SOME REMARKS.

If a moderately good artist could go sketch-book in hand, through this world, filling his tablet with every remarkable face he came across, portraying, in the features of this one and that one, the character which is hidden underneath, at the end of five years what a remarkable collection he would have. What a treasure for memory and imagination to revel in, as page after page would reveal the many features and lead him back to the times and places where the originals had been met with. We are not all artists, and consequently cannot seize and store up in our sketch-books the many characters we have met or may hereafter meet. Truly we are not artists, but when certain characters daily force themselves upon us, when at every turn we run across them, when at night we dream of them, so impressive have they been during the day; then indeed must the mind be barren and the memory hopelessly lost which can not recall them in after days. It is almost an impossibility to forget them, they are so continually before us. In everything we read we see their counterpart, and as they are always cropping out, we are, as in the present case, tempted to write them down.

The first place on this list will be given to the chronic grumbler. Under this genus we have many species. The one who is met with most frequently, is the man who contradicts. A person who holds opinions of his own, and not only holds them, but must force them upon you. Now, holding an opinion is anybody’s right, but as a special favor we should like to beg of him to vary the monotony and agree with us sometimes. In everything he says or is about to say. This character is found everywhere, more especially where there are a number of limited number of brethren. Almost as bad as the one of many opinions, is the one with none at all. The former disgusts you; the latter provokes. That one is ever ready and always first to have his say: this one is cautious, he hears your side first, sounds you, as it were, finds out all he wants to know, and then, when asked what he thinks about the subject, quietly says: “I am indifferent;” or, “My opinion is not worth much.” Both these characters, the man with an opinion on all matters and the person with no opinion at all, find their match when they confront the character who knows everything, who has been everywhere, who has read all things, and who knows all that you say or are about to say. This character is found everywhere, more especially where there are a number of boys on study bent. We are almost inclined to give up the pursuit of knowledge when we reflect that by simply consulting this human “library of universal knowledge” all things will be found out. He is tolerated, for the simple reason that he has to be, there is no way of evading him.

Is there another character worthy of note? Oh, yes. In our frequent readings we have no doubt noticed the marks left by that most contemptible being, the bookworm. He is not alarmed at the word “bookworm.” By this he is not meant the true lover of books. Our worm here is a species of destructive grub, whose purpose it is to destroy all fine passages in books by insane scribblings on the margin; whose duty it is to correct some passing remark of the author; who cuts up Dickens and Thackeray in turn, always leaving his dirty scrawl with a sickly initial appended. In the end he feels somewhat ashamed of his biting (?) remarks, and to redeem himself ends up something in this fashion: “I have read this book and pronounce it fair,” or, “rather good.” He does this, too, when the book so treated is full of thought, full of those hidden sentiments which elevate our morals. And why does he do this? Simply because he lacks in common sense. Why does he persist in it? Simply because the fool-killer is a much needed individual in this quarter.

The characters here set forth are given the first place, or place of honor it may be called. They all contribute their little mites to make life unbearable. They are mean characters, and not one of us would willingly be like them. It may be urged, and no doubt has been already, by some observant reader, that by criticising and putting forward unasked his opinion in the case of the above-cited characters, the present writer has been guilty of what he charges the first character with. But when the writer shows a disposition not only to criticise but to praise some characters, it will be seen how groundless are the charges. The opposite of all these characters is praised by him as a noble character. The only opinion that is held is that the writer is not like him, and the only wish is that some day he may claim at least one of the many good qualities which distinguish that character. But where do we find the opposite of all these characters? The opposite of these characters is embodied in that one grand character, the pride of all his friends—the jolly, cheerful, whole-souled man. His smiling face revealing his even temper, his full-hearted “good-morning” tempting one to go out of one’s way to receive it—a man who makes life bright for all around.
A GLIMPSE AT HAWTHORNE.

It has been well said that a nation's literature moulds its character, and that by studying the literature of dead and gone nations we can gain, in a great measure, a correct estimate of their morals, manners, and customs.

Among the many illustrious authors who have made the American literature what it is, there is one name that stands prominent. It is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was the rarest genius America ever saw. Never had his like existed, and it is doubtful if there ever will exist another. It is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

He was the rarest genius America ever saw. Never had his like existed, and it is doubtful if there ever will exist another who can equal him in genius, in originality, in his quiet, unobtrusive manner. The characters of his writing are types. They are of this world, but by his manner touch they are transported beyond our reach. Not so far that we, gazing, only dimly see their outlines, but are raised above us so that we may gaze upon and study them but may not take them in our grasp and handle them. They are not of our work-a-day world. But, here, it is not our design to speak of his writings and characters. They are unique. His delightful chiaroscuro places them apart from the characters of the other American authors. In every line there is Hawthorne and no other. Well is it said of him: "He never soiled the public mind by one unlovely image." Here, it is our task to look at the every-day life of this rare man.

