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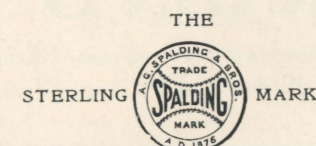
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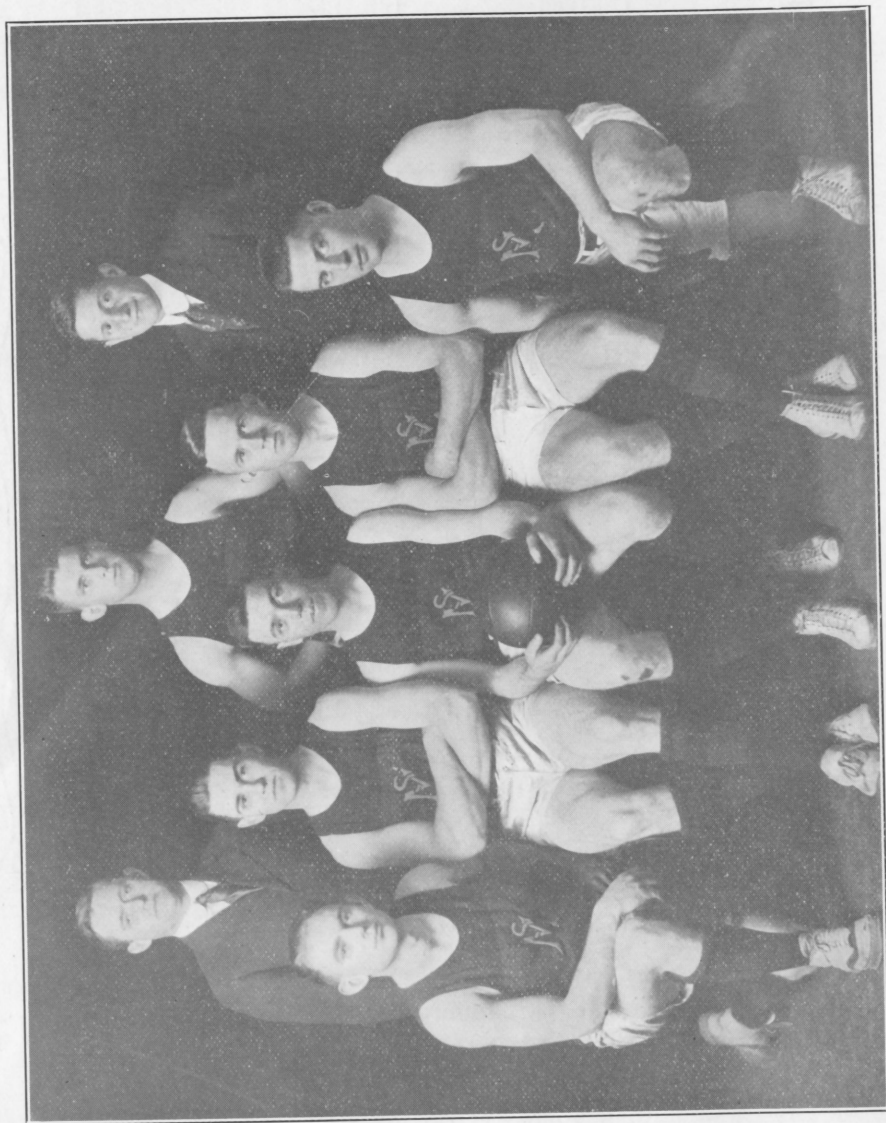
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PATRIOTISM, RELIGION AND WASHINGTON

By

Richard J. Curtis

PATRIOTISM is one of the deepest of all the emotions that move the hearts of men. It was a most potent factor guiding and inspiring the great Father of our Country. It dwells strong in the hearts of all of us today, and hand in hand with our religion should prove a guiding motive through our lives as citizens of our country.

Every man who is worthy of the name cherishes in his heart an abiding love for the land of his birth, a love so strong as to survive persecutions, a love capable of most heroic sacrifices, a love that lasts while life remains. He does not truly live who does not truly love. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," asks Walter Scott, "Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land.'?"

Who has not felt within his breast the surge of patriotic emotions? Everyone has stood, at one time or another, amid the crowds that lined the sidewalks of gaily festooned streets, and has watched parades of our country's soldiery marching to the tap of military drum, has gazed with love and reverence upon the silken folds of red and white and blue in our nation's flag, and, as the distant music of the band among those marching men filled the air with the soul-stirring strains of the Star Spangled Banner, has felt what a great and a glorious thing is patriotism.

One morning in May, a few years

ago, the American Fleet came to San Francisco. Many of us, no doubt, were among those thousands that lined the shores and cliffs of the Golden Gate on that day, eager for the first sight of the great armada. Can we ever forget the thrill of patriotism and pride in our country's glory that compassed our whole being, as one by one, in stately majesty, those powerful protectors of our American liberties steamed into sight out of the dull gray fogs that rested on the bosom of the broad Pacific? And as the great guns of the Marin and San Francisco forts, one after another boomed out their deep-throated welcomes, who was there present that did not tingle to his finger-tips with "fervent elation," and tear his throat in his endeavor to swell the paean of grand hurrahs that rose from every inch of those grassy cliffs? It was the surge of patriotism through our hearts, the quickening perhaps of the blood of revolutionary sires in our veins, it was the bursting into flame of that fervent love of country that glows in the depths of every true man's heart.

The spirit of patriotism was the spirit of '76. The war of the American Revolution was engendered through patriotism and love of liberty. Nothing but the fire of true patriotism, enkindled by the repeated injustices of English legislation, could have moved the Thirteen Colonies to abjure their allegiance to the English

crown in that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence; nothing but true patriotism could have sustained those colonies during that terrible war in which that same Declaration was baptized in the blood of American soldiery.

It was the spirit of patriotism that swept through the land on the wings of the glad tidings of American Independence and filled the hearts of young and old alike with a dauntless determination to do or die for liberty. Patriotism it was that rendered the Colonial armies of raw recruits victorious over the well trained and perfectly disciplined cohorts of mighty England; patriotism that kept alive the dying hopes of the American soldiers during that terrible winter at Valley Forge when, underfed, poorly sheltered and miserably clad, dyeing the white snows with crimson blood from broken, shoeless feet, they still clung desperately to the dim hopes of a brighter future and remained loyal to their country's cause; patriotism, in brief, that won the priceless boon of our American liberties.

His country's good was the guiding principle of the life of George Washington. The call of his country was ever the first call for him, and all his public life, whether as soldier or as statesman was unselfishly and unreservedly devoted to the welfare of the country. Washington is the type of the ideal patriot. His patriotism was the inspiration of his armies. It carried him unfaltering through the darkest of the Revolution's dark days. It made him, in the truest sense of the word, the Father of his Country.

But whence was the strength of this patriotism? How did it stand, and why did it survive adversities and trials that seemed beyond the limits of human endurance? Why, because it was founded upon Faith in God, upon religion. We hear it sometimes said that the religious man cannot be truly patriotic; that the fervent patriot can have no time for religion. For this cause is the Church often criticized, that she is all for religion and not at all for country. But are pat-

riotism and religion such mutually exclusive virtues? Let us look to Washington. No man can deny his patriotism. But what of his religion? His faith in God and his trust in Divine Providence shine through all his public career. His religion was verily the foundation of his patriotism, its sustenance and its life.

It is morally certain that no so-called patriotism not finding its foundation in religion could ever have sustained Washington during his terrible trials as Commander-in-Chief. A mere human virtue must break before the strain of those darkest days of Washington's life when he was left almost utterly alone, all but abandoned by Congress, weighed down with the heavy sorrow of the treason of Benedict Arnold, his army discontented and on the verge of mutiny, and with even a miserable conspiracy on foot to supplant him as Commander-in-Chief. Only a man whose trust was always in God, whose faith was firm in the Divine Providence, could have survived those terrible days without faltering,—days when, humanly speaking, the American cause loomed desperate indeed.

It is not hard for us to picture Washington in those trying times, worn with ceaseless worry and innumerable cares, very late at night after the candles in his quarters were extinguished, and all was still save for the measured tread of the sentry at his door, and the distant challenge of the soldiers of the watch. It is not hard for us to picture then, the great Commander-in-Chief of all the American forces going down on his knees in the presence of his God and praying earnestly, silently, long, for light from Heaven to guide his steps, and for the help of the Almighty to the success of the Colonial cause.

It was this faith in God, the foundation of his patriotism, that carried Washington to the successful culmination of the Revolution, and we find him making open and public acknowledgement of this fact throughout his addresses and messages as the country's first President.

His first inaugural address begins and ends with declarations of his trust in God. "It would be peculiarly improper to omit," he says, "in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, Who presides in the councils of nations, and Whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes." Here is fervent religion in the country's foremost patriot!

His official Proclamation for the first National Thanksgiving Day reads almost like a prayer. And throughout his eight years as the nation's Chief Executive we find the same spirit of religious patriotism ever pervading.

His Farewell Address to the American People,—that wonderfully sage instruction and prayer of a true and loving father to and for his children, breathes still the same spirit of trust in God that marked his first public utterance. "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity," he says in this remarkable document, "religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness,—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens." These words, let it be remembered, were uttered in the Eighteenth Century, a century preeminent for religious unbelief. These words constitute the last public Act of Faith of George Washington, soldier, statesman and patriot,—George Washington, whose name, as Webster says, "descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast

there shall arise an inspiration for human rights and human liberty."

George Washington was the Father of his Country. And like a true and loving father he taught his country, by word and example, those things most necessary for her peace and prosperity. We are the sons of that country, and down to us through patriotic generations comes still the message of Washington.

O let us hearken to that message! Let us not forget that we are citizens of our country, and that there devolve upon us certain definite duties towards our country, as true citizens, as true patriots. We must devote ourselves to those ideals for which Washington stood; we must fight, if necessary, for those things for which he would fight were he with us today. We are Christians; we are Catholics. But does this mean that we must not be patriots? Never let it be said! "Pro Deo, pro Patria," let our motto be,—For God and for Country! And in the spirit of true patriotism let us stand always ready to defend our country against everything tending towards the subversion of those ideals of freedom and liberty for which our fathers fought and bled. Against the insidious advances of Socialism and irreligion must our battle be, both as Christians and as patriots. And we must ever be found ready champions for the maintenance of law and order, for that development of religion and morality for which Washington so earnestly prayed. In these things will we show the world the breadth and height and depth of our fervent patriotism; by these things will be contribute, as much as in us lies, towards the preservation in all its integrity of the Government of the Republic with its priceless boon of American liberty so dearly purchased with the life-blood of the founders of our nation.



THE IRISH IN AMERICA

By

Edward M. McGlade

IN these days, when the hyphen is more or less of a national question, it is refreshing to know that there is at least one nation that has added to the population and prosperity of these United States, without the customary undercurrent of what, for the lack of a better term, can be called Toryism. If for nothing else, the Irishman in America should be immortalized for his unswerving loyalty to the land of his adoption. It is a notable fact that the Irish-American is an American first and an Irishman afterward. We, of Irish lineage, are proud of this fact, while we do not lose sight of the glorious heritage that has come down to us through the ages of history, of a nation that has held its head above that of its contemporaries, in education and civilization, and that has only been obliged to strike its standard in the face of overwhelming numbers and unjust persecution. The popular idea of the Irish, that idea that has been germinated by the pernicious practice of the so-called humorist of the magazines, and the comedian of the cheaper class of vaudeville, of maligning in picture, song and story the race of Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmett, is being rapidly displaced, at least in the minds of the intelligent, by a feeling of wholesome regard for the immigrants from the Emerald Isle.

From the earliest periods of American history the names of Irishmen, and the heroic deeds done by men of Irish birth, have constituted a continuous litany to the glory of this race. Known throughout the world as the "fighting race," ready at all times to take up any cause that is just, we find Irishmen, and men of Irish ancestry, in the front ranks of our own country, against the common foe, England, at the time of the American Revolution. When our forefathers threw off the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or a seventh of the entire population

of the country, and one fourth of the commissioned officers in the army were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a British fort by land, were Irishmen. As William Matthews, in "Hours With Men and Books," says:

"With such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the Green Isle espouse the cause of liberty that Lord Mountjoy declared in Parliament, 'You lost America by the Irish.' We will not speak of the physical development of America, to which two generations of Irish laborers have contributed; we will confine ourselves to the men of brain who have leavened the mass of bone and sinew by which our material prosperity has been worked out. Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzsimmons, and the McKeans, of the Revolution? Whence came such men as Andrew Jackson, J. C. Calhoun and McDuffie, of a later day? Whence the projector of the Erie Canal, the inventor of the first steamboat, and the builder of the first American railroad?"

In almost every walk of life, wherever the qualities of steadfastness and determination of purpose are requisite, we find men with Celtic blood in their veins in the van, fighting civilization's battles, and overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties, difficulties that would balk one who was not fortified with the blood of centuries of fighting ancestors. The strength of any nation lies in the grandeur of its traditions, and there is no race that brings to the Melting Pot of America traditions that even approach the grandeur of those of the Irish. When the rest of Europe was wallowing in the mire of ignorance, Ireland was sending forth her teachers and her monks to enlighten the world. That her knowl-

edge and learning has not been continued is owing to the fact that she has been sadly deprived of the opportunities that are her just due. Here in America, it is the children of Irish parents that are the brightest scholars, and some of the most famous men of learning of our day are those in whose veins courses the blood that dates back to the days of Brian Boru.

Contrary to the belief in some circles, and contrary to the allegations made by bigoted parties, the Irishman in America comes about as close to the requirements of an ideal citizen as it is possible for a man to come to an ideal. In fact, statistics show that there is less crime among the Irish population of the United States than among any other nationality; that they are among the lowest in the records for drunkenness, and that as moral offenders they are possessed of practically a clean bill of health. This is a record of which any nation may be proud, and one that will tend to give the lie to the malingers of the immigrants from the Emerald Isle. The trouble is that it is only at times such as these around the annual celebrations of St. Patrick's Day that we realize these things, when they are literally forced down our throats, while for the rest of the year the high standard set by the Irish is forgotten, and the individual slips of members of our Irish colonies form our criterion of the race. While not as temperamental as the Latin races, still the Irish are considerably more high strung and more complex intellectually than the phlegmatic German or the stolid Scandinavian. Mentally, they are finely balanced, but it takes but little to seriously disturb that balance. The Irishman is a born leader, and he cannot tolerate perpetual subordination. He must be up and doing, planning and directing the execution of great things, not doing the inferior and menial work. We find many Irish in menial positions, it is

true, but not because they wish it, but because of conditions that force them into these positions. Furthermore, if you put him in one of these positions, where there is any possibility of advancement, he is the first to grasp his opportunities and better himself. This ambition is another characteristic of the race, and it crops out particularly in parents who have been deprived of the chance themselves, but who stint themselves in order that their children may enjoy the educational advantages that they themselves were denied.

