encores.

Decoration Day, May 30, the Annual Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the College Chapel for the souls of the deceased Alumni, commencing at 9:00 A. M. Reverend E. J. Nolan, '91, was celebrant. Reverend Father Cranwell, the College Chaplain, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Reverend Father Harrington of St. Brigid's Church, San Francisco, preached an eloquent sermon.

The Mass was effectively sung by the following choir: Thomas B. Wheaton, J. Valentine Fleming, tenors; Rudolph Caffero and Frederick Kerrick, second tenors; Frederick T. West and Thomas J. Horan, baritones; and Donald Wood and Emmet McNamara, basses.

The recent student body election developed the fact that a well-oiled political machine is, after all, a wonderful thing. It seems that the ticket headed by Mr. West was elected to a man, not even excepting the Yell Leader and the Field Captain. Thomas Lloyd Lennon was the leader of the campaign committee, and his effective work in securing pledges of votes was only equaled by his masterful speech of nomination

which started the steam roller at the convention and resulted in the landslide for his party.

The newly organized Glee Club, which made its official debut on the evening of the College Commencement, has been filling the college halls with marvelous melody and harmony for the month past. Its personnel is as follows: Messrs. Newberger, Fleming, Horan, Watson, Kerrick and Caffero, tenors; Messrs. Hammond, Rykin, Wallace, McNamara, Wood and Perovich, basses.

The organization is fast approaching a condition of perfection under the capable direction of Professor Schorch.

Those two talented playwrights of the Senior Class, Louis F. Le Fevre and Gerald J. Brusher, have branched out from the one act playlet class and attempted something big. They have written a three-act drama, "The Jester," which was the event of the evening at the High School Commencement exercises.

In addition to this, Gerald Brusher has written a new playlet entitled "The Government Contract." This latest effort is a sketch of modern business life, and was produced at the Commencement exercises of the Commercial Department. The success of Brusher's other playlet, "Thieves in the Night," produced at the last A. P. G. U. entertainment, is well remembered.

Louis Le Fevre's list of playlets produced includes "His Mother," "The Great Skinnem-Skinnem," and "The Governor's Gift." All of these sketches have lived through repeated performances with increased success.

The Saint Mary's players on the twenty-fifth of April journeyed to Bodega, where the college thespians presented a complete vaudeville performance for the benefit of the parish church. The show was opened by the farcial burlesque of T. Jose Horan and Louis F. Le Fevre, "The Great Skinnem-Skinnem." Theodore Davie followed the farce with a recitation,

"Casey at the Bat." Those inimitable comedians, T. Jose Horan and J. Valentine Fleming, took the town by storm with their classic rag-time melange. The popular duo were forced to render four encores before the audience was content to allow them to make their final exit. Louis F. Le Fevre closed the program with two dramatic readings, "You Sabe Me" and "The Old Man and Jim." Leo A. Murasky, Emmet McNamara, Theodore Davie, Louis F. Le Fevre, J. Valentine Fleming and T. Jose Horan were the lucky ones who made the trip.

The word lucky is used advisably, for from all accounts the party had a most enjoyable time. The entire trip of some one hundred and fifty miles was made by automobile under perfect weather conditions. This was compensation enough for the show, to say nothing of a country dance and a midnight chicken dinner, at which the thespians particularly shone. Then, again, we hear that the gallant six, led by the most gallant "Jake" Fleming, rescued five fair petite co-eds from a terrible peril in the shape of a rattlesnake. The snake had the five representatives of the progressive sex treed on the porch of an empty bungalow, when the auto bearing our heroes hove in sight. The tale is soon told—a fierce battle, and the rattler was overcome—the chivalrous knights departed with words of grateful thanks ringing in their ears. Although the fair maidens didn't know it, the snake had been dead for many weeks, but as "Tommy" Horan says, "That's beside the point; and anyhow we were potential heroes."

The First Academic students presented on their Commencement Evening, June 12, a three-act romantic drama, "The Jester." The play was written by Gerald J. Brusher and Louis F. Le Fevre, both members of the Class of 1913. Longfellow's poem, "King Robert of Sicily," and the drama "The Proud Prince," suggested to the two young dramatists their latest offering. The poem has been taken as a basis and an entirely new plot has been built

around it. The production was given a lavish presentation with special scenic and lighting effects. Fred T. West had charge of the stage and surprised even the most hardened theatre-goer. Messrs. Kerrick, Tait, Azavedo, Dowling, Nevis, E. Wall, Perovich and Moy took the principal parts, with thirty others in minor roles. The college choir sang all the incidental music.

This shouldn't really be told, but it is too good to keep a secret. Two weeks ago in Alameda, the little city across the creek, the police force, in the pale and early hours of the morning, discovered two suspicious characters prowling around the tide lands armed with shot guns. Upon stopping them the police force was informed that they were honest and hardworking students of Saint Mary's College. Further inquiry as to why they were packing a modern arsenal with them brought the answer that they were hunting clams. The police force fainted away at this and has not yet recovered from the shock. Of course, we wouldn't mention the names of the collegians who went hunting for clams with shot guns, but it seems strange that Leo Murasky and Louis Le Fevre shuddered when clam chowder was served last Friday, and that Stacey Hepburn Haskell barely escaped with his life when he suggested to the aforesaid Seniors that "maybe you should have used fish bait and a gopher trap."

The annual banquet of the St. Mary's Athletic Association was the event on Tuesday evening, June 3d. The college refectory was very artistically decorated with flags and pennants and red and blue draperies.

The following excellent menu was served: Oysters on Half Shell; Relishes: Olives, Radishes, Toasted Almonds; Salad: Asparagus Tips, Mayonnaise; Entree: Veal Cutlets Breaded, Tomato Sauce; Punch a la St. Mary's; Roast: Young Spring Chicken, Oyster Dressing; Vegetables: Cauliflower a la Creme, French Fried Potatoes; Dessert: Ice Cream, Assorted and Layer Cake, Fruit, Cheese, Coffee.

Owing to an unfortunate cold which deprived Thomas J. Horan, the retiring President of the Athletic Association, of the use of his voice on this important occasion, Vice-President Thomas L. Lennon assumed the office of Toastmaster, and treated the assemblage to one of those rare flights of oratory for which he is becoming famous.

Toasts were responded to by Brother Z. Leo, on "The Athlete;" Peter J. Stolz, "The Track;" Manuel Gochuico, "Basket Ball;" Clifford A. Russell, "A Retrospect;" Leo A. Murasky, "The Past Eight Years;" Otto Rittler, "The Coach;" Brother V. Cyril, "Today's Problem," and Brother Fabrician, "The Year's Work."

Sweaters for consistency and supremacy in athletic activities were awarded at the Banquet to Messrs. Wallace, Hayden, Wilson, Johnson, Oeschger, Claffin, Horan, Guisto, in Baseball; to Messrs. Weber, Moy, Corson, in Basketball; and to Messrs. Myers, West, Lilley, in Track. Four stars for four consecutive years on collegiate teams were awarded to Messrs. Wheaton and Vlught, in Track; and to Captain Gochuico, in Basketball.

The official announcement of the Honor Degree awards in the Department of Arts and Letters was published last month, and reads as follows: "Announcement of Honor Degrees.

Maxima cum laude—Gerald J. Brusher, Richard J. Curtis, Louis F. Le Fevre and Leo A. Murasky.

Magna cum laude—Raymond T. McGlynn.

"In announcing the Honor Degrees for 1913, we wish to extend our hearty felicitations, not only to the successful candidates, but also to those students whose work was not deemed of sufficient merit to put it in the Honor class. In some cases the theses submitted were of such a degree of excellence that, were our decision based exclusively on the work presented, the list of Honor students would have been considerably larger.

"Many things were taken into account by us in making our decisions.

The intrinsic excellence of the formal theses submitted, the record of the year's work in the leading collegiate subjects, the degree of practical and salutary influence exerted by the students on collegiate activities of an academic and of a semi-academic nature, the extent to which the students have manifested estimable traits of character—all these matters have been taken into consideration.

"In conclusion, we venture to say that the justice of our rulings is to some extent evidenced by the fact that the students we have deemed worthy of distinction are precisely the men who have been most prominently identified with the best elements in the social, academic and religious life of the institution."

Always one of the most interesting of literary courses, the course on the English novelists has proved more than ordinarily successful this year, thanks largely to the enthusiasm manifested by so many Sophs and Freshies in the representative works of English fiction. During the last month of school writers of the present day were discussed, and the librarian found it impossible to supply all the demands for the works of Monsignor Benson and Canon Sheehan. Benson, in particular, has proved to be a big favorite—some of the students preferring his historical romances, others the stirringly imaginative "Lord of the World," others still the quiet, keen psychology of "The Sentimentalists."

That the Class of '13 in Arts and Letters has set a standard has been all but conceded by Brother Fabrician. Certain it is that the Seniors have been consistently interested in their work throughout the year and have accomplished definite results. Nor does this apply merely to book work and class work. True, their records are high and their theses mighty; but they have shown progress in vastly other ways. For instance, they managed to forge ahead in such a way that, at random, one of them might be picked to address

a meeting on almost any subject under the sun, and the result would be more or less satisfactory. Again, the bulk of the best work appearing in THE COLLEGIAN during the year has been Senior work. Then, to count up the number of plays and playlets, toasts and after-dinner speeches prepared by the Class of '13 would be a task difficult of performance. Certainly and seriously the "Thirteeners" have demonstrated that they are on the way to an appreciation of the Art of Living and the Letters of the Race.

