The close of the first quarter has witnessed much hard work, especially on the part of the Philosophers whom Father Devitt has winnowed fine in the sieve of Dialectics, and Mr. Donlon, S. J., kept up late and early in search of illumination on the subject of Light in Physics.

However, recreation was not quite relegated to a corner during this month of sober studies. Plenty of talent and some esprit-de-corps gave us a clever minstrel-musical-acrobatic meschanza on the night of the 15th and St. Vincent's corbona a handsome penny for the poor.

Again, the Juniors were great on November 13th. An angle in the play-hall was bedizened with the splendors of Oriental scenery. In the midst of this a bright farce was exhibited to the plaudits of the favored audience. The lines, which were all aglitter with point and epigram, were brought out fairly by Barry, Egan, and especially by O'Shea in his effervescent character of Murphy. Hats off to the Juniors for this pretty piece of improvisation, and to its promoters, Messrs. Raley and Lauterbach, S. J. The curtain rose again over Father Richley, with an armful of gold medals which soon became shining decorations on the athletes victorious in the late sports.

At the far northwest of our quadrangular pile, in the old library, from which somehow the mellow radiance of Father Curley and Father Sumner's smile, as they showed the book treasures to visitors, will never wholly vanish, the Postgraduates are now comfortably, not to say luxuriously, bestowed for certain lecture courses and for special study and reading purposes. New, commodious and appropriate furniture, a floor cloth and warm-toned rugs, the last a gift from a friend, add lustre to the pristine elegance of the hall that was the handsomest in all the old buildings. These appointments have their crown in the library of literature which is being formed for the Postgraduates. The foundation of this so essential scaffolding in higher instruction has been laid by the liberality of a gentleman who donated one thousand dollars for the purpose. Although, considering his means, the gift is as princely as those of Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Low, he wishes to merge his identity into that of an "Old Boy" or a "Lover of Georgetown."

The hiberna castra of our athletes are to be pitched in the lofty though limited room of the South Pavilion, which was originally planned for Chemistry. But they do not mean to hibernate there in a state of torpor—rather to apply the latest processes to improve the steel of their thews and sinews.

All honor to the management of our athletics! With Walter S. Martin, '96, at the head, his generous hand equally efficient, and with Father McDonough as a broad-minded adviser and energetic promoter, they have accomplished wonders. It is a beautiful instance of loyalty to Georgetown, and of unquestioning support of her authorities, that they should have so promptly devised and procured in the field a substitute for suspended football. This shining example of not merely an ungrumbling acquiescence, but of plucking victory out of defeat, ought to go on lasting record.

With this month closes the tercentenary of the venerable Robert Southwell, Jesuit, Poet and Martyr. It was of this sweet singer that the Lord Treasurer Cecil wrote: "Let antiquity boast of its Roman heroes and the patience of captives in torments; our own age is not inferior to it, nor do the minds of the English cede to the Romans. There is at present confined one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, can not be induced to confess anything, not even the color of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics, he that day was." We notice among the Edition Facsimile Reprints No. IV. SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A Pious Meditation of the four last things. Composed in a Divina Poema. By R. S., the author of S. Peter's Complaint. London, 1606.
"Katie Mahone," "My Beautiful Irish Maid," and "Rory and a Tear." Mr. Olcott is a worthy successor of the old Celtic bard; genial, handsome, witty, as well as most versatile in catching the mood of an audience. The euphony, flexibility, roundness and power of his voice, together with the noble sentiments he breathes, almost made his hearers believe that the ancient days of Tara had returned and that the silent harp of Erinn was strung to song and mirth once more. His splendid treat to the collegians will be enwreathed with pleasant memories. Let us also say that the hearty efforts of Father Ennis, our vice-president, to create a cheerful and happy succese in the academic treadmill, had their crown and compensation in the success of this entertament.

A RHYME OF THE ROYAL RIVER.

I.

I couch me in sweet, tranquillence
Where beauty makes a fair,
Where happiness is harping
Through all the summer air.
Where fair peace spreads her verdant fleece
Becloved from summer skies.
Whose passion sometimes slumbers
But whose for ever never dies.

II.

Where ivy thick and roses bright
Are mantling gray old towers,
And history holds her spectral courts
'Mid stately halls and bowers.
Where ruined sanctuaries shrive
The sleeping faith of old.
That waifs the bliss of wakening kiss
From love's crusader bold.

III.

