NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The days of chivalry are not yet passed away. Manly prowess still seeks and finds its reward in the approval of those who cannot bear sword and shield. Our knights of the gridiron and of the diamond, for a case in point, have but lately received from the Convention two delicious cakes of generous size as a substantial token of those congratulations and good wishes which an accompanying note expressed.

Not to be outdone in so chivalrous a proceeding the executive committee, acting authoritatively for both teams, solemnly decreed that pictures of each team be dispatched to our kind benefactresses to serve as monuments of the lasting gratitude of our victorious athletes.

The Riggs Library, already so beautiful, has been further enriched by another present from Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren. This is a handsome casket of solid silver, ornamented with hundreds of old Ceylon garnets, exquisitely set in various designs, by the Gorham Silver Company, of New York. The casket is to contain the personal donation of Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren, as bearing the autographs of such men as John Tyler and John C. Calhoun. The casket consists of ten panels, five on each side of the altar, separated by oaken buttresses. The upper half of each panel is a Gothic arched window which is half of each panel is a Gothic arched window which is

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The marble altar in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart is especially designed and cast for this altar. It is surmounted by a marble pelican nourishing her young with blood from her own breast, the symbol of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. The Benediction throne is adorned with eight onyx columns, supporting a groined arch, on which rests the canopy, reaching far up against the huge window behind. The whole superstructure is a marvel of beauty and richness, and lends itself admirably to decoration.

Several others have already asked and obtained the privilege of contributing to the adornment of the Chapel.

The tennis fiends unable to resist the temptation offered by the recent mild weather got together the other day and, after a few hours' diligent work, succeeded in putting the first court in condition for play, whereupon those who had worked began to enjoy to the full the fruits of their labor. The good work once started was not neglected, and the prospect is that all the courts will be in full running order by the 25th of the month. The garden terrace courts are nearly ready for occupancy. When they are completed we shall have in all six courts, which will be an ample number for the present membership. Mr. Nast, the manager of the association, has appointed the following censors: First censor, Mr. Edward J. Tobin, '95; Frank Keyes, C. P. Mitchell, Mark McNeal, J. F. Smith, Robert Douglas and Frank Delaney.

The Sanctuary Lamp which has been so much admired by visitors, is the gift of Mrs. John W. Ross. The lamp is of fine fire-gilt brass in Gothic style. The body is of hexagonal form with three filagree brackets from the sides, to which the supporting chains are attached. The lamp itself is very tall and sits high in the body of the fixture.

Mr. Joseph Murray, United States agent to the Seal Islands, whose interesting lecture was noticed in a late issue, has presented the Coleman Museum with an extraordinarily large and perfect pair of walrus tusks.

The oaken screen behind the altar, cutting off the passage from the priests' sacristy to that of the acolytes, is the joint gift of Mrs. Dahlgren and her mother, Mrs. Drexel. It consists of ten panels, five on each side of the altar, separated by oaken buttresses. The upper half of each panel is a Gothic arched window which is draped with rich dark maroon velvet, giving a warmth and richness to the background. The screen is a magnificent work, costing $1,000, and is one of the most striking features of our Chapel.

On Monday, the 23d of the month, the College was honored with a visit from the Duquess of Veragua and the Marquis of Beroles, brother to the Duke of Veragua, and lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus. Her son and the Senor Aguillera were also of the party. In company with Miss Jane Riggs and Mrs. Dickens they arrived at the College at about 10.30 a. m. and were welcomed by the Reverend Rector and several members of the Faculty, who escorted them to Gaston Hall, where a more formal welcome was tendered them by speakers chosen for the occasion. The hall was tastefully decorated with Spanish and Federal flags, a bust of Washington, draped in Spanish colors, was placed on the
stage directly in front of the picture of Leo XIII., which was similarly decorated. The Reverend Father Alughe offered the Faculty's welcome, delivering an eloquent address in Spanish, in which he said that the Catholic missions of America had but continued the work begun by Columbus, that of conquering for the Faith the New World. The Student's Welcome was furnished in French by Mr. Jean Des Garenes, '94. "A Word from the Juniors," again in the tongue of Castle, was spoken by Mr. Cesare Canso and this was followed by some "Occasional Verses" which had been composed for the event by Mr. Dion J. Murphy, '94, read by Mr. Carlon, '93. The music for the occasion was furnished by Mr. Gumprecht, the organist of the Chapel, and by the ever accommodating and ever welcome Banjo and Guitar Club. At the request of Her Grace, the Duchess, the rest of the day was declared a holiday, whereupon enthusiasm broke loose in the "Hoya" and "Hicky," which were given with excellent effect, much to the amusement of the guests. As the party were leaving the gate, the students bade them God-speed with similar demonstrations.

The sympathy of the entire College was given to Mr. Conde M. Nast, who was called home suddenly on the 7th of this month by the fatal illness of his father. His classmates passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, we, members of the Class of Rhetoric, having heard with deep sorrow of the sudden bereavement of our companion and class-mate, Conde M. Nast, whose father God in His Providence has seen fit to call to his eternal reward; therefore be it
Resolved, That the Class of Rhetoric tender him the assurances of their profound and heartfelt sympathy in his great affliction; and be it
Resolved, That as a further evidence of sympathy and good will, the class, in a body, receive Holy Communion for the repose of his father's soul.

A lady, whose name is withheld at her own request, has donated the altar rugs and carpet. These are of the finest velvet carpet and of a rich red ground, which adds a great deal to the effect of the sanctuary.

It is the desire of some of the friends of the late Father John J. Murphy to present a fund to Georgetown College, in which during life he was so much interested and where his remains lie, to perpetuate his memory and at the same time assist the College. It was first suggested to found a scholarship, but after a time it became evident that this was not feasible. With the many calls upon the charity of his friends, which the urgent needs of churches and asylums make unavoidable, the sum required for a scholarship was thought too large. It was adopted. It was also deemed advisable not to solicit any subscriptions outside the District of Columbia. The medal will be called the Murphy Medal, and will be given every year for the best translation of an ode of Horace. Father Murphy himself presented such a medal and would have made it perpetual had it been in his power to do so. It is intended, if the present project can be carried out, to have an exact copy of this medal taken. The Journal will be glad to aid in the good cause, and any information required will be cheerfully given.

Mrs. P. F. Collier, of New York, has generously come to our assistance with an offer of a crucifix and candlesticks, both of which were needed to make the equipment of our sanctuary what it ought to be. The candlesticks are to be of fine brass thirty-two inches in height and of a very handsome Gothic design. They are expected to arrive in a short time.

The generous gift of Mrs. Eleanor Martin to the Sanctuary Society has been described in a previous issue, but the beautiful effect of the cassolets, when used for the first time on the occasion of the dedication, prompts our gratitude to express itself once more in praise of her kindness.