He was in the world, but he was not of it. Nor is it strange that this man, born of Puritan parents in that most Puritanical of cities, reared in its Puritanical atmosphere, surrounded by the influences of that city, where even today it is deemed almost a sin to laugh loudly on the Sabbath, it is not strange, I say, that his character should be imbued with a melancholy, not misanthropical, for he was one of the kindest of men, but with a sweet, unobtrusive melancholy which seemed almost a part of his nature.

His career was most tranquil and uneventful, and in his whole life there is not one instance of anything that could be called dramatic. This is testified by his note-books, which he kept during his residence in England, France, and Italy, and during part of his life in America. To get a true estimate of the character of this man it is only necessary to read these records of the daily life of the most beautiful and most eminent representative of a literature. They show us the man as he was. They show us his modesty, his uprightness, his keen observation of those small points which go to beautify the whole. They show us his careful discrimination, and, above all, his whole-souled devotion to those whom he held dear. Whatever he wrote he wrote from his heart; whatever he said he meant. There were no two sides to Hawthorne, he was as frank and open as a child. If he loved you it was with the whole strength of his heart. He never trudged himself to hate. He was chary of making acquaintances, but when once made and proved, they were his friends for life. Listen to what he wrote to his friend and publisher, Mr. Fields. Speaking of Our Old Home, which was about to appear, he says: "* * * on the other page-is a list of presentation people,*" [twenty-four in number] * * * "As likely as not I have forgotten two or three, and I held my pen suspended over one or two of the names, doubting whether they deserved of me so especial a favor as a portion of my heart and brain. I have but few friends." Yes, it is true, he had but few friends, but who were they? The representative statesmen and literary men of the day, Longfellow, a schoolmate of his at Bowdoin; Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, W. E. Channing, Sumner, and men of such stamp. By these he was appreciated, and by these loved.

Speaking of him, Henry James, Jr., says: "Three or four beautiful talents of American growth are the sum of what the world usually recognizes, and in this modest nosegay Hawthorne is admitted to have the rarest and sweetest fragrance. The cold, bright air of New England blows through his pages. His simplicity is his charm." The French critic, M. Emil Montegut, writing in the Revue des Deux Mondes, 1860, invents for Hawthorne the name of "Un Romancier Pessimiste." Of this critic it has been said, "his fancy is often more lively than his observation is deep." In this case it seems as if this were the truth. There is a good deal of difference between indulging in shadowy fancies and pessimism. Pessimism consists in having morbid and diseased views of the world and of mankind. This, Hawthorne never indulged himself in. His diaries, which are the record of his every-day life, show us no disposition to undervalue mankind. From the reading of them we are almost convinced that Hawthorne had no appreciable philosophy at all, These volumes move in with a striking evenness on a level above that of a man's philosophy. They contain no convictions or theories. His reserve, his exaggerated love of solitude were not cynical, nor the result of a diseased mind, but were the natural outcome of his early experiences. To understand this it is only necessary to glance at the intellectual character and taste of a New England town, and especially of Salem seventy years ago. The Puritanical tastes were still deep-rooted in that quaint old place, and what must have been their influence upon a young man of beautiful genius, with a love of literature, of romance, of the picturesque, of style, and of color, form and light. Can we imagine him anything else but a lover of solitude in the midst of these influences? What does he say himself in the preface to his masterpiece, The Scarlet Letter? Commenting on his ancestor, Colonel John Hawthorne, who was famous for his persecution of the witches, and upon the tastes of Salem's early settlers, he says:

"Either of these stern and black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins that after so long a lapse of years the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne, as its topmost brow, an idler like himself. No aim that I have ever cherished would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine, if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success, would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. 'What is he?' murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. 'A writer of story books!' This spirit of regarding literary men and fiddlers in the same catalogue had not entirely passed away from Salem at the time of Hawthorne's birth, and it is not strange, then, that he should have preferred solitude in the wooded grove or by the shores of the 'much-resounding sea,' to mingling in the hourly throng who regarded him, if not as insane, at least as some strange being, worthy of their curious gaze like some rare beast from a foreign strand.

Such were the influences which caused him to love solitude and not his "pessimism," as M. Montegut would have us believe.

