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Editors of The Palestra

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Palestra

FOR PATRONAGE
WE THANK YOU

VOL. II. NO. 9

SEATTLE COLLEGE, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

JUNE, 1925

College Play Attracts Favorable Comment

"Nothing But The Truth," the recent presentation of the Seattle College dramatic Club, was but another milestone in that organization's path to fame.

A sparkling comedy, full of bright bits of humor, delightfully interesting, and exceptionally well characterized. That is the only criticism we have to offer, and that was about the only criticism offered by the appreciative audiences that viewed the play on the two nights of its presentation.

From the time the curtains parted and revealed the interior of a New York stock broker's office, till the falling curtain hid the cast from view, the large audiences were held in joyful amusement. Now laughing at the mirthful lines of the play; now highly delighted with the comic actions of the characters.

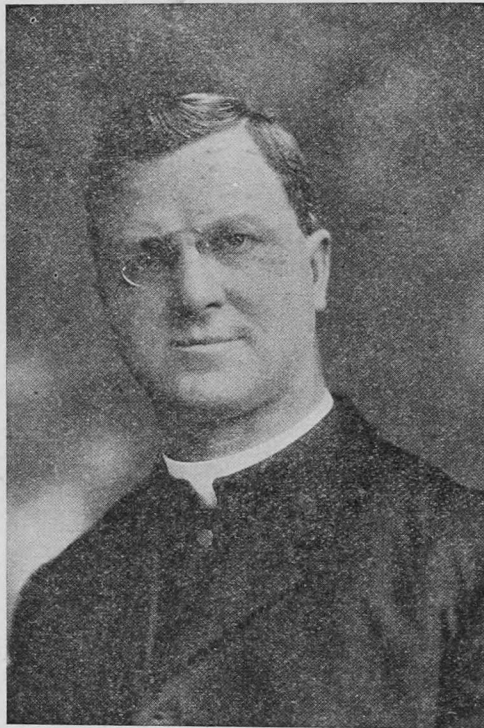
The plot of the play is women around a wager made by "Bob Bennet," a New York business man, against three of his associates, that he can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for twenty-four hours. His three associates immediately bend every effort to extract a falsehood from him, and their efforts are the cause of much laughter. For twenty-four hours they ply him with all sorts of questions, which he must answer truthfully or give up his bet. Each question puts "Bennet" in a ticklish situation, and each situation leads up to a climax, wherein he delays the answering of the all-important question just long enough to allow the clock to strike the twenty-fourth hour and win for him the wager.

Henry Ivers, portraying the role of "Bob" Bennet, who makes the wager, gave a truly remarkable characterization. Mr. Ivers has appeared in all the late offerings of the Dramatic Club, and each time given a sparkling portrayal of his character, but in this play he demonstrated more than ever his histrionic ability.

Thomas Glenn, another whose name has long been linked with amateur theatricals in Seattle, gave another fine interpretation of the role he likes best, namely a snappy, peppy, business man, full of originality and fast-moving ideas. His acting, as usual, was of the highest order, and far above criticism.

Benjamin Bowling and Carroll Montgomery, both somewhat new in Seattle College dramatic circles, cast in the roles of Mr. Van Dusen and

(Continued on Page 3)



REV. FRANCIS J. BURKE, S. J.

Father Burke Is Called to His Eternal Reward

Father Francis J. Burke, S. J., who for fifteen years labored amongst us, has been called by his Creator to his eternal reward. His death, which took place at Hillyard, Wash., where he had been stationed for the past few months, came as quite a shock to his many friends in Seattle.

Father Burke came to Seattle College when it was in its infancy, and his untiring labors have been a mighty factor in its advancement for the past fifteen years. During his time in Seattle he has watched generations of College boys come and go, and has en-

deared himself to each succeeding group. Students knew Father Burke as a stern prefect during school hours, but a pleasant, kindly father out of school.

He gave the best years of his life to Seattle College, always devoted to the work of education, and always laboring to mould the character of his students. His loss will be keenly felt wherever he was known, for Father Burke was a pious, heroic, genial character, who made friends everywhere. Let us all remember him in our prayers.

Distinguished Visitors Appear at the College

Very Reverend Father Provincial was at the play last week and expressed himself as highly pleased at the entertainment offered. The quality of the acting impressed him greatly.

Last week Father McAstocker, S. J., Prefect of Studies of Gonzaga High School, was also a visitor at the College. He witnessed the Bellingham game and saw one of the best of the season. He was in Seattle for the purpose of having a conference with Dean Bolton, of the University of Washington.

Old Grads Gather at the Olympic

The Alumni Banquet, held in the Italian Room of the Olympic Hotel was a great success. Charles Moriarty, acting as toastmaster, introduced the speakers: Fr. Hanley, the vicar-general of the diocese, who gave a fine talk on the Church; His Honor, Mayor Brown, who spoke entertainingly on service to our fellow men; Prof. Clark Bissett, who gave an inspiring talk on character formation; Very Reverend Fr. O'Shea, S. J., who gave the banner talk of the evening, enlarging on Prof. Bissett's topic and adding many new ideas.

Oratorical Contest Educational Treat

The annual Oratorical Contest held in St. Joseph's Hall on Friday evening, May 10, was without doubt the keenest intellectual entertainment of the year. Four speakers representing two classes of the College department stood upon the rostrum and rendered original orations in a manner most interesting and engrossing. The crowd, though unusually small, due to the inviting spring weather without, sat through an hour of solid enjoyment, surprised and thoroughly pleased with the learning and mastery of the forensic art displayed by the youthful orators.

Granville Egan of the class of '27 was the first speaker of the evening and his lively discourse on the "Small College," in which he convincingly showed its educational superiority over the larger universities, was very well taken.

The next speaker was Howard Le Clair, representing the class of '25, the graduating class. Le Clair has made quite a reputation for himself as an orator in the past few years, and he added greatly to that reputation by delivering a beautifully worded speech on "Godless Russia."

Thomas Glenn, well known in College circles for his histrionic ability, came next on the program. And in his deep, trained tones he told of the evils of dope, holding the complete attention of the audience throughout. Glenn was at his best that evening and his efforts brought thunderous applause.

George Stuntz of the class of '25 was the final speaker of the evening, and his final oration from a College rostrum was without a doubt his best. "A Proposal for Peace" was his subject, and his patriotic tones evoked constant applause from the audience throughout his tenure of the stage. That alone is a tribute to any speaker, and George was well deserving of that tribute.

All in all, the contest was a sterling exhibition of oratory and a real credit to Seattle College. The speakers gave excellent renditions of public speaking, and when we consider the fact that their speeches were all written by themselves, we cannot give them too much praise. The audience, which enjoyed every minute of the hour's entertainment, went away singing the praises of the speakers, and the education they are receiving at Seattle College.