Where graceful swans majestic float
'Mid curtsying waves and weeds,
And lily pads their blossoms ope,
'Mid wonker-living reeds.
As where ye glide o'er paths of tide
That track this aqueous Arden
Ye pluck some gems from sinueous stems
As grace the Naids' garden.

IV.

Where rivaling these Flora's blooms
That set the pools agloat.
Skim human forms by art arrayed,—
Strew Irises afloat.
Where pleasure strands her flower-decked barques
At flower-padded piers,
And lilies cull from silvery stems
On spinets of the weirs.

V.

Where browsings sheepfolds fleck the hills,
Kine nip the meads. The lawns
Are balmed with breath of rick and rose.
Where startled deer and fawns
Sweep up the hills and through the glades
Their horns atoss, their speckled sides
Star-bloom banked 'mid green lush.

VI.

Where rabbit shy and timid hare
Through furrowed coverts run.
And gay Sir Pheasant mocks by flight
His brave caparison.
Where sabies steer with silver fin
Along the silver reaches,
Or anglers lay their panting prey
On boats or grassy quays.

VII.

Where scarcely more the stillness breaks
Than plash of dripping oars,
From fairy boats and elfin floats,
That sweep the liquid floor.
Save where, with thymed monotony,
The click of cricket balls
In "serve" from many tennis-court,
Is answered down the malls.

VIII.

Where broad backwaters, willow-arched,
Call "cease" to feathering blades,
And oarsmen sylvan haven find
Mid those moss-banked arcades.
Where balancing wave-prickling wing
That bright sail fills and flaps,
And oarsmen rest on Thames's breast—
Stream nymphs on stream god's lap.

IX.

Where syrphile maids, like lilies poised,
Fly Love's divinity;
In punting polos, that grace controls,
To pierce the crystal elod.
While pillowed listens at their feet
Each lax limbed lover dozes,
They solve love's spells from beds of wills
Where truth, 'tis said, reposes.

X.

Where 'mid green lanes and hedge-rows stand—
Age youthed with fronds and flowers—
Quaint villages with homes at once
Love's heartstrings and love's bowers.
Rich as the leaves that crown their eaves,
As roses that enwreath them,
All blessings fall on cot and hall
And English hearts beneath them.

XI.

Led here by summer's thrilling hand,
Companioned by her joys,
I've quaffed me from her golden grail
Whose nectar never cloys.
But heron days have heron wings;
Through oplet dreams I hear
The clarions of autumn call
To duty's soberer sphere.

XII.

O, maze of beauty! Magic's bower!
Temple of English dels!
I've clewed thy labyrinthine charm
A captive to thy spells.
But ere I break the floral bonds
Of pleasure's royal pale,
Must pay this ransom of a song
To thee, Thames's vale.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.

AMONG the remains of ancient Grecian statuary we occasionally come upon a relic of some master hand, so wonderfully perfect in execution that we are startled by its beauty, and marvel that men in those remote days should have excelled to so great a degree the sculptors of the present. So too, when rambling amid the classic lore of Greece we sometimes meet with a character that rivets our attention and charms our fancy; and such a one is Antigone, as delineated by the prince of Attic dramatists, to be the noblest type of Grecian womanhood. The character of this elder daughter of King Oedipus, affords one of the most beautiful studies of filial and fraternal affection in the whole catalogue of the ancient and modern drama. The love and devotion which she bore her sightless and dishonored father, the attachment to her brother in ignominious death, which she valued more highly than her life, and her conscientious adhesion, in spite of tyrannical dictation, to the precepts of that deity whom she had been taught to obey, have merited her the famous eulogy of De Quincey: "Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was known; flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed." Antigone in many ways is an ideal woman. Of course she was beautiful; most women are—except the new woman, if she be a reality and not a chimera of the sensational newspapers; but we are not dealing with
physical charms, it is rather the beauty of the soul we intend to discuss. Some of our advanced maidens of the present day might do well to imitate the actions of this self-devoting heroine, inasmuch as these pertain to family ties. She evidently understood that her duty lay in comforting and caring for those to whom she was by nature, most closely allied. Thus she sacrifices herself for her aged sire, "wandering as his guide, famished and barefooted, through the wild frost and toiling through many a storm and scorching heat, and holds but secondary the comforts of her residence at home if her father can be maintained." These and other such sacrifices, that are sublime as well as pathetic, are only exceeded by the persistence and bravery she displays in her trials and sufferings; in fact, her strength of character is so great that many of her actions may be said to smack of manliness; not indeed of the manliness which affects bloomers, but of that inborn heroism which has been cultivated and disciplined by hardships patiently endured. With a single exception she was never, at least on her own account, seen in tears, that last appeal of every woman, whether she be an advance agent of the "Twentieth Century Girl," or simply an unaffected, rosy-cheeked daughter of the green fields, and this was when she was being led alive to the tomb that was decreed to be herslow, agonizing death. Then indeed lamentations were not inconsistent with that fortitude which makes so striking a part in Antigone's character; for the conduct of a person about to face dissolution, without showing the least concern, is not, as some suppose, heroism, but insensibility more than brutal. Indeed, we often see wretches who smile at the approach of their fate; yet we ought not to suppose that they have surmounted the natural horrors of death; but their understanding being weakened and their hearts intoxicated with their guilt, they are incapable of feeling or perceiving the value of life. But calmly and deliberately to expose oneself to death in a noble cause, and yet be sensible of the greatness of the sacrifice, is indeed true heroism.