His sterling uprightness and devotion to his friends is strikingly shown in his action in regard to the dedication of 
Our Old Home. It made its appearance in the autumn of 1863. At that time the war was progressing, and the North was suspicious of those public men who did not bear a conspicuous part in helping to put down the rebellion. Franklin Pierce, a schoolmate of his, had been President of the United States and, to say the least, was not identified with the great party which favored a vigorous prosecution of the war. Hawthorne proposed to dedicate the book to him. Several of his friends, knowing that the unpopularity of Pierce's name would be likely to jeopardize the sale of the book, advised his publisher, Fields, to write and ask him to withdraw the dedication. Here is his reply: "I thank you for your note of the 15th, and have delayed in order to ponder over your advice, and see what it might be possible for me to do towards taking it. I find it would be a piece of policy in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness. If he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the book, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I can not, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately felt and thought. Our thinking done and our fancy; if you really have made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" Hawthorne assented, and the result was Evangeline.

In this brief sketch, we can only touch upon a few characteristics of this wonderful genius. To understand all his beauty of disposition we must read his works, and having read them once the charm of their diction, their freshness and beauty hold you enthralled. It has been said, "to appreciate him one must know the manners, morals, and very climate of that great region of which the remarkable city of Boston is the metropolis." This is only partly true. To appreciate him one must be an American. When we think of this man of whom Dr. Holmes says, "talking to him was almost like love-making, and his shy beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful prudence like an unschooled maiden," when we think of him dead, with the manuscript of his last romance lying half finished in his breast, we can only join with his friend and schoolmate, Longfellow, in saying: "Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power, and the lost crew regain? The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower, Unfinished must remain." Dr. Juniper.

ARTICLES WE OMITTED TO PRINT

Our waste-basket is overflowing with good articles this issue which we were hindered from printing, nay even forbidden to print by the offensive nature of their titles. We had received the usual number of contributions from literary men of the first rank, (for the Paultown General never employs others than those of highest merit) and one or two others from rising but less widely known authors, but we were not as usual suited. We simply name their titles and leave our readers to discover why.

Our first contribution was from Mr. Buskin, the well-known English writer, and treated of the "Beauty of lines." We passed it into the waste-basket without looking further, although it had been purchased at an enormous price. We can not afford to offend our readers by revealing such beauties as this. The address of the poet, Hendell Wolmes, with its bold flourishes, next met our eye, and on tearing his letter open we found the title of his little poem to be "What he did when out in town." Quickly we grasped the envelope, and with a trembling eye examined whether it had been opened before it reached us. Then we held it over the flame until letter and envelope were ashes, when at last we wiped the perspiration from our brow, and thought. Our thinking done we took up our next article contributed by Mister Ladstone with the title, "Sleep not, but pray always." We cursed as we followed the flowing river of his argument, but we dared not print it. On the face of it, it meant the loss of half our subscribers. Into the wastebasket it went, and underneath it lay an unpublished essay of the dead naturalist, Humboldt, unearthed by one of our agents at much trouble and expense, "High estimation in which the ancients held the horse and its lower estimation by the moderns." It was a lie, open and evident by its very title. We cast it away. We had still one article, our sheet anchor, contributed by Powell, the novelist, a short story. We took it up and read the title, "Busted; or, He began his work too late." We cursed the whole tribe of authors as we sent it into the basket and vowed that when we paid such prices for articles again we would know their titles first.

OUR CLASS PICTURES.

II.

The Class of '66.

These necessarily imperfect and insufficient sketches were begun in our last issue, the class of '58 leading off. There is a break of nearly one decade (and that decade which includes the years of the civil war) before we come to the second picture in our gallery. It would give us pleasant work and be suggestive of cherished memories to touch upon the unpictured classes that intervene, and later on we may do so. At present we must content ourselves to follow the pictures in chronological order, and thus do we find ourselves face to face with the men of '66—men now, if not when they sat in group before the camera at the time of their graduation, for the boy born that summer can vote next November.

The Class of '66 was small in point of numbers, having had only five members. In the order of graduation, still, at that time, the order of standing, they were Noble S. Hoffer, of the District of Columbia; Louis G. Gouley, of New York; Julius Soper, of the District; Hugh C. Williamson, of Louisiana, and William Tazewell Fox, of Virginia. Unfortunately the information that we can furnish of these gentlemen is meagre in the extreme. The honor men of the class, Noble S. Hoffer and Louis G. Gouley, are, we have been informed, both dead. The former studied law and settled in the West; the latter became a physician, married, and settled in New York, where he practiced up to the time of his death. Julius S.
Soper is a clergyman of the Methodist Church, and was present last year on Commencement Day. He is now, for the second time, on the mission in Japan, and is devoted to his work. Hugh C. Williamson became a druggist and opened business in New Orleans, where our informant saw him some years ago. Of Wm. Tazewell Fox we have no recent information. After graduating in 1866 he studied law in Baltimore. For a time he taught in one of the educational institutions of that city, and in 1868 he received his A.M., delivering at the time his Master’s Oration, “the subject being “Heroic Charity.”