The Collegian orchestra further added to the pleasurable evening by their enchanting renditions of operatic airs.

NEW COACH SIGNED

Thomas Berry has signed a one-year contract as athletic director at the College. He is the first regular coach the College has ever signed and he will take the position at the Beginning of the fall term.

Selection of Berry was made at a meeting of the athletic board at which Father Henry Busch presided. The selection was the unanimous choice of the entire board after several other prominent names were presented.

When Tom Berry signed the contract the long period of speculation as to who would handle the teams was ended. For weeks athletic followers on the campus and in the city have been gossiping. It has been the popular topic and when fans gathered the question has been uppermost.

The announcement met with immediate approval for Thomas Robert Emmet Berry is recognized in intercollegiate circles as an all-round athlete capable of passing his knowledge of the games and of sportsmanship to his pupils with the ability of a master. The story of his athletic career is the story of a man endowed with many athletic talents. He played under coaches Harnon and "Wee" Coyle at Gonzaga in football and also made letters in basketball and baseball. He graduated from the Spokane institution with an A. B. degree in 1916 in a class taught by Father William Driscoll, S. J., present professor of Senior class here at the College.

At Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska, he entered the school of pharmacy, and here made an enviable record. He was all-mid-western center, played forward on the championship basketball squad and worked behind the bat in baseball. Last season he was pivot man on the famous Multnomah Club football team and in March he succeeded Clipper Smith as athletic director at Columbia.

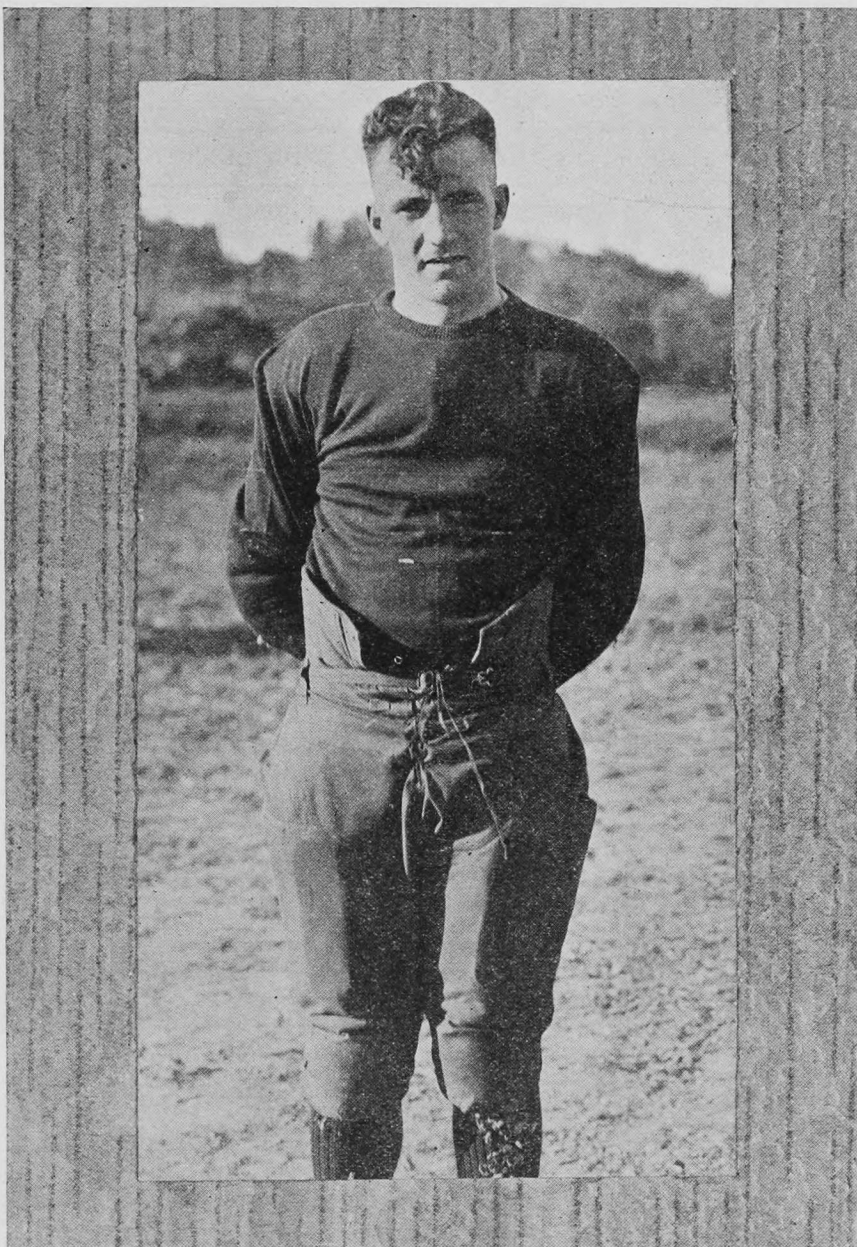
With the signing of Berry large football scores run up against College teams will be a thing of the past and he will be a worthy successor to Mr. William Dunne, S. J., in handling the baseball and basketball teams. He is assured of the united support of the faculty, students and alumni and will inherit a splendid array of talent in all sports.

Once again Seattle College has made a forward stride toward greater glory in the Northwest.

Sport Spotlight

There was a gratifying amount of pep shown at the rally following the last game with the Washington Freshmen, but what kind of pep was it? The answer was revealed on May 30 when we played Columbia at Broadway Playfield. Then we saw it was not merely an artificial display, prompted by the promise of a holiday, but the real, heart-felt enthusiasm that inspires success. Much depended upon our attendance at the Columbia game. Collegians showed the team that we were behind them by turning out en masse for the big game on May 30.

OUR NEW COACH



COACH TOM BERRY

The form shown by Mullally in the Port Townsend game was reassuring to those who feared that the tall brunette was losing some of his speed. Although he entered after the game was lost, he set down the hard-hitting Northerners with ease in the three innings that he pitched.

* * *

This Oregon series, by the way, was a good test of the team's calibre. Three games in as many days showed the wisdom of developing a strong pitching staff. Manca, Mullally, Monohan and Penozza can be trusted to uphold the pitching end in any series.

* * *

And while we're talking about this Southern invasion, some of the students can take a lesson in school spirit from the grads. A number of them made the trip, so that the team would not be without vocal support, even though playing in foreign territory.

While the team was up in Port Townsend, Rock and Egan picked up some valuable experience in the art of fire-fighting. Walking down Main Street after the game, they caught

sight of a burning residence. They ran to the fire-station and awakened the fire marshal, who rang the gong that roused the city from its Sabbath rest. With Clarence and Granville occupying conspicuous if precarious positions, the bright red fire-truck raced down the chief thoroughfare before the admiring eyes of the Port Townsend citizenry. The only disappointing feature of the whole affair was that a man with a bucket of water had extinguished the fire before they arrived on the scene.