LITERARY WORK.

SUMMER LONGINGS.
DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—

Waiting for the pleasant cassolets
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Sighing for the May.

All the winter lay,
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

All! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

AD MAIUM.

Dulce Mai, veni precare
Jam desideri delicato monea.
Quando devinenti vagi
Errors a per agros, per gelidum nemus,
Quis surges rura plura
Miset saevulentem arboribus comam?
O desiderium meum!
Quare, O Mai, labes—heu! nihil diu?
Quis desiderium replet?
Aestivaque frui die,
Ardent nam studii fugam:
Vitam et floribus et decus.
Quis desiderium replet?
O desiderium meum!
Quo surgens rosa plurima
Cum carptim salices prosilit osculans?
Dum te, Mai, gemens pectore lugco
Risum audire et aquae levis
Aestas quando venit—redde petentibus
Cor mi, Mai, dolet, dum tremo pulsibus!
Quare, O Mai, doles—heu! nimium diu?
Aegrotant animi, dum sedeas mihi!
Vis, quae reddat juvenes prodiga divites.
Jam desiderii deficio mora;
Aegrotant animi, dum sedeas mihi!
O desiderium meum!
Quae reddat juvenes prodiga divites.
Error, s per agros, per gelidum nemus,
Quae reddat juvenes prodiga divites.
O desiderium meum!
Quomodo per totam liyemem mors tenuit suos:
Error, s per agros, per gelidum nemus,
Quae reddat juvenes prodiga divites.
O desiderium meum!
Qua surgens rosa plurima
Cum carptim salices prosilit osculans?
Dum te, Mai, gemens pectore lugco
Risum audire et aquae levis
Aestas quando venit—redde petentibus
Cor mi, Mai, dolet, dum tremo pulsibus!
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Dum te, Mai, gemens pectore lugco
Risum audire et aquae levis
Aestas quando venit—redde petentibus
Cor mi, Mai, dolet, dum tremo pulsibus!
Looking back over the advance of literature in this country, it cannot be said that America has been less prolific in producing good writers than she has been in producing good artisans and renowned inventors. It is possible that there have been more famous and more eminent men in this country, but there has certainly never been a greater poet, or the name of whom is more beloved among poets, or more kindly severe among critics than Oliver Wendell Holmes. As a poet, Holmes may be compared to the great Roman lyricist. His odes have all the finesse of an artist, all the delicacy of a poet, all the beauty of scenery of a landscape, all the pathos of a woman. But that to fervor which we admire so much in Shelley, his genius did not raise itself. He loved rather to sing of his friends and of nature, rather to speak of common-place subjects and to clothe them in that beauty of language that is ever characteristic of the lyrics of Horace. That there is a very marked resemblance between the two, scholars and critics will, I think, universally agree. Both sang in the same strain, both lived and were brought up amid the same rural beauties, both were masters of their respective languages, and above all, both were true poets of art and true poets of nature. The same love of the beautiful filled their hearts, and the same exquisite touch is seen through all their odes. The same ear loved to hear the murmuring winds, the same eye loved to see the rolling hills and moss-grown rocks, and the same heart rejoiced as Holmes beautifully says:

When the proud tulip lights her beauteous blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
In her tall blades the crested fleur de lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion breathing rose;
And may the cherubs on its face
The goblet hallows all it holds
Who'er the liquid be.

And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

In depicting nature Horace is without doubt the superior; no one ever loved scenery better than he, and certainly none has painted it in more beautiful colors. It was his delight to roam about the fields and through the forests, or to lie on the grassy turf where the same heart rejoiced as Holmes beautifully says:

Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

And love lays bare the passion breathing rose.

Yet beneath the sprightly tones of these odes there is ever mingled a touch of sorrow. These merry gatherings could not always last, and as the shadows of life lengthened, fewer and fewer grew the company. Death was always before him, and he dwells on it continually. But to Holmes there is another world, one that Horace could never have known, a world where all would meet again. For this reason he does not bid his friends an eternal good-bye wherever life's last milestone marks the journey's end." Horace, however, when he speaks of this subject views it as the end of everything. He could not believe in the Elysian Fields; they were to him a myth, and as he knew nought of Christianity, beyond the grave everything was obscured; there ended all life's glory, all life's friendship; there the last adieu was to be taken before man returned to his original nothingness. It is when speaking of the future that the numbers of Horace become saddened, all the pathos that he has flows forth as the strings prolong the sorrow of his muse. Like the moon that rises anew, yet the same, so does he sing of gloomy death, always different yet ever portraying man's inevitable end. Yet he did not fear its approach, albeit he left his shield behind him at Philippi, the martial tenor of some of his lyrics establishes this fact, and his brightest praise is given to those who have nobly bled and died for their country. But the hoarse voice of the trumpet grated on his ears when Rome was plunged in civil strife. He loved his country too much to have a voice con- tending among themselves, nor did he have the heart to urge friend against friend, brother against brother. That he loved Rome and Romans scarce needs a proof.
His untiring efforts to bring his countrymen back to the old standard of virtue prove conclusively that fact. Nowhere do we see such grandeur of style; nowhere such loftiness of thought or purpose; nowhere such felicity of expression and kindly wisdom set forth as pervades his moral odes. Holmes did not write in this strain, yet in many of his lyrics there is a vein of morality running through them; but this dearth of moral teachings is due to the age and country wherein he lived. Horace wrote when Rome was steeped in vice, Holmes lived and sang in a land that as yet has not been given over to the wickedness that the Roman lashed so much and so well. But these very surroundings raised Horace, in an age abounding in good men, to a height unsurpassed by any lyric singer even to this day. Holmes, though his inferior, is manifestly a great poet. Simplicity, sweetness, playfulness, wit, strict morality, a taste for the beauties of nature, a thought of the invisible world, pity for the weaknesses of the soul, and tenderness of heart, these are the qualities that have tended to make popular his poetry. Seldom does madness of fancy seize him; seldom do the chords go forth strains of harmonious grandeur; seldom does his flight of song soar above the earth that broods. All his genius is embodied in Wordsworth's saying:

"The moving incident is not my trade, To freeze the blood I have no ready arts; To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

-DION J. MURPHY, '95.

O PANSY BUD

[Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Cleveland.]

O PANSY BUD, the sweetest flower That graces Summer's loveliest bower, Than rose or violet more fair, Nor harkened can I to the call of any peer, Though modest thou 'midst lawns dost cower, That makes us love thy perfumed hair, Thy velvet leaves the angels bear, And rainbows give to thee thy dower.

From Heav'n above, the vernal shower Brings to thine eyes that unknown power That graces Summer's loveliest bower, Than rose or violet more fair, Nor harkened can I to the call of any peer, Though modest thou 'midst lawns dost cower, That makes us love thy perfumed hair, Thy velvet leaves the angels bear, And rainbows give to thee thy dower.