We feel that explanation, if not apology, is demanded by the jejune notice of the class of ’66, which is here concluded; but neither apology nor explanation will be required by any one who has endeavored, at any time or for any purpose, to follow up the career of old students; so difficult is it to keep track of our students, once emancipated from college life.

PERSONALS.

Eugenes Ives, A. B., ’78, is making an excellent record for himself as member of the General Assembly of the State of New York. He is foremost amongst those who can lay claim to the title of intelligent, statesmanlike legislators; and his connection with the bill establishing the Field Code and that for high license has given him a most honorable distinction.

Peter D. Smith, A. B., ’84, writes: “The practice of the law in Logansport, Cass County, Eel Township, Indiana, in the opinion of aged attorneys is not remunerative. As an evidence of their error, please find inclosed one dollar, which your most obedient servant has saved of his earnings at the bar.” The letter contributes information which we venture to place here under the general head of “Personals,” after thanking our friend of Logansport, &c., &c., for his interesting and very welcome letter.

Chas. Jas. Helm, A. B., ’82, is in Boston, Mass., still working assiduously in his study of medicine and the art of healing. He writes that he has had several patients under his care in the hospital and has become so accustomed to his title of “doctor” that he answers to it unconsciously.

Sam. Walls broke the record. He is the first of our class to put his neck in the matrimonial yoke. Farmers in this locality—hoosiers you know—are the best farmers in the United States—say that oxen always pull double up hill without any difficulty, but when the log-chain snaps and the timber begins to roll and slide, the yoke is not easy nor the burden light. So may it not be with Mr. and Mrs. Walls.

Thos. D. J. Gallagher was pursuing the god of medicine the last I heard of him. Whoever that god is he will be able to tell you, if you are fortunate enough to beg, borrow or steal an answer from him. The class of ’84 determined to keep alive, esprit du-corps, I believe he called it, and we agreed to each contribute his share of the beforementioned article. A class letter was suggested as the best means of so doing, and Thos. D. J. Gallagher being first in the class was elected to start the letter on its way rejoicing. He may have started it, it may have passed through George Martin’s hands, McDermott never received it, P. D. S. has neither seen nor heard from it, and if Yturbiad has it, he has clearly demonstrated his ability to keep a secret. Whom are we to blame? Thomas D. J. Gallagher, of course. Why? Because he never wrote the first line of our Class Letter. What shall we do with him? Ostracise him! When? Now! Where? In the city of Philadelphia!

As president of the class of 1884, I brand him with the inextinguishable brand of ostracism. Said brand to be removable under two (2) conditions: 1. In case he forsakes the study of medicine. 2. In case he follows the example set by Sam Wallis.

I heard Rev. B. P. Guldner once remark that next to the sacerdotal office the profession of healing the sick was the best. I beg leave to discriminate, differ. Next to the sacerdotal profession, and far in the rear of the legal, comes the science and art of healing the sick, giving drink to the thirsty, and clothing the naked. I mean to apply my remarks more particularly to the case of Thos. D. J. Gallagher. Hoping the doctor of ’84 will not allow these few and scattering truths to go unanswered,

I remain, Mr. Manager, truly yours,

P. D. Smith, A. B., ’84.

Conde B. Pallen, A. B. and A. M., receives from a Washington paper, The Church News, the following well-merited compliment: “The St. Louis Catholic World has gone into the hands of a stock company. The former able and efficient editor, Mr. Conde B. Pallen, has been unanimously elected editor. The new company could not have made a better selection, and we wish it continued success now that its sphere of usefulness has been widened.’”

Francisco Becerra, son of the Minister from the U. S. of Colombia, who left college about three years since, has gone into the banking business in New York.

Mr. John O’Laughlin, the genial assistant passenger agent of the B. & O., whose presence at the college was always welcome, presaging as it did the coming of the holidays, has accepted the position of traveling passenger agent tendered him by the Chicago, Milwaukkee & St. Paul, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio. He takes with him the best wishes of the students for his success.

It is with much regret that we notice that Roger McSherry, of the class of first grammar and of the Journal staff, has, for the second time this year, been compelled to leave college on account of ill health. We hope that his recovery may be sure and speedy.