After having completed a year of eminent successes in all fields of endeavor, and having written graduating theses in Philosophy, Literature and Science, which stand, all in all, superior to those of any class ever graduating from St. Mary's, the Class of 1913 established a precedent on the morning of Sunday, June 8th, which it is to be hoped will be taken up by following classes until it finally becomes one of the traditions of the old institution.

The thirteen "thirteens" assembled in the "Ram Pasture," the famous Senior dormitory, before the seven o'clock Mass, and arrayed in academic cap and gown, formed a double line of march, with Class President Thomas J. Horan leading. Immediately after the faculty and all the students of the college were seated in the Chapel, the Seniors, sedate and dignified, marched down the center aisle to their accustomed places. The class received Holy Communion in a body, and after the usual prayers after Mass, again formed in line and marched from the chapel. It was truly an impressive sight, and its effect was evident alike upon faculty and students. The '13 men deserve particular commendation in view of the fact that the affair was the original conception of the class, and was not promoted and fostered by the faculty or any member thereof. It was an eminently fitting inauguration of the great Jubilee week at St. Mary's.

After the Mass a special breakfast was served to the Seniors, with Brother Fabrician, President of the college,

Brother Z. Leo, Dean of the Department of Arts and Letters, Brother V. Leo, Dean of the Department of Science, and Brother V. Cyril, Master of Discipline, invited guests.

THE COLLEGIAN congratulates the Class of '13 upon their establishment of this precedent, and hopes to see the day when it shall have become an honored tradition at St. Mary's College.

On Tuesday, June 10th, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of the college. Right Reverend Bishop Hanna was the celebrant, Reverend J. E. Cottle, '77, acted as deacon, Reverend T. A. Crimmins, '01, subdeacon, Reverend P. E. Mulligan, '83, assistant priest, Reverend J. J. Cantwell and Reverend W. P. Sullivan, '97, masters of ceremonies. Fifty altar boys added impressiveness, and the sanctuary was filled with church dignitaries, heads of Catholic institutions and visiting clergy. The Seniors in cap and gown occupied the center of the church. An augmented choir with orchestral accompaniment rendered Beethoven's Mass in C.

The sermon was preached by the Reverend M. D. Connolly, of the Class of '78. Father Connolly's truly eloquent sermon was an appreciation of the work of the Brothers, as a teaching body, with special emphasis on the solid work of their achievements in California.

Archbishop Riordan was unable to be present; he sent from Chicago the

following letter, which was read by Father Connolly:

"I send from a sick bed my most cordial and loving congratulations to the Brothers of St. Mary's College on the occasion of the celebration of its golden jubilee. It is a great trial not to be with you on Tuesday next, which will be the fortieth anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood.

All your friends will rejoice with you on that day for the wonderful good the college has done for our Church and the State in having prepared so many thousand young men to be splendid citizens of the one and devout and loyal members of the other.

I do hope and pray that Almighty God will bless the dear old college and those in charge of it, that its future may be in keeping with its past—a source of joy and consolation and strength to all who love our Holy Church and the great State of California."

Mr. William F. Brusher, father of Gerald J. Brusher, '13, and William F. Brusher, '16, died in Oakland on May 24th. The Seniors, Freshmen and members of THE COLLEGIAN staff attended the funeral and sent floral pieces.

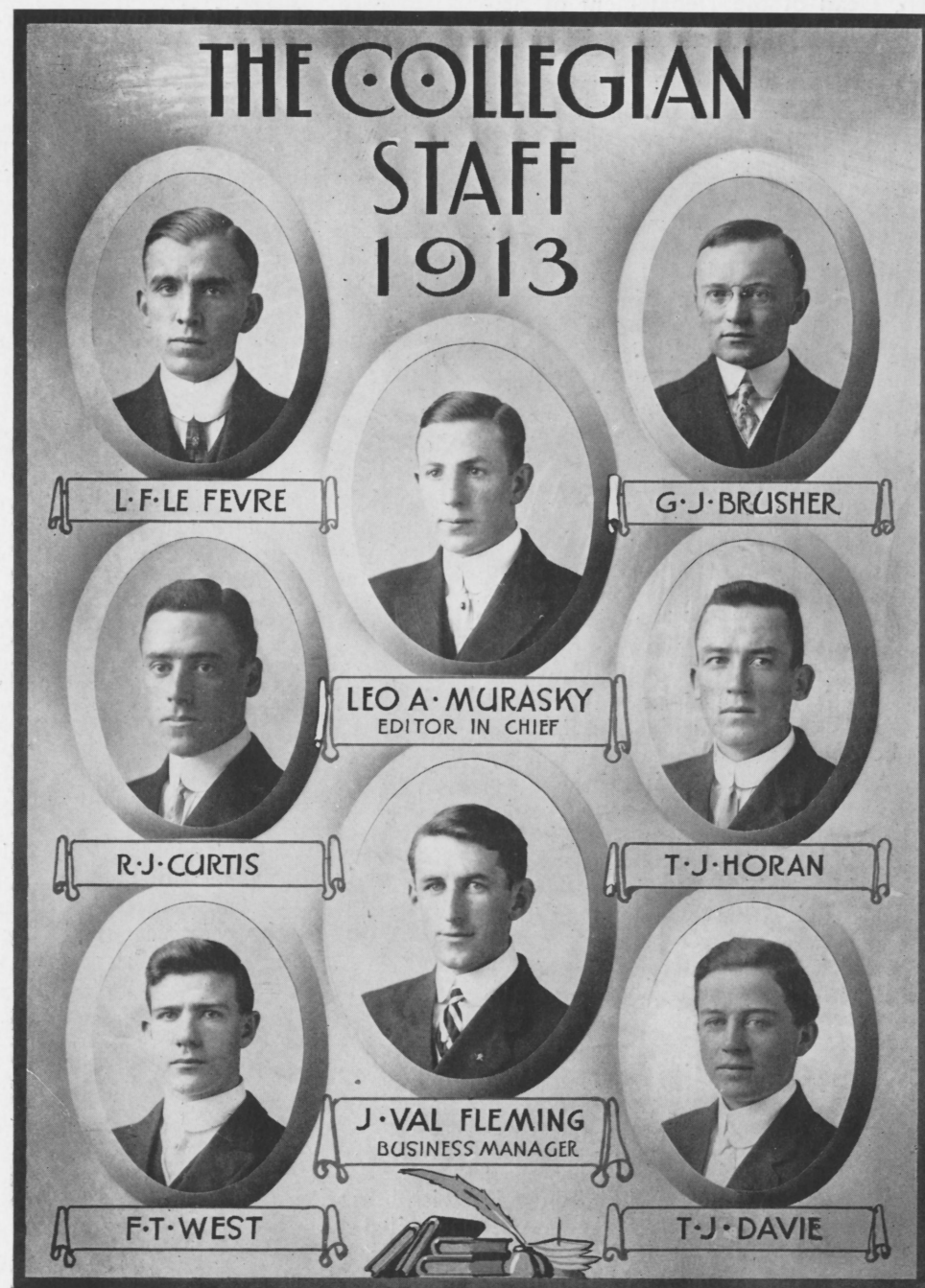
The faculty and students of the college and especially the members of THE COLLEGIAN staff extend sincere sympathy to the relatives of the deceased.

—RICHARD J. CURTIS.

ADVICE

SET not thy heart upon the world's applause
And bend thy energies with ceaseless aim
To win a chance applause called fame,
Then find from day to day sufficient cause
For joy or grief in passing tell-tale straws
Of public gossip that metes praise or blame,
Awards one honor, and another shame—
'Tis as a child transgressing wisdom's laws.

—M. E. F.



Bushnell, Foto

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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A Word of Condolence.

THE approach of Commencement day should mark, for the student who is about to receive a degree from his Alma Mater, the approach of a time of joy. It designates the time when he shall set forth to enter into the battle of life, armed by years of study of the arts, the sciences, and the right principles of living, ready to take his place in the march of progress, to do his share of the world's work, to fight for his ideals and his convictions, to prove himself worthy of the confidence which his friends repose in him, to strive manfully, that his achievements may bring honor and pride to those whom he loves. He dreams of this day as the day of all days when from the assembled audience loving eyes will see prizes bestowed upon him and loving hands will applaud his success—the eyes and the hands of his mother and his father.

To have these dreams rudely shattered on the very verge of their realization, to have the anticipated joy suddenly turned to the bitterest pangs of sorrow, is a thing that few of us can understand, for few of us have experienced it, and by experience alone is it possible to gain an adequate idea of the pain of such transition.

This has been the sad fate of Gerald J. Brusher, who but three weeks before his graduation was robbed by death of a kindly and loving father, a friend whose passing leaves a vacant place which can never be refilled. Mr. Brusher has been a fellow staff member of THE COLLEGIAN for three years, and a sincere friend and companion for many more. His loss has been our loss and his bereavement has cast a shadow upon our own happy eagerness for the pleasures of Commencement, as it has upon that of every other member of the Class of 1913. Our sympathy for him cannot be expressed; the deepest sympathy is that which must remain hidden for lack of words in which to clothe it—thus does language sometimes fail when it is wanted most, and silence becomes more eloquent than speech. We can but offer our heartfelt condolence and that of the other members of the staff, and trust that though the poverty and weakness of our words must shame our feelings, Mr. Brusher in his day of sorrow will comprehend and appreciate the thought and the intention which lie beneath them.

Fifty Years of Christian Education.

Just half a century ago, in the year 1863, Saint Mary's College was founded in San Francisco, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany, a man who

recognized the value of Christian education both to those of his archdiocese who might avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain it and to the Church whose worthy minister he was.