However, the most beautiful side of Antigone's character is that which displays her great fraternal love; it is like a perfect full-blown rose among several exquisite buds; it plainly transcend every other emotional feeling she is capable of experiencing: her whole heart is set on procuring proper burial rites for the mangled body of her brother, which lies on the late embattled plain, a prey to hungry birds and beasts, and an insult to her own royal family. What height does her heroism here reach! She surrendered her life and the reciprocated love of a prince that she might bestow upon her brother Polynices the sacred honors of a funeral, thereby showing that she was as tender a sister as she was a pious and affectionate daughter. How bravely she invites her faint-hearted, though worldly-wise sister, Ismene, with her the only survivor now of the once happy home at Thebes!

_Antigone._ Wilt thou with me share risk and toil? Look to it.

_Ismene._ What risk is this? What purpose fills thy mind? _Antigone._ Wilt thou with me go forth to help the dead?

_Ismene._ And dost thou mean give him sepulture? _Antigone._ When all has been forbidden, he is still My brother; yes, and thine, though thou art maid, and he Wouldest fain he were not. I desert him not.

_Ismene._ O daring one, when Creon bids thee not! _Antigone._ What right has he to keep me from mine own?

How tender, pitiful, majestic withal in her heroism, is she in the very act of giving ritual sepulture to Polynices. How she reminds us of those lionine women of the Old Testament, Respha, for instance!

Guard (to King Creon). I saw her burying that selfsame corpse Thou bad'st us not to bury. Speak I clear? _Creon._ How was she seen, detected, prisoner made?

Guard. The girl was seen, and with a bitter cry, Shriil as a bird's, she wails, when it beholds Its nest all emptied of its infant brood; So she, when she beholds the corpse all stript, Groaned loud with many moanings. And she called Pnrcf curses down on those who did the deed, And in her hand she brings some sand-like dust, And from a well-chased ewer, all of bronze, She pours the three libations o'er the dead. So she, when she beholds the corpse all stript, How tender, pitiful, majestic withal in her heroism, is she in the very act of giving ritual sepulture to Polynices. How she reminds us of those lionine women of the Old Testament, Respha, for instance!
There only remains to be said a word concerning the play itself. The whole conduct of the tragedy is fine, and, notwithstanding its great simplicity, the passions of terror and pity are carried to the greatest height. The incidents arise one out of the other, and all lead naturally to the end. There is, indeed, a fault, in the too great security of Creon, who, when his son takes his final leave of him, never thinks of ordering him to be detained. Yet it ought to be considered that Creon is at that time so much under the influence of his rage that in such a state of mind it is natural for him not to suspect that his son’s passion for Antigone is capable of producing so fatal an effect of despair. Besides, this old politician knows very little of love, and this fault in the character of Creon, if we must allow it to be a fault, is productive of the grandest catastrophe imaginable. On one side we have Hemon expiring at the feet of Antigone; on the other, a mother unable to survive her son, not to mention the situation into which these severe punishments of heaven throw the wretched Creon, who, notwithstanding his guilt, becomes an object of compassion when we see him punished as a husband, a father, and a king. M. B. K., ’97.

"L’ALLEGRO."

The companion odes, "El Penseroso" and "L’Allegro," were composed by the poet John Milton, about the year 1635, and were intended, as their titles indicate, to contrast the various ideals of human happiness according to the disposition of different individuals. It has been conceded by those who best knew the poet’s likes and dislikes that "El Penseroso" is a recast of his own life, and therefore more lucid, ornate, and perfect in its construction. It was, in all probability, the ode first completed, as we infer from the fifty-seventh line of "L’Allegro":

Some time walking not unseen.