Lamar & Zachry, attorneys-at-law. This new legal firm claims a passing notice at our hands. The senior member, W. H. Lamar, is an L.L. B. of our Law School, where he held high rank in his class. J. G. Zachry, the junior member, attended the Academic Department some years ago, but did not remain to graduate. The antecedents of these young gentlemen justify flattering auguries of success, which we hope to see realized.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGETOWN—CLASS OFFICERS.


THE ORDINATION OF REV. EDW. X. FINK, S. J.

The Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, D. D., Bishop of Wilmington, Del., visited the college this week for the purpose of conferring the orders of sub-deacon and deacon on Mr. E. X. Fink, A. B., ’73. The ceremony took place in the college chapel, and proved of great interest to the students, few of whom had ever witnessed it. Next week, in Baltimore, Mr. Fink will be elevated to the priesthood, and go to the Conewago Mission in Adams County, Pa., to recruit his health, in some degree impaired by his sedentary life as a student.
LOCALS.

—The billiard tournament which took place last month was quite a tame affair; very little excitement being manifested until at the close, when several very close and exciting games were played. The successful contestants finished in the following order: A. J. Doyle, H. Butler and Jas. F. Treacy.

—After renovating their table and putting things in first-class order in their billiard room, the junior division held a tournament which was productive of no little fun and excitement. A curious feature of the tournament was that the best players were nearly all defeated. H. Bolan captured the prize.

—The annual dinner of the St. Joseph’s Lamp Society, which usually takes place on the feast of St. Joseph, 19th of March, was postponed this year until the Sunday following when the members sat down to a table loaded with all the delicacies of the season.

—On several occasions during the past month the smoking-room has been made the scene of an unpretentious soirée. Two Italians, probably in quest of some place to protect them from the unpromising weather, have wended their way to that quarter, and there with their true Italian instinct have rendered some very choice selections, and some of the most popular dance music. Disregarding the fact that it is an agreeable break in the monotony with which college life is surrounded, it affords an exceedingly pleasant pastime. We are all pleased when the swarthy sons of Italy make their appearance among us, and hope to see them often.

—the election of debaters to contest for the Merrick debating medal took place at the regular meeting of the Philodemic Society, on March 6th. Messrs. Sullivan, Singleton, Allain, and Dahlgren, were the successful aspirants, and from a glance at the names of these gentlemen it will be seen that the debate this year will be equal to any that still lingers in the memory of our readers, and far superior to that of last year. The excitement which prevailed at the previous election of debaters was conspicuous for its absence. This we are glad to note, as it is time that the electors of the Philodemic should remember that their constitution calls for a contest between the four best debaters in the society and not for a contest between the four best debaters of any party or partisans in that body. The question which has been given to these gentlemen:

“Resolved. That it is expedient for the state, and within its legitimate powers, to enact laws prohibiting the use and sale of intoxicating liquors,” being a growing question, and one that is demanding the attention of political parties, will serve to make the debate far more interesting than it would otherwise have been, although any question would have been interesting in the hands of the gentlemen chosen to discuss this one. When offering this question the President of the college wrote as follows: “I would offer one remark before presenting the question. The time allotted to the argument of each debate must fall within, and not even an instant, extend beyond thirty minutes. Time will, if necessary, be called, and any speaker failing to suspend his remarks will be excluded from competition.”

—The success of the tournament which was productive of intoxicating weather, have wended their way to that quarter, and there with their true Italian instinct have rendered some very choice selections, and some of the most popular dance music. Disregarding the fact that it is an agreeable break in the monotony with which college life is surrounded, it affords an exceedingly pleasant pastime. We are all pleased when the swarthy sons of Italy make their appearance among us, and hope to see them often.

—The gentleman, in speaking of the matters on which the Mardi Gras number of the Journal appeared to see so many earnestly advocating a ready response to the call of the base-ball committee for funds, and I expected to hear of untold amounts rolling into the treasury. But in this I was mistaken, for since the last issue of the Journal the treasurer reports that there has been but $3.50 collected.” It is certainly most discouraging to have affairs in such a condition as this, and not to say the least, unjust. The collectors have up to date collected but $18.41, and the “yard,” not the first nine, but the “yard,” has caused an outlay of $23. Many of those who have refused to contribute are occupying positions on nines in the Class League. These gentlemen would think themselves highly insulted, and their class would protest loudly if the committee issued an order prohibiting them from practicing with the “yards” balls. There are others who, although they have refused to pay, occupy a conspicuous place among the self-constituted advisers of the committee, and are always the first to request permission to visit a game in the city, notwithstanding the fact that they offer as an excuse for not paying that they do not play ball; that they are not interested in the sport, and that they derive no benefit from it. An entire new outfit has been purchased for the first nine at great expense, and yet not one cent of the contribution from the “yard” has been expended in this outlay. Unless the “yard” responds generously, they need not expect any games outside of the College, because it will be utterly impossible to defray the incidental expenses of outside games while the “yard” is causing such an unjust outlay for itself exclusively.