The first faculty was composed of secular priests and laymen under the direction of Fathers Harrington and Grey. But feeling the need of the services of a teaching order, Archbishop Alemany soon made his first attempt to obtain the Christian Brothers, whose capabilities he well knew. However, at this time there was a demand for Brothers in various parts of the eastern states, and this the Archbishop found to be an obstacle to the attainment of his desire. Not to be defeated in his aim he went to Rome and petitioned the Pope, Pius IX, to make a special request for Brothers in his behalf. This the Pope did, with the result that shortly afterwards eight members of the order, under the direction of the universally beloved Brother Justin, left New York, traveled across Panama and reached San Francisco to assume charge of the college in the year 1868. Under their direction the institution grew and prospered.

As the years passed on there was need of large accommodations, and it was deemed desirable to locate the college in a milder climate. A site was secured in one of the most healthful and agreeable districts of Oakland, where a new building was erected and opened in August, 1889. Here the quarters were more commodious and the educational facilities more complete. But the success in the new location was soon marred by a sad event. On September 23, 1894, a disastrous fire broke out, the entire building was gutted and much valuable apparatus destroyed. This necessitated a return to the old buildings in San Francisco, while the work of rehabilitation was being carried on. The damaged edifice was soon restored and the Brothers returned to Oakland. Again progress began, and again Saint Mary's forged ahead. In 1906, the even tenor of advance was again disturbed by the earthquake, which did considerable damage

to the college property. Again, however, the difficulties were cheerfully faced and overcome.

Such is a brief history of the external activities of the college. Of her more essential work—of what she has done for the many students who have entered her doors, it would require volumes to tell. In those volumes would be contained that of which any college might well be proud. On their pages would be a history of success which has been continued, and of achievements that have brought the well deserved meed of honor and praise. There would be found an account of ideals which have never been prostituted, of energy which has never been lacking, and of ardor which has never cooled. There would be encountered the names of men who have given their lives to the dual work of religion and education, men who have patiently labored with no hope of worldly rewards, men whose names win reverence and respect from thousands of honest admirers.

The old adage, which is none the less true for its homeliness, says, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Deeds, not words, are the evidences of sincerity and efficiency. A man is judged by his actions, a system by its results and a school by its graduates. Nor need Saint Mary's hesitate to face the test. As she looks over her list of graduates she may well feel satisfied. They are numbered among the leaders of every profession, found on the top-most rung of the ladder in every line of enterprise.

Saint Mary's College is well entitled to celebrate her fifty years of existence. They have indeed been honorable and useful ones, during which time she has done much for the Church and for the cause of Christian education. Of the eight Brothers who were the first of their order to come to California all save one are dead. Yet their memory lives in the busy halls and corridors of the college which they built up with their very lives and being, and the work which it has done during the past half century stands as a monument to the labors of eight men who did not live

in vain; the seed which they planted has grown to a tree of maturity and giveth forth fruit in abundance. Of them and of the Archbishop who brought them here there is but little use to speak—our praise could be but feeble words, their heavenly reward is eternal. To Saint Mary's, on this occasion of her jubilee, with the legions of her friends and graduates we would say: "Intende, prospere procede et regna."—Advance, proceed prosperously and reign!

Yellow Journalism and the Japanese Question.

The Jingos are at it again! They have resurrected their megaphones, cleared their throats, and busy themselves in shouting their message from the housetops, so that he who runs may hear and he that is deaf may understand. We are nearing another war! The country is on the verge of invasion, and helpless in the face of it! The protection is insufficient and our great and glorious nation is rapidly approaching its certain downfall! This is the cheering news that we read each morning, over our coffee and rolls; this is the trend of the gladsome tidings that are brought to us each day on the front page of our daily journal of misinformation.

The newspapers of this country—or to be more just we should say a certain class of them—did much to bring on the Spanish-American war. With their alarmist tendencies, and their demands that we take up arms against phantomatic indignities and insults which were more often manufactured in their press-rooms than through our relations with Spain, they forced the government into a declaration of war; a war which did us but little good, put a white elephant on our hands, and is now beginning to be considered as a stain rather than a star upon our record. But the war made fine reading matter for the subscribers. Murders, suicides and police scandals become tiresome after a while, even under the magnificently lavish treatment of the yellow journals,

yet they must have sensations—and what can afford a better one than a possible or impending conflict of international scope? The office force is set to work, and within a short time the American people are made to realize that there is blood in the air and trouble on the horizon.

Now these spreaders of scandal and dissatisfaction tell us that we had best beware of the Japanese. Why do they not give us the truth of the matter? How seldom they see fit to mention the fact that California's anti-alien land law, which is the prime bone of contention, has its very prototype in the laws of Japan. Why do they not say that Japan is financially unable at the present time to afford the luxury of a war? Why do they find it superfluous to dwell on the fact that over one-half of the commerce of the Oriental nation is with the United States, and that the merchants of Japan will not consent to any step which might endanger such a source of income?

In these things may be found the truth of the matter which has claimed so much attention during the past few months. It is to the interest both of Japan and the United States that the cordial relations which have existed ever since we taught Japan the value of opening her doors to the world and starting her along the road of progress on which she is now traveling so speedily, should be preserved intact as a means of mutual profit and advantage. Hamilton Wright Mabie, the noted American scholar who has just returned from a trip to the Orient, says: "War talk is a product of the yellow journals and yellow politicians. The people of Japan are greatly attached to and have the utmost confidence in America and in the expressed good will and good intentions of Americans." And this is the statement of a man who knows whereof he speaks. Admiral Togo expressed the opinion not long ago that for Japan to enter a war with the United States would be equivalent to committing national hari kari. At the present time that nation has no desire to do any such thing.

It is unfortunate that the words of Kipling,

"The sins that ye do by two and two,
Ye shall pay for one by one."

are not applicable to the transgressions of the yellow journals. They may do irreparable damage with an easy conscience, for they have nothing to fear save the libel laws, and these are easily evaded. Our much boasted freedom of the press has its attendant disadvantages after all. Let the newspapers whose tendencies are of the same hue as a smallpox sign and equally as dangerous, limit their activities. Let them look after the murders and the speculations of the police and the nation's authorities will look after the nation's wars.

The Serpent's Tongue.

When the state of California extended the suffrage to the members of what we courteously call the fair sex, we expected to see a gradual improvement in the world of politics. Women were going to exercise their softening influence on the disagreeable features of politics—and politics are full of disagreeable features. The feminine purity squad was going to do yeoman service in making California a state of Spotless Towns and Edens of political perfection. The chastening nature of woman was going to change politics into a nice pleasant little game resembling "Tag" or "Who's got the button?"

And the poor dazzled men gave the women their latest toy—a vote. Of course, the men had heard of the "woman with the serpent's tongue," and knew that her presence graces—or disgraces—every town and village. They knew that there was only one more bitter thing on earth than women's participation in the politics of feminine organizations, and that was women's participation in municipal and governmental politics. But these things they forgot, and through these things they now suffer. The purity squad has begun to throw mud, the serpent's

tongue keeps busy with its vitriolic vibrations, and politics have been forced a step nearer to General Sherman's definition of war.

Our arraignment is not without a point. We have no decided dislike for the other sex—as long as our eyes are kept open; but we have a strong objection to the tactics of some of them. This was increased during a recent election in a near-by city when we received notice of the widespread distribution of the following circular:

"Protect Our Public Schools!"

"Do you know that Mr. Bronner, who is a candidate for School Director, is a Roman Catholic and sends his child to the parochial school?"

"On the other hand, Mrs. Harriet E. Hawes, also candidate for School Director, is a patriotic American citizen and sends her children to our public schools.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Is this what we are to expect of the women in politics? Is this the result of their chastening influence? Must we accustom ourselves to campaigns full of such underhandedness??

It is safe to say that if any of the wise, to whom the circular was addressed, wasted their time in reading it, they certainly did not cast their votes for Mrs. Hawes. Wisdom and wisdom's devotees are strangers to the persons who would be connected with the circulation or influenced by the perusal of such a malicious form of bigotry as that. It is sad, that in these days of advancement some persons should lag so far behind the pale of enlightenment. It is lamentable that in a country founded for the purpose of offering freedom of worship to all, religion should be made the impediment to honest aspiration and ambition. Such a thing might be expected in Rome at the time of Nero, but not in the United States during the twentieth century.

We are sure that Mr. Bronner pays taxes and helps to support the schools of his country; we are not so certain in

the case of Mrs. Hawes. We do not doubt that he respects the constitution of the nation; we would hesitate to say the same of his opponent who attempts to abrogate one of its fundamental principles. We admire him for giving to his children that form of education which he conscientiously believes to be the best for them; we would admire his rival for office more if she would stay at home and give hers the care which they have a right to expect from a mother, instead of spending her time in making rules for the direction of the children of other people. We believe that as a School Director, his ideals would be exalted and beneficial; we see that hers must be pernicious and dangerous. Here is the serpent's tongue doing its deadly work. Here is the mud-slinger busily engaged. But the serpent is universally despised, and the hand that throws mud must be stained by it, although the mud may miss its mark. Roman Catholic and patriotic American citizen—when these two names can no longer be linked together then will we have cause to grieve mightily, for then and then only will the United States have become a nation of bigotry and unbelief.

The Last Word.