Be this as it may, "L’Allegro," the subject of the present brief outline, may be said to consist, by contrast of a ten-line prologue or introduction, in which melancholy is depicted in the gloomiest and most repulsive colors. The remainder of the poem contains seventy-one rhyming iambic couplets of irregular metre, varying from trimeter hypercatalectic to pentameter catalectic.

The poet begins by invoking the companionship of the goddess Mirth and her personified train of attendants, jest, jollity, quips, cranks, wiles, nods, becks, smiles, sport, laughter, and the mountain nymph Liberty, be-seeing, if they find anything worthy of admiring in him, that he be permitted—

To live with her, and live with thee,

that so he may enjoy—

Sport that wrinckled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides,

and when invited at opportune times he may—

Come, and trip in as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

But the pleasure of companionship with liberty, mirth, and her attendants, does not sufficiently suffice for the poet's recreation; he desires in a comparatively modest manner the surroundings to be in harmony with his gladness; hence, he invokes Dame Nature and such of the animal kingdom as please his fancy to minister unto him, as we observe in the lines—

To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,

to which he appends the much but rightly criticised couplet:

Then to come in sight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

Larks have never been known to perform this office, not even for the poets, so that we infer that Milton was not a keen observer of detail. Exceptions may likewise be taken to several other imperfect pictorial scenes; suffice it to mention the confusion arising from the use of "sweetbriar" and "eglantine," which are said to be one and the same plant. Probably a much stronger objection occurs in the tautological rear or thin which appears in the line—

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.

Then, as obviously appears, has no descriptive value in the line except it be to weaken the whole assertion, and can on no account be defended on the plea of rhyme, which is not in itself justifiable. We likewise have serious doubts whether hoar-frost mornings are conducive to anyone’s "bithe singing," much less a milkmaid’s. The autumn scene is pardonomably true; it is suggestive of what would be most likely to attract one’s attention and awaken admiration.

The mansion and the cottage are admirably contrasted. It is clear that the prize is awarded to the "neat-handled Phillis" of the latter, who partakes of household and farm duties alternately, while "the cynosure of neighboring eyes" is partaking of palatial luxury.

To the pleasures already described the poet desires Music’s soulful harmony,

by the peal of the "merry bells" and the "jocund rebecks" which are interpreted by some critics to be the violin in its crudest form, while others find pleasure in saying that "jocund rebecks" was an abbreviation for Joyful Rebeccas, and that the poet wishes to contrast the idea of marriageable maids to those who were already espoused and who were, as a consequence, permitted the liberty of jesting with greater freedom than became others who were not so engaged; however, a pretty thought is expressed when—

Young and old com forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.

This do the tales to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon out of sleep.

As a result of such a festivity, the poet invokes Hymen and his personified suite to attend, and desires to be removed from rural scenes to the city turmoil,

Where thrones of knights and barons bold
In wards of peace high triumph hold.

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes,
Rain influence, and judge the prize,

and where likewise he would be conveniently near the theatre, and might listen to the learned Jonson:

O sweetest Shakespear, Fancie’s childe,
With bounteous hands I give thee happy choice,

Finally, as the acme to all pleasures, and as an antidote to "eating cares," he asks to be—

Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce.

Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.

Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half regained Eurydice
Of Pluto to have quite set free
The hidden soul of harmony.

These delights if thou canst give
Mirth with thee I mean to live.

JOHN JERSEY GALLAGHER.

TO AMINTA.

Flowers, lady, perfume bearing—
Flowers for your fragrant bower.
If you deem them worth the wearing,
Happy will I deem the hour
That they live beneath your graces
And beneath your joyous smile—
Your gentle beauty at all times.
Would I had their lot the while!

C., ’96.
THE BAHEN MONUMENT.

"He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where noisy voices lead!"

K列：Endymion.

In order that the memory of a brave spirit may not be short-lived, as it is apt to be in the college world, we would make the anniversary of George D. Bahen’s sacrifice, the occasion of another tribute in the JOURNAL. We have secured for the purpose the accompanying half-tone of a photograph kindly furnished by his father, Mr. James Bahen, of Richmond, Va. The monument itself stands in the family lot at Mount Calvary cemetery. It is a highly-decorated shaft of Virginia blue granite, into which is inserted an excellent picture of the deceased, burnt in porcelain. It bears the inscription: "George D. Bahen, born Jan. 12, 1874, died on the 26th of March, 1895, at Washington, D. C., from injuries sustained on Thanksgiving Day, 1894, in heroically upholding the Blue and Gray of Georgetown, on the field of athletics." Beneath this is the well-merited eulogy:

Gentle, brave, pure, patient, chivalrous.
He was the idol of his home,
The pride of his college,
And the comfort of his Church.