—The excitement which prevailed at the debate last year, these remarks were certainly not uncalled for, and the sooner that the gentlemen who have contested, who are about to contest, and who in future years will contest for debating medals, learn to confine their remarks as near twenty minutes as possible the better it will be for themselves.

—We are informed by an officer of the base-ball committee that the “yard fund” has not been increased to any extent since the issue of the last Journal. The gentlemen, in speaking of the matter, said: “I was greatly surprised when the Mardi Gras number of the Journal appeared to see so many earnestly advocating a ready response to the call of the base-ball committee for funds, and I expected to hear of untold amounts rolling into the treasury. But in this I was mistaken, for since the last issue of the Journal the treasurer reports that there has been but $3.50 collected." It is certainly most discouraging to have affairs in such a condition as this, and not to say the least, unjust. The collectors have up to date collected but $18.41, and the “yard,” not the first nine, but the “yard,” has caused an outlay of $23. Many of those who have refused to contribute are occupying positions on nines in the Class League. These gentlemen would think themselves highly insulted, and their class would protest loudly if the committee issued an order prohibiting them from practicing with the “yards” balls. There are others who, although they have refused to pay, occupy a conspicuous place among the self-constituted advisers of the committee, and are always the first to request permission to visit a game in the city, notwithstanding the fact that they offer as an excuse for

CORRESPONDENCE.

EMPIRIA, KANSAS, March 24, 1887.

THOMAS V. BOLAN,
Business Manager College Journal.

DEAR SIR: I am very seldom given the pleasure of perusing the organ and educator of public opinion of which you are the financial bulwark, for the reason that it is mailed to Hartford, Kansas, my former home, instead of to this place, which is the scene and headquarters of my large and lucrative law practice. Will you kindly instruct my friend, Colonel Vilas, to drop it off for me here in future, and direct your financial secretary to apprise me of the amount I must place to your credit at my bankers.

You may say to my friends at the college—if there are any such, and I trust there are many—that I have succeeded in establishing a thriving practice in this beautiful city, and that my chief regret is the fact that the distance from Georgetown, taken in connection with the recent Inter-state Commerce Bill, prevents my visiting the scene of my academic labors this summer, but that I shall certainly be on hand in '89, and lest this latter statement should give rise to speculations of a matrimonial nature, you may add that I shall certainly appear there alone, unless accompanied by some Western graduate of Georgetown.

Yours very truly, F. A. BROGAN.
It is not to be denied that the boast of our age is that it is, above all else, a practical age. The world has seen the age of letters, more than once renewed, the age of philosophic speculation, the age of adventure. Not that in the age of letters, no cultivation of metaphysical thought was had; nor is it intended to make good the assertion that in the age of philosophic culture, all men were merely dreamers. Rather does any age gain its name, from some predominant spirit or tendency that gives character to it. While, therefore, it be an evident fact that our days fall not behind other and earlier times in the cultivation of literature, in the attention given to higher studies and intellectual speculation, it must be confessed that we plume ourselves less on achievements in the realms of mind, than on our marvelous successes in the world of matter.

Eminently practical then is our age, and practical it is sought to make the education which is to dominate the times. In evidence of this spirit and purpose, see the schools of technology, mining, engineering, agriculture and kindred pursuits which are growing up in our midst. This new conception of education, which finds scope and development in schools, established on the modern adaptation of the term, antagonizes and seeks to supplant older and more universally accepted notions of education. The advocates of the modern idea would destroy, not supplement.

Let us all hear one of its foremost advocates, the recently-elected president of the Iowa State Agricultural College. In his inaugural address, he says: "For many centuries the schools and colleges trained the mind alone, to the neglect of the eye, the hand, the body. They gave an education, passive rather than active; knowledge, rather than the power to use it; they taught to be, rather than to do; they hewed timber, but never built the house. The eye was simply used, not trained; used, too, mainly as a mere avenue to the mind, or a means of conveying to it language, and thought through language. The hand was, if possible, still less esteemed; knowledge, not used, too, but not as a factor of the mind except in written language. Indeed, eye, hand, and entire body seem to have been despised by college and church men."