At present those citizens of Celtic extraction form the largest constituent part of the population of the United States, and we are particularly fortunate that this is the case. To so eulogize a race may seem prejudicial, but on second consideration it can be readily seen that it is not. While we welcome and have need of all good citizens, no matter from whence they come, still it is a fact that those from Ireland bring with them a richer dowry to the prosperity of our country. The ideal American is a product of that Melting Pot that the present trouble in Europe seemed to cause to bubble over for a while, as if the ingredients were not fusing properly, but that has since subsided to a great extent, and that is being leavened by the Celt. In the past conditions have been propitious for America in so far that they were such that they practically forced emigration from Ireland, but now, with the turn that things have taken, and with the improvement of conditions on the "old sod," it would appear that the influx of Irish was due to be on the wane, and as a result America will suffer. But there is a consolation in the fact that this influx will not stop entirely, and that there are enough Irish in America to maintain here the proud position attained by their compatriots throughout the world.



A SHAKESPEAREAN RECITAL

Brother Leo gave a Shakespearean Recital in San Francisco on March 6. The following is taken from "Town Talk" and written by the brilliant editor, Theodore F. Bonnet, A. B., A. M., '82.

ELOCUTION depending on technical cunning and its own simple elements unfortified by any thrill or lure apart, usually leaves one cold. Even Shakespeare rendered by an elocutionist does not grip like Shakespeare read by oneself. Often have I heard the dialogues of Shakespeare declaimed; often have I admired the execution and been coldly appreciative, but the other night I had a new and pleasant experience. At a recital of Shakespeare I was aglow with the response of mind and heart. On this occasion I was made to realize, as never before, how unimportant are scenery and costume when one yields his imagination to the magic appeal of the great dramatist. After all, the main thing is the art that speaks to the senses through the brain, and it does not matter so very much whether it be the art of the actor or the art of the recitationist. But when it is the art of the recitationist it must have the touches and the qualities that distinguished the performance of Brother Leo, the performance I so greatly enjoyed at Y. M. I. Hall. Brother Leo, I will digress to remark, is a man we should see more of now that we are in the year of Shakespeare tercentenary. This is a year of Shakespearean revivals, and there is to be much lip-service to Shakespeare. Now Brother Leo is able to put us on good terms with Shakespeare. He is worth while not merely because he is able to lead us into the atmosphere of the plays and induce us to linger with him at Elsinore or in the Forest of Arden, but because he is able to talk to us critically and entertainingly between dialogues. The average actor, or the average elocutionist, as somebody has pointed out, cannot detach himself from his work. His medium is him-

self, and he is concerned only about his impersonation. In the estimation of the actor, the dramatist is of little consequence. To the public the actor appeals for himself. Brother Leo is a quite different sort of person. He is not an actor, but a man of letters; quite a distinguished man of letters, though almost unknown in our so-called circles hereabouts. He enjoys the high distinction of being one of the contributors to Macmillan's Pocket Classics. In that valuable series is to be found "The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas A'Kempis, Edited with Introduction and Notes by Brother Leo, F. S. C., professor of English Literature in St. Mary's College, Oakland, California." Brother Leo's delight is that of his vocation, and when he emerges from the classroom to appear on the stage it is to pay homage to great literary genius. He detaches himself from his work to talk about its creator. He recites, not like the actor, to win applause for himself, but to exemplify the genius of the dramatist. But his success is in proportion to his art, the art of the elocutionist, a ripe, mellow art, that demands rare fertility in significant and delicate modulations of the voice. Brother Leo has the voice, the manner, the mimicry to portray alternately two characters, and to produce the illusion of two, and sometimes of three, persons engaged in conversation, though manifestly there is but one before you. There is a great charm in this performance. There is charm in the finesse of it. There is charm in the recitationist's sonorous, flexible voice, his liquid articulation of every syllable and the colloquial quickness by which he gives them color, diversity and warmth. Brother Leo loves the savor of words on the tongue, and enjoys their beauty and

expressiveness. Unlike the average recitationist he cares naught for the effects that the actor delights in. His performance is intellectual. He is as sparing with his effects as Shakespeare was of his words. He avoids acting when the difficult thing is not to act. Depending chiefly on modulations and intonations, he is more inclined to over-restraint than to ex-

cess; but his changes of expression are not lacking in significance. To me the art of Brother Leo was a revelation, but what shall I say of his feat of memory? He gave us scene after scene from Julius Caesar, As You Like It, Othello and Hamlet and, though he was on the stage two and one-half hours, he never faltered once for a word.



AFTERMATH OF EXPOSITION ART

By

Eugene J. Irwin

THE beautiful, "God's trademark in creation," has been ever distinctive in its effects upon the lives of men. When the Greeks, previous to the time of the first Olympiad, visited the lands across the Mediterranean, they beheld the beautiful Egyptian temples with their pictorial decorations and were filled with awe and inspiration. And with them on their homeward journey, they brought the ideas which converted their rude huts into magnificent structures, which transformed their architecture from the crude to the attractive—from the uncouth to the beautiful. A span of some three centuries after this, Parrhasius and Apelles did much to advance a love for the beautiful in their time. Unfortunately, however, but few worthy successors followed to counteract the decline of the Hellenistic period. Consequently art and its constituent, the production of good canvases, fell into decline. And thus has run the story of art from the beginning. At different periods in history men were anxious and did surround themselves with good paintings. The Middle Ages have come and gone, but the aesthetic taste has remained despite the countless conflicting obstacles. And so there has arisen in our own time and among our own people a greater appreciation

of art. In passing we can liken it to the flashes of ancient appreciation. Whence emanates this sudden burst of increased appreciation, of which we are all aware? In and near the western metropolis, since the opening and closing of the world-welcoming portals of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, there has been a tenfold increased interest in art and its many relations.

Art stores and libraries confirm the assertion that since the advent of the Exposition interest in art has forged to the fore by leaps and bounds. Nor has the desire for good pictures and art literature been confined to the matured minds, for there has been a surprisingly large call among children. Getting a child interested in a great painting is not as easy as it might be believed. For the standard of appreciation of the average child has been perverted. The gaudily colored and poorly drawn comic supplements of our Sunday papers generously contribute to this defect. Wrong impressions of art are thus engendered in the child's mind. And because they are wrong impressions and because they are instilled into the growing mind, they are dangerous.

The wonderful paintings of such men as Whistler and Chase, not considering for the moment the remark-

able work of Duveneck, Sargent and Keith, has in an almost unexplainable manner influenced the critical art students who often spent hours in the presence of these masters.

The marvelous "Lady With the White Shawl," by William M. Chase, showed this versatile artist at his best. The graceful flowing contours, the gentle face of the middle aged woman, who looks upon the observer with a fascinating appeal, draws us, aye, fairly drags us before her. And the closer we scrutinize this master work the more is unfolded to us. The influence is uncanny in its potency.

Although the best work of Whistler was not at the Exposition, yet, what was there was characteristic of this master, who cast such a remarkable influence over the contemporary painters. Here we saw him as the portraitist with his faces and figures that emerge from a soft black background, very much as one sees a person in gathering twilight. Here we saw him with his subtle rendering of refinement of manner, posture of figure, and harmonies to which he often makes his subject subservient.

The elevating influence that the paintings of these men had upon the Fine Arts' visitors was immediate. Scores of people made studies of these masterpieces. And such a study taught the critical to see what constituted a good picture; comparison showed the weakness of the less prolific painters, and a right perspective of art was rendered its true significance. The nudes, which were scattered in such surprising profusion, helped, by their contrast in value, to make one appreciate those canvases of a less questionable theme.

Another benefit to accrue to the influence of the presence of the great paintings might be regarded from a financial standpoint. Those persons who seemed to possess an almost in-

exhaustable supply of lucre to lavish in the purchase of monstrosities under the guise of real art, were enabled to correct their ideas and regard a painting for its intrinsic value. They were emphatically taught to look elsewhere than the price tag for the real merits of the picture. Then, too, they became aware of the fundamental requisites of a laudable canvas, and further they learned that proportion, harmony, and technique are words used to describe something other than a two hundred dollar frame about a two dollar picture.

The thriving influence thus given birth will necessitate competent critics, who will do much toward spreading an augmented appreciation of good art. Let me add in passing that I refer to constructive not destructive criticism. For already too much attention has been given to the exaggeration of minor into serious faults.

With the great masses, who are unable to buy expensive paintings, the Exposition acted in the broadest sense, as a teacher. The Palace of Fine Arts with its bounteous treasures will be the great reference gallery for the works of the masters. The desire for more and better art thus engendered by the advent of the Exposition will eventually make our western metropolis and the entire bay region an unrivaled art center.

Again we rejoice that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition blest our Pacific coast with its presence, not wholly because it left many valuable paintings with us, rather because it has brought to bloom a new and greater love of the beautiful in art. It is with joy in our hearts that we think of this, in remembering what pleasure thrilled us as we viewed the pictured walls of the Fine Arts galleries. May the joy thrive in our hearts, and may the memory ever linger and widen the breadth of our vision, and leave in its wake impressions which will benefit posterity.



DUE TO THE FOG

By

William J. Feneran

WE do not vouch for the veracity of this story. We tell it as it was told to us by a warden of the "Blotch upon the Bay of San Francisco," Alcatraz Island. If, after reading this story, you doubt it, we recommend that you consult the warden and demand his proof. He will show you the subject and a part of the setting; as for the plot:

Things were rather quiet down on the Mexican border; the Rebels were tired of revolting; the Federalists, of crushing the revolts, while the brigands and bad men seemed to have been swallowed up in the torrid atmosphere of sleepy Mexico.

Consequently there was little to do for the half hundred troopers stationed at Fort Scott. This caused much rejoicing among the troopers, who spent their time in reading, sewing and writing poetry. The one exception to this mode of existence was a wiry built Irishman, answering to the name of McDurgan—just a regular fighting specimen of soldier. Six feet, hot-headed and red-topped. And this last was the reason for the prefix "Sandy" to the name McDurgan.

At the first glance there wasn't much to praise about "Sandy." He was quiet, peaceful and looked almost religious. But alongside of him, the European war, Jess Willard and a Family Affair were akin to and resembled a tea party, Mr. Ford and a Sunday School meeting. Mention "Sandy" McDurgan's name to an officer and he reached for the book of punishments. Mention it to a trooper and he whooped in expectation of a rough-house. "Sandy" was a terror. He was the 1920 model of a fourteen cylinder fighting Irishman and he didn't need the bracing influence of "Dutch Courage." He was a thorn in the Mexican side of the government. And why? Oh, he used to get the idea of riding over into Mexico and creating the general atmosphere of a

revolution. He would flirt with senoritas to make senors jealous. He would ridicule and revile Mexicans to make them fight. And this was the cause of his downfall.

Many writers have given us the idea that all Mexicans are knife-carriers, bull throwers and cowards. Not a bit of it. I have seen some that couldn't play the mandolin, didn't smoke cigarettes and could fight like they meant it.

This last was the pitfall of McDurgan. He crept out of barracks one night and made his way over the line into Mexico. One hour later his absence was noticed and a guard patrolled the boundary waiting for his return.

"Sandy" started the evening with the usual diversion of smiling upon the belles of Northern Mexico. Tiring of this, he looked at his pistol and then rode south into the part of the town forbidden to American soldiers. There was quite a crowd gathered in the place that night and so "Sandy" wasn't noticed as he slipped in and strode up to the bar; that is, he was noticed by only one man, claimed by many to be the bravest man in Mexico. This Mexican knew "Sandy," had heard of his reputation and well understood the meaning of notched guns.

Later that night, for all his knowledge, he was not fast enough with his own gun, and "Sandy" proved that he could not stand to be called a liar. "Sandy" reached the border, pursued by curses, bullets and a posse.

He rode into the arms of Lieutenant Cordan and his guard.

The court-martial found "Sandy" guilty of murder and three other crimes against Mexico, United States and the deceased. And on consulting "Sandy's" record, the judges decided that a change of climate would be best. So they sent him away for a brief period, twenty years, and

"Sandy" came to the military prison on the Pacific Coast, Alcatraz Island.

The Island received "Sandy" with open doors, then closed and locked them, and the world was relieved for a time of "Sandy's" obnoxious person.

Now, it is thought to be almost impossible for a prisoner to escape from Alcatraz. The Island is far removed from adjoining lands and there is a strong current plying around it which causes the convict to think many times before he tries to escape and after thinking he rarely tries. The ocean forms the exterior wall of the prison, and on the island the prison itself is surrounded by a wall, which is constantly guarded, and the ring of sentries who watch the shore almost make escape impossible. Yes, they made it almost hard for "Sandy."

"Sandy" behaved nicely for five years, then the surroundings became distasteful; his associates bored him; he wanted to let off steam; he wanted to escape. This idea of escape became a mania and he hatched ideas and plotted and saw his hatchings and plottings become fruitless. The more impossible seemed the idea, the more he became resolved to escape. He became quite friendly with another long-termers and finally he told him of his plans and hopes. This other had been a cavalry man from somewhere, and he had done something for which somebody had sent him, of course unjustly, to Alcatraz. He fell in with the idea of escape and it was through the plan he offered that finally they did escape.

This friend of "Sandy," Roden by name, had a friend who came every Thursday to visit him. On the next visit "Sandy" was brought in and the plan and he were introduced to the visitor. It was a simple plan and one that seemed to be workable because it was so simple. The friend was to get a row-boat and on the first foggy night row out to Little Alcatraz and "Sandy" and Roden would succeed in getting out to meet him. Having heartily agreed to the plan the visitor left and "Sandy" and Roden waited for the first foggy night. They hadn't long to wait.

Californians boast of their climate, they smile at their fog. Beside the veil of heavy white that comes creeping in from the Farralones, the fogs of London tremble with jealousy and melt sadly away. The renowned San Francisco fog comes creeping in slowly like the advancing army of long dead soldiers. It comes in slowly, fills every corner and becomes as a wet blanket that casts its spell of gloom and chilliness on rich and poor alike. In San Francisco the streets become damp as if with rain, the electric lights lose their value as illuminations, and you, who travel in the maze of dampy whiteness, are like persons who work apart, they neither see nor are seen, hear nor are heard. And over it all booms the warning voice of the fog horns and a medley of smaller whistles from the wharves. The fog of San Francisco defies comparison—it is unique, so peculiarly Western.

On Sunday night the fog stole in slowly from the Golden Gate and by five o'clock Alcatraz was hidden in a white shroud. Of course the guards were doubled and more precautions taken, but by seven o'clock the two fugitives had succeeded in reaching the shore line and they now prepared for their icy swim to Little Alcatraz, a small rock some quarter of a mile from Alcatraz, unknown to many Californians, and I dare say to many people of San Francisco. The thoughts of "Sandy" and Roden centered upon the escape to this small rock or island. Silently they hunted along the beach for drift logs and then tying their clothes to the logs they slipped off into the icy waters.

As the guard on Alcatraz called the hour of eight, "Sandy's" log grounded on the small island, and, calling softly to Roden, they both stepped out upon the rock. It was piercing cold and they beat their bodies with their arms as they tried to force the blood into circulation. They had hardly adjusted themselves to their position when a faint call from the fog announced the arrival of their friend, who brought warm clothes and something which to them seemed better in the form of drink.