In all mundane things conclusion is inevitable. Sooner or later the end must come, and whether that end bring joy for the release or sorrow for the loss, we must bow our heads in submission to the constant law of change. Its mandate is stern at times as with a deep seated feeling of regret we are forced to relinquish something which has been a source of pleasure, yet revolt is impossible and to seek for an alternative is to waste time which might well have been saved for better things. Because of this, we approach the editorial typewriter for the last time and prepare to write the editorial last word. We cannot do it without experiencing a depression in feelings which are naturally heightened by the nearness of Commencement and the successful end of four years of collegiate labors, for we have enjoyed our

term of office and the duties connected with it. Yet do it we must, and do it we shall, with the one consolation that during the past year we have watched THE COLLEGIAN, which is now rapidly growing out of the age of childhood into a state of mature confidence and stability, prosper and advance, and that we may deliver it into the hands of our successor unflinchingly, with the knowledge that our stewardship has been a just one and as capable as our modest ability could make it.

In our verbal bow to the public, we said that it would be our aim throughout the year to keep THE COLLEGIAN up to the high literary standard which it has maintained unceasingly during the past nine years and which we earnestly hope it will continue to maintain during a long and successful existence. This ambition has been before our eyes at all times during the past months and has led us in all our actions; if we have succeeded and guided the paper through a series of creditable issues, the knowledge that we have done so must be a lasting source of pride and gratification to us, if we have failed we will be upheld by the thought that as the failure came in spite of our best efforts it can only be an honorable one. But though either failure or success may have crowned our work, we can say in all truth that we have enjoyed our position and are reluctant to leave it. The work has been lightened by a capable and obliging staff of associates and to them we extend the thanks and the appreciation which it is right that they should claim. To our friends, who did much to assist us, we can only say that by these things have they proved themselves friends indeed. To our readers we bid an unwilling farewell, sorry that we cannot longer extend our cordial relations with them and trustful that they will be as kind to our successor as they have been to us.

And now the end has come. The last editorial is almost finished, our desk is cleared in anticipation of the coming of another owner and to him we are ready to turn over the reins of government of THE COLLEGIAN's des-

tinies. Perhaps they will be better handled under his control, perhaps the principles which we have striven to build up this year will be ruthlessly torn down by him during the next and, although this may sting our pride, the pain will be alleviated by the hope that in this THE COLLEGIAN will be brought one step nearer to perfection and raised to be more of a credit to the college which fosters it.

Our work is finished, and we turn to the students of Saint Mary's, to the loyal and interested alumni and to our many other readers, who now have become our friends, hoping that from them we may hear those cheering words of praise and of honorable dismissal from our task, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—LEO A. MURASKY.



SENIORS' FAREWELL

FAREWELL, ye hallowed walls and spires,
Wherein our days of youth were spent;
Where bloomed the flow'r of fond desires
Perfumed with Wisdom's fragrant scent.

With mournful brow, and wat'ry eye
We bid you now a last farewell;
The longing glance, the stifled sigh
Make friendly hearts with sorrow swell.

'Tis hard to part with comrades dear,
And bid good-bye to campus broad,
Where college spirit's rousing cheer
Oft spurred our heroes o'er the sward.

'Tis hard to leave that Class of ours,
Where day by day we toiled so hard,
Where joy and grief each had their hours,
Where each obtained his due reward.

But cruel Fates decreed it so,
We must obey and enter life;
Be joy our lot, or be it woe,
We must at last begin our strife.

Farewell to hours of glee and joy,
Which made our college life so bright!
Farewell to sport and every toy!
We now must sing, "Lead, Kindly Light."

—B. J. HARDIMAN.



"FORWARD! Always forward!" has been the constant watchword of the A. P. G. U. Literary Society. In its work it has set up certain high ideals and the goal of its ambition has been to attain to those ideals. But despite this it is not amiss in this Commencement number of THE COLLEGIAN to harken back to the work accomplished during the past scholastic year, to review briefly the academic and semi-academic pursuits of the A. P. G. U.

Since the reorganization of three years ago the society has flourished and has been undergoing a constant development. This year the A. P. G. U. appears to have reached the zenith of its growth, for we can state without temerity that never before in the history of the college has the literary society exercised such a tremendous influence upon student activities.

Saint Mary's has always felt the lack of an organized dramatic society. Often such a society has been on the point of being formed, but accidental circumstances have just as often worked against any organization. The A. P. G. U. for the past two years has tried to the best of its ability to offset the lack of the dramatic society. It began its work two years ago with the annual A. P. G. U. entertainment. The annual show was begun as an experiment and has now become an established custom. The entertainment given this semester both from the viewpoint of the attendance and the excellence of the performance broke all established records. Two of the sketches presented during the evening were works of two of the members of the society and the third playlet was written by the Moderator of the A. P. G. U. Besides giving this

performance, the A. P. G. U. has staged shows in the college for the student body and has also assisted various parishes in their entertainments. The names of Richard Curtis, Leo Murasky, Gerald Brusher, Fred West, Thomas Horan, Louis Le Fevre and Emmet McNamara have been found quite frequently upon programs of entertainments given for charitable purposes in the bay cities.

While credit must be given to the members of the society the real cause for the dramatic achievements is the work of Brother Leo, the Moderator of the A. P. G. U. By encouraging and fostering a spirit of self-reliance in the members, the Moderator has succeeded in giving the rising young thespians confidence in themselves and an ambition for histrionic achievements. The course of lectures on the drama has not only broadened the view of the students upon things theatrical, but it has also supplemented their knowledge of the technique of the play and of the playlet. The success of the course is attested by the work of the dramatists of the society. "Thieves in the Night," "The Governor's Gift," two serious playlets, and the farcical travesty, "The Great Skinnem-Skinnem," owe their existence to the lectures in the A. P. G. U. "The Jester," the romantic costume drama ably presented during Jubilee week by the students of the High School Department, is the result of the joint work of two of the A. P. G. U. officers and the sketch offered by the Banking Class at their Commencement exercises, "The Government Contract," was written by Gerald Brusher, who already has several successes to his credit. All this speaks volumes for the success of the lectures and for the success of the A. P. G. U.

The annual debate between the Brownson Debating Society of Sacred Heart College and the A. P. G. U. was once more won by the team representing Saint Mary's. Richard Hammond, the veteran of the team, and Thomas Lennon successfully defended the right of the A. P. G. U. to the championship cup. The Brownson Debating Society was represented by Francis Ashe, who was a member of last year's team, and Edward McGlade. The question of the debate dealt with the agitation over the Anti-Alien Land Bill, and read, "Resolved, That it is opposed to the best interests of California that aliens ineligible to citizenship should be prohibited from holding land." The A. P. G. U. upheld the affirmative side of the argument, while the B. D. S. took it upon themselves to defend the negative view. The debate was decided by the Judges upon three points, arguments, literary worth and oratory. While the arguments presented by both sides were almost equal, the A. P. G. U. representatives easily gained an advantage over their rivals in the literary quality of their speeches and in their display of oratory. Thomas Lennon, the first speaker for the Affirmative, and the man who delivered the rebuttal, won the distinction of being the best speaker of the evening. His talk was marked by a logical development of points, a perfect enunciation and the most welcome quality of all, reserve in delivery. Richard Hammond, contrary to general expectation, did not strive for oratorical supremacy, but devoted himself to a careful setting forth of points in favor of his side and an equally careful refutation of his opponent's argument. We take this opportunity of congratulating the victorious debaters in the name of the A. P. G. U. and in the name of THE COLLEGIAN.

The society has been particularly fortunate in its officers. Richard Curtis, the Dictator, came to us last year with his achievements in the Azarias Reading Club of Sacred Heart preceding him. We expected much of him and we were not disappointed. Not only has he given us a winning debat-

ing team, but he has also supplied many pleasant and beneficial evenings of literary entertainments to the members. As President for two successive years, Leo Murasky is leaving his follower in the office a society that is firmly established and amenable to the rulings of the chair. Comparisons are odious, but we have seldom seen any gathering of students presided over with the quiet dignity and ease that are characteristic of the President. As Vice-President, Fred T. West has ably supported the Dictator and the President and has always been ready to lend a helping hand in all endeavors. Louis F. Le Fevre, Past-Dictator, this year filled the position of Treasurer. Gerald Brusher has served as Secretary for two terms and this jovial officer has fulfilled his duties with the care that distinguishes all his work. Besides acting as Secretary, he has been the official Stage Director of the A. P. G. U. Of his ability in this position little need be said, for those who have attended college functions have seen the result of his work in the finished theatrical productions.

Graduation is robbing the A. P. G. U. of several of its active members and of the majority of its officers. But this has happened time and again, and despite the decrease in membership the society has always gained new adherents and has gone on with increasing fervor. Many of the present Kappa Gamma men will be eligible for membership in the A. P. G. U. next semester. Last year our junior sister society sent us two men in particular who have materially added to the prestige of the A. P. G. U. Next year we have reason to hope for more members of equal ability.

To the friends of the society, to the members of the faculty, to the students who have aided us in our dramatic undertakings, we wish to extend our grateful appreciation. To the society and to the incoming officers we wish, in the name of the graduating members, that the A. P. G. U. will continue to be what it has always been, a success, and a valuable student organization.

—LOUIS F. LE FEVRE.



At the recent meeting of the Alumni Association held at the college on June 9th, the following officers were elected:

Reverend Joseph A. McAuliffe, '90, President; John F. Brady, '06, Vice-President; Frank J. Kierce, '82, Secretary; E. R. Myrick, '81, Treasurer. The new Board of Directors are: J. J. McDonald, '91, B. A. Smith, '91, Reverend P. T. Collopy, '94, B. J. Flood, '97, A. T. Shine, '06, and R. J. Curtis, '13.