And again: "And yet our schools have trained the minds and neglected the bodies of one set of men, and our farms, trades, and machine-shops have trained the bodies and neglected the minds of another set of men, and then we have wondered that the world's progress was so slow. The college graduate of thirty years ago, after twelve years at school and college, spent mainly in studying words, language, thought, abstract relations, and knowledge of the past, the absolute, and the necessary, found himself suddenly launched into a world of living men and concrete facts. Now he must meet men as rivals and antagonists, not as fellow students or kindly, helpful instructors. He must handle tools and machines, and deal with forces, of which he had scarcely even read."

It is not a forced interpretation of the educational views advanced by President Chamberlain and others of the same school, when we state that they hold education to include technical and manual training, to deal with things in the same way and to the same degree that it deals with ideas. Such conception and such definition of 'education' we hold to be essentially false and radically misleading. We pass over the slurs sought to be cast by President Chamberlain on religion as taught in the Catholic Church, when he makes the statement that "eye, hand and entire body seem to have been despised by college men and church men."

If in dealing with college men and their legitimate work, he is running on under as total an ignorantio elenchii as he manifestly is when making reference to church men, we can express only concern for an educational institution, which has the guidance of so ill-informed and so narrow-minded an educator.

Society is a combination of correlative elements, a system of checks and balances, the resultant of dissimilar, but not antagonistic forces. Under social conditions, man's life and man's pursuits are not such as a primitive and isolated state of existence would indicate and render necessary. In society, which is a moral body, men play the part of members, nor can every individual be at once the eye, the ear, the hand. One sees, one hears, one labors at manual work. He who contributes to society needful manual work, can not find time to cultivate the faculty of mental vision; nor is it fair to demand that he who defends the material interests of the masses, should be, to the same extent, a producer, as the man who labors and enjoys the protection of another.

In plain language, society demands for its welfare men who do the thinking as well as men who do the working; nor can it be expected that all in the same measure and after the same fashion should both think and work. The new concept of education, which we are considering, rests upon just this fallacy. All will welcome any improved facilities and methods, which will ameliorate the mental condition of the masses who labor; nor does the laboring man become a less valuable factor of the social system, because he has received intelligent training in modes of work, or been subjected to reasonable processes of mental culture. But must always remain true, that the well-being of society requires the guidance that it can receive only from men of large ideas, extensive information, deep thought and general cultivation; and, secondly, it is not less true, exceptions
Addendum: (if it might be permitted, I am not opposed)

1) Fact is correct. No authority, known, geographically, with certainty the site of an American or Horon Village. I base his judgment on historical data and to geography of, the supposed mention in regard to the Horno village, St. Ignace II, Liv. 9, according to C. J. L. Jansen, and St. Joseph II, Liv. 9, see this in P. Chite. Daniel.

2) The only certain proof are to be found in an agreement of historical data as known, b) topography, c) discovered through excavation.

3) No complete and scientific excavations have been made at Ammerweil. Therefore, the site has not been completely the identification, established without a question, it is certain.

4) No argument against their capability as seemers determine an Indian site.

5) True, but rather few wells as much as few rivers.

6) In the 17th century, judging from present evidence, a stream twisted on the upper level of Ammerweil hill, from the waters, mar, as in Horno village, there was well, on such visits,

7) HoronHoron's habitations always built their villages on hills, for defensive purposes, only the nomadic
19. "There aint no money in Greek."

Apropos to Fr. Domanis article on this subject, the following incident may be of interest:

It was on the occasion of a base ball game with the men of Johns Hopkins and of course the excitement was intense. Our nine had been reinforced with two singers from town, Boncher and Colliflowe.

At a critical stage of the game Colliflowe was trying to reach third base when Boncher shouted

"Make your base Colli or you won't get no chicken tonight.

A Johns Hopkins man who was present inquired in a very supercilious manner "In what class of your University is that young man" for a few seconds a dismal silence reigned when to the surprise of all, one of the "small boys" piped up "You ignoramus he is using the Greek idiom two negatives to strengthen the affirmative"

The situation was saved and Geatown scored.

P.S. Fr. Wm Ennis who was Prefect at that time gave the Kid a holiday.
Every city furnishes instances of men who retire from active business, either because they have acquired a competency, or because of failing health, or other causes, but whose lives are unhappy, because forced from their old pursuits they have not within themselves the power of intellectual enjoyment. To one who has ever enjoyed the society of his books and the pleasures of study, these always remain a means for the occupation of the mind. The good derived from a college course makes itself felt along the way. The habit of connected thought has been formed, and the delights of the book or the pen serve to carry the mind and brain, wearied and aching from the trials and perplexities of business life, into new fields, and to give them rest. Too many break down because they carry their business cares with them continually. The man who has early trained his mind in other directions, has gained that which may act as a safety-valve and contribute much to his enjoyment, perhaps to his length of life.