R. I. P.

The legend is true. Every word might be verified with illustrations from his brief but glorious career. We will, however, only comment upon his heroic devotion to a duty which in the generous impulse of his nature he had assumed towards his fellow-students. Daily scornful of forbodings that pointed to danger, he sallied forth as a knight to fall if need be by the pannent of his liege-lord. This trait is admired in him, as it ought to be cherished in ourselves. The times are intensely selfish. With all their world-embracing ken and kindness our self-complacent sages are purblind, narrow, and egotistical. Nowhere can this spirit of self-sacrifice find readier development than within these precincts in which youth is enthusiastic enough not to calculate consequences too meanly, and where the study of worth, devotion, heroism is studied and monumented in the history that is part of the curriculum.

A century hence, the visitor to the capital of the Confederacy, Northerner or Southerner will not matter then, will wander around its war memorials, and will be overawed by the stern, staunch and sublime patriotism of both parties which they recall. If he pause before the shaft erected to the young College patriot, he will not part without emotion at this parallel instance of self-sacrifice.

We notice that our Louisiana brethren are not afraid to express their enthusiasm for the success of their classmate, George Washington at Valley Forge, under date of February 28, 1778. It is addressed to Col. John Fitzgerald, of Alexandria, and has come into Dr. Morgan’s possession through his family connections.

With a flush of honors on his cheek, William Byrne, ’87, called on his return from the Atlanta Exposition. He had been requested by the Governor of his State to deliver the oration on “Delaware Day.” He certainly made an admirable choice of subject when he took “The Exposition: A Pledge of Peace.”

Right in the heart of the gold excitement is Frederick W. White, Jr., who is the business manager of the daily newspaper started by him and a partner at Colorado Springs on November 15th, and bearing the title The Colorado Mining Era. A quick and big bannana to him for his ability and the energy that sparks and snaps as an electric current in his paper.

Word reaches us, and that in the charming context of a letter to his former professor, Father Ennis, that Joseph F. Magale, ’91, now practising law at Magnolia, Ark., has been appointed assistant district attorney.

Our popular collegian, P. J. Carlon, ’93, has opened a law office in Indianapolis. He is in partnership with a son of ex-Attorney General F. J. Hord, of Indiana. He speaks of the pleasure experienced in hearing a fine lecture delivered by another old Georgetonian, Father Thomas Sherman, S. J.

The friendship of old times was shown the College in a short visit of the venerable priest, the Reverend Alexander J. Semmes, ’80. He is the brother of one of our most distinguished alumni, Thomas J. Semmes, LL. D., ’42, and was at one time president of the college at Macon, Ga.

During the month, Father William J. Tynan, S. J., Superior at St. Inigoes, Md., or the oldest old Georgetowner, we might say, in the course of his annual retreat revisited the scenes of his school-days here in ’69-’70.

Joseph Sebastian Rogers, ’92, the fruit of whose graceful muse is so much missed from our columns, is now a member of the firm of Rogers & Rogers, Washington, D. C. He brought with him on his visit a charming lady friend to show over the romantic spots that figure in the stories of his college career.

With unfailing promptness Gaston Hawks sends in his Yard and JOURNAL dues. His being engaged in a large New York commission house does not diminish his interest in Georgetown, for whose benefit he has a business eye.
FROM THE SANCTUM.

It may seem a bit early to begin talking Christmas, but Christmas will have come and gone before the Journal again goes on its rounds, so it is a case of now or never, and letting Christmas go by unnoticed is entirely out of the question. Suppose the faculty should let Christmas go by unnoticed; suppose the home folks are to think about the poor Editor is mighty apt to be forgotten. He would, however, feel as if he had not done his duty, if, while professing to chronicle the days and doings of most interest to his readers, he had not so much as mentioned the very day which will receive the biggest share of their thoughts during the present month. After all, it is not so very early for the Editor to begin talking Christmas, for everybody else has already begun talking Christmas and thinking Christmas; thinking of home and holiday; thinking of fun and frolic, of turkey and plum pudding, of cedar and holly, and, of course, of mistletoe; not forgetting the all important subject of presents to be given and of presents which may or may not be received.