* * *

A few days ago the ball team departed on a four-day trip through Oregon. Columbia University, our fiercest rival, was met in Portland, Mount Angel College at St. Benedict's and Willamette University in Salem. Those three games were the toughest on our schedule and the ones we most wanted to win.

We have been playing Columbia in all sports for the past two years, and due to their victories in basketball and football, they hold the edge over us in wins and losses. The boys felt it a bounden duty to avenge their defeats in the other two sports, and

hence this game was a mighty interesting one.

Mount Angel College and Willamette are new rivals, and a victory over them was mighty desirable. Our basketball team played a two-game series with the Mountaineers and broke even, losing the road and winning on the home floor. Only one game was played with them, so the boys were determined to bring home a victory.

This was our first meeting with Willamette on the athletic field, and as they are a Northwest Conference team, we were more than anxious to hand them a drubbing.

So, as you will no doubt have noted, the boys went through a tough three days, but they were determined and confident that they could turn in victories in all of these stars. So, let's give them a little encouragement; they did their best.

BE READY FOR
NEXT YEAR—
THE BIG ONE



HENRY T. IVERS

Play Wins Approval

(Continued From Page 1)

Dick Donnelly, share in the great wager, both showed reliability, and their work was indeed highly pleasing.

Again we must praise the work of John Courtney, that eminent thespian, without whom no Seattle College theatrical would be complete. For the past three or four years John has appeared in every play given by the Dramatic Club. And though he has always taken the most difficult of roles, he has constantly proved himself a dramatic artist of the highest magnitude. This time, in the role of Colonel Ralston, an aged and highly honorable gentleman, he gave another of the delightful characterizations for which he is noted.

Howard Le Clair, another of our thespians who has given many noteworthy performances on the stage in late years, is also very deserving of praise for the wonderfully humorous way in which he portrayed the role of Bishop Dorn, another Billy Sunday. His antics which in great part carried the humorous vein of the play, fairly shook the house with laughter.

The rest of the cast, including Francis Coffey, who did a fine piece of acting in his portrayal of young Leslie Ralston.

Roger Loughney, who made an auspicious debut to Seattle College audiences by his interpretation of the somewhat villainous role of Bill Lovejoy, a fortune-seeking actor; Lawrence Barton, Jack Taylor and Robert Gorman are all deserving of the highest praise for their efforts.

But there is still another whose virtues should not go unsung. That of Mr. William Dunne, S. J., the man behind the scenes, who made a play a reality. Mr. Dunne is the man upon whose broad shoulders the burden of responsibility for the successful presentation of the play fell, and we must say, that he bore that responsibility nobly and gave us a finished production in every sense of the word.

**DON'T FORGET
TO BUY AN
"ECHO"**

We Request Your Presence

at
the

Commencement Exercises

Wednesday, June Tenth

Bellingham Comes and Goes

Down from the North to Seattle came a band of stalwart warriors known as "Vikings," to engage in baseball combat with two of Seattle's strongest teams. On Friday, April 24, they met and were defeated by the University of Washington by a score of 4-3 after a ten-inning battle. The following morning they were the guests of Seattle College in another baseball game, and the Collegians were found on the smaller end of a 7-4 score.

The "Vikings," or "Norsemen" is the name applied to the athletic teams of the Washington State Normal School in Bellingham. The year before, the Norsemen took a 7-1 decision from the boys on the same field, but lost the return match by a 10-9 score. The team is going to Bellingham this current week and are expecting to bring back the same news that was their good fortune last season.

The score, 7-4, is truly no indication of the game as played. The Collegians were without the services of "Scotty" McCarron, who had been confined to his bed all week and was too weak to play. His absence was very apparent in the play and the boys seemed to have no confidence at all in their efforts. "Mose" Mullally had a hard time in finding the plate and in the two innings he worked was nicked for a number of hits and four runs; and "Wits" Manca was called in to halt the rally. "Wits" got by for a few innings and in the sixth and seventh they piled up 3 more runs, bringing their total to 7. In the lucky seventh the college youths came to life and tallied 4 runs. "Busher" Monahan, with a glaring number "13" on his broad back, then took the pitching duties and pitched the best ball of any of the four pitchers used in the game. His left-handed hooks could not be solved by the Vikings and the College boys could not garner any more scores and thus the game ended by a count of 7-4.

The College lineup was very much shaken up and found our worthy

"Brazill" Glenn playing the short patch and our veteran left-fielder, "Omar," stationed at the hot corner. Penozza, the pitcher, was located in left, while Egan and Paul were alternating at right field and catcher during the period of play. Tommy Glenn, in trying to get back safely to first during the seventh inning rally, received a badly sprained ankle, and had to be carried from the field. It also laid him up, away from active duty, for over two weeks. Rock moved to short and O'Neill went in at second for the last two innings. A good crowd witnessed the game, which was played in the forenoon, and the early game proved unprofitable to the team.

**First Copies of
the Annual on
June the Fifth**

The Echo, the Seattle College year book in which is chronicled all the events of our scholastic year, is now on the press. Bigger, better and finer than ever before, it should be even more successful than in the past. The date of publication is set for June 5th, so we urge you once more to hand in your subscriptions without delay. The staff and the photographer have been working diligently of late, and their combined efforts have moulded together as fine an Annual as one could desire. A year book such as the Echo is a credit to our school and to ourselves and it never fails to make friends for Seattle College. Hence we should take it upon ourselves as a duty to get it not only into our own homes but also into the homes of all our friends. Let them see therein our accomplishments in all lines of endeavor for the past year, let them grasp our spirit, and they will become staunch admirers and steadfast benefactors of education at Seattle College.

The price of the Annual this year, despite the increased cost of production, will remain the same as before, and consequently we sincerely hope to double its circulation. It has been a big undertaking, but it has been

Exchange

A Memorial Library for Joyce Kilmer is being founded at Campion College. Any man who has served his country as did Joyce Kilmer, achieving eminence on the field of battle, as well as in the literary world, deserves a fitting memorial. Nothing could be more fitting to his memory than a library; he was firstly a literary man and his legacy, after the sacrifice of his life, is literary.

* * *

The College of Puget Sound seems to be coming right along in the baseball field, as well as the educational. Her ball team recently met and defeated the University of Idaho, one of the strongest teams in the Coast Conference.

"Jottings of a Junior" in their paper is a very original idea. It is very interesting to people to see both sides of the educational training system, and especially those of students from different colleges.

* * *

Loyola College is putting on another play this month. The boys from Los Angeles must be improving rapidly along the stage line; it is about the fourth or fifth play we have noticed advertised in their paper.