They both downed the contents of the bottle and, hastily dressing themselves, put off and rowed toward San Francisco, past Yerba Buena Island, past the ferry boats, past the battle-ships, past the wharves, and finally they landed at Meigg's Landing, where they assumed the disguise of fishermen by packing some discarded fish-nets found lying close by. The disguise suited well because they were not noticed by people on the streets, and so they safely reached the haven of refuge known as North Beach. Here a council was held as to the best ways and means of evading pursuit and capture, for of being pursued they were certain; while as to capture—they laughed at the idea.

After a conference the trio decided to go to Chinatown and remain there for a few weeks and then leave the country. The friend, who had helped the escape, had a friend and he promised to see him and pay him a small sum for allowing them to hide in his shop. This friend, whom, due to the state of our mind, we shall call Blank, left them and returned in an hour with the news that they could stay underneath an opium joint on Clay street provided they would remain inside the rooms and show themselves to none, not even to the smokers or "hoppers." To this they agreed, and leaving Columbus Square they came unnoticed to the Clay street opium joint, where they "sank like ghosts of a pipe dream down, into the cellars of Chinatown."

There they stayed while above them was carried on the hue and the cry, the hunt of the fugitive. California was swept clean in the hunt for them, vessels were searched, dives were scoured, and patrol after patrol was sent ashore in the search for the convicts.

Then came the papers. They predicted an avenue of escape wide open on Alcatraz; they laughed at the prison system; they roasted and toasted the authorities, both military and civil; they ridiculed the idea of escape being impossible, and the chance of capture being sure. They taunted,

jeered, and scourged, until tired men began again the search of hotels, resorts, and likely refuge places. Even Chinatown was ransacked, but not thoroughly. For who can ransack the City within a city? And as for information, Chinatown covered the sought and lied.

While all this was going on above, the causes of all the trouble were securely hidden and living on the fat of the land. They had magazines and papers to read, and the cards were always at hand for the ever welcome diversion of a game. Their meals were brought to them by a Chinaman and they had the best that their friend outside could provide. As for amusement, they took turns reading the papers to each other and commenting on the items in the news. Thus, for example, went their criticism and judgment:

"I see, Roden," "Sandy" would say, "that a cargo of dynamite disappeared from Peterson's wharf yesterday. 'Tis thought that the thieves have shipped it into the warring countries for some one nation."

And from the depths of the paper Roden would say, "Yes, and I see where all the boats going out of Frisco are being watched for that same load of dynamite. And look at this. A foreign warship has been spied off the Golden Gate and the officials of the port are watching, so as to prevent any suspected vessel in the harbor from going out."

And the answer would be, "Well, as long as they don't stop us, let them go ahead a-stopping all the vessels. And is there anything in the paper about us?"

And they would chuckle with glee as they read the accounts, now growing smaller and scarcer, of the efforts to trace the two fugitives.

So life went on for these ex-soldiers and no doubt all might have been well had they not resolved to have a glimpse at the room above them and to see, if possible, some of the smokers. After an hour of persuasion the Chinese waiter allowed them to come up to the room.

The room, as all such are, was half full of a sweet-smelling blue smoke. Through this haze a glimpse of the cots around the room could be seen with the recumbent figures upon them. The majority of these figures were those of Chinese, but, as they looked, the body on the cot nearest them turned and a face stared with its dull glassy eyes into theirs, a face that caused them to dash for the door and seek the safety of the room below.

"Did you see him?" gasped Roden.

"I did," answered "Sandy." "It's the guard from the Island. I had a hunch he was a fiend and now it's captured men we are."

"Not yet," said Roden. "I think he is drugged with the dope and he won't wake up for a couple of days. But it's you and me for out of here. We leave now and get a boat right away. Give me that paper—here—yes, here's one, leaving for Australia tonight. We'll make that boat. The Chink up above will furnish the money and I'll give him a note to Blank, who will pay him for all he gives us. The boat leaves at—let's see—eight o'clock, and we have now nice time to make it."

As Roden had said, the Chink furnished them money and they swept out into the open air. Truly, Fate was playing tricks with them. Still stretched on the cot was a man who resembled the warden, but who hadn't heard of Alcatraz. But, if Fate was bad in this respect, it was better in the treatment of them now. For they stepped out into a fog that quickly enveloped them and hid them from each other. Truly, they dealt in fogs. Eight o'clock found them on board the "Musitonia" as passengers in the steerage, and barely twenty minutes later the boat weighed anchor and set out into the white darkness.

Now, if ever, they should have been safe, but the Chinese devils of doubt were in them, and they remembered all the dangers through which they would have to pass.

"I don't like the idea of leaving the refuge behind," said "Sandy." "When we get out on the sea we are liable

to meet a submarine, and, as we are packing guns, we shall be fired upon. It's right the enemy is, but I don't like it."

"Wait till you get out on the sea," said Roden. "I know we aren't going to get out of the harbor; bad 'cess to that hop-head warden."

And then the cogs of life slipped back into their usual rut; they slipped back, by such a little thing, too. Did you ever notice how little things upset the routine and the rules of life? How often do we use the little word, although it's half of 1(if)e (life), "if"? If he had done this. It we hadn't done that. If this, If that; If she; If, If, If. The cry of the damned must be If.

In this case If "Sandy" and Roden hadn't had imaginations, If they had known more about vessels, If they—Oh, what's the use—they had, they didn't and they—well.

The gigantic ship slowed up as it swung far out into the bay, and as it neared the Golden Gate it stopped and went through that process known as "taking on the pilot." That was all the ship did, but the imagination of "Sandy" and his pal did otherwise.

"Tis stopping, the vessel is," said "Sandy." "Do you remember about what you read? About them searching for munitions and that load of dynamite? 'Tis searched she'll be, and we'll be found and taken back to the jail. Let's get out of it, man. Come on."

"Wait," said Roden when they had reached the deck. "Here's a small boat alongside and here's a rope ladder that leads down to it. Climb down, 'Sandy,' and I'll follow you and we'll get out of this."

Silently they climbed into the little pilot's boat and barely had they cut the rope when the "Musitania" puffed ahead on her way through the Gate.

A council of war was held and it was decided to put out in the general direction of Marin County, which lay somewhere off youder through the still heavy veil of fog. Hour after hour they rowed and it was finally decided that, as "Sandy" put it, "they were

within hailing distance of the Philippines." Suddenly right in front of them the shore line loomed up. The boat grounded, and they stepped out once more on dry land. Kicking the boat adrift, with the strategical idea of covering their tracks, they started to walk slowly up the shore.

"Where to now, 'Sandy'?" said Roden. "Search me where I'm going. Any place, say I, but back to Alcatraz."

"You're right," said "Sandy." "Any place but Alcatraz. Let's be moving on." Then, a moment later. "Do yer know, Roden, I don't like this place, yer know, the sidewalk and the bushes looks fam"—and his voice died in his

throat as a lantern was flashed in his face.

"What de yer want?" "Sandy" snarled.

"Who goes?" came the reply, and then a voice called out loudly: "Post No. 1! Post No. 1!"

There was a sound of running feet, more lanterns flashed and a voice came from farther back in the fog.

"What's the excitement, sentinel?"

And the man who had first flashed the light, called out:

"Right here, Corporal. We have visitors. Roden and 'Sandy' McDurgan have come back to Alcatraz. Hands up, prisoners."

The hands went up.



COLUMBIA'S TOAST TO ERIN

H IBERNIA, hail! This Patrick's Day
I tend a toast to thee—
Of wishes welling from my heart,
The deepest—Be thou free!

Yea, Erin, free from tyrant rule,
And free from strife within;
The foes that strike internally
Commit the greater sin.

And be thou free from godless reign,
When godless men have might;
A people only then is free
Who wills to do the right.

Again I greet thee, Erin, friend—
True friend of childhood's year;
And as a friend speaks to a friend—
I hold thee, Erin, dear.

RICHARD J. DORAN.

AN IRISH FEIS

By

Thomas Allison

ONE of the most beautiful and inspiring events one could wish to attend is an Irish Feis. The Feis was originally an assembly, or Convention such as that which met at Tara in the reign of Aed, son of Ainmire, who reigned as king of Ireland in the years between 572 and 599. This convention met to discuss the banishment of the bards of Erin who, the assembly thought, were becoming too numerous.

Irish music, in the middle ages, was superior to that of all other nations, and song played a very important part in the lives of the Irish people. It is possible that this love of song is responsible for bringing out all their refinements of art.

The modern Feis, or assembly of music, is the result of the work of a society founded in Dublin in 1897, for the encouragement of the native music and literature. This institution, besides proving a source of great enjoyment to the people, is doing a great deal in the direction of strengthening the spirit of Ireland.

Each county has its own Feis, and on the day fixed for the event, the Feis centre, which is usually the county seat, is beautifully decorated with flags and banners. The various arms of the clans being prominent everywhere.

From a very early hour in the morning the people begin to assemble. Special trains bring thousands to the town in which the Feis is to be held. Jaunting cars and brakes, filled to their utmost capacity, come from every part of the county to add to the numbers taking part in the festival. Everywhere there is a great glow of color. The old Irish dress is very much in evidence. Purple, green, and saffron are the favorite colors in the loose and flowing robes with which most of the competitors and spectators are arrayed. Dozens of bands add to the gaiety of the scene, and march at

the head of the contingents from the outlying districts of the Feis area.

The Feis proper opens with an address, semi-political, inasmuch as it reiterates the Irish national position through the Gaelic League. Then the competitions open. Fifes, brass and stringed instruments play, and in one of the little white tents that dot the green turf amongst the trees, the judges of the various contests prepare the awards.

Meanwhile, in another part of the grounds, dancing platforms have been erected, and the competitors engage in the dances of the Gael. These dances are performed by couples, threes, fours and even sixteens, to the applause of the thousands of spectators who are ranged around each particular event.

Further on, in the buildings attached to the Feis grounds, school competitions are held, and great numbers of children are being examined individually and in classes as to their knowledge of Irish,

"That sweet old tongue,
That dear old tongue,
Fond memories around it in the past have
clung.

When Druid's hymn was chanted,
And the barbaric song was sung,
The language of our Fathers was the dear
old tongue."

In other parts of the grounds, competitions in history are going on, and then, in still other parts, there are competitions in the old Irish games.

The spectacular events of the Feis, however, are the hurling and the football matches, which usually take place between the two champion counties of all Ireland.

The kilt is everywhere in evidence and the grounds, thronged with immaculately dressed coleens, resemble a veritable fairy glen.

Story writing and story telling contests are always a big feature, and these bring a great many contestants. Each one entered for the competition mounts a rostrum, and tells a story

of his own composition in Irish. In this particular feature, the competitors are marked very closely, and all stories must be told in perfect Irish. The literary part of the Feis is, of course, the principal part of the Festival, and those taking part in it have been preparing their papers for months before the date set for the Feis. The papers have to be handed in at least six weeks before the opening date. They are thoroughly examined by masters of the Irish language, and at the Feis proper, the winners are announced and the prizes are presented. The competitions include historical and industrial essays, also ethnological and etymological contributions.

The competitions continue throughout the day, and at night great concerts are held, to which the prize winners as well as outside talent contribute.

The second day is given to military display. The Irish Volunteers perform military evolutions, take part in shooting contests, and engage in other forms of sport popular in the barracks.

The Feis usually lasts three days, and at its close a monster reception, concert and ball are given. At the concert, the selections from the old operas are made more beautiful through their being rendered in the musical language of the Gael.

Few foreigners, while touring the "Land of Saints and Scholars," ever have the good luck to arrive at a time when the Feis is being held, but those who are fortunate enough to have attended one, never leave the scene without being inspired by the thoroughly Irish spirit, and generosity of a people whose love of country is unsurpassed.



CONQUERING THE PANAMA SLIDES

By

George V. McKeever

AN all water way through the Isthmus of Panama has long been the goal of engineers, shippers and navigators. And this project has not been confined in its interest to the navigators and commercial men of one nation. Ever since Balboa learned how narrow was the strip of land that separated the Atlantic from the Pacific, a desire has existed to tear aside the barrier and bring together, for sake of commerce, the two great waters. Lives by the thousands, dollars by the millions, have been sacrificed in the endeavor to effect this change. But it was not until the United States Government took up the stupendous project in 1904 that it became regarded as probable. Even then, from all parts of

the world, there was a confusion and a conflict of opinions. In this brief paper we will devote our attention to one of those ideas which was brought to light during that period of interesting speculation.

A body of New York engineers put forth the theory that if the proposed Panama Canal was rapidly completed and opened in ten years trouble, in the nature of slides and geological peculiarities, would be the result. Our present experience might lead us to believe that there was much truth in the prediction.

The canal to be dug, and dug properly, was apparently more than a ten year task. The reason the task is increased from its present enormity is due primarily to the peculiar geologi-

cal conditions of the isthmanian terra firma. And at present this is the reason why the United States and the world is not realizing the use of the famed engineering feat of the century. The canal has been closed since September, 1915, and to date there is no definite knowledge as to when it will be re-opened. General George Goethals wants to dig between ten and fifteen million yards off the steep banks of Gold Hill and Contractor's Hill; by so doing, he maintains, the slides will be conquered and commerce again resumed. Unfortunately, the soil of the canal zone is of a treacherous character, and at present is the big problem for the engineers to compute. Up to date General Goethals seems to be the one man who is able to combat these difficulties. Had the Government in 1908 followed the advice of Goethals great expense would have been saved. He recommended as a solution for the slides of Gaillard, then known as Culebra Cut, the terracing of the hill down to an average slope of one on five. His advice was slighted. As a consequence, in 1910, 5,000,000 yards moved into the canal at this point. Goethals was then allowed to trim the bank as he originally proposed and today the Gaillard is in splendid working order.

The latest trouble occurred at Gold Hill, which is some six hundred feet high. This cut has been giving trouble similar to that of Gaillard and has been gradually moving since the spring of 1913. But dredges have kept apace with the movement, keeping the Canal navigable until September, 1915. At this time the east bank of Gold Hill began moving into the channel and from reports it is the worst slide since the Canal opened.

Summing up the reports of the Canal problem, some are inclined to pass a hurried and severe judgment upon General Goethals. But a dip into the history of the Canal with its numerous and apparently insurmountable difficulties will vindicate the man who has been thus rashly judged. Truly General Goethals is all that the prefix of his name implies. Fighting

the slides of Panama requires skill, courage and efficiency. Banks, which were pronounced by the world's greatest geologists and scientists to be as sound as Gibraltar, have toppled over in a single night as though the hand of the Almighty had acted. General Goethals has met such striking reverses as these month after month, but he has fought resolutely on. At one time last year, when the Canal was in working order, he thought of retiring and sent in his resignation as Governor of Panama. But when he heard of the Gold Hill trouble he immediately withdrew his resignation until the Canal should again be cleared. To assist General Goethals in this momentous problem President Wilson has designated the National Academy of Science to send a commission to solve the slides and make a report to Congress. Among those chosen are such men as: John C. Branner, former president of Leland Stanford Junior University; Harry Reid, Professor of Geology at Johns Hopkins University; Arthur Davis, Chief Engineer of the United States Reclamation Service; and numerous other equally eminent authorities on the subject.