"There ain't no money" in a merchant's taking from his earnings to build himself a costly mansion, when the modest residence of his early and poorer years has not ceased to meet his actual needs. "There ain't no money" in his surrounding that house with sweeping lawns, brightening its walls with valuable paintings, or stock ing its cellars with the products of rare and costly vintages. Yet we should rate the means for such legitimate gratifications of refined tastes, would deny himself the indulgence of them, because it involved outlay of money. If it be rational for the man of means to seek these refined pleasures, though there be no money in them, rather money out because of them; shall it seem less reasonable, when opportunity comes, for the same man, to take up studies that are of incalculable use in the development of higher and yet more refined tastes and indispensable to the enjoyment of them, simply because such a course of action implies money spent, rather money gained? Believe me, there is as much false philosophy as bad grammar in the argument, "there ain't no money in Greek."
### BASE BALL.

#### THE CLASS GAMES.

Notwithstanding the fact that the first game of the Class Base Ball League was scheduled for February 20, the first game played was on March 13. That there are so many postponed games surprises some, but that the contest was scheduled to begin so early in the season seems to have been a perplexing question for many. The schedule committee was fully convinced that many of the games would be postponed, but their object was to take advantage of any fine day which might present itself, and in this way enable the base ball committee to find out what material there was for the "College nine." The games have so far been very interesting, and to name the team that will win the pennant would be much more difficult than it was last year.

#### FIRST GAME.

**Seniors vs. Freshmen.**

The first game played was on the morning of March 13, between the classes of '89 and 'go, and contrary to the expectation of many '87 won. The battery for the Seniors were Garland and Butler, while Doyle and Manahan played in the same position for the Freshmen. E. Shanahan did some very effective work for the Seniors both at first and with the bat, and his good playing helped greatly towards winning the game. There were only five innings played, and many who witnessed the game have since remarked that if nine innings had been played the table would have been turned. Below is the score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Seniors</th>
<th>Freshmen</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 2 3 4 5</td>
<td>0-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 0 1 2 4-9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### SECOND GAME.

**Juniors vs. Sophomores.**

In the afternoon of March 13 the classes of '88 and '89 met, and the result of the game proved to be a decidedly unexpected event. This was by far the most interesting game which has as yet been played, and will doubtless prove to be the best of the series. The battery for '88 was Taylor and Bolan; but at the end of the seventh inning Taylor gave way to Donlan, who occupied the box during the rest of the game. For '89 the O' Day brothers acted as the battery, and their work proved very effective. In the first inning the Juniors led off and were retired without scoring, while the Sophomores succeeded in getting one man across the home plate. In the second neither team made a run, but in the third '88 tied the score. Until the last half of the seventh inning, when the Sophomores made three runs and virtually won the game, there were no more runs made, but after that both teams began battling the ball, and in a short time the score ran up into the double figures. Brooks, at third, and Pendergast, at first, did some excellent work for '89, while Donlan and Taylor carried off the laurels for '88. Below is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Sophomores</th>
<th>Freshmen</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0 0 0 0 1 3 2-7</td>
<td>0 0 0 0 1 3 8 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Base hits—Junior, 10; Sophomore, 8.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Errors—Junior, 9; Sophomore, 8.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Base on balls—O'Day, 2; off Taylor, 3; passed balls—O'Day, 1; Bolan, 2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### THIRD GAME.

**Sophomore vs. Freshman.**

On March 20 was played the third game of the series between the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The game continued but for six innings, and so varied was the fortune of each team that during the entire game it was hard to tell who would be the victors. Excitement ran high, and the two classes interested were upon the field in full force, each vigorously applauding its representatives whenever there was a chance offered. The batteries were: For Sophomore, O'Day brothers; for Freshman—Doyle and Monahan. Annexed is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Sophomore</th>
<th>Freshman</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0 2 1 0 4 11</td>
<td>4 0 2 1 0 4-11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### FOURTH AND FIFTH GAMES.

The two last games played were of an uninteresting nature, such being the case especially with the last one. The first of these two was between '88 and 'go. The game was won by '88 without the slightest difficulty, although even its most sanguine member was expecting a close game. The fifth game between '89 and '87 was far less interesting than its predecessor, and the day being extremely windy there were but few persons on the field to witness it. The battery for '89 was the same as in their former games, while Seward and Butler acted for '88. Below is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Innings</th>
<th>Sophomore</th>
<th>Freshman</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0 0 0 2 0-2</td>
<td>2 8 0 2 0-12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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