Still shall we love thy flower to wear. O Pansy Bud.

-DION J. MURPHY, '95.

NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

A FEW days ago I was listlessly glancing over some old books that had been for the past year or more quietly resting on an upper shelf of my book-case. Heavy with dust they were, and by no means pleasing to look upon; yet after I had made them readable once more, I was fully repaid for my work. For one in particular among these dust-bejumbled books, a diary, afforded me much delight, as I turned page after page, until, eye-sore and weary, but still curious, I perused its entire contents. This diary was composed of jottings made, here and there, during a pleasure trip from San Francisco to New York via the Isthmus of Panama. The voyage from San Francisco to Panama, under favorable conditions, takes about three weeks, and from start to finish is varied by the most pleasing of incidents. The many strange happenings one may see aboard ship and ashore tend most aptly to relieve the confinement and consequent tedium of so long a sea trip. Steamers plying between San Francisco and Panama carry mail, freight and passengers to many of the way-ports; hence, during the delay occasioned by the discharge and reception of cargo, passengers have ample time to go ashore and wonder, somewhat in admiration, sometimes in disgust, at the odd customs in vogue within the border of our Five Sister Republics. I would, before proceeding further, caution you, kind reader, not to judge the Central American Republics by the impressions—feeble as they are—received from this narrative. I would warn you, for I have been told that the people of these republics are more refined and cultured as they live farther inland, and those who earn a livelihood about the coast towns are at once the poorest and least educated of the inhabitants. The exceptions are the merchants and the government officials, and the better class of residents.

What seemed most peculiar to me in these parts was the entire absence of modern influence upon labor. There was little or no evidence of any attempt to lighten or to accelerate manual labor. For, from what I was able to see—though through my observations were superficial than thorough—I should say, as compared with our methodical disposition of like affairs, the people of Central America are by no means the most conspicuous in the steady and ever-onward march of progress that so distinctly characterizes the present day. An example will suffice to explain. Let us, for an instance, take the modus operandi of the natives in transporting cargo to and from ships. The vessel bringing or taking freight is anchored generally from one to two miles from shore. This is due largely to the shallow waters and heavy "ground swells" that prevail along the coast. Lonchadas, or what we might call lighters, are used in transferring cargo to and from shore. These lighters are most unwieldy and are manned by fifteen or twenty natives. The lonchada is propelled by rowing, and is thought to be more rapid than the vessel. After the lighter has been loaded, it is rowed back and anchored within fifty or one hundred feet of the water's edge. Piece by piece the merchandise is borne upon the backs of natives to the stores or custom-houses, at a distance from the water sufficient to insure against floods in rough weather. It not unfrequently happens that these longshoremen are compelled to wade in water of arm-pit depth before reaching the anchored lonchada. Thus it is, under circumstances so trying, that these poor natives unload tons and tons of freight from vessels trading in these parts. True, the longshoreman is not hampered by a superabundance of clothing, for he is most sparingly clad, wearing naught but a breech-cloth, which, sometimes, is supplemented by a huge sombrero or a pair of sandals.

After leaving the last port before reaching Panama, our steamer sailed swiftly down the coast, always hugging close to the shore. There was little or nothing to be done on shipboard, save to loll about on deck, reading some novel or watching the graceful flight of the many sea-gulls following in the wake of our ship, or sometimes to minister to fellow-passengers sickened by the rolling of the boat.

But now our steamer enters into the great bay of Panama, under cover of a heavy fog. All is excitement on board. Everything is agog. The shrill steam-sirens and husky calliopes send forth their warnings on every side. The sailors are busy making things ready for the transfer. The captain, gruff and imperative, may be seen at almost every turn giving his orders, now here, now there. The passengers are all "forward" on the hurricane deck, peeping through the misty atmosphere toward the city of Panama, and impatiently waiting to be ashore. The ship slowly and cautiously steams along the smooth waters of the bay, studded with many small islands.

We cast anchor about four miles from Panama, and not far distant from Nao, Flamanco, and Dead Man's Islands. Whilst our steamer lay quietly at anchor, I counted the passengers, myself among the number, hired a small yacht and visited these islands. The most interesting of them is Nao. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has a lease of this island, and by their industry have given it a busy and decent aspect. These are the and between these islands. Here the company has its work and machine-shops, as also houses for several hundred workmen, and a laundry, where all the company's ship
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TO PHIDYLE. H. B. III, Ode 23.

Lift up thy hands from earth,
My rustic maid, at Luna's birth; With this year's fruits and holy fire
Itf up thy hands from earth,
My rustic maid, at Luna's birth; With this year's fruits and holy fire

When fruit crowned Autumn rears his head.
Then, nor the vine fell Afric's bite
Or in Albanian meadows thrives
Who crown'st thy humble deity
To court the gods with sheepfolds slain.

Who crown'st thy humble deity
To court the gods with sheepfolds slain.

No victim grand will move as much
To judge from the unintermittent interest displayed
No victim grand will move as much
To judge from the unintermittent interest displayed

The dedication of the Sacred Heart Chapel.

SUNDAY, the 16th of April, witnessed the dedication of the new chapel donated by Mr. and Mrs. J. Vinton Dahlgren as a memorial of their first-born, who died in infancy. This function recalls another instance of the affection for the sanctuary where his youthful devotions were performed, on the part of a former student who was married in the old chapel during the last year. On that occasion the chapel put on unusual splendor to grace the occasion, and did its best in a homely way to be impressive. But on Sunday, though no one witnessed its metamorphosis, it completely changed, and lost forever its character of chapel. While we were collected out in the quadrangle, the same sun which warmed and glorified the scene shone in, too, upon the deserted benches of the old, and the gaps left where ornaments had been taken doubly profound by contrast with the melodies chanted outside, the desertion more pronounced by the spectres, memories of past years, talking about before they were to be laid forever.

The chapel we leave is degraded, but not unhonored. Fulfilling its duty through decades of changes, new in the fulness of time it is relieved, and, like the good steward, enters the rewards prepared for it—our unforgetting love and reverence.

To judge from the unintermittent interest displayed by all, during the construction of the new chapel, its completion must come as a relief. On May 18th of last year, some weeks after the grading and foundations were begun, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies by Cardinal Gibbons. Since then the structure has grown steadily, especially during the vacation of last summer. In September the general construction was almost completed, but since then work has been slower on the finer and more delicate parts and furnishings.

The front of the chapel faces the east side of the quadrangle; the whole structure is practically a long nave and chancel, broken only by dwarf transepts and the structures behind them for sacristies. The exterior is of pressed brick relieved by the white tracery of the windows and facings of the doors, with vast expanse of high pitched roofs above.