After the executive meeting the alumni were tendered a dinner by the President of the college in the college dining room, at which the faculty and students were present. Brother Fabrician acted as toast-master. Thomas L. Lennon, '15, spoke on "The Undergraduate;" Raymond T. McGlynn, '13, replied to the toast "The Graduates of St. Mary's;" Brother Agnon represented "The Faculty," and Honorable F. J. Murasky eloquently voiced the sentiments of "The Graduate Toward His College."

Those graduates at the banquet were: E. R. Myrick, '81, C. M. Myrick, '82, F. J. Kierce, '82, Hon. F. J. Murasky, '83, P. J. McCormick, '88, J. V. Sullivan, '88, E. F. Conlin, '89, C. T. Hughes, '90, Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90, J. J. McDonald, '91, B. A. Smith, '91, Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, Dr. T. D. Maher, '94, J. L. Jaunet, '96, Hon. B. J. Flood, '97, Dr. T. M. Maguire, '97, J. W. Solen, '97, Rev. T. J. Kennedy, '01, Dr. J. Maher, '02, J. P. Martin, '02, T. J. Trodden, '04, T. W. Lundy, '05, J. F. Brady, '06, A. T. Shine, '06, T. P. O'Keefe, '08, C. W. Kelly, '09, W. F. Donnelly, '10, S. N. Andriano, '11, W. F. Burke, '11, J. I. Callanan, '11, W. B. Davie, '11, L. B. Diavila, '11, T. P.

Hogan, '11, E. T. Martin, '11, F. J. McCarthy, '11, T. M. McCarthy, '11, J. F. McDonald, '11, C. T. Moul, '11, C. A. Russell, '11, G. H. Miller, '11, and the entire Class of '13.

On May 18th, at the Apostolic Mission House in Washington, D. C., the unveiling of a tablet erected to the memory of the late Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., '75, took place. The tablet is a memorial gift of the Catholic Convert League of Washington, in appreciation of Father Doyle's kindly and earnest labors in their behalf, he having been the founder and spiritual director of the league.

Frank M. Silva, '98, was elected state deputy of the Knights of Columbus last month. He and Frank E. Michel, '00, will be delegates at the national convention of K. C.'s, to be held east in July.

John P. Doran, '09, recently received his degree of LL. B. at the Hastings College of Law. Congratulations, John.

Reverend M. L. Ferry, '06, is one of the editors as also the business manager of "The Missionary," a magazine devoted to the conversion of America, and published at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

The Commercial graduates of the college have organized an alumni society. They met at the college on May 3rd, and again on May 17th. The new society will be known as "The Commercial Alumni Association of St. Mary's College." The officers are:

John F. Mullins, '97, President; Chas. J. McCarthy, '06, Vice-President; Morvin A. Nevis, '11, Secretary; George H. Barron, '87, Treasurer. The Board of Directors is made up of J. G. Masterson, '81, J. L. Egan, '87, J. T. Fitzsimmons, '94, J. H. Cain, '11, J. E. Shields, '11. All graduates of the Banking Department are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Morvin A. Nevis, St. Mary's College.

News has reached us that Harry A. Davie, '07, is the happy father of a bouncing baby boy. Congrats, Harry.

Edward I. Barry, '07, is to be married in San Francisco to Miss Margaret Armstrong on July 2d. All here send felicitations to bride and groom.

John C. Freeman, Bank, '05, entered the ranks of the benedicts on June 3d.

Patrick J. Dooling, '83, brother of Honorable M. T. Dooling, '80, died at Hollister on May 17th.

Mrs. Taaffe, mother of Joseph L. Taaffe, '96, died in San Francisco, May 9th.

Marcelino Herrerias, Bank, '03, died in San Francisco, April 26th.

THE COLLEGIAN extends the sympathies of faculty and students to the bereaved relatives and asks the prayers of our readers for the repose of the souls of the deceased.

—C. A. RUSSELL.



SUMMUM BONUM

SPRING poets may sing of the "sweet young thing,"
In stanzas of gushy refrain;
Of the coy charming Miss, a vision of bliss,
With an air of coquettish disdain;
Of the frivolous girl, with the Billie Burke curl,
The mischievous black-eyed sinner;
But the queen of them all, be she long, lean or small,
Is the girl who can cook a good dinner.

You all know her well—the "charming young belle,
Who recently well entertained;"
But I fear, should we look at the food she might cook,
We'd become exceedingly pained.
There are millions of "bears," with the bland baby stares,
Who dress nicely, look pretty and neat;
But the girl of my heart, till death do us part",
Is the girl who can cook things to eat.

Yes! The girl who is able to care for the table,
And serve up the soup with a smile;
The girl who can bake a three-layer cake,
Or a tempting white "Floating Isle."
The girl with a head full of plans to bake bread,
Is the girl of my heart, I repeat,
And when I can find her I'm going to mind her,
As long as she cooks things to eat.

—RICHARD H. HAMMOND.

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE

[It is estimated that one person out of each twenty-four in California is the owner of an automobile.—News Note.]

IF you want to be one who is in on the fun and gleans all the joy out of life,

Just save up your cash, live on crackers and hash and join the fad that's run rife.

Keep you nickels and dimes, cut out the good times, then soon you'll be starting to feel

That your store of the "stuff" amounts to enough to buy you an automobile.



Stop paying your rent—you can live in a tent—hoard up all your money instead;

Don't buy that dress suit, let the idea take root that you'll spend all your evenings in bed

And economy brave will lead you to save all your money to buy gasoline
When you've garnered the gold from the heirlooms you sold and purchased your favored machine.



Though poverty pinch—you know it's no cinch—stick to it like heroes of old
Till you know how it feels to own pleasure on wheels, then you'll find all discomforts consoled

As you ride near and far in your own little car, with the joy that you've added one more

Who can justly acclaim that proudly his name stands foremost in some twenty-four.



Buy no hats for your wife, be strict in your life, save money in all that you do;
Hang on to each cent, and you'll never repent when you've cornered a thousand or two

That you starved for a while, for some day you'll smile, as the buzz grows into a roar,

When you sit at the wheel of your automobile—the envy of some twenty-four.

—LEO A. MURASKY.



AS OTHERS SEE US

FOR three long years we have watched over the destinies of this department, and now we find that we must leave the guidance of the exchange desk to younger and fresher hands. During the time we have been incumbent in this office we have made many friends, and, we suppose, a few enemies. It is our earnest desire that the same fair treatment that has been vouchsafed to us will be the portion meted out to our successor. Following our usual custom, we present below a series of clippings from our exchanges, showing what others think of our efforts:

THE COLLEGIAN from Oakland, California, again makes its appearance at our exchange table and has its usual amount of well written matter. "Address to the Class of 1912" is excellent. It contains an abundant quantity of good advice, which, if taken to heart by those to whom it was addressed, will, undoubtedly, be the means of crowning them with joy and success in their declining years. It is also a perfect picture of a graduate's love for his Alma Mater. "The Barren Eighteenth Century" is an interesting reflection on the literature of the eighteenth century and affords matter for some subtle thought. "William Hazlit Painter, Critic, Essayist," shows that the author has made a study of the character and works of this man. We admire the genius of the author of "The Call of the Bleachers." It appears to us to be the best article of the issue exclusive of the class address. This may be because we belong to the class of enthusiastic fans which he describes

but where is the American citizen that does not. We are always forced to compliment THE COLLEGIAN on the superior quality of its poetry, and that contained in the issue at hand is not below the usual standard. Considering THE COLLEGIAN as a whole we are led to believe that the students of St. Mary's intend to make their paper even superior to that of last year. They have our best wishes for success.

—*St. Mary's Sentinel.*

Many of our exchanges in the current issue have accounts of various Commencement Exercises and in not a few of them we had fulsome words of advice contained in addresses to the class of '12.

In none did we read words more fraught with meaning and good counsel than is the "Address" to the Class of '12 of St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, contained in THE COLLEGIAN. It was delivered by the first graduate of that famous institution, and we felt on reading it that of all others, he had the greatest right to address them as he did—sound without being a sermon, practical without being too worldly-wise. We intend to keep it and to peruse it often, for it contains the epitome of wholesome advice, needed by the ambitious student, as he leaves the college world and takes his place in an entirely new atmosphere.

The rest of the publication contains two very good essays and some choice bits of verse. We also notice accounts of a great many student activities. Friend COLLEGIAN, you are always wel-

come, for your reading never fails to leave a good taste.

—*Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian.*

Flexibility and naturalness, qualities not often found in amateur productions, are seldom wanting in THE COLLEGIAN of St. Mary's College, Oakland, California. It would seem that some literary steam roller crushes all the stiffness out of the youthful Scotts and Thackerays before they are permitted to make their bow in public. "Our Peerless' Orator" and "His Chance," are two stories youthful in tone, yet easy and natural in their movement. The success of the latter, which treats a football incident, shows that the strenuous game, no matter what the critics say, has yet some slight possibilities for the racanteur. A judicious sprinkling of sprightly verse is another merit of THE COLLEGIAN.