This body of scientists left for the Canal last December, but to date their report has not been published. They, no doubt, will make a thorough and exhaustive study of the geological formation of the country before sending their solution to Washington. Meanwhile dredges and steam shovels are working continuously, removing an average of 1,000,000 cubic yards a month. All the ships that waited at the Canal have passed through, the last being the Newton, which found passage on January sixth.

With General Goethals and this body of America's most able engineers behind him the slides and the treacheries of the Canal should soon be overcome. And we have confidence enough in this able group of engineers to believe that the plan they choose will conquer permanently the slides of the Panama Canal.

RETRIBUTION

By

Leo A. Cunningham

SIX months vacation seemed—in the mind of George Parnell—to rival an eternity of unbroken bliss.

For truly, fifteen years in Siberia, next to life in the crude, was somewhat removed from the most pleasant existence. But the goal was won. He could return to his home, he could sail again to his native shores of America, and, what to him was paramount, he could sail as a man of importance in the world of men. Not that George Parnell had sacrificed everything in the chase for worldly gain, far from it. He was a cultured gentleman and a thorough Christian. His experience among the Tomki mine workers had driven home the value of these characteristics. From a mucker of the lowest scale he had now come to be considered the man of intrinsic power among the silver diggers of the Tomki. He was superintendent; he was a man who spoke little, but a man who directed with all the strength and success that marks the true manager. His consistency, his manly methods, and his determined efforts had won him wealth, power and now a six months' vacation. And before him there arose but one goal and that was his home in America.

There were days on the Pacific, which were pleasant beyond compare. He was confirmed in the belief that the great ocean had been rightly christened the Pacific. On those days when the expanse of the watery horizon seemed to offer up a thanksgiving for its peacefulness, Parnell engaged himself in the wonderment of it all. And over and over in his mind he turned the events of his past life. He pictured himself as he was in the days of his high school years. How foolish it all looked to him now, and yet how cherished were these thoughts. Again he saw his father, a staunch adherent of Puritanical rig-

idity. And then, as the palace of the seas glided steadily through the great waters, he returned in memory to the events which had played so important a part in his life.

And so before him on the panorama of his fancies he beheld again the events of the days that were. Before him was his father, strict and unforgiving; before him was his school with its multiplicity of mingled joys and sorrows; and before him, too, was himself, who was suffering in throes of misguided puppy affection for a little girl in the class below him.

All endeavors on the part of George's father to break this affection were futile. And so one day George found himself suddenly taken from school. He left a class in which he was neither famous for scholarship nor notorious for deficiency, to work as a clerk at Abraham's Merchandise Store. Like nearly all youngsters suffering from such a malady, he fondled his grievance and stubbornly refused to have his idol torn from him. For several months he worked and for several months he turned over his weekly earnings to his mother. But just then, when he had reconciled himself with the compromise of going to work, chaos, with all its diversity was thrown into the Parnell home. He, George, had failed to turn in all the money in his care in order that he might brighten the birthday of his girl friend by presenting a gold wrist-watch. A step from the righteous path in many cases makes a sneak of a man. George was no exception. He was suspected, turned over to the probation officer, and after an admission of his guilt and a promise never to repeat such an action, he was allowed to return home—without a job. George could still hear the entreaties of his mother as she pleaded with Mr. Parnell to forgive his boy. The an-

swer was, "No, a thief will not stop at anything, and there is no room here for such an ingrate." And so George left. On the ship that carried him to the Orient was a certain Mr. Dowling, chief engineer for the Tomki mines. He became interested in the boy and invited him to go to work at the mines. To George it seemed as though this man were sent from heaven. And so for fifteen years, George Parnell had toiled and endured the drastic hardships of Siberia. But he had won, and was now homeward bound.

He was happy, and often as he walked along the deck he chuckled to himself about the foolish affection which had cost him so much. But it was all past now. And soon he would be laughing over it with his dear old dad. He was coming back a man—who had been principally schooled under the tutelage of that unflinching taskmaster—experience. He was coming back a man who could enrich his parents and fill their coffers with gold that they might meet their declining years with dignity.

After the most pleasant voyage his life had yet afforded him, he landed in San Francisco and immediately took overland passport to his home in Hornitos. Ordinarily, the ride to this mountain village is dreaded by those who have made it, but to Mr. Parnell, superintendent of the Tomki mines, it contributed its share of joy. Soon he would be home, soon he could clasp his arms about his mother and father. And now as his mind flitted back over his years of hardship it seemed as though his life away from home had all been one huge dream. But the shrill call of the brakeman aroused him from his revery.

"Hornitos, next stop! Hornitos!" And a few of the passengers responded to the call by reaching for their coats and parcels. Parnell was among them. What a scene met his eyes as he stepped from the Pullman coach! Hornitos, the village that was, had passed into oblivion and in its stead was a modern city with many of the borrowed conveniences of its larger sisters. He felt himself another Rip

Van Winkle who had returned strangely out of place. But despite the change, he needed no directions to find the old home where he had spent so many pleasant hours.

As he speedily walked along the now cemented sidewalks he occasionally got glimpses of different objects that recalled events which now thrived only in the memories of the old timers. He rounded the last corner and there before him was his home. There before him was the home he had longed so much to see. It seemed to him that at last he was coming into his own. He fairly leaped through the gateway and in a moment was ringing the door bell. The door opened but it was not his mother who stood there to greet him; it was a woman whom he had never seen.

"I want to see Mrs. Parnell. Is she here?"

"Why, Mrs. Parnell left here some three years ago, but her daughter will soon be here," replied the stranger who answered the bell.

"Left here three years ago? Daughter? There must be some mistake."

And in a few moments the strange lady who had answered the door-bell explained that Mr. and Mrs. Parnell had left their home on a trip to Oregon leaving behind them their little daughter to continue at school, for the little girl at that time was eight years of age. But her parents, what of them? Ah! that was the cruel blow that now accounts for George Parnell's gray hair. It all happened in a train wreck. Mr. and Mrs. Parnell were among those killed. In a moment it seemed to Parnell that fate had schemed against him. Bewildered and in great grief he accepted the invitation and entered the house and there he was left alone to mourn his loss. There was naught for him to do but drift along in despair and run out his existence. For fifteen long years he had lived in the hope of laying his happiness at the feet of his parents and now this was his reward.

In a few moments the door of the old home opened and there entered a sweet little girl with all the freshness

of her eleven years blooming in her face. She greeted the strange lady with a kindly kiss and then when the lady had whispered something in her ear the child walked slowly toward the man who was bent with grief.

"Oh," she said in a soft childish voice, "You are my big brother who went away so long ago." With this

her tiny arm consolingly stole around his neck.

As Parnell slowly raised his head he beheld the child and clasped her to his bosom. While holding the frail little figure in his arms he realized another duty—the duty of a brother. Remotely he realized, too, that much of his life—perhaps the best of it—was yet to be lived.

PROHIBITION

(As Seen from Bohemia.)

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of booze,
And from my senses daily did depart,
And with D. T.'s full many a time did start;
In many an empty box-car would I snooze.
Packs on my back and in my hands my shoes,
I've travelled on rough roads; my feet would smart,
And people on the street would mock the art
With which, my foolish antics, I'd amuse.
O Prohibition! high your praises rise,
Your glories are the subject of my lays;
They'll sing your praises, too, one of these days.
Your virtue should be lauded to the skies;
To follow you I find most always pays.

—A FRESHMAN.

(And We Are Still in Bohemia.)

ETERNAL Spirit of the brainless mind!
Brightest in dungeon; Perfidy! thou art,
To try to rule the cravings of the heart—
The heart which love to thee alone could bind;
And when the fruits of Bacchus were consigned
To druggists; he with the dark, dayless gloom,
And Freedom's fame found wine at every "blind."
O Maine! thy country is a ruined place,
And thy sad law an altar; for 'twas trod
Upon as pavement; plundered without trace,
Worn, trampled under foot as a soft sod
By outraged Right. May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—ANOTHER FRESHMAN.

AMONG THE IRISH PEOPLE

By

Robert E. O'Connor

IN the west of Ireland, where the thundering Atlantic breakers resound along the rocky shores, lies Lahinch, one of Ireland's summer resorts. It is here, in this "watering place" that many of the Irish folk of the west gather after the haying season, to spice their lives with a bit of vacation. In this rendezvous of peasants, well-to-do persons and heterogeneous travelers, one is kept in a continuous round of pleasure. The exchange of folk lore tales, the games, and the fairs of the people of this hamlet literally seize us in their wholesome simplicity and make us love all the more the people who dwell in the green isle of the west.

With the picture of this quaint old resort, nestled in a valley that borders the Liscannor Bay clearly before us, let us descend and visit its people, acquaint ourselves with its customs, and ascertain for ourselves just what modernity has done to its stores, its buildings, and its promenades.

We are now among the homes of the people. We see a romantic variety of houses. Some, with their whitewashed walls and thatched roofs, seem to generate an atmosphere of olden times linked to our memory of the Irish of yesteryear. Others, with their modern architectural devices, suggest a new spirit and a greater tomorrow for the adventurous people of Erin. On entering one of these dwellings we find it not unlike our own American bungalow.

But let us now turn and enter the abode with the white walls and the thatched roof. The exterior does not make a marked impression but once inside the door a surprise, and a pleasant surprise, is ours. The home is neat and in notable order; in the rear of the great sitting room is a huge fireplace, and all through the

thatched dwelling pervades an atmosphere of welcome and quaint home-like purity. In the business portion of the village we find many splendid hotels and other trade centers which seem to be our own modern American stores transplanted to the balmy shores of the Emerald Isle.

Back of Lahinch lies the beautiful farms of both the prosperous and the poor. We are forced to remark that the present day farmers of Ireland are much more comfortable than their predecessors. Up to date methods, implements, and customs are very much in evidence on all sides. Thatched roofs and whitewashed walls are losing their vogue. In their places we find firmly built homes with slate roofs. Of this type are the cottages being erected under the Laborer's Act left as a legacy by Parnell to the Irish people. In all there are some 47,000 of these homes.

Although the Irish and the American villages are similar in some respects, they differ widely in others. In America, no matter how small the hamlet, there is a certain spirit of restlessness that distinguishes it as American. In Ireland there is a certain feeling of welcome and fellowship that distinguishes it as Irish. In the Irish village, we find at eventide a more pronounced relaxation. And the sound of Irish songs and melodies and the spectacle of children in their play surround us and can not escape our notice.

Let us turn to the people. The Irishman has gained a world-wide reputation for his affability, generosity and hospitality. And once we are among the Irish people we are convinced of the justice of the reputation. When visiting a home in Ireland, you must make yourself at home and consider yourself one of the household. To do otherwise would cause great displeasure. Then, again

the people have firm religious conviction, as likewise fervent desires to be some day a nation among nations. Before them are their staunch religious and patriotic ideals.

Since the time Ireland came under the unmerciful rule of England she has striven mightily to free herself; but to little avail. England, with selfish diplomacy and hard driven power, has striven steadily to crush Ireland into submission. But such a task has proven too big—even for England.

Ireland, with her lakes and dells, with her kindly people, with her

scores of adventurous tales, with her sorrows and with her smiles, will yet claim her place among the nations of the earth. Her gallantry, displayed in defense of her religious and patriotic ideals, bears testimony to the sturdy stock from which the race was moulded. As we go among the villages, indulge in games and conversations with the peasants and become acquainted with the pure simplicity that prompts their actions, we come away with the idea that God will yet bless the faithful folk of the Emerald Isle and raise their outraged country to national importance.

THE NOVEL vs. THE DRAMA

By

George F. Glaser

(A Dramatic Novelette of the Novel's Dramatic Decline.)

Scene: Circulating Public Library.

Enter Novel.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was slowly setting in his rosy bed, and he clothed the earth in a glowing robe of beauty. The Novel—King of Letters—sank back into his throne with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Enter Drama.

Act I.

How now, my lord? what cheer? quite forlorn?

You look so gloomy here. Your gay attire

Doth ill conceal your inner lassitude.

What? Are your smiles quite gone? Be not so chary!

Speak! How is't with you?

CHAPTER II.

But far on the southern horizon of this peaceful summer sky, a little cloud was rising; and it spread out darkly over the king's bright prospects. He leaned forward in a pensive mood and gazed at the speck that annoyed him. Then he relaxed his posture and told himself it was a foolish

fear. Yet he trembled, and his fears were not dispelled.

Act II.

My lord, we're mated well. Your gravity

Shall tame my lighter moods; and preach my sermons

Whiles I go on and live. Our realm is vast

Not near so small that one of us must die

To give the other place. But sure you see

The subjects that have loved you are grown cold

And look for new delights in your successor.

'Tis little praise to serve such servants, King;

Their royal servant is a painted god

Erected for dethronement. Fickle men!

Once wild with cheering and enjoying you.

They turn to cry you down, and honor me!

Honor! thy name is Folly!

CHAPTER III.

The revolt was an open fact. The people ran eagerly to support the in-

vader, and the king was left alone. A few faithful slaves lingered with him and some of his doubtful young knights seemed to waver between him and his rival. Those veteran heroes that had fought so long for the king, and had held the usurper in check, were fast vanishing from the field of their labors. The king was tired of life—abused by the bungling rudeness of well-meaning courtiers, while the name of his rival was everywhere exalted.

Act III.

Howe'er it be, we'll not dispute for fame

Men come and go; and change their views and hobbies

As often as the wind. But let's be merry!

Life's all too joyous and too fair to quarrel.

My plan runs thus: Both live, and tell our stories.

And emulate with kindly courtesy;

Show what is true and good in human life.

Smile with the Truth; not cover her in strife.

While ages pass and contradictions run,

We'll speak the eternal truths, 'til time is done.

CHAPTER IV.

But in his extremity the old king admitted his rival to parley. And the good will of the invader made possible a satisfactory settlement. The people loved the young prince; and they should have him. But the king should be perfectly free, and of the new king's household. * * * So the compact was made and in the evening glow of this bright summer day, the two royalties sat together, drinking in the splendors of life's sweet attractions. And the stream of life ran on; and the people "all hailed" the young king. "The succession is very happy," thought the ex-royal power, as he basked in the sunshine of a peaceful reign.

Act IV.

And so all glory passes. None can last

While human whims pile empires in the past.

The novel lies deposed. I mount the throne

To speak his counsel over, not my own

New modes attract, new settings; all is new.

But human life is one, for it is true.

CHAPTER V.

And they all lived happy ever after.

MY ISLAND OF LOVE

THERE'S an isle that's been calling, for ages, it seems,
It's the isle of my heart and place of my dreams;
It cried when I left, and it bade me to stay—
It cries for me now and I'm yearning today

For the place of my birth and the land of my youth,
The island of love and the province of truth;
The meadows of green and the blue skies above
Are calling me back to share in their love.

The winter comes there with a welcoming smile,
And the stars of the heavens gleam down on the isle;
The summers are cooled by the heavenly shade;
It's the isle of my heart and the choicest God made.