Interiorly, the walls are of a grayish plaster, broken by the embrasures of the transepts and windows, and the dark rich shades about the sanctuary. The open timbered ceiling is of polished Georgia pine, which lends a pleasing harmony to the oak furnishings and the timbered ceiling is of polished Georgia pine, which lends a pleasing harmony to the oak furnishings and the amber tints of the temporary windows. The lighting is through six lancet windows in the nave, two large panelled windows in the transepts, with a sort of rose window over the door and a large mullioned window over the altar. Electric lights, with gas as an auxiliary, illuminate the edifice at night from brackets of wrought iron upon the walls. The style is an early northern Gothic, simple yet impressive, the only attempt at ornament being the arches and pillars of the temporary windows. The style is an early northern Gothic, simple yet impressive, the only attempt at ornament being the arches and pillars of the temporary windows.

The nave is entirely filled with oaken pews for the students, while the northern transept is set apart for the choir and choirmen, broken only by the choir and choirmen.

As much of the ceremony of dedication had to be performed in the open, the weather was particularly kind in giving a splendid day.

According to arrangements, the students formed ranks in the lower class-room corridor, while the clergy vested in the Poetry class-room, and the choir, acolytes and altar boys in the First Grammar room. Precisely at 10 o'clock the choir in surplices, chanting the Processional, came next, and after them the clergy in surplices, among whom we noticed Reverend Father Jorge, Socius of the Provincial; Father Boursaud, Rector of Woodstock; Father Morgan, Rector of Loyola College, Baltimore, and Father McAvoy, Vice-President of Gonzaga College,
The ceremony of dedication is only preparatory to the solemn consecration which is expected to take place on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9. In consequence only a very few friends of the College were in attendance. Among those we noticed Miss Anna E. Smith, Miss Riggs, Miss Whelan, Judge Martin F. Morris and the Misses Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Waggaman, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Waggaman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Larcombe, Mr. W. Outerbridge Horsey.

WALTER S. MARTIN, '96.

JUDGE MORRIS.

SINCE the last issue of the JOURNAL, President Cleveland has appointed Mr. Martin F. Morris Associate Judge of the new Court of Appeals for the District. This court was established by the last Congress, not only as a Court of Error for District cases, but with original jurisdiction in many cases, in order to afford some relief to the congested state of the Supreme Court docket. Mr. Morris belongs to a family long known in Washington, and has been identified with Georgetown College for many years. In his youth he intended to prepare himself for the priestly ministry; but in the order and all his studies were directed to that end. Upon completing his classical course he taught rhetoric with distinction and success, but after six years spent in professing the literary branches his mother and her children needed his assistance and he began active practice. From the beginning it was found that Mr. Morris was the possessor of remarkable abilities as a lawyer, and his tastes led him to devote his attention to this branch of his profession rather than to the work of an advocate. Early in his professional career he formed a partnership with the late Mr. Richard T. Merrick, which lasted until the death of the latter, eighteen years later. Although a hard student of the law, Mr. Morris has by no means given up his classics. He has frequently lectured before the Washington Literary Society, and his papers have been distinguished for their scholarly treatment and the deep learning they displayed. Older students of the Arts Course remember with pleasure his lecture in the course at Gaston Hall. For its profound knowledge of a difficult subject, couched in language as clear as it was elegant, this lecture was a model of its kind. But it is as professor of Constitutional Law in the University that Mr. Morris' remarkable talents as a lawyer and his magnetic qualities as a man were chiefly displayed. In the estudy of hundreds of students who have listened to him during the last twenty-three years, there is no one who does not look back with pleasure to his lectures and no one who does not consider them among the most instructive and valuable of the course. Not only is the Law School indebted to his unflagging interest for much of the prestige which it now enjoys, but its very existence is owing in part to his exertions, he being one of the three gentlemen who proposed its foundation. The honor conferred upon Judge Morris is especially gratifying to every member of the University, and all rejoice at Mr. Cleveland's recognition of his distinguished merit.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

STUDENTS who were here in 1889, the Centennial year, will not fail to remember W. J. McCluskey, who was in the Philosophy Class of that year. Mr. McCluskey is now superintendent of schools at Cohoes, N. Y. He paid Georgetown a couple of visits on the 29th and 30th of March, and looked as though the world were facing well with him.

On Palm Sunday we were favored by a visit from Henry C. Walsh, A. M., '88. He is now engaged in organizing a new paper to be published in Philadelphia, of which...
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he will be the editor. He has, however, flattering offers in connection with a diplomatic position abroad.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following, which some of the real "old boys" will doubtless enjoy reading:

TALAHMA, FLA., March 24, 1893.

Editor College Journal,

Dear Sir: I send one dollar for my subscription to the Journal for 1893. I read with pleasure and interest the account given by your paper of the meeting of the alumni of the old College. I would have been much pleased to have been present, and would have had the distinction of being the very oldest boy present, as I was at Georgetown in 1834 and 1835, nearly sixty years ago, and yet my remembrance of that period is so perfect that it seems but a short time since I was a happy ch"ap of twelve at the old institution. Hoping that it may flourish and for many years, Respectfully, H. O. COLOMB.

We regret to learn that our old friend, Joseph T. Wolfe, who left college from First Grammar in 1889, has met with a serious accident. While he was engaged upon a dead wire in the electric works in which he is employed in Pittsburg, some one turned a switch that threw the current upon the wire. Besides a severe shock, Joe's eyes and face were burned by flame produced at the break. After some weeks in a dark room, he is now convalescent.

On the 11th of this month we enjoyed a visit from Mr. Jackson Kirkman, who was in residence here in 1892. He had many reminiscences to relate of stirring experiences during war times. Leaving Georgetown in 1899 he had entered Heidelberg, but the news of the war fired his patriotism, and in 1861 he returned, ran the blockade, and entered the Confederate Army. He told of seeing many Georgetown men shot down in battle. "The finest young men I have ever seen," he said of them. He recalled an incident of a number of Louisiana Georgitoniens who, belonging to a crack regiment and uniformed better than most of the southern soldiers and fired into. Mr. Kirkman recalled with the deepest affection the names of his old teachers and prefects, Fathers Early, Young, King, Brady, Gaffney, and others; of all he mentioned, only the last named is living; and the announcement of the death of the others brought tears to his eyes. Mr. Kirkman now makes his home at Rolling Fork, Miss.

We enjoyed a most agreeable Easter call from Mr. John G. Agar, who was stopping with Mrs. Agar at the Hotel Victoria until a desirable home can be secured. Mr. Agar's name is well known among the "old boys" of more recent years, and he will doubtless be the recipient of universal congratulations.