Revery of a Graduate

By Harold Fagan, H. S., '25

When were were small and ignorant
And knew not what to do,
Our natural inclination was
To learn a thing or two.

And then one day we went to school,
The thrill of life was ours;
But we didn't like the dunce's stool
And the jug room after hours.

Now after a couple of years of this
Our love of lore has cooled,
And we think of the fun we must
have missed
Because we went to school.

There are tricks in every trade, they
say,
And when we had them down,
We slipped one on the Faculty
And looked around the town.

We have learned the rules of Algebra
And French and English, too,
But we're up against a cruel, cruel
world
With rules entirely new.

But anyway, we've gone through
school,
And we have a little knowledge,
And we must start upon the endless
road
With best wishes for the College.

done well, and if everyone co-operates we can see to it that it makes many new friends and clears itself financially.

Remember, there are but a few days left, so bring in your own subscriptions, and if possible, a few more besides.

The Palestra

A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of the
Students of Seattle College

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CONGRATULATIONS! We wish to congratulate those members of the College Department who took part in the recent Oratorical Contest. It was indeed a sterling exhibition of the forensic art, and clearly demonstrated to those present that Seattle College is developing orators. The speeches delivered by the contestants were original compositions, conceived by the speakers and developed by them, and it would not be too flattering to say that practically all of them were literary gems.

It is truly a pity that we cannot stage more such contests, for it is in this field that we show the public that mental giants are in the making at Seattle College. In the athletic field we are daily exhibiting our bodily development, but that is not the primary object of higher education. It is to develop men, real men, that colleges are instituted, and when any school can develop a man, both mentally and physically sound, it has indeed accomplished its purpose.

FATHER BURKE CALLED Father Francis J. Burke, S. J., for fifteen years a guiding spirit at Seattle College, has been called to his eternal reward. Coming to this institution when it was in its infancy, Father Burke devoted the best years of his life to the education and training of those who entered its doors, and his cheerful, winning personality endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact. He has hosts of friends in Seattle, who grieve at his death as we do, for Father Burke was one in a million. We best know him as a stern prefect during school hours, but a pleasant, kindly father out of school. During his life our interests were his interests, and he labored for our welfare with a zeal that only a man of his character could possess.

But it is useless to try to extol his virtues, for our humble words cannot express them. We have lost a friend and a father, and the world has lost a man whose character cannot be duplicated.

Fr. Burke has gone to his eternal reward. God has called him from his labors, and we mourn the loss of a true friend, a wonderful educator, a virtuous and holy man. Students, remember him in your prayers.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON A very successful baseball season was brought to a close on

Decoration Day when the Collegians played the final game of the toughest schedule ever attempted by a team representing Seattle College. This year's team was the finest aggregation of diamond stars that our institution has developed in many years, and had the wily Dame Fortune been a little more partial, they would have turned in a victory in practically every game of their schedule. Never once can it

THE CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT

It is constantly asserted that Catholics are opposed to the public school system of America. On the contrary, Catholics do approve and support the public schools, and willingly vote and pay their share of the taxes necessary for the maintenance of these schools. They believe that the State should provide free common schools for the education of children, so that every American child not only shall have an opportunity of securing a free education but may be compelled to be educated. They recognize that in this country it is generally impracticable in the common schools to teach the tenets of religious faiths, because to compel children indiscriminately to study the doctrines of any particular religion in which their parents do not believe would destroy all religious freedom and would be contrary to fundamental rights, and they recognize further that to attempt to teach in the public schools the tenets of the Catholic, Jewish and forty Protestant denominations, more or less conflicting, would be quite impossible and inevitably lead to religious chaos. They realize that absolute equality of religious freedom can only be secured by making the public schools non-sectarian. Catholics, therefore, favor the maintenance of a system of free common schools; they have heretofore supported and will continue to support such a system, although they object to some of the details of management, and they will send and do send their children to these public schools wherever there are no Catholic schools. In fact, fully one-half of the Catholic children of our country are now attending public schools because of the lack of Catholic schools.

Thousands of well-to-do Protestants and Jews—many in our own immediate neighborhood—send their children to private schools, whether day or boarding schools, in many of which the Protestant faith is taught. Yet no one suggests that, because these parents send their children to private schools, they are in any sense acting in hostility to the public schools, or to American institutions, or to the best interests of their own children. They have and ought to have the right as parents to send their children to such schools as they think will afford them an education more complete and more conducive to the formation of moral character than they can secure at the public schools. Catholics are but exercising the same common right, and moreover what they believe to be their duty as parents, when they send their children to the parochial schools which are erected, equipped and maintained at their own expense.

Another misrepresentation, and one which Catholics resent, is the statement that the parochial and other Catholic schools do not inculcate patriotism, and that they teach anti-American doctrines. Any candid investigator will readily perceive that this charge is unfounded and is false. In Catholic schools, patriotism, obedience to the law and loyalty to the Constitution are taught as religious, even more than a civic duty; the best and highest ideals of American patriotism and citizenship are aimed at, and no true American Catholic can be other than a good and patriotic American citizen. Children are taught in these schools that loyal obedience to the laws and generous religious tolerance are the two essential elements of good Catholic citizenship, and in every form and aspect they are impressed with the obligation as a religious duty to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's, and to be very thankful that in this country these two separate obligations are wholly reconcilable.

be truthfully said that the team was outclassed. They have shown themselves to be the equal of every team they have played and have made Seattle College a known and feared factor in Northwest athletic circles.

Students, you have every reason to be proud of your ball club, for they have very favorably impressed the leading sports writers of not only our own city but of every city in which they have made their appearance. George Varnell and Bobby Morris, the two leading officials in Northwest athletics, are among the many whose attention they have attracted this season, and the comments of these men have been highly flattering. You have given the ball team fine support this year, and they have as a result played the fine baseball that they are capable of. They have carried the name of Seattle College to greater honor, and turned in a creditable performance in every game, and therefore we can justly call our 1925 baseball season the most successful one we have enjoyed in years.

WE HAVE A COACH When Tom Berry affixed his name to a contract to act as athletic director he ushered in a new era for Seattle College. The faculty and students are grateful to the following persons who, through their lively interest in the school, made possible the acquisition of a man as capable as the new coach: Reverend McHugh, Mrs. A. Donahue and Messrs. Frank Sullivan, T. C. McHugh, P. A. Heney, Frank McDermond, P. B. Scholtes, W. P. O'Connell, Charles Moriarty, C. Fairhurst, Doctor De Donato, Paul Scharr, Henry Ivers, George Stuntz, Howard Le Clair, L. S. Booth, J. J. Sullivan, Frank Egan, Ray Ouellette, A. E. Prickett, M. J. Beezer, J. M. Wilderding, F. J. Flajole, J. M. Rohowits, A. Hein, Bob Pierce, B. J. Curran, B. Monahan, T. Duffy, J. Corrigan, Ben Bowling, McAteer Brothers, John Logan, B. Scholtes, J. Mullally, Roger Coughlin, E. J. Coen and last, but surely not least, the Mothers Club.