There the people are slow in their old-fashioned way,
But they're good to the core and they look to the day
When the wide world will ripen, and heaven be seen
From this land of fair love—the old Island of Green!

—ROBERT E. HOGAN.

EDITORIAL

The Collegian

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Ireland.

TRULY the month of March belongs to Ireland. For, at this time two of Ireland's greatest heroes are returned to us in memory. And, while recalling the events which distinguished this representative duo of leaders, the fundamental characteristics of the Irish people themselves are forcefully brought before us.

Robert Emmett typifies the sterling Irish patriot, who would die, and die willingly, for his country's sake. Above all his personal desires Emmett was engrossed in the cause of his country. That Ireland should be free, that Ireland should claim its rightful place among the nations of the earth, seemed to be the guiding spirit of his life. He loved his country with the same vigor and sensitiveness as did the poet Mangan, who, when forced to refrain from mentioning Ireland in his poems, composed the immortal symbol of national love, "My Dark Rosaleen." Emmett was a leader and on the horizon of his dreams he beheld the freedom of his country. But a merciless government realized that Emmett was capable. And because he was capable, and because he was Irish, he met the same fate that scores of just, loyal Irishmen, before and

since his time, have met. Perhaps we can better picture Emmett with his fiery patriotism by recalling the concluding words of his immortal speech from the dock after sentence of death had been pronounced upon him according to British law:

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

Although St. Patrick wasn't of Irish extraction, he nevertheless was so completely adopted by Ireland that whether he was French, Scotch or otherwise is a confused triviality. At any event St. Patrick represents the piety and religious fervor which above all else has distinguished the people of the little green isle. Among nations Ireland is the home of peace. She stands out as a prayer, and an example of fidelity to the Creator. Especially has this truth been emphasized since the outbreak of the European conflict. St. Patrick established monasteries in Ireland and the Irish monks in turn migrated to every conceivable part of the world in the establishment of monastic institutions. What a boon to the Church of Christ has been the Irish monk. In every country and in every clime from frigid Iceland to torrid Sahara we find the zealous Irish monk, diligently saving

souls and making the world more pleasing in the eyes of God.

In these two representatives of Ireland we find the religious and the patriot. Loyalty to their ideals and fidelity to their God; these laudable qualities characterize Ireland—even though she still lies retarded under the drastic yoke of England. St. Patrick and Robert Emmett, respectively, stand for religion and patriotism. They represent the reason why the sons of Erin are desired and welcomed on every shore. We look forward to the time when Emmett's epitaph will be gloriously written. But whether or not, in the great scheme of national destiny, Ireland is allowed to mould her own laws—this is certain, the indomitable religious and patriotic spirit of Erin will continue as long as the race itself.

A Worthy Tribute.

It might seem out of time and taste to talk about the famed Genoese Navigator, Christopher Columbus. But, since the United States has ever been prompt in conferring honors on those who have made possible her present welfare, and since greater tribute to the memory of Columbus is possible, it is hardly, if ever, out of time and taste to recall the man who first set foot on American soil. Back in our histories we were taught that it was Christopher Columbus who gave the old world the key to the new. Of the multiplicity of events that our histories relate, at least, the discovery of America by Columbus, who braved the tempest of the high seas ill supported by a mutinous crew, is one that ever lingers in our minds. In thirty-nine out of forty-eight United States a day has been set aside as Columbus Day. This is a deserving honor to the memory of the great discoverer. And the United States, as a nation, might do well to take the view

of the majority of its several states and establish October twelfth as a day of national recognition. Incidentally, it would be eminently fitting if this tribute emanated from Washington, as the very strip of land on which the national capital is situated takes its name from America's first hero.

Discrimination.

Many persons who through necessity or choice, eat in scrap, or as they are sometimes christened, chop houses, fall early victims of old king dyspepsia. They cared not what they ate nor how much they ate of it. And now all the dieting and care will not return what they lost. The comparison may be odious but the same rule holds. The sensational and wild stories of the newspapers are not fit food for, at least the growing mind. Of course the daily press has its legitimate place, but to regard it as authority is obviously a mistake. In the whirl of this generation the temptation to slight the great master works of literature abounds. Accordingly too much time is apportioned to the yellow journals whose pages catalogue in high sounding phrases the latest suicides, separations and scandals. Such unfortunate affairs might be the acme of news from the papers' point of view, but what of the public? Volumes might be written on what to read and how to read, and even some might delineate a list of papers, periodicals and books that are worthy of perusal. The solution, in a word, is discrimination. Let us ponder the advice of Bishop Spalding when he says, "It is with books as with men, it is easiest to acquaint oneself with those least worth knowing." And since many of our thoughts spring from what we read; and since we are judged by the way we think; it becomes imperative that we be fastidious in the selection of our reading.

J. EMMETT McNAMARA.



THE main business of a recent Student Body meeting was the drawing for the gold watch that was raffled to defray the expenses of renovating the College Chapel. Val Fleming, President of the Senior Class, and one of the most popular fellows around the campus, was the holder of the lucky number, and was awarded the watch. "Jake" answered the outburst of applause that greeted the announcement of his luck with a few well chosen words. Other business relative to the athletic situation enlivened the meeting. A short talk was heard from the Prefect, Brother Andrew, anent his plans for the year. The athletic schedules and prospects were discussed, and particular stress was laid on the fact that there should be more attention paid to track events.

At last the Fifth Floor has its Goat. Whenever anything goes wrong in the realms of Judge Guisto and Bailiff Moore, "Monsieur Le Capitaine" is a cinch to get the blame. And the "Captain" is somewhat of a philosopher, although to say the truth his philosophy is slightly twisted, and he takes what is coming to him with a resignation worthy of a better cause. At that, he's got some great ideas, chief of them being a stretching machine. The old saying that no man by "taking thought can add one cubit to his stature" may hold, but the "Captain" is determined that he will, by physical means, add at least a few inches to his height. No doubt he'll succeed, if he doesn't hang himself in the process.

The second of the series of St. Mary's College nights at the Oakland

Pantages was held on the evening of January 18. The entire lower floor was reserved for the followers of the Red and Blue, and long before the curtain went up the theatre was crowded. The boxes were tastefully decorated with pennants and the college colors, and were occupied by the officers of the Associated Students. As an added attraction of the program, Professor Al Forslund, of the gymnastic department, had his team of Pyramid Builders stage a classy act that brought forth volleys of merited applause from the audience. The act was interspersed with yells and songs, directed from either side of the stage by the Yell Leaders, Atwill and McGlade.

According to the Senior Engineers, they have an animated newspaper that beats any of the recognized news gathering organizations for getting the low-down on current events. Every evening they are visited by "Doc" Silva and, according to Tom King, "What the Doc doesn't know, isn't, that's all." Any piece of news, any juicy item of scandal, any trouble of any nature around the campus, or anything that is liable to happen, is known by Doc almost intuitively. Man, Man! What that boy does know!

The Senior Class held its first Get-Together Dinner of this, their final term at college at the Avenue Cafe on the evening of the twenty-fifth of January. The entire class was in attendance, and the old friend of the Class of '16, Brother Agnon, represented the faculty, and added dignity to the occasion. In the course of the evening speeches were delivered by

the President of the Class, Val Fleming; by Howard Magee, President of the Associated Students on behalf of the real "Old-timers," and by Edward McGlade, on behalf of the newcomers in the class. Brother Agnon also gave one of his usual interesting and witty dissertations, in which he gave the class an enviable reputation. While not praising them to the skies, he said that it is a matter of opinion among the faculty that there is nothing in the record of the Class of 1916 at St. Mary's College to which any exception could be taken. Musical numbers were furnished during the evening by Tom King, Val Fleming, Bill Brusher and Matteo McGlade.

The name "Babe" surely did fit Bill Rountree, at least as far as his head was concerned during the past month. For verily his dome was balder than that of any new born babe. The worst of the matter is that he started a fad that has gone the gamut of all the departments of the college. McKeever represents the College department, and we would never have believed that Mac had such an imposing dome had we not seen it. As a subject for study by a phrenologist it can't be beaten. Of course, Rountree represents the Commercial department, and, while his head is not quite of the classical cast of McKeever, still it has a few bumps and ridges that are decidedly distinctive. The Academic department is heavily represented, notably by Douglass. But it rested with the Man From Mars, Cropley, to spring the prize scone of the outfit. To classify it is impossible. All one can do is to sit in silent admiration. The latest addition to the "Herpicide Club" comes from the Culinary department, in the person of Vincent, the husky waiter.

It was with sincere regret that we were acquainted with the fact that Brother Constantius of the English department of the college had been transferred. While he was with us only a little over two years, we have learned to respect him as a gentleman

of dignity and worth. He will be missed by all the students with whom he had dealings. We understand he is located in Baltimore. All at St. Mary's wish him all kinds of success in his new field.

The Christian Brothers lost a valuable member and St. Joseph's Academy an esteemed instructor when Brother Matthew died on the twenty-ninth of January. He succumbed after a short illness, and his loss will be felt throughout the Christian Brothers' Schools. He was one of the most zealous workers for the cause of Christian education, and was instrumental in many taking up this great work.

The College choir sang the Requiem Mass that was celebrated at the Academy for the repose of his soul on Tuesday, February 1st.

Rehearsals have been going on for the last month for the farce comedy to be given in the Alumni Gymnasium by the Sheridan Players in conjunction with the St. Patrick's Day celebration, on the fifteenth of March. The Sheridan Players is an organization of young amateur actors, recently formed for the purpose of making a study of the drama and of staging productions at opportune times. The Players are in the main recruited from students in the upper division of St. Mary's, with Emmet McNamara as President. All the productions of the Players will be given under the personal direction of Louis F. LeFevre, instructor in the department of Arts and Letters.

The first vehicle chosen by Director LeFevre for the talents of his charges is "Stop Thief," a farce of the rapid fire variety and a play that has held the boards since it was written. Val Fleming, the star comedian of the Class of '16, will be seen in the leading role of Doogan, the clever crook. The speed of his work, and the ease with which he "plants" incriminating evidence on innocent and unsuspecting members of the Carr family will undoubtedly bring many laughs from the large audience that is already as-

sured. Emmet McNamara is happily cast in the role of Carr, the aged kleptomaniac, while Leo Cunningham has a great chance for character portrayal in the role of Cluny, the supposed kleptomaniac. Others who will appear from the college are Edward McGlade, Karl Vasche, Harold Vasche, Edward Perkins, and Joseph Azevedo.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," and, believe us, Hawaiian music does more. The formation during February of Heen's Honolulu Serenaders filled a long felt want around the campus. With the advent of Bob Heen from the Paradise of the Pacific, the ambitious musicians of the Fifth Floor were provided with what they have always wanted, a real guitar player. So now the Irish Kanakas, McInerney, McGlade, Atwill and Heen, have organized, and we can expect to hear a great deal of this "shaky" music in the near future. Manager Heen is looking for some likely dancers to go with the outfit, but at present can see nobody save that "Princess" Caffaro is considered a possibility.

The hold of baseball on the American public is no place better shown than right here on our own campus. Every day that there is a game scheduled for the Phoenix is the signal for an immense crowd to gather to watch the boys battle. A welcome addition to the baseball field are the new bleachers. This will add much to the comfort of the spectators, besides helping to swell the revenue of the Associated Students and adding to the appearance of the field. Manager Nevis and the officers of the Student Body are to be congratulated on their initiative in having these bleachers built. They are something that has been needed for a long time.

Roy Nevis and Andrew Perovich, two prominent students of the Upper Division, were selected as the executive committee for the dance given in the Alumni Gymnasium on the third of March under the joint auspices of

the Eldeen Club and the Alpha Epsilon. This was the last big social event of the Pre-Lenten season, and these two prominent clubs labored hard to make it a stupendous success. It was announced as a Hawaiian Dancing Party, and this idea was carried out in the decorations and the music. Everything typified the riotous coloring and luxurious foliage of the Islands, and the music for the occasion was provided by Heen's Honolulu Serenaders.

The Senior Class pins made their appearance during the past month. They are of a neat design, consisting of an intertwined S and M, studded with pearls, and with an embossed '16 in the center. It is the consensus of opinion that they are the classiest articles of class jewelry that have made their appearance for a number of years. The main subject for discussion now is "How long will most of them keep them?" Anyone who is acquainted with those prominent in Senior doings will know that this question is a vital one. They are all strong men, and full of determination, but even the strongest will weaken and succumb before the wiles of Milady's smiles.

Through the efforts of Brother Leo and Professor Cope, and the courtesy of the Pacific Coast Steel Company, the engineering students were enabled to journey to South San Francisco the sixteenth of February and view the actual rolling of steel re-enforcing bars. They followed the process, right from the scrap heap to the finished product, and learned more of the properties and manufacture of steel than they would from books in a year. The students were accompanied by Brother Leo, Brother Gabriel and Professor Cope, while two of the representatives of the company conducted them through the plant, explaining everything in a clear and concise manner. A few more trips of this nature, as a supplement to the theoretical studies conducted in the College of Engineering, would be extremely beneficial. A movement is

now on foot to have the next trip be to the Mare Island Navy Yard, where at present a great deal of work is being done that would be of interest to the engineering students.

Followers of the drama, and admirers of the Bard of Avon, had a rare opportunity on the sixth of March to familiarize themselves with many of Shakespeare's works, and hear a critical analysis of many mooted passages, when Brother Leo, Dean of the Department of Arts and Letters at St. Mary's, delivered his Shakespearean Recital in the Auditorium of the Young Men's Institute in San Francisco. Brother Leo, who has lately returned from the Catholic University at Washington, is an authority on Shakespeare, one phase of the bard's work being the subject of the thesis that Brother Leo presented to the Regents of the University as qualification for his degree of Doctor of Letters. There was a large and appreciative audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the recital. Brother Leo has a reputation in San Francisco that would fill a much larger auditorium than the one selected.

"Doc" Cunningham is fit material for the Los Angeles police force. To see the "undertaker" policing the gymnasium during the recent P. A. A. championship basketball games was a treat. The best event, however, was when he saw an embryonic second story man in one of the windows, and ordered him to come down. The said E. S. S. M. was a disciple of Wilson, and started to write notes, to arbitrate the matter. But "Doc," exponent of frightfulness, wouldn't hear of arbitration, and started to use the window as a weapon to dislodge the intruder. Finally, with the help of Mr. Oakland Police Department, "Doc" was successful in his purpose, and the game went on. At that, Cunningham says that he was prepared to be real rough if the intruder didn't obey.

Lectures in the course in literature given by Brother Leo to the Sopho-

more and Freshman classes during February were: Keats, Byron, Coleridge and Sheridan. The lectures given to the Juniors on Great Books embraced the following: St. Augustin's Confessions, The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, Sister Theresa's Story of a Soul. On Saturdays the lectures dealt with the Principles of Method.

Student talks in connection with the course were given as follows: Manual Silva, "Shelley"; Leo Cunningham, "Blake"; Francis Nugent, "Crabbe"; J. F. Mueller, "Wordsworth"; Karl Vasche, "Hazlett"; J. F. Coakley, "Mangan."