We read with regret in the Hazelton Plain Speaker of April 15th, the obituary notice of Dominic F. Sweeney, one of Georgetown's most promising sons. We quote as follows from the said daily:

Dominic F. Sweeney, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Plain Speaker Publishing Company died at his home on East Broad street yesterday morning at 9:30 o'clock, aged 36 years and 6 months.

He had been a great sufferer for the past three years, but with an indomitable determination and energy that were characteristic, refused to surrender to the inroads of disease until the forces of nature were exhausted.

Mr. Sweeney was born in Hazelton on September 25, 1857, and spent his whole life here save a couple of years during which he was in business in Philadelphia. Educated here in the public schools, he entered in 1875, and about six years afterwards, in the classical department of the famous Georgetown, D. C., University, in which he remained for two years.

Receiving from the late Hon. Frank D. Collins, of Scranton, an appointment to a cadetship at West Point, he took a short preparatory course at the Sing Sing military school, which was transferred to a stock company, of which Mr. Sweeney was one of the prime movers in it and was elected a director, which position he occupied at the time of his death.

Returning to Hazelton he became the business manager of the Plain Speaker, then just beginning, under the late John Dershuck, its daily career.

In 1887, he again connected himself with the Plain Speaker, purchasing the interest of W. C. Dershuck, and in 1889, on the death of his partner, the late John Dershuck, became with Mr. James L. Morris, of Pittston, the proprietor of this paper. In 1891, the paper was by them transferred to a stock company, of which Mr. Sweeney has since been the secretary and treasurer.

When the First National Bank of this city was organized about three years ago, Mr. Sweeney was one of the prime movers in it and was elected a director, which position he occupied at the time of his death.

Of a bright and happy disposition, and possessing social qualities of a high order, Mr. Sweeney had scores of friends throughout this and adjacent counties of Lackawanna and Schuylkill, who will sincerely mourn the untimely taking off of one whose life had in its earlier years, the promise of so much success and happiness."

FAIR ARE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING.

VILLAINS.

FALL are first days of Spring.

When borne on the breeze, New life's echoes ring.

Wheeling birds on the wing Flock among all the trees; Fair are first days of Spring.

At the touch of the King, Like to humming of bees, New life's echoes ring.

And the song-"e's can sing Whom the frost feted frees,— Fair are first days of Spring.

All the rivulets fling New life's echoes ring,

When borne on the breeze, New life's echoes ring.

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jests would not be ends, but means, to assist' the cause
the worse, ends of competition. Used rightly, such con-
all the others. I here must, indeed, be some wisdom
contests would occasion neglect of more solid work •
and prudence exercised in the management of such con-
1
ners frequently to the intercollegiate contests in litera-
nusus naturae

Astronomische Nachrichten,

star " Sirius," now visible in the western sky in the early
2nd evening. The photographed positions of this star were

the interest excited by the recent publications of some
quickly assuming shape and consistency, and will be
mass of photographic material collected during two

mass of photographic material collected during two

The lack of literary contests between our colleges is
one of the most striking anomalies in our American
educational system. Athletic prestige is for the most
part left to the students, who do their part energetically
enough and with excellent results, showing the advan-
tages of physical training, and developing at the same
time self-confidence and business capacity by the trans-
actions necessary to the conduct of such affairs. But
while college athletes are winning medals and pennants,
the educating powers of their respective colleges are, so
far as the public is concerned, unknown quantities. To
read over the course of studies or the list of professors in
this or that college would afford to the average citizen
but a meagre knowledge of the educational capacity of
the institution. Nor would the knowledge that a certain
great statesman was graduated from a certain college be
a fair criterion. A lexus naturae is always possible. But
if a certain college had the reputation of sending win-
ners frequently to the intercollegiate contests in litera-
ture, art, or science, there would be something on which
a good judgment could be founded. For how are we to
know who is the best teacher but by knowing who brings
out the best pupils? And how are we to know the best
pupils but by seeing what they can do in a fair field of
competition with others?

But," it may be objected, "the preparation for these
contests would occasion neglect of more solid work;
abnormal development in one line would entail a loss in
all the others." There must, indeed, be some wisdom
and prudence exercised in the management of such con-
tests, in order to make them serve the better, and not
the worse, ends of competition. Used rightly, such con-
tests would not be ends, but means, to assist the cause
of education. Again, even if somewhat too much at-
tention were given to preparing for these, no great harm
would be done; for surely the topics discussed, or
written on, or otherwise coming under the contest,
must be such as are uppermost in the minds of the
best educated men at the time. Now, is any harm to
come from giving particular attention to those things
which are of most importance to the age? We are not
educated for the far future, nor for the past, but for to-
day, or for a span of years hence, and our education
which best fits a man for the things which he shall have
to do during his life, is the best education.

The present non-intercourse policy offers no oppor-
tunities for a step forward in the right direction; but a
more extended system of intercollegiate contests would
undoubtedly open the way to such progress. These con-
tests would induce a greater uniformity of studies
throughout the colleges. Besides making the course of
studies throughout the States much more uniform, such
a competition would undoubtedly raise the average of
 excellence.

We argue, therefore, in favor of intercollegiate liter-
ary and scientific contests, briefly, that such contests
would be of advantage to the universities themselves,
by promoting the interchange of ideas; would raise the
average of excellence; would tend to produce uniformity
among American colleges, thus ordering an American
standard degree a possibility. The effect they would
have on the student would be to increase his zeal by
offering to his ambition a higher and broader field than
that afforded by competition with his schoolfellows; they
would increase college spirit by progress. These
contest would elevate college patriotism from the domain of brawn to that of

THE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief: MARK McNELL, '95.
Associate Editors:

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C. FRANCIS McManus, '94.

FRANCIS D. MELLON, '93.

JOHN M. RYAN, '93.

JOHN J. COLLEER, '94.

CONDE M. NAST, '94.

EDWARD J. TOLN, '95.

DION J. MURPHY, '95.

RALPH HOPKINS, '95.


JOHN F. O'BRIEN, '96.

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JOHN JOSEPH O'NEILL, '94.

Manager:

D. MARCUS Dyer, '92.

Assistant Managers:

JOHN DAVID LANNON, '94.

JOHN JOSEPH ReEPHTT, '96.

M. MARTIN MURPHY, '95.

FROM THE SANCTUM.

THE lack of literary contests between our colleges is
one of the most striking anomalies in our American
educational system. Athletic prestige is for the most
part left to the students, who do their part energetically
enough and with excellent results, showing the advan-
tages of physical training, and developing at the same
time self-confidence and business capacity by the trans-
actions necessary to the conduct of such affairs. But
while college athletes are winning medals and pennants,
the educating powers of their respective colleges are, so
far as the public is concerned, unknown quantities. To

past two months for a very interesting and quite successful
bit of photographic work, which—but we must not betray confidence, and, besides, a full account will shortly appear in a forthcoming publication of the Observatory.