But above all, and around all, and permeating all is that feeling which tells us that Christmas is something more than a holiday; that it is a holy day—a day full of deepest meaning to all who put their faith in the name it bears. We feel, though we cannot tell exactly how or why, that there is a certain calm and quiet surrounding us, not dampening but sweetening. We almost feel that the Star in the East is again shining and sending into our hearts a softening, mellowing ray, making us tranquil and glad.

So the Journal and the Journal Staff with one accord join in wishing you all a right good Christmastide.
MY FIRST HOUR AT COLLEGE.

In order that I might have a good night’s rest before standing my examinations, I arrived on the afternoon before dawn. With a small satchel slung jauntily over my shoulder, I had crossed town and passed within the walls surrounding the college. On the way up to the building I encountered several knots of old students, whom I regarded with considerable awe. As I started up the broad steps leading to the main entrance, a young fellow about my own age and with a 9-button on the lapel of his coat, approached me and said:

Are you to stand the Freshman examination?

On my replying that I was, he said: ‘Come this way, please, the examiners are waiting for you.’

With a small satchel completely ignored by my companion, nudged one on the lapel of his coat, approached me and said: ‘Are you to stand the Freshman examination?’

On my replying that I was, he said: ‘Come this way, please, the examiners are waiting for you.’

I began to remonstrate that I was tired, hungry, and needed a bath after my journey on the cars; but my conductor hastily replied that the board would admit of no delay, as the time of my arrival had been telegraphed to the college and the examiners were expecting me at that moment.

I said nothing more; for while I thought it strange, I considered myself well prepared on what the college required of its matriculates, and sailed myself with the idea that it would soon be over, and so much of a burden be taken from my mind.

Meanwhile the young man had led me through a door to the left and down one flight of stairs, passing now and then more groups of college men. These, who were completely ignored by my companion, nudged one another and smiled. As I went on I heard the clicking of pool balls and loud talking and laughter. Within earshot of all three the young fellow stopped and said:

Just knock at that door, the Board is sitting inside.

I did so, and was told to come in. The queeriness of my surroundings had been working upon me, and by that time I was quite nervous.

I entered and found myself in a room about twenty feet square. Along one side were three tables littered with Greek and Latin authors, histories and papers; and behind each was a sitting man, to whom I was to speak. The door my eyes fell upon the man nearest it. He was a little short fellow with a stagg, black mustache, whom, from the numerous crow’s-feet at the corners of his eyes, I judged to be about forty years of age.

He began proceedings with: Your name, please?

I replied: Are you proficient in French or German?

I named the latter.

From the Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, and other Latin books upon his table I concluded he was the Latin examiner. As I closed the door my eyes fell upon the man nearest it. He was a little short fellow with a stagg, black mustache, whom, from the numerous crow’s-feet at the corners of his eyes, I judged to be about forty years of age.

He began proceedings with: Your name, please?

I replied: Are you proficient in French or German?

I named the latter.

When the Latin examiner said: That will do, Mr. Thornt., the man on his left began. What he looked like I was too dazed to notice, but I heard him with a piping voice, and it cut me like a knife. He quizzed me in Greek and many other things. He also began with some simple questions in grammar. Then, Mr. Thornton, what part of the Anabasis was written while Xenophon was leading the retreat of the thousand Greeks?

I asked with all the gravity he could put into his thin, piping voice. ‘Why is Φίλως spelled with an omega and not an omicron?’ ‘How old was Astyages when Cyrus first visited him?’ and ‘Was Cyrus a better judge or hunter in his youth?’ were some of the others.

I was completely unnerved as the fellow who finished I was almost ready to faint. As before, loud laughter punctuated my answers, and with each shout his voice seemed to become shriller and more exasperating.

Behind the third table sat a man who had long tousled locks, bushy brows, and two great furrows running across his forehead. He seemed a very demon to me. I could hardly sleep to-night and make a better showing to-morrow, when he began my eyes were swimming.

He started out with: Mr. Thornton, what theorem in geometry was discovered by the man of whom it was said: ‘Isse dixit.

Encouraged, I began a long dissertation on Pythagoras and the sides and hypotenuse of a right triangle, but my cruel interrogator stopped me and put one question after another, without giving me time to gather my scattered wits. He asked me how I would solve it: ‘At the foot of a wall is placed a box four feet cubed. A ladder sixteen feet long is placed on the ground, touches the horizontal edge of the box and rests against the wall above. How high from the ground does the ladder touch the wall?’