IT PAYS

TO ADVERTISE

How often have you read in these pages the old, familiar appeal for ads; and how often have you said to yourself: "I can't get ads. I'm no salesman. Let those with lots of nerve and a 'gift of gab' attend to that."? Or, perhaps, "I'm busy. I haven't time."? Well, here is a way in which you can help. It is an indirect method which, while the results are not so apparent as those obtained by actually soliciting advertisements, is, nevertheless, quite effective. It does not require a marked degree of courage nor any great facility of speech. Neither will it encroach upon your time. The only requirement is a willing spirit.

Boost Seattle College! Let your friends know that you are attending a live, progressive institution. Tell them about the solid education you are receiving and the learned Fathers who are your instructors. Tell them about the baseball team and invite them to come to the games. When plays and entertainments are presented, such as the elocution and oratorical contests, tell your friends. Tell them about the gymnasium and the athletic field we hope soon to have. Show them copies of the Palestra and the Echo. The next time anyone asks you where you go to school, tell him that you go to the finest, liveliest, up-and-comingest school in this or any other city.

Nearly every person you meet is a prospective advertiser in some Seattle College paper or program, if not now, at least some time in the future. The way to make them advertise with us is to advertise ourselves to them. "It pays to advertise" is true in more ways than one. Every resident of this State should know Seattle College, not merely as a name, but as a real, living institution with a "soul," and we, who know it best, should make it our business to bring such a condition into being.

OMAR'S OASIS



The most important item on the Sophomore class picnic menu was a flock of classy ribs. Murphy still insists, however, that it was spuds.

* * *

Ah, me! How gracious is the earth
To bear such tender fruit.
We thank the gods both night and
day,

For the spuds that fill our snoot.
—John Murphy.

* * *

It Ain't Gonna WAYNE No More.
There was a young fellow named
Wayne,
Who conducted his own Hall of
Fame;

He broke down and confessed
That he sure was the best.
Now, wouldn't that give you a pain?
B. M.

* * *

Down in California
Where the "Bull-bull" river flows,
The days and nights are stormy
And the natives wear fur clothes.
—Al. Fish.

* * *

Famous Toreadors

1. Gordon Wayne
2. Homer Brew
3. Rox Reynolds
4. KFOA
5. Moon Mullins
6. Bull Montana

* * *

There was a young man named
O'Connor
And to him smiting balls was an
honor.

He'd stand up to the plate,
Smote the air like a gate—
Then take a drink of water and sit
down.

I look for the poor boy to pass out.
—Joe J. Penozza.

* * *

Oh, yes! My darling "Mose,"
Though you're not my little
daughter,
After this don't wear your clothes
When you go in the water.
—Sophomore Class.

John Courtney, * John Murphy, Egan

and O'Connor are preparing for the annual supermen's 100-yard dash—a glaring feature of the yearly College track meet.

* * *

Mr. M. O'Leary and Mr. Norman McKay of Seattle returned to town Tuesday after spending an enjoyable week-end vacation at Stevens-on-the-lake near Everett.

* * *

Says the cigarette
I'll get 'em yet
He can't get away from me.
Says the moonshiner's liquor,
That city slicker,
I've got, for he cannot see.

* * *

Modern Youth

Kindly Old Lady—"And now, my little man, if you don't go to bed the sandman will come and fill your eyes with sand."

Modern Kid—"Go blow your nose! That's all bologna. We kids can't be coerced into doing the undesirable."

* * *

Picnicking

Mose and Murphy went a larkin'
In a rowboat for their sparkin'
Mose raised no rumpem,
So Murph tried to dumpem
As the shades of night were darkin'.

* * *

Rock and Egan aided and abetted the Port Townsend Volunteer Fire Department while the team was there, and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of two medals from one Carnegie Institute. Egan guided the destinies of the fire demon through the busy streets of the metropolis and Rock handed the liquids in a masterful fashion.

* * *

Murphy did yeoman duty at the Sophomore picnic. As soon as the noon meal was over, Jawn started in peeling spuds and by 6 o'clock had enough skinned for a goodly meal. Egan and Glenn lost several pounds during the first two days on account of the fact that fresh milk could not be obtained for their corn flakes.

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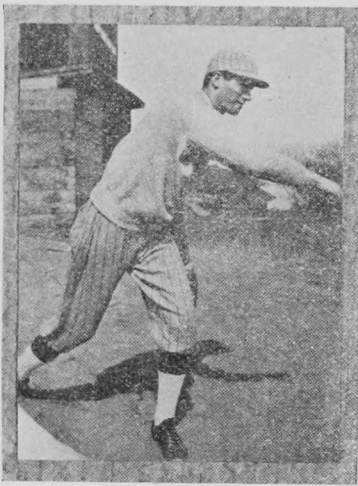
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During the Year



MULLALLY

Willamette Wins From Collegians 8-4

In a game greatly marred by poor officiating, the Collegians lost to Willamette University by a score of 8 to 4 in Salem last Thursday. Heavy hitting on both sides featured the contest, the Collegians having a slight edge in this department, slamming out twelve solid blows, while their opponents were collecting ten. Four home runs, two by each team, and three doubles were also chalked up during the encounter, making quite a hectic day for the sluggers.

Mullally, twirling for the Collegians, pitched nice ball but poor umpiring cost him the game. "Mose" got off to a very auspicious start when he retired the first three men to face him on strikes. Kalahan, the Willamette hurler, although he was nicked for twelve hits, succeeded in keeping them scattered and was airtight in the pinches.

Neither team scored until the second frame when Willamette chased two runners across the plate, by virtue of Isham's home run, which was really foul by inches.

The Collegians tied it up in the fourth when Glenn and Murphy connected for hits and scored when O'Connor drove a screeching double through the window of the building in right field.

But the score did not stand tied for long. Willamette scored four more in the next three innings on bunched hits, errors and poor decisions on the part of the umpire.

That ended the scoring until the ninth frame, when the Collegians scored twice on home runs by O'Connor and Egan. Both were real circuit clouts; O'Connor's drive easily cleared the grandstand in center field, while Egan's went far over the left fielder's head and he scored standing up.

Eddie O'Connor featured the play of the Collegians with his hitting. On his first trip to the plate he drove a hot single over first base; on his second attempt he doubled, driving the ball into the school building in right field; on his third try he was robbed of a home run when Herman, the Willamette center fielder, leaped high in the air and pulled his drive out of the stands. On his final appearance, he drove the ball over the center field stands for a home run. Not a bad

day's work at all.