—*The College Spokesman.*

THE COLLEGIAN from Oakland, Cal., always greets us with offerings of manifold interest. The short story receives special attention from the staff of this journal and is evidently held at high value in their circle of literary training. Not only is this conspicuous from the fact that the magazine usually carries two or more compositions of fiction but from the fact that, no matter how many in number, they generally reach the standard of present-day collegiate perfection in the art. Under this generalization come the two stories, "Our Peerless Orator" and "His Chance," in the November issue. "Our Peerless Orator" is especially good, being chiefly noteworthy through the well carried-out plot and its vein of pleasing humor. The article, "Image Breakers," resolves the tendency of literary degradation into obvious causes, adroitly exposed and carefully deduced. The license and restrictions of the critic is plainly brought out and ably applied to the use and abuse of the office at the present day. The editorial department is notably replete with appropriate topics and the treatment of the same is clearly logical. St. Mary's possesses some nat-

ural humorists, as the poems, "The Heavenly Nose" and "The Elegy of the Telephone," evidence. THE COLLEGIAN ranks well in the list of college journals coming to our sanctum.

—*The Laurel.*

THE COLLEGIAN comes all the way from Oakland, California, and it is certainly a welcome visitor. There is a completeness and a maturity about it that commends it to every thoughtful reader. The editors are to be congratulated, as they have struck the happy medium between a whole magazine of deep, philosophical essays, and one composed entirely of fiction. We must feel grateful to the editors for the insertion of the "Address to the Class of 1913." It is a piece of sound, practical advice to young men on the threshold of the world. The address runs the gamut from a eulogy of the Christian Brothers and their work, on the one hand, to a condemnation of cigarette smoking, on the other. "The Call of the Bleachers" shows a treatment of an eminently popular subject different from many we have before seen. It is a serio-facetious description of Baseball. "Twenty Years After" is a short story with an unusual theme. The editorials, written by an avowedly cautious editor-in-chief, are on practical subjects like Street-corner Socialism, Hatpins, and Charity.

—*Duquesne Monthly.*

The Commencement number of THE COLLEGIAN from St. Mary's College, Oakland, is replete with some fine literary articles. "American Paganism" is an excellent essay on the evils of our day. The author is gifted with a clear and forcible style and always brings forth his statements in a straightforward manner. Socialism, Divorce, and Immorality, he avers, are the vampires that are sucking the life-blood of our nation. Paganism—the idolatry of the Almighty Dollar—is the cause of their existence; their only possible remedy—the Catholic Church. Another scholarly essay is "The Catholic Press." It shows us the great

necessity of upholding the Catholic Press not only because men's minds are framed by what they read, but also because the secular press is usually bigoted and gives not the truth concerning the Catholic Church. "The Noiseless City" is a humorous bit of poetry. "To Solitude," a poem with a softly flowing meter, is beautiful. The editorials are well written.

—The Pacific Star.

The June edition of THE COLLEGIAN is, as usual, up to the high standard of its former editions. The essays "American Paganism," "The Catholic Press," "The Great American Drama" and "The College Man and the Age," all of which touch upon important questions confronting us at the present, are as a whole well handled. "Tales from a Local Room" are creditably written, and the humor contained in them offsets the heavy tone of the essays, and gives a more interesting effect to the edition in general. "Looking Backward," a reflection on the past as seen through the minds of great writers, contains poems dear to every one's heart. The original poetry shows quite some ability, and the short story is well done.

—Abbey Student.

THE COLLEGIAN, our far western friend, has once more returned, bringing with it a fund of reading which places it among our most valued exchanges. Every article is written in a clear and concise manner, which lends a vitality and briskness to the general style. The "Address to the Class of 1912" is well fitted for a student body and several well-placed anecdotes are used to carry out certain points. "The Barren Eighteenth Century" is a thorough history of the development of literature during those times. Every baseball fan should read "The Call of the Bleachers." This clever article shows the influence of our national sport upon the sane American citizen, and points out the democracy of the hard pine platform for the edification

of the discontented Socialist. Several verses and other compositions join with these to form an exceptionally fine publication.

—The Patrician.

The St. Mary's COLLEGIAN for October has some very interesting matter to offer and, as the initial number of the year gives fair promise of many good things to come. "The Barren Eighteenth Century" is a treatise of singular interest; it tells of the days of the "Good Queen Anne" of England, of the life and manners of the times and discuss in particular have none but words of praise for the "Valedictory." It is an excellent composition filled with beautiful thoughts, both of which no doubt gained strength when delivered by the author. On a whole the issue made a favorable impression and we have every reason to believe that subsequent numbers will be equally pleasing.

—St. Vincent's College Journal.

"American Mental Efficiency," in THE COLLEGIAN, is a sketch of American people, and the causes of their failure. The writer claims that Americans are lazy, and are apt to let others think for them. He warns us that not he that is first in school succeeds, but he that uses his ability. To become efficient, he argues, concentration and memory are of greatest importance; and he further quotes Brother Azarias in urging the use of such tools as Imagination, Fancy and Reason.

—Manhattan Quarterly.

THE COLLEGIAN gives a very inside view of college life (if we may be allowed the expression). In "Our Peerless Orator" the narrative itself is vivid and decidedly entertaining, but we were especially interested in the character development of the leaders. The poets, evidently in a humorous strain of mind, did credit to "Thalia" in the comic rhymes "Elegy of the Telephone," and "The Heavenly Nose."

This magazine is, on the whole, thoroughly collegiate.

—Villa Sancta Scholastica.

An early visitor to our quarters was our old friend, THE COLLEGIAN, from St. Mary's College, Oakland. Needless to say, we perused it with pleasure. This magazine is full of newsy, interesting articles and certainly the motto of its able editor, "to keep up to the usual standard," is being carefully heeded. None of our exchanges contain editorials that bespeak more careful thought or more familiarity with current social and political events. "Our Peerless Orator" and "His Chance" are two well plotted stories, and true to nature. THE COLLEGIAN is interesting from cover to cover—it is an ideal college paper.

—Blue and White.

THE COLLEGIAN, which hails from Oakland, California, brings with it all of the freshness of the great west. "Lady Macbeth and Juliet" is an original and unusual comparison. It brings out, especially, the one point which these two characters had in common, their femininity. Around this point the author weaves the comparison. "His Chance" is the proverbial story of football and the football hero. It is amateurish in construction and the melodramatic element is prominent. The verse gives the lighter touch to the magazine. We read with delight "The Heavenly Nose" and "The Elegy of the Sophomore." They are unique and original in theme and worked out with skill. We are glad to see that amid the weightier things of college life a sense of humor still remains and bubbles forth through the vehicle of verse.

—The Young Eagle.

The St. Mary's COLLEGIAN for November comes clothed in its sombre robes. It contains some timely and well written articles. "The Conquest and the Conqueror of Rome" is instructive and shows careful research. "Image Breakers" is a commendable article and

while the principles underlying these judicious and honest ideas remain a unit in our history so long will our present day literature remain on a low plane.

"Frisco" and the "Commemoration of the Goats" are worthy pleas for the good old classical terms and they were read with gratification.

—Nazareth Chimes.

Beneath the neat and attractive cover of THE COLLEGIAN we find a wealth of interest and knowledge. In dignity and form this magazine ranks highly and a happy mixture of the essay, poem and short story gives it a literary tone and balance. "The Governor's Gift," a Christmas story in one act, is excellently written and holds the reader to the last. An essay, "The Short Story," is an article that must not be passed unnoticed. Amongst the short stories "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" and "The Welching of Tom Carroll" are productions of more than ordinary value.

"The Midnight Mass" is a poem evincing deep, solemn thought conveyed in tately measure, and reflects no small credit on the aspiring poet. "A Christmas Day," although in a lighter strain, is nevertheless of an high order. "Peace" and "The Toilers" deserve also special commendation. The various departments are well credited, and give the impression of a well managed magazine.

—Gonzaga.

The December number of the St. Mary's COLLEGIAN from Oakland, Cal., is very attractive. The plot of "The Governor's Gift," a Christmas play in one act, is exceedingly well thought out. The essay on the "Short Story" may be read with profit by most aspirants for literary fame in college circles. "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" and "The Welching of Tom Carroll" are both praiseworthy. Of the poetry "A Christmas Lay" is beautiful and next to it comes "The Midnight Mass."

—The Transylvanian.

"Byron and Shelly, Romanticists," is a well-written comparison between these two poets, who lived about the same time and who had, as the author assures us, many common traits. Besides this essay, "The Beta Sigma's Baby," and "From Home to the Campus," are the things orth mentioning in the January issue of THE COLLEGIAN. Mr. George Fitch, from the fact that he was the first to write them, has always seemed to us to have a sort of proprietary right in those wild yarns of imaginary college life, and for this reason we were rather prejudiced against "The Beta Sigma's Baby." Aside, however, from the consideration just mentioned, the story is a good example of its kind, beautifully impossible but very humorous. "From Home to the Campus" is written in much the same style—in fact, we looked to see if they were by the same author. The buoyant atmosphere of California evidently has its effect upon St. Mary's short-story writers.

—The Fordham Monthly.

We have read with much interest an article entitled "Censorship and Literature" in the March number of THE COLLEGIAN. The writer thinks that no check is necessary upon the publication and sale of the mass of literature which our printing houses yearly send forth. He believes that "a man or woman of mature age has no need for a guide to point out what is proper reading matter and what is not." True, perhaps, but what must be guarded against particularly is the evil effect of bad literature upon the plastic and impressionable mind of youth. Our COLLEGIAN friend would suggest proper control of public libraries as a safeguard against these dangers, but the vast bulk of such books issues not from our public libraries. They are procured mainly from the cheap bookstores. Censorship should, we believe, be exercised before publication,—the remedy should strike at the root of the evil. We do not regard seriously the dictum that there are books, which, although not fit reading for youth, are quite proper for persons of mature years. Unless a book

furnishes clean, wholesome enjoyment, or teaches some moral truth, or exemplifies a good style, it should not be read at all, by either old or young. If the literary tastes of youth were correctly formed by a reading of the masterpieces of our literature rather than of the cheap novels, altogether too numerous in this age, the pleasures of reading would be greater, while the intellectual and moral advantages would be incalculable. In the poetical department of THE COLLEGIAN, "At Night" and "An Irish Lullaby" are the best productions. "Father Murphy's Friend" is a catchy bit of fiction.