Fr. Fargis has been working steadily during the year at the Floating Zenith Telescope, and has introduced some radical and beneficial modifications. In fact, it could be christened, the "Zenith Balance." The instrument is now in a condition to realize all the hopes of the inventors, and it would appear to be merely a question of time to see it, or some similar device, come into common use and supersede the visual method of latitude work.

This is all the more likely when we consider that this is the conclusion arrived at by Herr A. Marsius. This gentleman is one of the most skilful latitude observers in the world, and, of course, all his dicta are taken as gospel by his scientific confreres. In a recent article in the Vierteljahrsschrift der Astronomischen Gesellschaft, the crack scientific journal of Germany, he criticizes at some length the Floating Zenith Telescope. While making his comments quite freely, he treats it on the whole with considerable respect, and goes on to say that the photographic method must eventually take the place of the visual, as this latter, besides having its peculiar defects, is altogether too exacting for the physical and mental strength of the observer.

Most opportunely, therefore, Fr. Algue presents us at this precise moment with a very ingenious application of the Photochronograph. We have been informed that once the spirit-level in latitude work was abandoned, only two photographic methods were possible: the floating one, already realized in the Floating Zenith Telescope, and that by reflection. Fr. Algue has been investigating this somewhat neglected corner of the astronomical field, and has struck what looks like a goldmine. Here you have a Heliostat, photographic lenses, mounted, one at either end, on a telescope tube, in such a fashion that through one of them the starlight falls directly, and through the other by reflection from a mercury basin, on to a sensitive plate. These two rays are so manipulated by the Photochronograph as to form two trails on the plate, which is then put under a microscope, and by some occult mathematical process you find the latitude. Nothing easier. To the casual observer the apparatus looks pretty complicated, but we are given to understand that it is really simple. The results are so simple enough, they are simply remarkable. Photographic negatives and the resulting micrometric measurements, (and figures do not lie), give the latitude with an accuracy comparable with first-class visual work, while more than double the number of observations can be taken, and with less fatigue in a given interval, than in the visual method. By this latest success our Observatory occupies the whole field of photographic latitude work, and a new tribute is paid to the wonderful adaptability of the Photochronograph.

SCHOOL OF LAW.

On Saturday, April 20, Mr. T. A. Lambert delivered the seventh and last lecture of his course in Civil Law. The subjects of the several lectures are: 1. The Sources of the Roman Law. 2. The Corpus Juris Civilis. 3. The International Character of the Early Roman Law. 4. Domestic Relations. 5. Roman Law of Property. 6. Contingent and Absolute Obligations. 7. The Law of Inheritance and Testamentary Succession. This course has been a most instructive and entertaining one, and we are of the opinion that it should be made a permanent feature of the school, for without such a course a student goes forth entirely ignorant of many of the principles which are the foundation and source of much of our present law.

A joint meeting of the three classes was called for Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., for the purpose of taking suitable action upon the appointment of Mr. Martin F. Morris, Dean of the Faculty, as Associate Justice of the new Court of Appeals. Mr. Lambert, of the Postgraduate Class, and Mr. Lambert, of the Senior Class, were chosen as chairman and secretary, respectively. A committee consisting of Messrs. Baker, Townsend and Wolf, of the Postgraduate Class; Messrs. Brennan and Smith, of the Senior Class, and Messrs. Darr and Hall, of the Junior Class, was appointed and instructed to convey to Mr. Morris the congratulations of the entire school.

The Junior Debating Society has been one of the most successful features of the year. Debates have been held frequently and regularly, and have been well attended, not only by the juniors, but also by the seniors and postgraduates. Careful preparation by the debaters has been displayed, and abundant interest of the members has been manifested ever since the inception of the society. It would be well for the classes which are to come hereafter to follow the example of the present junior class.

The boys are all bracing up for the home stretch. Within a month the final examinations will be a thing of the past, and then we will all be seeking fresh woods and pastures new.

J. S. E.-S.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

THE year closes with the largest number of matriculates in the history of the College.

The written examinations, following the course of events, have come and gone, and the members of each class breathe a sigh of relief—the first year men, because their labors for the year have been brought to a close; the juniors and the outgoing class, because at least a part of their work is over. They have yet to pass the trying ordeal of a strict oral examination, which begins on April 26th, with Anatomy. In a week all will be over, and each individual student will derive that degree of satisfaction or disappointment accruing from a year well spent in hard, faithful study, or otherwise. However, if the answers to the various quizzes may be considered as a criterion, almost without exception the students will set out towards their homes with the pleasurable thoughts of a profitable year.

The Faculty, always having the best interests of the students at heart and considering their further advancement in medical education, is ever on the alert to secure means towards this end. Through their efforts Professor Philip C. Knapp, of Harvard, was persuaded to deliver a lecture. The students who heard him are congratulating themselves on the good fortune which enabled them to listen to such a learned and most discursive treatise on tumors of the brain. He gave a clear and concise explanation of the cause, the diagnosis and treatment.

Students have shown such great interest in laboratory work and the professors have been so well satisfied with the results of their efforts, that the Faculty will in all probability see fit to enlarge the laboratories by building an addition. By these means all will have every facility for the work which proves so interesting to them.

The evening of May 9th ends the student days of the class of '93. The portals of their Alma Mater have opened to allow them to pass into the world there to pursue their avocations. Their success will ever be their joy. Gladly does she entrust her fair fame and reputation into their hands, and competent are they to guard it. As a class that of '93 is a singularly bright and promising one, and fully able to bring credit to the noble work to which they have devoted their lives, and to the College and its professors. As they go forth to pursue their noble vocation, their professors and fellow-students, one and all, wish them God-speed and prosperity, which they so well deserve.

EDWARD J. MAHONEY, A. B.
ATHLETIC NOTES.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

GEORGETOWN, 5; WASHINGTON LEAGUE, 6.

The 'Varsity Team opened the season auspiciously in a well-contested game at National Park March 29th. The team showed up strong and played an excellent game. Carmody and Sullivan were in the points, and the former pitched a superb game, holding down the heavy sluggers to four hits and striking out six men. Sullivan caught well and laced out two pretty singles. G. Mahoney also batted and fielded well. Following is the summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>WASHINGTON</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, 1f</td>
<td>1 1 1 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Mahoney, 3b</td>
<td>0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan, c.</td>
<td>0 0 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carmody, p.</td>
<td>0 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harley, 1f</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlon, 3b</td>
<td>0 2 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, r. f</td>
<td>0 0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Rourke, 1f</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCreur, c.</td>
<td>0 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGuire, c.</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swain, c. f</td>
<td>0 0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swain, c. f</td>
<td>0 0 1 0 0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>


GEORGETOWN, 2; COLUMBIA, 5.