Isham and Herman were the hitting stars for Willamette, each collecting three hits, Isham driving out a homer and two singles, and Herman connecting for a double and two singles. Herman also turned in a brilliant catch on O'Connor's long clout, for the fielding feature of the day.

Seattle						
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Glenn, 3b	4	1	1	1	0	1
Monahan, lf	3	0	1	2	1	0
McCarron, ss	4	0	1	1	0	1
Murphy, 1b	4	1	1	6	0	0
O'Connor, cf	4	1	3	1	0	0
Rock, 2b	3	0	1	4	2	1
Egan, c	4	1	2	9	2	1
Doyle, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Mullally, p	3	0	0	0	3	1
Paul, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
*Manca	1	0	0	0	0	0
†Carroll	1	0	0	0	0	0
	35	4	10	24	8	5

*Batted for Mullally in 9th.

†Batted for Rock in 9th.

Willamette						
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Isham, 3b	5	1	3	2	2	0
Ellis, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Polinz, 1b	3	0	0	4	0	0
Kalahan, p	3	2	1	1	2	0
Towner, c	4	1	1	11	0	0
Herman, cf	4	1	3	3	0	0
Fasnacht, ss	2	1	1	1	2	1
Nakana, rf	3	1	0	1	1	0
Robertson, 2b	4	1	1	3	3	0
	32	8	10	27	10	1

Seattle	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	—4
Willamette	0	2	0	1	2	1	0	2 x—8

Summary: Runs responsible for, Mullally, 4; Kalahan, 4. Struck out, by Mullally, 9; by Kalahan, 12. Bases on balls, by Mullally, 2; Kalahan, 1. Hit by pitcher, Fasnacht. Home runs, Kalahan, Isham, O'Connor, Egan. Two-base hits, Herman, O'Connor, Murphy. Double plays, Fasnacht to Robertson to Polinz, 2. Passed ball, Egan. Left on bases—Seattle, 3; Willamette, 3. Balk—Mullally. Stolen bases—Towner. Sacrifice hit—Polinz, Fasnacht. Time for game, 1 hour 55 minutes.

Collegians Beat Mt. Angel

You may talk of Glenn and his homer,
Of Rock's fielding and three solid blows—
But before you proceed any farther,
Give plenty of credit to "Mose."

We admire the errorless fielder,
We thrill at a Ruthian clout—
But our hats are off to the pitcher
Who struck the three last batters out.

Yes, sir! When a pitcher hurls two scoreless innings against Columbia on Thursday, a full nine innings against Willamette on Friday, then comes back again on Saturday and pitches five more to win from Mt. Angel, he deserves a lot of praise.

That is just what "Mose" Mullally did when he relieved Manca in the sixth inning of the Mt. Angel game. The College won, 3 to 2, but it took eleven innings of breath-taking baseball to salt away the victory. With

(Continued on Page 7)

Who Said Street Cars?

By GERHARD CARROLL

Every once in a while I relieve myself of a token and ride up the hill on a Madison cable car. This treat doesn't happen every day, and after feeling myself over, as the result of the ride today, which I am about to tell about, I am in doubt as to whether I shall ever partake of said treatment again.

It all happened during the busiest time of the day, for street cars, anyway, at 5:15. I waited at Second and Madison for one of the demon hill-climbers. But, alas, I was not alone, for around me surged a wave of homegoing Seattleites, waiting for said climber. It wasn't long ere the clang of the bell was heard, followed immediately by the car itself, coming up over the hill from First Avenue. With much clattering of brakes and windows, the car stopped before us. Half of Seattle (so it seemed to me) with but a single thought, shoved, fought and finally succeeded in getting into the already crowded car.

After three fatal attempts, I finally succeeded in getting one foot on the first step. From thence on into the car I used all my knowledge of the manly art of self defense, all my knowledge of football, wrestling and boxing. Just as I got in, somebody said, "Let me pay your fare," so I and several others let him. I attempted to work my way in front for air. I hadn't stepped on more than eleven people's feet, when the car lurched forward, and its occupants lurched rearward. Here I found, to my great surprise, that I was the main support for about twenty people.

The lady on my left foot became very indignant when I attempted to shift from one foot to the other, and mentioned something about losing her footing. The gentleman hanging on my right ear insisted on reading his paper, much to the benefit of thirty or forty people about him. They all enjoyed it very much, especially the death notices.

The fat fellow to my northeast, who kept stroking my chin and saying he needed a shave, suddenly thought of a joke he heard during the day. He asked me what I thought of any one who would get up at 5 in the morning and go horseback riding. I told him I thought the person must be crazy, and asked him who in the world did that. He answered me very solemnly, and said that Paul Revere did just that same thing. Then my fleshy friend started to laugh. When he laughed he shook. I, being one of several hundred standing, or rather trying to stand, near him, started to vibrate also. It wasn't long before the wave spread over the entire car. By the time the last person caught it my fat friend subsided, but the shaking kept on for three blocks.

About this time I was wondering where I had put my transfer. I

The Monastic Scriptorium and the Modern Printing Presses

By Ben Bowling

What a striking contrast, what a strong anetithesis is offered us, when, after reading of the old-time printing of the ancient monasteries, we chance to enter the room of a large modern printing press. Where before an almost shy, and very reserved monk met us to explain the labors of his co-workers, we are now guided by an office boy or someone else as dignified.

How strong and how pleasant is the feeling which comes over us as we enter the monastic scriptorium! We are conscious of a new and better atmosphere than that of the outside world. It is this solemn stillness, this harbor of happiness which makes us forget all our worldly cares, all our trials and tribulations, and raises us to an almost celestial contentment. Here a cowed monk slips noiselessly by, enshrouded in black with his little sandals as the only color variation. There sits a young monk silhouetted against the varicolored stained glass window, tracing with nimble fingers the letters and gures of his inspiring work. There sits another monk etching his paragraph letter in the most royal purple and the ripest gold. How untiringly do they work! How quick and conscientiously! For these noble men work not for the love of fame, but for the love of God, with the sole object of perpetuating good works that people might better serve Him. Not often do we find their names upon these manuscripts, for they do not wish to perpetuate themselves and dazzle all by the effulgent glory of their works. There is for them no marker of time:

Their work begins at rise of sun,
The end to them will never come
Till the guardian arrives to call them home.

Little do these monks care for time, their own usefulness and the work accomplished being their only measures.

How different is the atmosphere in the modehn shop! Here, too, we mak see men in black, but it is the black of printer's ink. The solemn silence has been replaced by the clanking and rattling of machines. Instead of quiet slowly moving monks, we have men and boys who are slow moving but noisy and boisterous. The young monk is replaced by the typesetter operating his machine with much the same skill and dexterity with which the monk handled his quill. The clock plays an important part in the shop of today, for now no one works longer than he must. It is only for the mere monetary recompense which they receive that these men strive. The old contentment is replaced by the hurry-scurry characteristic of the American style.