I said I did not believe enough conditions were given: to which he laconically replied, ‘Too bad.

After my miserable failure in mathematics, the three joined in asking questions on English, German, and History.

One inquired which was used more frequently, ‘Wie geht’s,’ or ‘Wie befinden Sie sich?’ ‘What kind of machinery was used by the Pharaohs of Egypt in building their pyramids?’ ‘When was fire first used?’ — while many others as easy were put, until I had stood before them a mortal hour.

Then the little fellow with the stagg mustache began a very soothing lecture on the superficiality of modern education. With the charitable advice, ‘Get a good sleep to-night and make a better showing to-morrow,’ he told me that I might now go.

As I opened the door, I heard a great scampering without, but I was so stupid after what I deemed so disgraceful an exhibition before the examiners, that I was unable to put two and two together. The young fellow who had led me to the room met me just outside, and hoping that I had passed, as ‘he had no doubt I had,’ offered to show me around and stay with me until bed-time. I thought he was very kind and accepted his offer.

He took me around and introduced me to every man he met, and had me tell what the examiners had said. Each one made some remark about its being nothing to the one he had to stand, and then went off laughing; but to save my life I could see nothing laughable in it. That night I rolled about in bed and hardly slept a wink. Just after breakfast the next morning, my companion of the evening before came up to me, leading the three students; one a sophomore, the other two juniors, thunderstruck, but what he said was true. They were friends to whom I was introduced as ‘one of the youngsters they had examined the day before.’ I was thunderstruck, but what he said was true. They were friends to whom I was introduced as ‘one of the youngsters they had examined the day before.’ I was thunderstruck, but what he said was true. They were friends to whom I was introduced as ‘one of the youngsters they had examined the day before.’ I was thunderstruck, but what he said was true. 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came in the day before, who had no friends among the older students, had been similarly treated.

Two months later I had the doubtful pleasure of helping the sophomore along when he was put down into freshman for not passing off a condition.

We freshmen felt fully revenged on the junior students before the year was over. One of them wascaptain of the class football team, which the freshman eleven defeated, and the other captained the baseball team, which also suffered defeat at our hands. J. L. C., '99.

THE RIGGS MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

"TREAT your books as you would human beings," is a rule among librarians. In our splendid hall we are enabled to treat them as gentlemen and scholars, thanks to the munificence that centres about the name at the head of this brief unofficial report. Here, amidst the worthiest efforts of the architect and decorator, Genius and Knowledge hold their perpetual court; and curators are not wanting, since the book-loving and liberal head of the College has rendered access easy—nay, democratic—and an ever cordial and courteous welcome is extended to all by the librarian and his assistants.

We do not pretend to vie with the radiant queen of the world's libraries, seated as she is in unsurpassed glory on theREATED hill beside the Capitol; but we claim for the Riggs eminent traits of immediate and practical utility. Shall we note some of these? The southwest corner alcove, where the romantic scenery of the river and the Virginia bank almost foil with distraction the matter-of-fact research of the student, has been set apart for Postgraduate studies. The investigator, with the librarian within call and the books at his elbow, ought to find his pursuit as swift as he wishes it to be comprehensive.

The cases for reference, at the library entrance, with their ample sunlit shelves, upon which large volumes, as encyclopedias and dictionaries, can be opened with ease and consulted and replaced with a minimum loss of time. No doubt, as the year speeds on, we shall be supplied with furniture, both for state and the reception of visitors, on the mezzanine floor, and for the use of our student-workers in the several alcoves. Then to the man and woman of scholarly instinct, in thorough accord with the library development of this decade of the waning century, what more inspiring view could be afforded but this of our Georgetown boys, from the splendid chairs set in one of the quiet corners, deep in its comfortable leather, and deeper in his pictured Froissart, with the old chronicler's record of prowess, truth, and magnanimity?

Under the quick eye for classification and elegant caligrapher of Mr. Joseph Schneider, the first assistant, the card catalogue is making rapid headway. He and his aids, Mr. McLaughlin, are following the Dewey Decimal System on which most of our institutions as the library of necessity demands to suit its peculiar departments, collections, localities. They have reached History, collections, localities. They have reached History, and are actually engaged on the remarkable hundreds of books treating the subject of the French Revolution in most minute and authentic detail, presented to the College by the deceased pastor of St. Stephen's, the Reverend J. Havens Richards, S. J.