Mr. L. A. Arnold, District Manager of the Stenotype Company, visited the college last month in the interest of the Stenotype. He was accompanied by Mr. J. R. Payne, who gave a demonstration of the little machine and its work. Mr. Payne is a court reporter and was also the official Convention Reporter at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He spoke briefly to the students of the Commercial Classes, advising them to avail themselves of the opportunity they have of getting the latest and up-to-date system of shorthand. He claims to have been a student of the old system for some time, but claims that Stenotype is as far ahead of shorthand as typewriting is ahead of penmanship.

One of the students to take up the study of Stenotypy—the Machine Way of Shorthand—is Robert Heen, lately from Honolulu. He is already giving evidence of being one of the best students who ever took up the subject and expects to establish a record for speed and accuracy as well as for time in completing theory. He is now ready for his second examination out of three in all, having passed successfully in his first with an average of ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent from the Stenotype Company. He began the study on February 5th and expects to be a full fledged Stenotypist by the end of May.

Emile Kern of last year's class is now leading the others in speed on

the Stenotype. He claims to be spending many a happy hour each evening practicing on his little 'piano,' keeping time to the music of the rippling waters of Boulevard creek that flows by his doorway.

A number of students of the Penmanship classes are studying hard to obtain diplomas for proficiency in penmanship from the A. N. Palmer Co. The work requisite for these diplomas will be sent to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, about the first of May.

The following students are making noted progress in their penmanship:

First Academic—Ignatius Hogan, Edward Newman.

Second Academic—Lawrence Beck, Joseph Begley.

Third Academic—R. Brown, Harold Brusher, Kenneth Cajacob, Al. M. Green, E. Schmalling, Wallace Grant.

Fourth Academic—B. J. Bordallo, F. Collins, Alvan Cordano.

Second Commercial—Harold Bloomfield, Ernest Black.

Special Class—Harry Whelan, Edward Murphy, John Collins.

The following are subscribers to the American Penman and are obtaining results:

Elmer Dowdin, Harold Bloomfield, Frank Galvin, Arthur Granlees, Philip Nissirios, Wm. Hoff, Harry G. Whelan, K. Cajacob, Elmer Richter, Barry O'Connor, Wallace Grant, Joseph Gallagher.

Thanks to the energy of our athletic manager, M. A. Nevis, the campus is beginning to take on the appearance of a real, big league baseball park. The erection of five sections of bleachers, having a seating capacity of nearly a thousand persons, has caused much favorable comment. Painted a grass green, they have a fine appearance, and being substantially built will provide a comfort that has been wanting for some years past. To show that they are appreciated may be judged by the fact that almost every seat was filled at last Sunday's game. Early in the day the reserved section had to be closed for lack of room. It is only just that they should be patronized by the crowds who in the past have witnessed a high class brand of baseball every Sunday, free of charge.

—E. M. McGLADE.



THE EPIC

THE Muses danced upon the Grecian plain
Before Apollo, god of all the Arts.
The beauties which appeal to all men's hearts
They had; and from all mankind they'd fain
Have kept their treasures free from earthly stain;
But as they danced a faun was seen to dart
Across the woodland path; the nymphs would start
The chase—they could not from such sport refrain;
Calliope, 'mid joy exceeding great,
Her treasure lost in this excitement rare,
And in returning found herself too late,
For Homer passing, found the jewel fair;
And since, all praises to the god of Fate,
Great Milton, Virgil, Tasso, the gem share.

—JAMES L. HAGERTY.

SENIOR SQUIBS

ALL hail John Quinn, Senior Captain of the varsity basketball team, which, for the second time in three years, has won the inter-collegiate championship of California and Nevada. In basketball circles, John is recognized as one of the best, and the hardest playing guard on the coast. He was a member of the team that annexed the same title in 1914.

The idea of Tom King and Gene Welch being so presumptuous as to think themselves capable of running this institution. And what a woeful lack of dignity in them to attempt to direct affairs from atop of the gym wrestling mat. The whole student body is talking about the despots.

"Tedder" Collins has resigned from the Hiking Club. How do we know? Because on his latest visit to Berkeley, after the cars stopped running, instead of using his pedals, he indulged in the extravagance of a taxi. "Mick" O'Connor still believes in the benefits to be derived from walking.

On February 25th the Senior C. E.'s, and the Junior men of the Engineering department as their guests, visited the Pacific Steel Company, and derived much valuable information appertaining to their course.

In connection with the course of Brother Azarias' Phases of Thought and Criticism, the A. B.'s are pursuing a thorough and highly interesting study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

A short while ago, at an hour when all good citizens are supposed to be in the arms of Morpheus, a burly guardian of the law accosted wee Willie Rodden and wanted to know of him if he was a robber. Now, there are robbers of various kinds and descriptions, and if the copper had been more definite in his question he

would have learned that Bill had been pilfering the affections of a feminine heart that very night.

It was with a sigh of profound relief that the engineers completed the largest and most difficult drawing thus far assigned them.

All the Senior engineers are preparing to take the United States civil service examination for junior civil engineers, to be held March 23rd. The ambition to go beyond the curriculum of class work certainly speaks well for the enterprising C. E.'s. Besides holding out the possibility of good positions, much valuable experience will be gleaned from the endeavor.

Bill Brusher's laughing disease is contagious, and Gene Welch has become infected with a severe attack of the titters. While crossing the bay on the day of the visit to the steel works the two were standing on the front deck of the ferry engaged in a delightful series of giggles. A lowly Junior was also present, from time to time emitting peals of laughter, he knew not why. Suddenly Bill's giggles merged into a roar and Gene became as suddenly conscious that all eyes were glued on the back of his coat, and that nearly all mouths were twitching into smiles. Gene beat a hasty retreat. The lowly Junior laughed fit to kill; he now had a reason. The lowly Junior discovered that he was the center of attraction. Inspection followed and he beat it fast on the heels of Gene. Both are unanimous in the opinion that sea-gulls serve a useful purpose, but they are darned glad cows don't fly.

Tempus fugit! and for the members of the Senior Class, but two slim months and a half stand before the completion of that chapter in their lives devoted to preparation for the battle of life. That every day of the remaining time will be a busy one is

evident from the vast amount of work to be accomplished. Besides the grinding out of theses, the digging for final exams, and making ready for the various medal contests, there is a program of social activities that will demand a goodly share of attention. The Class of '16, throughout the college course, has been characterized for its action—not that we would throw bouquets at ourselves, but such is what they say about us. "Not the best, not the worst," is the fifty-fifty standard one eminent authority placed on us. As a furtherance of the genuine social spirit, that has existed for four years, arrangements are now on foot to bring to a fitting close the years spent in good fellowship.

Val Fleming, Emmet McNamara and Matty McGlade, Seniors all, and men of no mean histrionic ability, have important parts in "Stop Thief," a three-act Broadway success, to be presented by the Sheridan Players on March 15th in the gymnasium. Val has the leading role in the character of a clever crook. "Mac" will interpret the part of a proud father with a blushing bride to give away. "Matty" impersonates an ambitious young doctor, who is best man in the wedding scene. Judging from rehearsals, the production of the comedy should be a marked success, and the Senior trio are largely instrumental in making it such.

Another Senior won his varsity sweater and thereby entrance into the big "M" society, when Joe O'Connor was given his well deserved chance in the big basketball game of the season with the California varsity.

Since the Lenten season has set in,

Bill Nock doesn't pussy-foot it out as often as was his usual wont. Perhaps they had a quarrel. Perchance there was another fellow. Who knows?

The surviving duo of the Jolly Bachelor Club are contemplating a big blowout before the close of college.

On the night of the Hawaiian Dances an impressionable damsel mistook "Matty," tagged out as he was, for a Kanaka poe-dog.

Seniors 9, Young Phoenix 1. So read the score board at the finish of the hottest diamond fracas witnessed on the campus this season, Sunday morning, March 12th. Joe O'Connor chucked for the Seniors, and had the third team batsmen at his mercy throughout the game. Tom King essayed a come-back, but clearly showed that he is no longer the Ty Cobb of the Junior League. John Herrero covered the initial sack in a manner that would make Hal Chase look like a busher. "Tedder" Collins got hit, hit two safeties, and grabbed 'em around the difficult bag in great style. Magee looked fine on an in-field fly. "Porker" Welch tucked in his little belly and showed the boys how they used to play the old game in the days of the sand lot leagues. Mick O'Connor acted as receiver, and had the opposing base runners beaten to a frazzle with his peg. Captain Nock handled the keystone station like a big leaguer. The old bird imparts a fighting spirit to his charges that is hard to beat. The game afforded healthy sport for the participants and amusement for the spectators. A return match is being arranged.

—H. F. MAGEE.





THE graduates and former students of St. Mary's living in and around Sacramento have organized a branch of the Alumni Association of the college. Frank E. Michel, '00, has been elected president of the Sacramento division, George P. Miller, '12, secretary, and Charles W. Deterding, '07, treasurer. On the twenty-sixth day of February a banquet at the Hotel Sacramento was enjoyed by twenty-two of the old St. Mary's boys. Among those present were: J. H. Hooker, '88; F. E. Michel, '00; C. W. Deterding, '07; G. P. Miller, '07; C. A. Russell, '11; C. A. Ryan, ex-'03, and Joseph Azevedo, ex-'06. Graduates of the Commercial department were represented by W. F. Peterson, '95; W. J. Carraghar, '07; G. M. Jumper, '07, and A. J. Henderson, '10. The following former students were also in attendance: C. M. Enwright, J. R. Deterding, L. M. Miller, T. A. Burns, E. A. Trueblood, J. E. Wingard and Paul Russell.

Brothers Vellesian and Agnon represented the faculty of St. Mary's, and Brother Uderrick the Sacramento Institute. The keynote of the speeches delivered on the occasion was loyalty to old St. Mary's, and all present pledged themselves to further the interests of their alma mater.

No graduate of St. Mary's has shown more loyalty or more devotedness to his alma mater than has Louis F. LeFevre, '13. During his undergraduate years he accomplished things of which the faculty are justly proud. Since graduating he has written ten plays for the students, coached them and staged the productions with marked success. His latest endeavor

was the recent production of "Stop Thief," which made a decided hit with all who heard it. His days and nights of hard, conscientious and successful work deserve the gratitude of every student of St. Mary's.

Many of the graduates remember with pleasure the Alumni Day celebrations at St. Mary's in '07, '08 and '09. Well, this good old custom is to be revived this year. Sunday, May 21st, has been determined as the Alumni Day for 1916. It is to be hoped that hundreds of the alumni will assemble at the old halls of alma mater on that day. A program of events is being arranged for the occasion; the exercises will conclude with a banquet at the college in the evening. We request all who read this to inform their brother graduates of the date and place. We want all who possibly can to be with us.

Mrs. Nellie Hogan, wife of Edw. M. Hogan, Bank '03, and sister of J. J. Greeley, '97, and T. F. Greeley, '04, died in San Francisco January 3.

Mr. John J. Rattigan, father of Brother Vitus, formerly of St. Mary's, and of William J. Rattigan, Bank of '97, died in San Francisco February 25.

Mr. John McAuliffe, uncle of Dr. J. H. Seymour, '89, died in Vallejo February 5.

Mrs. Delia Selby, mother of Albert O. Selby, Bank '04, and of David F. and Clarence T. Selby, former students, died in Oakland February 15.

To the relatives and friends of the deceased we extend our sincerest condolence.

—E. V. COLLINS.



WE were delighted to receive for the first time **The Canisius Monthly**. Its initial appearance pleased us; its literary merit and completeness commend it. A story, three essays and numerous poems are numbered in its table of contents, and without exception all were excellent. Especially was the verse good. Among the best were "Your Friend" and "When Only a Girl." The first, written in a style both unique and clever, is a beautiful tribute to friendship, while the latter is a father's sacred memory of mother "when only a girl." "Winter Sports" is shorter than the two mentioned, and is not so smooth in meter. "Treasures" has an easier swing and contains some beautiful thoughts on clouds, leaves and books.

The story, "O'Brien's Dilemma," is a nicely balanced tale of a policeman's struggle between duty and love. Love is triumphant, and somehow we admire the gaunt old "copper" for his decision. Under the caption "Gleanings from the Glen" we have a light, refreshing reading of four pages on the modern barber shop. We would like to see more of this writer's work.

"The Principle of Life" is a lengthy philosophic essay and is a credit to its author; it contains sound principles that should be instilled into the minds of all who make a course in philosophy. We hope that the **Canisius Monthly** will keep us on their regular exchange list.

The Patrician, edited by the High School students of Aquinas College, is a magazine of merit. We received both the January and the February numbers and, while they are small in size, they both contain some interest-

ing topics. An essay in the first number entitled "The Panama Slides" is well written except for a few technical mistakes which we can afford to overlook. A good knowledge of conditions in the Canal Zone is evident. "Missing Money," in the same issue, is a story good enough to have been written by a college man. The expected fits in nicely at the end, although the story drags at the beginning. In the February number we read two essays both of which contain valuable information. "The Roman Cardinal" is a fine tribute to the dignity of a Catholic Cardinal's position, and subsequently we find a congratulation to the Dominican Fathers on having a member of their order raised to this exalted position.

One of our February exchanges was the **Abbey Student** from Kansas. It contained a splendid variety of interesting literature and most all of it was read with thorough delight. "Some Irish Poets and Their Works" is an appreciation of such authors as Goldsmith, Griffin, Davis, Moore and others, whose works have placed the Emerald Isle among the foremost producers of literary genius. "Paid in Full" is an old theme, yet the story is surprisingly new. The author has not a life-sized picture of the San Francisco Chinatown and "rich young snipes" are not in the habit of being waylaid by four white men on the street corner; yet, with its improbabilities, the story makes a readable tale and has many redeeming attributes. Evidently the writer of "A Sport Question" is a basketball player or an ardent enthusiast, for his essay from beginning to end champions that particular sport. The author's under-

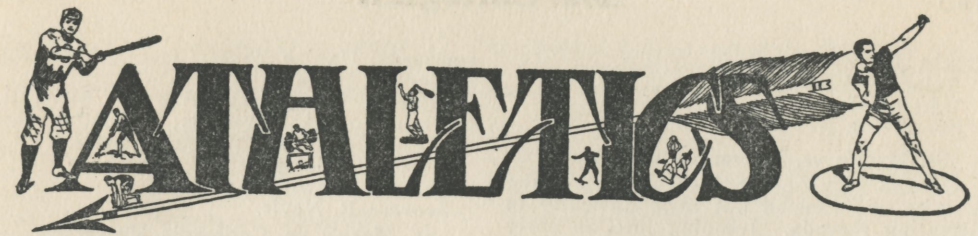
rating of the exercise afforded in other lines of sports marks him as being just a little prejudiced. He says: "In baseball and football there is too much inaction. In baseball too much time is spent in watching others play," while in football "there is a rush, a push and all is over." If he has never played football it will be well for him to realize that the "rush and push" repeated innumerable times consecutively can bring as many muscles into play and exercise the player as much as does basketball. "Taming the Animal" is a paper which many can profitably read. It pertains in particular to students who yet have the chance to train the animal in their being. Of the poetry we think 'Hoi Agroi' the best selection. Its construction is its main asset, yet the sentiment expressed is truly poetical. We are always delighted to review the *Abbey Student*, as we ever find in it something worth while.