SPORTS

COLLEGE LOSES TO BELLINGHAM IN HOT GAME

In a sparkling exhibition of baseball, replete with fight, enthusiasm and sensational playing, the "Vikings" from Bellingham Normal, downed the Collegians by a score of 2 to 1 in the city of Tulips last Friday.

With their first-string lineup intact for the first time in more than a month, the Collegians once again looked like the real ball team they are, and battled the Normalites to a standstill, only to lose the decision on a well-executed squeeze play.

It was a pitchers' duel from beginning to end, with both teams turning in spectacular bits of fielding to help their hurlers over the rough spots.

Mullaly, the ace of last year's pitching staff, was on the mound for the Collegians, and for the first time this season, Mose was himself. His fast ball fairly smoked across the plate, while his wide, sweeping curves completely mystified the "Vikings," who found him for only three hits, two of which were of a scratchy variety.

Frykman, the Normal twirler, who opposed him on the mound, was likewise in fine fettle, and held the College sluggers to three hits, two of which came in the ninth inning and netted them their only tally.

The Vikings were first to score, crossing the plate in the fourth, as a result of a walk and a triple. They scored again in the eighth on an infield error, a sacrifice and the squeeze play. There was much argumentation over that play, as Staggs, the Normal hitter, in his anxiety to bunt the ball, stepped across the plate and should have been, therefore, automatically out. But the umpire ruled otherwise and his decision held.

The Collegians came back fighting mad in the ninth and, with the heavy end of the batting order up, gave their opponents plenty to worry about. With one away, Glenn spanked a double to right center, McCarron flew out, but O'Connor came through with another double, scoring Glenn. At this juncture, Murphy was given a base on balls, but the next hitter flew out, ending the game 2 to 1 in favor of Bellingham.

One good feature of the game was the fact that the ball team snapped out of its slump and played real baseball, which is indicative of future victories, for when that team is in form it is mighty hard to beat. The infielders worked once more with that precision and confidence that has been missing from the play for the past month. The outfield also gave a fine account of itself, Omar O'Connor turning in a circus catch in center field that cut off a sure home run and drew tremendous ap-

COLUMBIA BEATS COLLEGE AGAIN

The Collegians dropped the first game of their southern invasion when they fell before Columbia University in a hotly contested battle in the Rose City. Infield errors in the critical stages caused the downfall of the College men and gave the game to the Portlanders by the score of 6 to 5.

"Wits" Manca started on the mound for the Collegians and pitched winning ball throughout, losing only on the toughest of breaks when his mates faltered. Cosgrove, the youthful righthander, opposed Manca and the Collegians took to his offerings immediately, driving out five runs in the first few innings. The Portlanders, however, kept up a continuous fight and when the College infield wobbled, they quickly took advantage of the break and jumped into a one-run lead, which they held till the end through the clever pitching of Traynor, who relieved Cosgrove in the sixth. Manca was also taken out at this juncture and Mullaly, who relieved him, was likewise very effective, retiring the six hitters who faced him by some clever fielding on his own part. Mose forced all six of the men who faced him to hit weak rollers to the box and he retired them all in order, which is quite an unusual feat in itself.

Doyle and Monahan who were included in the outfield when Mr. Dunne revamped his lineup, led the hitters in this game, each collecting two singles, Doyle's coming right in the pinches and accounting for two of the five runs. Vaughn, the hard-hitting catcher of the Portlanders, led his team's hitting, driving out a double and a single in four trips to the plate.

Columbia scored first in the initial frame when they took advantage of Manca's wildness to take a momentary lead. The Collegians, however, came back strong, and scored one in their half of the second, and followed that with two in the third and two more in the fourth. Columbia scored again in their half of the fourth on a single and a long triple by young Cosgrove. The Collegians led five to two in the fifth, and it looked indeed as if the old game were safely salted away. But fate ruled otherwise and the Columbia boys ran in four counters in this frame, just enough to grab the lead. Neither team was able to score further as both pitchers were bearing down in earnest, and the game ended with Columbia on the long end of a six to five score. The Collegians threw a scare into the Portland camp

(Continued on Page 8)

plause from the spectators.

With Mullaly once more his old self, and with the rest of the men playing the kind of ball they are capable of, it looks at present as if the team will finish the season in a blaze of glory, with no more defeats to mar their record.



Captain Murphy

Captain John Murphy, of the '25 baseball team, has proved one of the best athletic leaders the school has ever had. His own fine playing and his continued pep and fight have been a constant inspiration to his teammates.

A couple of years ago Murphy was a substitute second baseman on the aVrsity squad, but last year "Pinky" Leitch's departure necessitated the finding of a new first baseman. Murphy's hitting had always been strong, so he was tried out at the initial cushion.

The result has been one of the best first sackers in the city. His fielding has improved constantly, while his hitting has been as strong as ever. Today he is one of the steadiest and one of the best players ever to wear a College uniform.

He has merited great success and he will obtain it with this year's team if ability and fighting spirit count for anything.

COLLEGE WINS A LONG ONE

(Continued From Page 2)

his arm sore and aching in the last three stanzas, Mullaly threw every ball as if it were to be the last. Three times a putout would have ended the game, and on two of these occasions, Bobbles in the field allowed the Mountaineers to knot the score. But in the last half of the eleventh inning, with the tying run on second base, Mullaly sent the next three batters back to the bench on strikes. That was pitching!

From the very start the game was a nip-and-tuck pitcher's battle. Dyer, the Mt. Angel chucker, fanned Glenn, Monohan and McCarron, the first three to face him. On the preceding day Mullaly had pulled the same feat against Willamette. Manca, in turn, whiffed Keber and retired Teeters and Barr on pop-flies.

The College opened the scoring in the third when Manca slashed a single to left, took third on Glenn's poke over second, and tallied when Monohan grounded to short and the catcher dropped the throw to the plate.

O'Connor and Egan got on base in the fourth but fell victim to a fast double play, Bowley to Schlesinger. Dyer pulled out of a hole in the sixth frame when Rock and O'Connor singled and a fielder's choice filled the bases. However, Doyle and Manca struck out, leaving the runners stranded. In this inning Manca's arm weakened and Mullaly was inserted after Dyer had singled and reached third base on an error and a passed ball.

Mt. Angel's equalizer came in the eighth chapter with two away. Dyer fouled out to Murphy. Keber exploded a single to left but was forced by Teeters, who promptly stole second. Barr then lifted a fly to short center which O'Connor dropped after a hard run, allowing Teeters to score.