—Xaverian.

THE COLLEGIAN from St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., shows great improvement over previous numbers. The cover is very attractive, but the interior does not look neat with the double-column page. If the size of the magazine were made smaller, and if more space were given to each article and title, the magazine would be more appreciated. "The Glorious Heavenly Smile" is not as catchy as "The Heavenly Nose" of a previous issue. The exchanges are well handled.

—The Southern Collegian.

Another one of our regular visitors, THE COLLEGIAN, attracts our special attention this month. We have noticed, throughout the entire scholastic year, that THE COLLEGIAN has contained some very excellent stories and this issue is not unusual. The other matter found in this magazine, as a rule, is above par and it is always with interest that we read THE COLLEGIAN. The March number of THE COLLEGIAN is, as the editorial states, a product of the A. P. G. U., which, as we understand, is a literary society. We are forced to commend the society on their work, as the number at hand is an excellent specimen of college journalism. The essay, "Reform and Reformers," holds first place, in our opinion, as it is evident that in order to reform a nation we must begin with the child and consummate the reformation in the coming

generation. "Censorship and Literature" is also an excellent article and partakes somewhat of the nature of the one mentioned above. "Father Murphy's Friend" is another one of those excellent stories for which THE COLLEGIAN is noted. It has a strong and well-developed plot and the characters are well drawn. It holds the reader's attention to the end and, as a whole, it is up to the usual high standard of the stories which are always to be found in THE COLLEGIAN.

—The Sentinel.

Our old friend, THE COLLEGIAN from St. Mary's College, Oakland, came into the office, dressed in a neat holiday attire, and bearing some good matter on the inside. The opening poem is good, but could have been cut down with better results. The playlet, "The Governor's Gift," is well written and comes up to a skillful and unexpected climax. The essay on "Horace Howard Furness" is timely and nicely written, but should have been a bit longer. Several stories, notably "The Welching of Tom Carroll," appealed to us, and taking everything into consideration, the issue at hand is a representative one.

—The Redwood.

Hailing from the Far West, comes THE COLLEGIAN of St. Mary's, Oakland, California. The December number contains many good things in prose and verse, with the preponderance in favor of poetry. "The Governor's Gift," a Christmas story in one act, was especially good. The play tells of a Governor who owes his high position to a certain political boss, Phelan. On Christmas night he is requested by a former classmate, Father McElroy, to pardon a man convicted of bribery. Although threatened by the boss, and ordered to refuse the pardon, the Governor finally grants the request of Father McElroy and of "Billy," the convicted man's little son, knowing that in doing it he becomes, as Phelan warns, a "dead one" in the political world. An excellent article on Byron and Shelley, Romanticists, giving a concise account of their lives, and a comparison of their works, is the fea-

ture of the January issue of the same magazine. The article is well written and the writer shows a thorough grasp of his subject. The "Beta Sigma's Baby," written in an easy and natural style, also proved enjoyable reading. The results of the Crusades and their importance in the advance of European civilization is the subject of an interesting article entitled, "The Crusades and Civilization."

—St. Thomas Purple and Gray.

"The Beta Sigma's Baby," in the January issue of THE COLLEGIAN, has the distinction of being the only short story in this issue, but it is so amusing and well written that it is able to sustain the reputation of this number in the fiction department. But our hearts go out in sympathy to that poor abused baby and that much-imposed-on-Jake. The essay on "Byron and Shelley" is well written in a clear concise style and gives valuable information about these two great authors. The "Character of Cicero" is a carefully written essay, portraying with appreciative pen the character of this much loved orator. The poetry which is dispersed throughout this issue is up to THE COLLEGIAN's usual standard of excellence. "From Home to Campus" is an amusing "tale of woe." The editor was most happy in the selection of subjects for his editorials as "Christianity," "Modern Socialisms," and the "Drama League of America" are topics of universal interest.

—The Lorette.

"Once a bonehead, always a bonehead," is the thesis ably defended by the author of "Cupid and the Bonehead," in the April COLLEGIAN. This is a story of love and baseball—or vice versa—told in a lively, popular style. To invent an entirely original idea for a baseball story is perhaps too much to ask, and the author of "Cupid and the Bonehead" deserves credit not so much for the tale as for the telling. He knows how to portray the fan spirit and to make language an effective medium of mirth.

—The Spokesman.

—GERALD J. BRUSHER.



SINCE the varsity baseball team, the Phoenix, disbanded some two months ago, the Independents, a team organized to keep alive the interest in college baseball and to furnish material for next year's varsity nine, has been much in evidence, we regret that we cannot publish the results of all their achievements, which have been most creditable.

BASEBALL.

Thanks to Mr. Davis, chief petty officer U. S. N., the newly organized "Independent" team went down to defeat at the hands of the nine from Goat Island on April 2nd. For perhaps once in his life Mr. Davis was partial to a recruit. As umpire, the aforesaid officer was staunch in his loyalty to the sailor boys.

Joe Oeschger and Gene Treacy alternated on the mound for St. Mary's, and both had that proverbial "everything." But three hits were secured off their delivery, and these did not figure in the scoring of runs. It is not often that Saint Mary's seeks to excuse defeat, but this time all credit for winning the game must be bestowed upon Mr. Davis, U. S. N.

	R.	H.	E.
Goat Island.....	3	3	2
Independents	2	4	3

Batteries—Fox and Woodmansee; Oeschger, Treacy and Moy. Umpire, Davis.

In the second game between Goat Island and the Independents, Captain Roth's boys simply romped home with the victory. So easily did they outclass the Jackies from the naval reserve station that the game soon developed into a one-sided uninteresting contest. Oeschger and Treacy worked on the mound for the Independents and had the Goat Island boys wearing a path from home-plate to the bench.

"Gunboat" Reed started in the box for the sailor nine, but after a bombardment that brought to the sailors memories of target practice at Magdalena Bay, he was derricked in favor of the diminutive star, Fox. The collegians welcomed the star and after giving "The Pride and Joy" of the training station time to set his guns—opened an attack that made the twirler wish he were safely back on the bench. The runs of the sailor boys were gifts, pure and simple.

	R.	H.	E.
Independents	8	9	1
Goat Islands	2	6	1

Batteries—Oeschger, Treacy and Moy; Reed, Fox and Woodmansee.

The third game between the Goat Island squad and the Independents saw the U. S. N. boys returned victors by the score of 7 to 1. Joe Oeschger occupied the mound for the collegians and allowed the visitors four hits. But two errors, a base on balls, two hits, one of which was a three-bagger, netted the Islanders four runs. Fox, for the training station squad, pitched masterly ball throughout the entire game and, backed up by his team mates, he managed to squeeze out of several bad holes without runs being chalked up against him. The official results:

	R.	H.	E.
Goat Island	7	4	2
Independents	1	4	3

Batteries—Fox and Woodmansee; Oeschger and Horan.

On April 20th, the Independents defeated the Mission Terrace team of San Francisco by the score of 7 to 5. This visitors presented a strong line-up and made the collegians hustle to win. Harold Roth tried a come-back and, unlike those of pugilistic fame, managed to shine as a rejuvenated star. "Harry" had his famous spitter under control. With this as his mainstay and with an occasional curve he baffled the boys from the Mission Terrace. It was pleasing news to the many friends of "Harry" that he had returned to form, for as a pitcher Roth was always well liked. Another feature of the game was the hitting of "Cy" Young. Cy picked out three nice ones and aided materially in winning the game. The dope:

	R.	H.	E.
Independents	7	7	2
Mission Terrace	5	4	3

Batteries—Roth, Moy and Smith; Gabriel and Rowan.

Manager Russell and his band of Independents journeyed to Modesto on April 27th, where they were defeated by the score of 4 to 1. The umpires seem to share an ancient and firmly established grudge against the college boys, for Mr. Boone, acting as arbiter, gave many decisions that were away off color. But enough of Mr. Boone. The game's the thing. It was a pitchers' battle between Mobley and Oeschger. Mobley won the game and is entitled to every praise. "Joe" was wild, walking seven men, four of these in one inning. He struck out nine and allowed six hits. Mobley walked three, struck out six, and allowed but four hits.

Batteries—Mobley and Ryan; Oeschger and Horan. Umpire, Boone. Scorer, Russell.

On May 4th, the Independents suffered another defeat. This time at the hands of the Brown Brothers' team of San Francisco. Score, 5 to 0. Treacy was on the firing line for the Independents and pitched good ball, with the exception of the seventh inning. In this frame the Brown Brothers got to the "sorrel-topped one" for four hits and cinched the game.

	R.	H.	E.
Brown Brothers.....	5	8	2
Independents	0	4	4

Batteries—Treacy and Moy; Muheim and Snow.

The Independents won from the Olson-Mahoney Company team on May 11th. Tommy Horan made his annual appearance in the box, but it was soon evident that the little player from Vallejo had nothing but a smile and his glove. Tommy was unable to conceal the too apparent fact from his opponents and before he could stem the tide five runs had tallied. Joe Oeschger was hurried to Tommy's relief and pitched airtight ball. In the sixth, Clafin went into pitch and succeeded in keeping the Olson-Mahoney nine in check.

	R.	H.	E.
Independents	10	8	3
Olson-Mahoney Co.....	7	6	4

Batteries—Horan, Oeschger, Clafin and Moy; Martin and O'Niell.