A happy combination of verse and short stories makes *The Dial* a delightful whole. Essays are lacking, but we can overlook the omission in the face of the very good short stories. "Burdens of the Commonplace" is a type of printed one-act tribute to Routine. We say "printed" because of the impossibility from the producer's point of view. From the reader's viewpoint, however, it is a wholesome and humorous bit, burlesquing the old idea that "we are never satisfied with our lot." The characters are drawn from life and one in particular, the philosopher, who says an occasional "Ah," strikes a realistic note in the end when he announces they are all mad but himself. The sketch is original and extremely clever. The story "A Half Hour With Father" is not a story in the truest sense; it is a short treatise on ideals and persons with and without ideals. It is interesting and contains a lesson well worth reading, yet the end was so abrupt that we failed to see the exact cause of "Father's" despair. "A Best Seller" might be material for a better story. As it stands, it is a little too commonplace. The author evi-

dently is a thorough Bromide, for it is a plain story with no thrills and no surprises. The style is clear, although unpolished. The numerous short pieces of verse are delightful morsels. Of the two verses, each entitled "My Valentine," the latter, with its quaint style and happy atmosphere, we thought the better. "Sundown" and "Tears," the latter an insert in the cover design, the former a beautiful sentiment, are both worthy of mention. All in all *The Dial* is a much desired and greatly appreciated exchange.

The *St. John's Record* is lacking but one element to make it one of our very best exchanges, viz., the short story. It contains a story, and a very good one, from the technical point of view, yet it is of the "to be continued" type which we don't like. We find by experience that pointed short stories inevitably "take best" in student publications. In essays and verse the *Record* is peerless. "The Drama" and "Marching to the Battle" are perhaps the best in the February issue. Both are carefully constructed and both deal with interesting topics. In the first mentioned, however, the author contends that the drama's fundamental elements are its unity of time, place and action. The old Unities theory is good in some cases, but he has failed to give us the most essential and underlying element of the drama—the contrast. Mr. Clayton Hamilton has succeeded in pointing out the essential constituent of the drama, and even though we do find occasional dramas holding to the theory of unities not all dramas do. Any number, like "The Cid," "Pillars of Society" and "Milestones" can be found to violate the unities, but we have yet to see or read one in which contrast is not the essential. "The Soldier's Reverie," "Home Sickness" and "War" are all three specimens of fine poetic emotion. We took particular delight in the simplicity of the "Reverie." The whole magazine is characterized by the essentials of healthy journalism.

—ANDREW L. PEROVICH.



BASKETBALL.

St. Mary's vs. Stockton Y. M. C. A.

AT Stockton on January 28th, the Varsity lost to the Y. M. C. A. team of that city by the close score of 30 to 29. The game held but little interest for the spectators, there being an unusual number of fouls called on the players of each team, considerable petty squabbling, and incompetent officiating. The Varsity team made a gallant effort to overcome the "Y" lead in the last few minutes of the play, but lack of condition and ill-luck, were obstacles too great to surmount. Chappelain, Prentice, and Quinn did good work for St. Mary's.

How the teams lined up:

St. Mary's—Moy, J. O'Connor, A. Atwill, forwards; Chappelain, center; Quinn, Prentice, Turnbull, guards.

Stockton Y. M. C. A.—McKenzie, L. Spayd, forwards; B. Curtis, center; I. Spayd, V. Curtis, guards.

Referee—Newton.

Umpire—Atwood.

Scorer—Hanley.

St. Mary's vs. Olympic Club.

On January 30th, the Varsity bearded the Olympic Club quintet, national champions, on the club court, and got trounced for its presumption to the tune of 54 to 28. Despite the overwhelming odds in weight, experience, and a club member for referee, the Red and Blue players put up a game battle and at times showed ability that made the champions take notice. A feature of the game was the foul throwing of Jim Prentice. A. Atwill played a good game at forward. Barnes and Bobby Don starred for the Winged O aggregation.

The teams:

St. Mary's—Moy, A. Atwill, J. O'Connor, forwards; Chappelain, Hanley, center; Prentice, Quinn, guards.

Olympic Club—Don, Berndt, forwards; J. Gilbert, center; Miller, Barnes, guards.

Referee—E. Penaluna.

Umpire—E. Welch.

Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. Davis Farm.

On February 2d, the Varsity took the Davis Farm team into camp on the home court by a score of 42 to 22. At no stage of the contest did the farmer lads prove dangerous. This was the first game in which the Varsity showed noteworthy team work. There being a fair crowd in the rooting section, yell leaders F. Atwill and E. McGlade had the students try out a few songs and yells. Bob Moy was the star of the tussel, making nine field goals and be-

ing in the thick of the fray from start to finish.

The teams:

St. Mary's—Moy, A. Atwill, J. O'Connor, forwards; Hanley, center; Prentice, Quinn, Anderson, Turnbull, guards.

Davis Farm—Emmerson, Slater, forwards; Blach, center; Niestrath, Hunsacker, Allen, Houlett, guards.

Referee—H. Smith.

Umpire—E. Welch.

Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. Stockton Y. M. C. A.

In a return match on our court, February 5th, the Varsity decisively beat the Stockton Y. M. C. A. team by a score of 62 to 13. The complete victory would indicate that there must be some grounds for the kick that we registered against the treatment accorded us in the first clash at Stockton, and that the Stockton Y. M. C. A. five isn't so much off its own cracker-box court, and without home town officials. The Varsity played like a well oiled machine, outclassing the opposing team in every department of the game. Moy, Chappelain, and Quinn were the biggest point getters for St. Mary's.

The teams:

St. Mary's—Moy, Chappelain, J. O'Connor, forwards; Hanley, Anderson, center; Prentice, Quinn, Turnbull, guards.

Stockton Y. M. C. A.—McKenzie, L. Spayd, forwards; B. Curtis, V. Curtis, center; Bray, I. Spayd, guards.

Referee—E. Welch.

Umpire—Craig.

Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. St. Ignatius.

On February 12th, the Varsity suffered defeat at the hands of the Saint Ignatius team by a score of 32 to 29. Never before has any athletic team of St. Mary's been bested by any team of that institution, and we are at a loss to account for the poor showing the Varsity made, unless it can be attributed to over-confidence. Judged by the performance for the past two seasons the Ignatians were not taken seriously, but this time we were fooled. The St. Mary's five fought desperately towards the end, but lacked team work; while the St. Ignatius team played a splendid brand of ball. Quinn, O'Connor, and Moy, did good work for St. Mary's. On the opposing side, O'Neill and Connolly, late of Sacred Heart College, shone brightest. How they lined up:

St. Mary's—Moy, Chappelain, J. O'Connor, A. Atwill, forwards; Hanley, center; Prentice, Quinn, guards.

Saint Ignatius—Connolly, Larrecou, forwards; O'Neill, center; Williamson, Flood,

Boyle, Dewey, guards.
Referee—Seawright.
Umpire—Lewis.
Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. University of Nevada.

On the home court, February 18th, the Varsity experienced but little difficulty in defeating Nevada. Jumping into an early lead, St. Mary's was never in danger, and the team as a whole played up to true form. Prentice was shifted from guard to forward and acquitted himself with honor in his new position. Moy was conspicuous for his accurate basket shooting. Anderson got his first good opportunity and showed that he was made of varsity stuff. How the teams opposed each other:

St. Mary's—Moy, Prentice, J. O'Connor, forwards; Hanley, center; Quinn, Anderson, guards.

University of Nevada—McCubbin, MacKenzie, Cessna, forwards; Henningsen, center; Traber, Buckman, Pennel, guards.

Referee—Seawright.
Umpire—E. Welch.
Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. College of Pacific.

The varsity just did manage to win from the College of Pacific, down at San Jose, on February 19th, by a score of 41 to 40. In the first half the game was nip and tuck, the St. Mary's team couldn't seem to get going. Early in the second period the College of Pacific forged ahead and maintained the lead until the last few minutes of the play, when by dint of a mighty effort and some neat shooting, St. Mary's snatched the game away from their opponents. All considered, the showing made by the Varsity was a disappointment to Coach Boek as he figured to win hands down. Moy, Prentice, and J. O'Connor were instrumental in bringing home the victory.

The teams:

St. Mary's—Prentice, Moy, J. O'Connor, forwards; Hanley, center; Quinn, Anderson, Turnbull, guards.

College of Pacific—Ham, Beckstrum, Furnish, forwards; Tidmarsh, center; Meese, Marriot, guards.

Referee—Sperry.
Umpire—E. Welch.
Scorer—D. Russell.

St. Mary's vs. Stanford University.

The 45 to 23 victory over Stanford, on February 26th, and the splendid manner in which the Varsity performed, inspired hope and elevated our chance for again winning the inter-collegiate championship. Let it suffice to say that the Varsity went like blazes, and that Stanford didn't have a look in at any stage of the proceedings. Jim Prentice had his throwing eye with him and made good fifteen out of sixteen foul throws. Quinn and Moy were distinguished for their shooting and for being in the play from start to finish.

The teams:

St. Mary's—Prentice, Moy, J. O'Connor,

forwards; Hanley, center; Quinn, Turnbull, Anderson, guards.
Stanford University—Worthy, Blodgett, Schwartzenbeck, forwards; Wheatly, center; Coughy, Lytle, Wallace, guards.

Referee—Sperry.
Umpire—Lewis.
Scorer—R. Nevis.

St. Mary's vs. California University.

On March 2d, at the Harmon Gymnasium, Berkeley, the Varsity met and defeated the University of California quintet in what all have agreed was the fastest and toughest game of the season, thereby securing a clear title for the second time in three years, on the inter-collegiate championship of the states of California and Nevada. The university team took the lead right off the jump. St. Mary's got on the score board and forged ahead when Prentice made two of the neatest field goals of the entire game. For the rest of the first half it was give and take with both teams fighting furiously. When the gun sounded for the intermission, the score stood 16 to 15 with St. Mary's on the long end.

At the beginning of the second period, California again drew first blood. Then the St. Mary's players let loose and up to the last minute of play, outshone their rivals in every department of the game. Prentice, easily the star of the game, made eight field goals and converted five out of seven free throws. Moy, and he had a guard on his neck all the time, was next in honor with six field goals to his credit. Hanley and Anderson got on the scoring list with a field goal apiece. Captain Quinn played a brilliant game at guard. Beside being the mainstay in team work, he played the mighty Sharpe off his feet. Joe O'Connor replaced Hanley in the last five minutes of play and gave a good account of himself in the short space of time. It was a good game and the better team won, was the consensus of opinion. The score was: St. Mary's—37; California—26.

How the teams lined up:

St. Mary's—Moy, Prentice, forwards; Hanley, J. O'Connor, center; Quinn, Anderson, guards.

California University—Sharpe, Spencer, forwards; Foster, center; Embury, Penfield, Foldberg, guards.

Referee—Seawright.
Umpire—H. Lewis.
Scorer—E. Welch.

For the second time in three years St. Mary's won the championship in the Inter-collegiate Basketball League of California and Nevada. The league was composed of teams from the universities of California, Stanford and Nevada, St. Mary's, Santa Clara, St. Ignatius, and College of the Pacific. Following is a summary of the games played, and the results:

February 5, Stanford 31, St. Ignatius 18.

February 5, Nevada 53, College of Pacific 18.

February 12, St. Ignatius 32, St. Mary's 29.
February 12, Santa Clara 26, Stanford 19.
February 12, California 36, College of Pacific 24.

February 17, California 27, Nevada 25.
February 18, St. Mary's 37, Nevada 15.
February 19, St. Mary's 41, College of Pacific 40.

February 19, Nevada 42, Stanford 23.
February 19, Santa Clara 33, St. Ignatius 28.

February 25, California 32, Stanford 28.
February 26, St. Mary's 45, Stanford 23.
February 26, St. Ignatius 38, College of Pacific 18.

February 26, Nevada 43, Santa Clara 30.
March 2, St. Mary's 37, California 26.
March 4, Nevada 42, St. Ignatius 31.

March 11, College of Pacific 30, Stanford 29.

Santa Clara forfeited to St. Mary's and California forfeited to St. Ignatius and to Santa Clara.

The results of the schedule give the following standing of the teams:

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
St. Mary's	5	1	.833
Nevada	4	2	.667
Santa Clara	3	2	.600
California	3	3	.500
St. Ignatius	3	3	.500
College of Pacific	1	4	.200
Stanford	1	5	.167

Captain Quinn, Moy, Prentice, Hanley, having played three years on the Varsity will receive gold basketball fobs; Joe O'Connor and Richard Anderson having made the team will receive sweaters. Bobby Moy's sweater will be decorated with four stars for his four years work on the team.

BASEBALL.

St. Mary's vs. Fort Miley.

On February 19th, St. Mary's battered down Fort Miley to the tune of 4 to 0. Ed Maher manned the guns for the collegians with such accuracy as to whiff out seven of the soldier lads. Captain Hamilton again broke into the home run column the first time at bat. Baker showed real class behind the plate and with the stick.

Owing to lateness in starting, the game was called in the eighth frame.

	R.	H.	E.
Phoenix	4	5	3
Fort Miley	0	4	0

Batteries—Ed Maher and Baker; Lawson, Schaub and Sauer.

St. Mary's vs. Powers All-Stars.

On the College diamond, February 2d, the Independents, composed of first and second string men, went down to defeat before Powers' All-Stars by a score of 2 to 0. Coach Fitzsimmons, in order to get a line on his material, gave everybody in uniform a chance. E. Maher, E. Collins, and Whelan chucked for the Independents three innings in turn, each of the slabsters acquitting himself with credit. Strasinich occupied the mound for the opposing side

and heaved in first rate style. Hamilton got a two bagger, the longest blow of the game.

	R.	H.	E.
Independents	0	7	3
Powers' All-Stars	2	2	0

Batteries—E. Maher, E. Collins, Whelan and Moy; Strasinich and Kraft.
Umpire—Joe Oeschger.
Scorer—Joe Garthland.

St. Mary's vs. Agnew's.

The Independents journeyed to Agnews on February 9th, where they were defeated by a score of 2 to 1 in a six inning game. Collins opened up on the slab for the Collegians and gave way to Anderson in the fourth. Both of the College chuckers performed in good style. Just when things began to look bad for Agnews, the game was called in order to allow the St. Mary's players to catch a train as it was necessary that they return to College early. Collins clicked one for two bags, the best hit of the game.

	1	9	0
Independents	1	9	0
Agnews	2	3	0

Batteries—Collins, Anderson and Moy; Koehn and Cress.
Umpire—Harding.
Scorer—Croll.

St. Mary's vs. Agnews.

The season proper began on February 12th when the first squad was picked and played under its famed old name of the Phoenix.