The Panthers forged ahead in the ninth by virtue of Dizzy Doyle's speedy baserunning. The first man up, he was issued a walk. He stole second, took third on Bowley's muff of Mullaly's grounder, and romped home on Tom Glenn's sacrifice skier to center.

Mt. Angel would not surrender without a fight, however. Bowley singled and was bunted to second. Buckley, a pinch-hitter, whiffed. McGrath, batting for Dyer, sent a bouncer towards third base for what should have been the third out, but Glenn kicked it. Bowley scored and sent the game into extra innings.

Thrills were coming thick and fast now, keeping the stands in a constant uproar. McCarron greeted Buddy Green, the Angel's new hurler, with a scorching single to center. Murphy sent him to second with a well-placed bunt. O'Connor walked and Rock beat out a hit, filling the bases. But again, as before, the next two batters fanned.

Mt. Angel threatened in their half of the tenth when Barr and Green hit safely after Teeters had grounded out. Glenn trapped a high foul fly lifted into the crowd by Saunders and the danger was averted when Rock made a sensational stab of Bowley's scorcher.

Tommy Glenn was the first man up in the eleventh inning and when he came to the bench he vowed that he would make up for his costly error in the ninth. As he stepped to the plate Mr. Dunne reminded him to touch all the bases. And he did! Green threw a high fast ball that Tommy poled far out past left center. He had already crossed the platter when the centerfielder finally retrieved the ball. The game ended with Mullaly's three successive strike-outs, as related above.

Although the game was replete with errors, good baseball was present in abundance. "Red" Rock handled twelve chances at second base without an error besides collecting three bingles and a sacrifice in five trips to the plate. Green, Teeters and Doyle showed lots of speed on the bases. Glenn's four-ply wallop was as solid a clout as one could wish to see.

COLUMBIA WINS

(Continued From Page 7)

in the ninth, when they staged another of their belated rallies after two were out. A double and a walk put the tying and winning runs on the bases, but Traynor took a hitch in his belt and disposed of the next hitter without further trouble.

Seattle

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Glenn, 3b	4	1	1	0	2	0
Monahan, lf	3	1	2	0	0	0
McCarron, ss	4	1	1	0	0	0
Murphy, 1b	4	0	1	13	0	0
O'Connor, cf	5	0	1	0	1	0
Rock, 2b	4	1	0	2	2	1
Egan, c	4	0	1	7	1	0
Doyle, rf	4	1	2	0	0	0
Manca, p	3	0	0	0	6	1
Mullally, p	1	0	0	2	4	0
*Carroll	1	0	0	0	0	0

35 5 9 24 16 2

*Carroll batted for Monahan in 9th.

Columbia

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Vaughn, c	4	1	2	8	1	0
Sullivan, 2b	1	1	0	3	4	1
E. Murphy, ss	1	1	0	1	4	2
Logan, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lamb, 3b	4	1	0	1	4	2
Quirt, rf, 1b	3	1	1	4	0	0
Sisk, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Traynor, 1b, p	4	0	0	7	0	0
Cosgrove, p	2	0	1	0	2	0
Maney, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0

28 6 6 27 15 5

Columbia 1 0 0 1 4 0 0 0 x-6

Seattle 0 1 2 2 0 0 0 0 0-5

Summary: Innings pitched—by Manca, 7; by Cosgrove, 5. Hits off Manca, 6; off Cosgrove, 8. Runs, responsible for, Manca, 2; Cosgrove, 1. Bases on balls—off Manca, 6; Cosgrove, 2; Traynor, 2. Struck out—by Manca, 4; by Cosgrove, 1. Three-base hits—Vaughn. Two-base hits—McCarron, Egan. Double plays—E. Murphy to Sullivan to Traynor. Passed balls—Egan. Left on bases—Seattle, 8; Columbia, 1. Stolen bases—Glen, 2; O'Connor, 1; Doyle, 3; Sullivan, E. Murphy, Logan. Sacrifice hits—Sullivan, 2. Umpire, Moran.

Port Townsend Game

Port Townsend's big bats and the fine hurling of Swanson kept the Collegians from annexing another victory on Sunday, May 3, at the Bay City, by a score of 17 to 7.

The game opened the season for the Sound boys and the day was filled with all the thrills of a big league season's opener. The Mayor tried to throw the first ball over, the Chief of Police caught it and the Councilman-at-Large swung at it.

Port Townsend put over five runs in the first inning, three errors and four hits accounting for them. After that inning the game see-sawed back and forth, with the home team piling up runs first with hits and then errors. The new dirt on the infield made the bounce very unsteady and had the infielders guessing.

Who Said Street Cars?

(Continued From Page 2)

reached into my coat pocket. "Cease, Sparky!" What was that? A powder puff, cigarettes and lipstick! And then the lady yelled "Pickpocket!" and made a grab for the man next to me. I immediately withdrew my hand, and bravely made for the poor man next to me, when the lady kicked me in the shins and said: "Can't you see that it is only my husband?" Somebody started to get up and everybody had to move, so I lost the lady friend. After putting my hand in several different people's pockets, I finally found my own. But it wasn't empty. A pair of gloves not my own reposed there, instead of one there were three transfers, besides a few handkerchiefs and vanity cases. It was afraid to look in my other pockets. Then someone kept buttoning their coat to mine and I kept unbuttoning it. I could not do two things at once, for at the same time some one of the men was scratching my head. In attempting to stop him I stuck my elbow into a lady's eye and she slapped the face of the gentleman on my instep. He was a total stranger, but he looked right at me and said, "Hello, Bill!" I wasn't going to be caught unawares, so I said: "How are you, Sam." He said: "My name is not Sam." And I said: "My name is not Bill." And, sure enough, it was not either of us.

Just then I received, or rather felt, a tug on my coat. The person to whom I was buttoned was getting off the car. I tried to hold back, but to no avail, and two blocks later I was dragged off the car. In the street I found my drag to be a woman of tremendous proportions. When I tried to unbutton my coat it attracted her attention. Seeing me fussing with her coat, she let out a scream, followed by several others, and helped along by much pounding of fists, at me, until a policeman parted us. She told him I was trying to steal her coat. He was going to take me in, but I told him I had been riding on a crowded cable car and he let me go. If he had searched me I'd have been in jail yet, for when I arrived home I went through my pockets. I possessed everything from a toothbrush to a ham sandwich, and from lifesavers to a pocket flask. I didn't mind these things being there, but, Lord, never again for me, as I've got a black eye, three broken ribs, and a foot that looks as if a steam roller had run over it.

Capt. Murphy and McCarron were the hitting stars for the College, while Mullally did some nice relief pitching and also came through with a hit in the seventh inning to start a big rally which netted six runs. It was a real seventh inning rally, with the boys showing all kinds of fight, but the early lead of Port Townsend was too much to overcome.

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