Independents 18, Oakland Tribunes 2. Heavy and timely hitting, coupled with some daring base-running, brought the score to such large proportions. Such hitting has not been seen on the campus for many moons. Everybody hit and everybody hit 'em hard. Clafin was on the mound and pitched a masterly game. He allowed but three hits and should have had a shut-out, but for poor fielding of his team mates.

	R.	H.	E.
Independents	18	16	3
Tribunes	2	3	4

Batteries—Clafin and Moy; Valereux and Pizzola.

The Junior League.

The four teams of the Junior League of the college finished the schedule of games shortly before the jubilee festivities began. Intense rivalry marked every contest, and new talent has been discovered for next year's second and third teams. Santa Monica won the championship, with the Temescal, Oakland and Seattle teams in the order named. The teams were named from the home towns of the four captains. The Santa Monica team, winners of the league, was made up of Atwill, captain and catcher; Collins, pitcher; Diller, first base; Davie, second base; Ryken, third base; Feneran, shortstop; McInerney, left field; McInnis, center field; Montgomery, right field.

TRACK.

A narrow margin of six points gave the track athletes of St. Mary's a victory over the crack Pastime Club on April 6th. The meet was held on the college oval and was featured by intense rivalry and the closeness of the score, the outcome being in doubt until the last event of the meet.

Gisen and Vlugt carried off the individual honors for the college. Gisen, with first place in both hurdle events and the pole and a tie for the same honor in the high jump along with third place in the shot annexed twenty points. Vlugt lived up to his reputation and took first place in both the mile and half mile. Bobby was not pressed at any time and running easily outclassed the rest of the field.

Lennon and Hoenisch furnished the most interesting races of the day. In the Century race the judges called the race a tie. But in the 220-yard run, after one of the best races ever seen on the college oval, Hoenisch won first honors by a small margin.

The relay decided the meet. In this event coach Rittler entered his fastest quartet. Roth led off and gained about a yard. Meyers took up the burden on the second lap and increased the lead. But in the third lap the Pastimes overcame this lead and in the last lap Lennon and Hoenisch started an even break. The finish was a thriller, but Lennon led the speedy German to the tape by about three yards.

The results:

100 yards—Lennon (S. M.) and Hoenisch (P. A. C.) tied for first, Meyers (S. M.) third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

220 yards—Won by Hoenisch (P. A. C.), Lennon (S. M.) second, and West (S. M.) third. Time, 24.

440 yards—Won by Acton (P. A. C.), Lindstrom (P. A. C.) second, and Cotton (S. M.) third. Time, 56 1-5 seconds.

880 yards—Won by Vlugt (S. M.), Greer (P. A. C.) second, and Lindstrom (P. A. C.) third. Time, 2:13 4-5.

One mile run—Won by Vlugt (S. M.), Philipson (P. A. C.) second, and Madison (P. A. C.) third. Time, 4:52.

Two miles—Won by Morton (P. A. C.), Sickler (A. C.) second, and Newberger (S. M.) third. Time, 10:51 2-5.

120 yard Hurdles—Won by Gisen (S. M.), Moody (P. A. C.) second, and Orr (P. A. C.) third. Time, 17 seconds.

220 yard Hurdles—Won by Gisen (S. M.), Magee (S. M.) second, and Moody (P. A. C.) third. Time, 28 1-5.

High Jump—Gisen (S. M.) and Orr (P. A. C.) tied for first, Lillie (S. M.) third. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Gisen (S. M.), Orr (P. A. C.) and Young (S. M.) tied for second. Height, 9 feet 7 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Roth (S. M.), Hoenisch (P. A. C.) second, Noonan (P. A. C.) third. Distance, 20 feet 4 1/2 inches.

Shot Put—Won by Donovan (P. A. C.), Wheaton (S. M.) second, and Gisen (S. M.) third. Distance, 43 feet 2 1/2 inches.

Hammer Throw—Won by Wheaton (S. M.), McEachern (P. A. C.) second, Donovan (P. A. C.) third. Distance, 136 feet 3 inches.

Relay won by Saint Mary's: Roth, Meyers, West, Lennon.

On April 19th, the varsity track team simply toyed with the squad representing San Jose High, and beat them easily by the score of 90 1-5 to 30 4-5.

Gisen as usual was the individual star of the meet, capturing a total of 21 points. The St. Helena lad captured first place in both hurdle events, tied for first in high jump and pole vault, and finished second in shot put. Lennon also did some brilliant work and took first places in the 100 and 220 sprints. Vlught won, as usual. It would not be a successful track meet if Bob did not annex the distance honors. He never fails.

The results:

One mile run—Won by Vlught (S. M.), Pook (S. J.) second, and Ford (S. J.) third. Time, 4:40.

440 yard run—Won by Stolz (S. M.), Wallace (S. M.) second, and Tailey (S. J.) third. Time, :56.

100 yard dash—Won by Lennon (S. M.), Meyers (S. M.) second, and West (S. M.) third. Time, 10 2-5.

120 yard hurdles—Won by Gisen (S. M.), Farthey (S. J.) second, and Townsend (S. M.) third. Time, 18 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Atwill (S. M.), Friedel (S. M.) second, and Cullen (S. M.) third. Time, 11:15.

220 yard dash—Won by Lennon (S. M.), West (S. M.) second, and Ledderman (S. J.) third. Time, 25 seconds.

880 yard run—Won by Pook (S. J.), McPherson (S. J.) second, and Ford (S. J.) third. Time, 2:19.

Hammer Throw—Won by Wheaton (S. M.), Hammer (S. J.) second, and Rustechler (S. M.) third. Distance, 146 feet 3 inches.

Shot Put—Won by Wheaton (S. M.), Gisen (S. M.) second, and Stolz (S. M.) third. Distance, 40 feet 6 inches.

220 yard Hurdles—Won by Gisen (S. M.), Horan (S. M.) second, and Hammer (S. J.) third. Time, 28 1-5 seconds.

High Jump—Gisen (S. M.) and Lillie (S. M.) tied for first, Roth (S. M.) and McCauley (S. J.) tied for third. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Gisen (S. M.) and Gall (S. J.) tied for first, Young (S. M.) and Hastings (S. J.) tied for third. Height, 11 feet 3 inches.

Broad Jump—Won by Roth (S. M.), Thomas (S. J.) second, and Lillie (S. M.) third.

Relay race—Won by St. Mary's team, composed of Roth, Lennon, West and Horan. Time, 1:48.

Running under the colors of Cabrillo Council, Y. M. I., in the annual track meet of the Young Men's Institute, in the Park Stadium, San Francisco, April 27th, Tommy

Lennon and Ernest Gisen were the shining lights. These boys by their brilliant performance brought victory to the Cabrillo Council. Lennon won the 100 yard dash and also the 220, and was instrumental in annexing victory in the relay. Gisen was the star of the day and captured the cup hung up for the athlete registering the highest number of points. Gisen's total was 27.

At the conference meet held on the University of California cinder path, Bobby Vlught was the only one of our five entered that made any points. Bobby made a total of eight points. He won the mile in handy fashion and in the two-mile took second place after one of the most thrilling two-mile runs ever seen at the University. But for the fact that Vlught was forced to run under disadvantages he would have captured the first honors in the two-mile. Bob had already run the mile, while Crabbe, the winner of the event, was withdrawn from the mile and ran only in the two-mile event.

The *Examiner* has the following to say of Vlught: "Before leaving the subject of individual stars, Bobby Vlught has to be mentioned. The Saint Mary's boy and Harry Wood of California were the only starters in the mile race. Vlught took the lead at the pistol-fire and set a fast pace, with Wood at his heels. They ran within two yards of each other till the back stretch in the last lap, when Vlught began to draw ahead. Encouraged by the frantic cheering of his fellow students, Wood struggled gamely to get up to his rival, but when the stretch came Vlught let out another kink and romped home a winner by 12 yards. The time of 4:25 is only 3-5 of a second slower than the coast record of 4:24 2-5, made by Walter McClure of the University of Oregon a year ago."

On May 30th, at Shell Mound Park at the Caledonia picnic and games our relay team won the big cup for this event. The five men whose names now adorn the trophy are: Captain Stolz, Roth, Meyers, West and Lennon.

The diamond medal given for the last three years by Mr. P. J. Kelleher, at the annual outing of the Knights of the Red Branch, was won June 1st, for the third consecutive time by Bobby Vlught. Bobby was the only scratch man in the big event, the two-mile race, but he easily overcame one by one the several handicaps and finished an easy winner.

Incidentally we might here remark that Bobby, who has won several trophies on the track for the past four years, this year captured the gold medal for speed, and accuracy in rapid calculation in the Banking department of the college.

Our relay team brought home from the same meet a large loving cup, winning from the Pastime Club. The team consisted of Roth, Meyers, West and Lennon.

—THOMAS J. HORAN.

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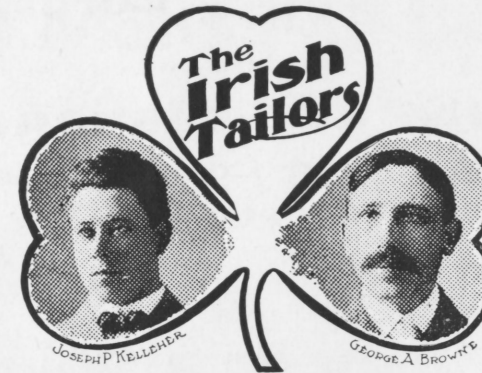


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