Georgetown won the opening game at Capitol Park by defeating Columbia College of New York. Fitzgerald pitched a steady game and was well backed up by Sullivan. Harley played nicely in left field. Carmody won merited applause by three brilliant catches and a great throw to the plate, whilst Garvey batted well. Smith and Hildreth played well.

SUMMARY.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>COLUMBIA</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, r. f</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
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<td>E. Mahoney, 3b</td>
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<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>0 2 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGuire, c.</td>
<td>0 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swain, c. f</td>
<td>0 0 1 0 0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Three-base bits—E. Mahoney, Murphy (2), E. Mahoney. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Boucher.

GEORGETOWN, 3; HARVARD, 2.

A large crowd of collegians together with their friends and some few Harvard sympathizers, (none of the last were found after the game, by the way,) attended their way out to National Park, Friday, April 7, to see what turned out to be the greatest game of ball ever played in the District of Columbia. It was the most heart-disease-inspiring game Georgetown has ever played and from 'play ball.' In the first inning till the last man was put out by Captain Mahoney, it was an even thing. Captain Frothingham came here with the expectation of a victory, and before the game many of the Georgetown men thought he would get one, for though we knew our team was a good one, we hardly hoped to defeat Harvard with her long record of games won. Harvard put her best team in the field and they played a game such as is seldom seen at any of the professional contests. Jack Highlands, her famous "south-paw," occupied the box, and his terrific delivery was stopped by Corbett, of foot-ball fame. Highlands proved rather hard for Georgetown, and hits were few and far between. Only once was he hit hard, but this was the fatal occasion when with Carmody on second, big George Mahoney swung his bat and landed on the ball for three bases, sending Carmody home with the winning run.

Carmody pitched for Georgetown in the old time style that has made him famous among the Northern colleges. He was batted more than Highlands but the hits were scattered, and frequently after a hit he would strike out the next man. The work of Murphy in right field was beautiful, and his throws to the plate proved students who have seen him toss the ball in practice. Ed and George Mahoney also did great work in the field, the first accepting nine and the last ten chances without an error. For Harvard, Frothingham played a brilliant game at second; on two occasions cutting off what looked like safe hits. Corbett behind the bat and Sullivan at short field also did good work. In the first two innings neither side scored. In the third Harvard got a blank, but Harley scored for Georgetown on a base on balls, a hit and a fly to the outfield. In the fourth neither side scored. In the fifth both got nothing, but Walsh scored the second run for Georgetown on a base on balls, a hit and a fly to the outfield. In the eighth Georgetown scored nothing, but Harvard got her two runs as follows: Hallowell led off with a hit and was advanced to third by Cooke's hit, and the latter stole second. Hallowell then came in on a fly to the outfield, and Cooke went to third. Abbott then hit safely and brought Cooke home with Harvard's last run. In the seventh Georgetown made nothing, but in the eighth Carlon got his base on balls and was brought home by E. Mahoney's three-base hit over the left fielder's head.

When the last man was put out in the ninth the
wearsers of the blue and gray went wild with delight, and on their way home fairly tore the atmosphere open without an error, and Harvard had but two which did not contribute to Georgetown's run getting. Annexed is the score:

**GEORGETOWN.**

H. R. O. A. E.  
Herley, 1 f. 0 0 1 0 Hallowell, 1 f. 0 0 1 0  
E. Mahoney, 3d b. 0 0 3 0 0 Cook, 3d b. 1 1 0 1 0  
Sullivan, c. 0 0 6 0 0 Sullivan, s. k. 0 0 2 0 0  
Garvey, s. s. 0 0 0 0 0 Abbott, f. r. 0 0 0 0 0  
Carlon, 3d b. 0 0 3 6 0, 1 1 0 1 0  
Carlon, 3d b. 0 0 4 0 0 Corbett, c. 0 1 9 5 0  
Murphy, r. f. 0 0 4 0 0 Carlon, 3d b. 0 0 1 2 0 Upton, 1. f. 0 1 0 1 0  
Walsh, c. f. 1 0 0 0 0 Highlands, p. 0 1 0 2 0  

---

**HARVARD.**

H. R. O. A. E.  
Harvard, 8. Struck out—By Carmody, 5; by Highlands, 9. Passed on balls—Carmody, 2; Highlands, 8. Hit by pitcher—Harley.

First base on error—Georgetown, 1. Left on bases—Georgetown, 9; Garvey, Carlon (2), Hallowell, Cook, Corbett. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Snyder.

**JUNIOR NOTES.**

A meeting held in the early part of the month W. Groves was selected to fill the captaincy of the first nine. We all hope that he will come up to expectations. The team was shifted a certain extent under the new management. The batting is much stronger than was expected, several good batters have sprung up who are in the habit of hitting safely quite often and regularly.

The second and third teams are good, although it might be well to suggest that the second team practise base-running, as that is their weakest point. The third team seems to be progressing finely under the leadership of J. McAleer, who is a hard worker.

The second team opened the season with the Cook's Park nine, whom they succeeded in beating by the score of 13 to 11. The game was on balls. The batting was a good one, and was enjoyed by the many spectators. The visiting team was not far behind that of the college boys in the line of roisterers, for the majority of those who shivered were friends of the plucky little team.

The first nine were to have played the Young Giants, but were grievously disappointed, as only six of the opposing nine were present. However, the nine was filled out and a scrub game was played, the feature of which was the battery work of Maher and Burke. On the whole, the game was quite satisfactory. Juniors, 11; Young Giants, 5. The teams will play again upon the 26th of April.

The Junior nine has lost but one game out of six, the team which defeated them being "The Reubens," under command of Capt. John B. Walker.

The following are the two nines of the Junior Division. The first, it may seem, is a little light, but their work on the field is quite satisfactory and their batting is fast improving:

**First Nine.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burke</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maher</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. II.</td>
<td>First base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groves (Capt.)</td>
<td>Second base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mogruder</td>
<td>Short stop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conley</td>
<td>Third base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark</td>
<td>Left field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Callahan</td>
<td>Center field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perry</td>
<td>Right field</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Second Nine.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Duffy</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixon</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H.</td>
<td>First base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Capt.)</td>
<td>Prince</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev.</td>
<td>Shortstop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan</td>
<td>Third base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brent</td>
<td>Left field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooper</td>
<td>Center field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerr</td>
<td>Right field</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The last game of the first team was with a scrub nine from the Senior side, and a very weak one it proved to be, as the final score was 33 to 4. Walker proved an easy mark for the Georgetowners, which was not good for him, as his support behind the bat was very poor.