In this contest on our diamond, the Phoenix turned the tables on Agnews with a well earned victory. Reppy touched the match to the fireworks in the first, when through his wildness, Agnews registered six tallies. Collins then went in and worked like a demon, permitting but one run. Captain Hamilton rallied his charges to fight tooth and nail, with the result, that in the ninth, the winning run was put over. The game was a good illustration of what the staunch old fighting spirit of St. Mary's can do. The score:

St. Mary's—	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Maher, 3b.	5	0	0	0	3	1	0
Wilson, cf.	3	2	0	0	2	0	0
Hamilton, 2b.	4	2	3	0	3	0	0
Guisto, 1b.	5	0	1	1	7	0	0
Carpenter, ss.	4	1	1	0	3	4	0
Brandon, rf.	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
Baker, c.	4	2	1	0	9	4	0
Maroni, lf.	2	0	1	1	0	0	1
Collins, p.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Reppy, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	8	9	2	27	9	1

Agnews—	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Esola, ss.	3	1	1	0	0	5	0
Lackey, 2b.	3	0	1	0	5	1	0
McGregor, cf.	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
A. Lynn, rf.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0

B. Lynn, c.	1	1	0	0	6	5	0
Hargis, 3b.	2	1	0	0	2	1	1
Bartlett, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kohner, p.	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Cress, lf.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Koehn, lb.	3	1	1	0	10	0	0

Totals28 7 5 1 24 13 2

Summary: Base on balls, off Rippey 4, off Collins 2, off Kohner 1, off Bartlett 2. Struck out, by Collins 8, by Kohner 3, by Bartlett 3. Hit by pitcher, B. Lynn (2), Esola, Cress, Maroni (2), Carpenter. Two-base hits, McGregor. Time of game—2:10. Umpire, J. Baumgartner. Scorer, J. Gartland.

St. Mary's vs. Ambrose Tailors.

The Phoenix took the measure of the Ambrose Tailor outfit for a 4 to 2 win, on February 13th. Ted Brandon, whose salary arm is rounding back into shape, had the tailor lads fooled to death with his assortment of pitching wares. Starasinich, Ambrose's pet chucker, was a bit wild in spots, allowing five walks and four bingles. Lou Guisto got hold of one that went for two bags and which helped bring about victory. The results:

St. Mary's—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Maher, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Wilson, cf.	3	2	1	0	2	2
Hamilton, 2b.	3	2	1	0	2	2
Guisto, lb.	1	1	1	0	6	1
Moy, c.	4	0	1	0	10	2
Maroni, lf.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Prentice, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Brandon, p.	3	0	0	0	0	2

Totals26 4 4 3 26 11 2

Ambrose Tailors—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Corrigan	2	1	0	1	2	0
Holstrom, ss.	3	1	0	1	2	1
Powers, ss.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Furrer, cf.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Bankhead, rf.	5	0	2	0	0	0
Merani, lb.	3	0	3	0	9	0
Starasinich, p.	5	0	0	0	0	2
Bauer, 2b.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Baldwin, c.	4	0	2	1	6	0
Rubart, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	3

Totals35 2 7 3 24 12 0

Summary—Base on balls, off Brandon 6, off Starasinich 5. Struck out, by Brandon 9, by Starasinich 5. Hit by pitcher, Holstrom, Carpenter. Two-base hits, Guisto, Bankhead (2), Merani. Time of game—2:10. Umpire, Joe Oeschger. Scorer, Joe Gartland.

St. Mary's vs. U. S. Naval Training Station.

The Phoenix invaded Goat Island on February 16th, and carried the day with an 8 to 5 victory. Reppy opened fire for the land-lubbers and experienced considerable difficulty in finding the mark. Bonadis did the honors for the jackies and got touched

for six bingles. Guisto, high private in the rear rank, leaned on one that went for two bags. Captain Hamilton crashed out a homer that whisked through the air like a forty-two centimeter shell. Moy worked in good style behind the plate. Joe Maher speared a couple out of the air that were headed for shore. How the battle went:

St. Mary's—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Maher, 3b.	2	1	0	0	1	1
Wilson, cf.	4	1	0	0	0	1
Hamilton, 2b.	4	2	2	0	3	6
Guisto, lb.	5	1	3	0	11	1
Carpenter, ss.	3	0	1	0	1	3
Moy, c.	4	0	0	0	7	0
Maroni, lf.	1	2	0	1	2	0
Prentice, rf.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Reppy, p.	4	1	0	0	0	0

Totals29 8 6 1 27 12 2

Training Station—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Williams, 3b.	4	1	1	0	0	2
B. Williams, c.	3	0	1	0	7	3
Stookis, ss.	3	1	0	0	6	1
Flannigan, 2b.	4	1	2	1	3	4
Woodmansee, cf.	4	2	1	0	0	1
Newkirk, rf.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Sloane, lb.	3	0	0	0	9	0
Kooney, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Bonadis, p.	2	0	1	0	0	3
Wods, p.	1	0	1	0	1	0

Totals33 5 9 1 27 14 6

Summary—Base on balls, off Bonadis 5, off Reppy 1. Struck out, by Bonadis 3, by Reppy 5. Hit by pitcher, Guisto, Maher, Maroni. Three-base hits, B. Williams. Two-base hits, Guisto, Carpenter, Newkirk. Home runs, Hamilton. Double plays, Maher to Hamilton to Guisto; Carpenter to Guisto to Moy. Time of game—1:45. Umpire, Tashie. Scorer, Joe Gartland.

St. Mary's vs. Ambrose Tailors.

On Sunday, February 20th, the Phoenix took the measure of the Ambrose Tailor club for the second time by a 2 to 1 score. The game was of class A stuff, before the largest crowd seen on the campus in many moons. Ted Brandon, mainstay on the Phoenix pitching staff, worked like a leaguer. Starasinich also twirled a good game. Captain Hamilton was the star fielder of the game, while J. Maher and Jim Prentice shared highest honors in hitting. Spooks Carpenter caught the eyes of the fans by his brilliant short stop work. It was a god game, well played and enough of it. The results:

St. Mary's—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Maher, 3b.	4	1	2	0	2	3
Wilson, cf.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Hamilton, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	2
Guisto, lb.	3	0	0	0	10	0
Carpenter, ss.	3	0	0	0	3	5
Moy, c.	4	0	1	0	3	1

St. Mary's vs. California Varsity.

On February 23d, we were treated to the unexpected in the nature of a 12 to 7 wall-opping administered to the Phoenix by the California Varsity, at Berkeley. That every dog has his day, was sure exemplified by the manner in which the Blue and Gold nine performed. Man for man, team for team, the whole world knows we got them backed off the boards; but it's no use when they cut at 'em with three and nothing, and knock the waste balls down the pitcher's throat. They simply hit like fools, and if it were not that we feel it was all a mistake, we would say look out for 'em and give credit where it's due.

Whelan started for St. Mary's but was glad enough when the coach signaled him to the bench. Brandon then went in and finished the inning like real business, but they soon got to him, so he found room alongside of Whelan. Collins was the next to take the mound, and glory be, he pitched tight ball, allowing but one hit. California used a bunch of twirlers, but they managed to escape being slaughtered. To cap it all, the St. Mary's players didn't play up to their usual standard, except Guisto, who fielded well and got two hits, one a homer. Baker went in as a pinch hitter and made good with a two bagger. Captain Hamilton tried to instill fight into his crew all through the game, but it was of no avail, you can't beat luck. The dope sheet:

St. Mary's—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Maher, 3b.	3	1	0	0	1	2
Wilson, cf.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Hamilton, 2b.	5	1	1	0	5	3
Guisto, lb.	4	1	2	0	9	1
Carpenter, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	3
Moy, c.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Maroni, lf.	2	1	0	2	2	0
Prentice, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Whelan, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Brandon, p.	3	0	0	0	0	4
Collins, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Baker	1	0	1	0	0	0

Totals33 7 7 5 24 13 2

California—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Morse, 3b.	5	2	2	0	1	1
C. Rowher, lb.	4	4	3	0	8	0
Adair, cf.	3	2	1	0	1	0
R. Rowher, rf.	3	1	2	0	2	0
Young, ss.	3	2	1	0	1	3
Furlong, c.	2	0	1	0	6	1
Bequette, c.	3	0	1	0	7	0
Becki, 2b.	5	0	1	0	1	2
Parrish, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bingiman, p.	3	1	2	0	0	0
McCabe, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Demick, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals36 12 14 0 27 7 0

Summary—Base on balls, off Whelan 1, Brandon 2, Bingiman 0, McCabe 1, Demick 3. Struck out, by Brandon 2, Collins 1,

Maroni, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Prentice, rf.	3	1	2	0	2	0
Brandon, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0

Totals31 2 7 1 27 11 2

Ambrose Tailors—

Corrigan, lf.	3	0	1	1	3	0
Powers, ss.	4	0	0	0	3	2
Furrer, cf.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Holstrom, rf.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Merani, lb.	3	1	2	0	7	0
Starasinich, p.	4	0	0	0	0	3
Bauer, 2b.	3	0	1	0	3	2
Baldwin, c.	3	0	0	0	1	1
Rhubart, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	1

Totals31 1 5 1 24 9 2

Summary—Base on balls, off Brandon 2, off Starasinich 1. Struck out, by Brandon 3, by Starasinich 1. Hit by pitcher, Carpenter. Three-base hits, Merani. Double plays, Carpenter to Hamilton to Guisto. Time of game—1:50. Umpire, J. Croader. Scorer, J. Gartland.

St. Mary's vs. Broadway Billiards.

On February 22d, the Phoenix nosed out the Broadway Billiards by 2 to 0 in the tightest game played thus far this season. Ted Collins opposed Healon on the mound, and the two pitchers fought a close battle up to the ninth, when Lou Guisto, with one on, broke up the game with as pretty a homer as you would care to see. How things went:

St. Mary's—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Croll, 3b.	4	0	0	0	4	2
Wilson, cf.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Hamilton, 2b.	3	1	0	0	2	1
Guisto, lb.	2	1	2	0	10	0
Carpenter, ss.	3	0	0	0	2	3
Moy, c.	3	0	0	0	3	2
Maroni, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Prentice, rf.	3	0	1	0	4	0
Collins, p.	1	0	0	0	1	2

Totals25 2 4 0 21 10 0

Broadway Billiards—

AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Allen, lb.	4	0	0	0	12	0
Hayes, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1	4
Croll, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	3
McDonough, c.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Woodbury, lf.	4	0	3	0	0	0
Bolt, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Prentice, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Querrello, cf.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Healon, p.	3	0	1	0	1	2

Totals32 0 7 0 25 15 0

Summary—Base on balls, off Healon 3, Struck out, by Collins 3, by Healon 2. Hit by pitcher, Guisto. Two-base hits, B. Croll. Home runs, Guisto. Double plays, Collins to R. Croll; Prentice to B. Croll; Hayes to Healon. Time of game—2:10. Umpire, Sullivan. Scorer, Joe Gartland.

Bingiman 5, Demick 7. Hit by pitcher, Maher. Home run, Guisto. Three-base hits, C. Rowher, Adair, Young. Two-base hits, R. Rowher (2), Furlong. Double plays, Carpenter to Hamilton to Guisto. Time of Game—2:15. Umpire, Spencer. Scorer, Joe Gartland.

The Collegians, our second team, is composed of the likeliest bunch of future Phoenix material that has been available in some years. Thus far this season, out of four games played, they have won three and lost one. Ed. Maher, Bowden, Reppy, Bloomfield, Johnson, and Anderson make up a pitching staff that is hard to beat. Rountree is a sweet receiver, full of pep and there with the willow when a hit means a run. The infield, consisting of Cunningham at first, Howell and E. Guisto on second, Mecum at short and Aiton on third, is working in great shape and full of fight. Lutge, Corrillo, Marcolla, and Silva are all reliable outfielders and good hitters. Following is the dope on the progress of the second string aggregation.

Collegians vs. Kraft's All-Stars.

The Collegians won a seven inning set-to with Kraft's All-Stars on February 19th. Coach Fitzsimmons used Johnson in the box, and he worked so well and showed such a world of stuff, that a place was made for him on the first team pitching staff. Kraft's crew represents one of the fastest semi-pro teams in these parts, and the Collegians beating them, calls forth a deal of credit. Johnson, Rountree and Lutge performed best for the second team.

	R.	H.	E.
Collegians	3	7	1
Kraft's All-Stars	2	5	0

Batteries—Johnson and Rountree; Querolo, Jones and Baldwin.

Collegians vs. Motorcycle Club.

On February 20th, the Collegians walloped the Motorcycle Club by a score of 5 to 1. Bloomfield chucked a nice brand of ball for the Collegians. Lutge smashed out a two-bagger that tallied two runs. Silva d'd some pretty fielding. The results:

	R.	H.	E.
Collegians	5	5	0
Motorcycle Club	1	3	1

Batteries — Bloomfield and Rountree; Smith and Schram.

Collegians vs. Fort Miley.

Fort Miley nosed out the Collegians in a ten inning fracas in San Francisco on February 22d. Uncle Sam's men declare it was the hardest and best game ever played on their diamond. Johnson pitched air tight ball for nine innings, when Maher went in and the lone run of the game was scored in the tenth by the soldiers. Silva got hold of one that went for three bags, but was unable to score. Rountree performed well behind the plate. Lutge grabbed three flies

that would have given the game to the soldiers early in the contest. The dope:

	R.	H.	E.
Collegians	0	4	2
Fort Miley	1	3	1

Batteries—Johnson, Maher and Rountree; Lawson, Schwab and Williams.

Collegians vs. California Second.

The Collegians white-washed the California second varsity to the tune of 8 to 0 on our diamond, March 8th. The game went for six innings, and that was too much. Reppy and Maher did the pitching honors for St. Mary's and each of the lads had the Blue and Gold batsmen at their mercy. Marcolla played an all around good game. Mecum, E. Guisto, and Aiton also did good work for the Collegians. The dope:

	R.	H.	E.
Collegians	8	5	3
California Second	0	1	6

Batteries—Reppy, Maher and Rountree; Barlow, Onmett and Owen.

The third team, better known as the Young Phoenix, has been revived, and gives promise of developing into a crack little nine. There was a time, when Brother Agnon had the final say in things relating to baseball about the College, that the Young Phoenix ranked best among all the High School teams about the bay, and boasted such baseball notables then as Eddie Burns and Harry Hooper. Joe Gartland has been selected as captain. He possesses all the qualities necessary to that position. The Young Phoenix lost their first game to the Heintz Clothiers team by a score of 2 to 0 on Washington's birthday. Following is the team: McInerney, Nolan, Nugent, pitchers; Williams, catcher; Griffith, first base; Brush, second base; Quinn, shortstop; Gartland, Freitas, Turnbull, outfielders; Lundy, Newman, substitutes. A number of Sunday morning games have been scheduled for the Young Phoenix.

The diminutive Victors, our fourth team, are now fully organized and playing out a schedule that will keep them busy up to the closing of the season. They have a diamond all their own and some of the games attract as much interest as the big fellows do. Following are the results of three games played:

Victors 7, Purcell's All-Stars 2; Victors 11, Stars 1; Victors 4, Midgets 3.

The Victors line up thusly: Gartland, pitcher; McGlory, catcher; Green, first base; Mason, second base; Collins, short stop; Cassidy, third base; Cordano, center; Tormey, left, and Captain Prochnow, right field.

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