The Junior foot-ball and base-ball pictures will likely appear in the May number, and by that time we hope to have proved our superiority upon the diamond; to make good our claim of being the Junior champions of the District. We have a good chance. The first nine have secured new caps and stockings of dark blue, which is fast improving. The treasurer informs us that the third nine will be furnished with new belts.

The tennis fiends seem to have arisen from their dormant condition. The courts are being rapidly put into condition, and soon a merry throng will be upon them, for the Division has its share of tennis-votaries.

The Junior team, if it suffers no disappointments, will play games every holiday for several weeks to come. The Young Giants, Portland, Md., Agricultural College and other challenges are under consideration.

The field is at length in good condition, as the activity of the ball-players was held in check by Manager Gower until it was thoroughly dry.

The pool-room and gymnasium are at present deserted; the Juniors seem to have fallen in love with spring—no need for wonder, it is a charming season.

The Juniors are looking forward with eager anticipation to Wednesday, May 3d, upon which day they will visit the Maryland Agricultural College and play a game with the second nine of that institution. They are in the best of practice, and hard practice will be indulged in during the intervening time. The team is improving steadily, and the boys anticipate a close and well-fought game. We sincerely hope the nine will be successful.

**TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.**

The date of the second annual Spring Meeting has been changed from May 6th to May 18th, as the manager thinks his men could not have been put in proper condition by the former date. As it is now, the contests will be in splendid trim by the 18th, and Mr. Smith is confident that a spirited meeting and numerous entries will be the result of this practice.

The Y. M. C. A. Park has been secured for the day of the meeting, and as no finer grounds can be got anywhere, some record smashing is expected from the sprinters.

Invitations have been sent to all of the colleges of the Intercollegiate Association, and it is hoped that many of the Northern universities will send teams to compete in the games. This will undoubtedly increase the interest, and render the contests very exciting, as the home boys will strive earnestly to keep the honors from being carried away by the strangers. The Track and Field judges will be composed of competent men from the Columbia, Y. M. C. A., and Potomac Athletic clubs, and as all of them have had wide experience in such meetings, there will be no fear of any delay in this line.

The Law and Medical departments have both entered heartily into the spirit of the games, and the students of the respective schools are sure their representatives will uphold their laurels won in former games. The Medical school will enter Smart, Payne, Kaufman and Bolway in the sprints and long distance runs, and Garvey will also enter the mile run. It is anxiously hoped by the whole body of students that Bob Dodge, the star sprinter of the Medical school, will be sufficiently improved by the 18th to take part in the games, and if he is, the rest of the short distance men will have to brush up a good deal to make him "take a back seat."

Huyck, Townsend, and Pat O'Donnell will be entered
from the Law school, and will make themselves famous in the short runs and hammer throwing. Other men will soon start in training from this department and will be mentioned later.

In the Academic department the men are working very earnestly and a splendid showing is expected as a result.

Peter Comerford has been chosen captain of the team, and as Pete is a good, all-around man and has a great deal of experience in athletics he will soon have the team in splendid working order.

The main reliance of the boys at the College is in the weight men, and the high and broad jumpers. Walker, George Mahoney and Comerford are about the best of the former, whilst in the jumps Walker, Mahoney, DeClouet and Seger are rapidly nearing the twenty-foot mark, Douglas, Powell and Lannon are scheduled for the mile run and pole vault, and are training very steadily.

In the hundred and two-twenty, W. O’Donnell, J. Murphy, Hennon, Harley, Comerford and Seger are entered, and though handicapped by the absence of a track are sure to be well up in the front when the games come of saying.

One of the most interesting events of the day will be the two-mile bicycle race, and as the College boasts a goodly number of enthusiastic wheelmen, the entries will be large and the contests most exciting. Watkins (Law), and Lawrence Quinlan, and several other dark horses, will be entered, and, as all are determined to win something, most likely a record will be smashed.

New men need no fear about entering the different events, as liberal handicaps will be given, and every one assured of a "fair field and no favor." Altogether the outlook is most promising, and if no unexpected drawbacks occur Manager Smith will give the College boys a splendid exhibition, and May 18th will be a red letter day in the history of Georgetown's athletic department.

EXCHANGES.

The University Courier, University of Pennsylvania, made a big spread on the occasion of the Mask and Wig entertainment and fairly covered itself with glory. The typographical work was above reproach, and that the literary value was without equal was demonstrated by the following paragraph: "The number of subscribers..."

The Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, has a student paper published weekly, the "Volante." The Volante has several other good articles and is altogether a credit to its section of the country. Don't forget the translation, next time, dear Volante, for your Norse is a little too strong for us here in the effete East.

The Notre Dame Scholastic explains that when it referred to Georgetown as being in Maryland it intended to intimate that the District of Columbia had no distinct climate of its own. On the contrary, the Exchange man is convinced that the Siberian winds do not blow north of the Potomac. The District of Columbia has more than six-and-thirty separate and distinct climates, each and every one of which is indigenous to the soil.

Our "Hicky, Hicky, Ka, Kai," is gaining you favor in the land. A writer in the New York Sun recently spoke of it in the "Goteberg Times," and since then the perdue exponent quotes it as a peculiar and characteristic American college yell. If the Exchange man is not mistaken the yell was brought to Georgetown and introduced by Peter Martin, who claimed that the Sioux Indians use it in the rites of either the sun or ghost dance. So this disproves the "Saw man's" theory that it is of Chinese origin.

The Reveille, of Pennsylvania Military College, says: "The Exchange man will remember we love him and never write us up as he does some of his exchanges." Now don't be alarmed, Reveille. The Exchange man loves the Exchange man's theory that it is "fair field and no favor." So this disposes of the only fault the Exchange man can find with it is in the rather light tone of some of its work. Then it would be improved by devoting more space to literary work.

Roderick, the Exchange man on the Highlander, is rather grieved at what he regards as the Exchange man's bitter tone towards his paper. The Exchange man cannot remember his exact language in reference to the Highlander, but he was not moved by malice in his remarks, for he regards the Highlander too highly to be biten by it.

The editor of College Topics, a paper published weekly at the University of Virginia, in the last number occupied most of his space with an account of the Harvard game. The poor man almost had a spasm because his ball nine managed to play a tie game with Harvard—"The Champions of the North," as he says.

He also adds this information: "It was a glorious sight! The champions of the North for once (in base ball) had found their equal south of the Mason and Dixon line." For his information the Exchange man refers him to the Boston Herald of April 8th. If he will look back to the last page of the Herald of that date he will see an article with the following heading: "Georgetown beats Harvard. The Crimson falls before the leading University of the South." The article will further inform him that "The Champions of the North" (?) were not only equalled, but were defeated in the first game they played south of Mason and Dixon's line. There is one good thing, however, in Topics, and that is the article calling upon the students of the University to improve in their conduct towards visiting teams, which it seems has deserved no notice before.

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