In view of these advantages to our students, we are confident that we do not usurp the precious space of the Journal if we subjoin a few of the many names of benefactors since last June that deserve to be enrolled on the tablet of gratitude.

"Christopher Columbus," by Richard H. Clarke, LL. D., presented to Georgetown University, is an unique volume which will rejoice the heart of a twentieth century reader. It is a richly-bound sheaf of erudition—but why not use the description of the venerable dome, given in his epistle dedicatory:

"NEW YORK, October 9, 1895.

"Reverend J. Havens Richards, S. J.,
President of Georgetown University.

"Reverend and Dear Father Richards: Please accept the accompanying little volume as a souvenir of my presidency of the Alumni Association and of the many courtesies extended to me by you and the Faculty as President. It has been prepared especially for this purpose, as you will perceive. The title page is executed by hand in water colors by the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, at Newark.

"With best wishes for the University and her Alumni, I remain—" Ever yours faithfully, "Richard H. Clarke."

We must add that within the elegant covers are contained two exquisite steel engravings; one of the author, the other of his hero, Columbus, whose character he vindicates in the pages which follow, and which had previously appeared in the Catholic World.

We are deeply indebted to Hon.William McAlere, the successor of Mr. Samuel J. Randall in Congress, for a choice and valuable collection of documents.

With the warm attachment of his ancestry for a good cause, Mr. Joseph Schneider was supplemented his generous gifts of last year to the Museum and Library, by a number of books, and especially by a fine collection of autographs.

From the Reverend J. T. O'Farrell, of Parkersburgh, Va., we received a donation of some seventy-five volumes, and Mr. Henry Adams kindly presented us with the eleven volumes of his History of the United States and his Essays.

As statistics to the Minerva, the universal directory for the world of letters and sciences, we were able to report for October:

Bound Volumes, - 70,616
Pamphlets, - - 44,723
Increase during year, - - 3,040

The large influx of book-catalogues from all countries, including wide-awake Japan, shows that the Riggs Memorial Library has its name, and consequently the recollection of the munificent spirit of its benefactor extended to every quarter of the globe. This distant fame is a halo superadded to the gratitude of the immediate beneficiaries of the College, in which we have reason to rejoice.

FALL ATHLETICS.

WITHIN the past month our new track was completed and formally opened under most favorable auspices by an invitation field and track meet. Georgetown students owe much to the athletes who won honors for themselves and their College on that day, and still more to the energetic management that made such success possible.

This meet was practically Georgetown's first entrance into the higher ranks of field and track athletics, and, with such a successful opening, we may well expect steadily to advance in this branch of college sports. November 9th, the day selected, was an ideal one for these autumn games, though the inclement weather of the previous day left the track rather soft, hence the time made in the various runs would have been decidedly less under more favorable conditions.

The main feature of the meet all through lay in the relay race with Pennsylvania, and the result fulfilled the highest expectations entertained by our men. A prettier contest could not be imagined, and when the Penn's crack miler, the spectators displayed their enthusiasm in the manner unusual even to an assembly roused by an exciting struggle. The regular events led
up to the relay race and put the public in a mood to appreciate what followed. Georgetown was represented by James Wefers, Gallagher, Delaney, and Bernard J. Webers, the world’s champion in the 100 and 220 dashes. Pennsylvania sent Sterrett, Silliman, Jarvis, and Orton to win the offered cup from their competitors. They struggled gamely, but their efforts were futile. J. Wefers and Sterrett opened the first quarter. Both started well together, but the Penn. man soon pulled steadily away from his opponent, and finished fifteen yards in the lead. Silliman took up the event was the 100-yard dash, with

Delany were well matched; their quarter was hard fought and the most closely contested, the Penn. man finishing with but two feet to his credit. Then came the final. Orton, Wefers, the college champion in the mile run, and Wefers, the world’s champion in the 100 and 220, dashed away to win or lose the victorious trophy. Before thirty yards were run Wefers was abreast of his competitor; they ran well together to the opening of the stretch. Then it was that Wefers showed the form that enabled him to win in the international games. With a magnificent burst of speed he tore past Orton, increased his lead, and breathed the tape a winner by fifteen feet.

It was a contest of which Georgetown may well feel proud; the race was fast, the teams well matched, and in such a victory there is glory.

The regular events of the day were all well contested, and if the condition of the track be taken into consideration, the time for the various runs was very creditable. The opening event was the 100-yard dash, with Wefers, Fox, Fleming, and Campbell (Columbia University) entered for the first heat. Wefers won with scarcely an effort in 10.5 seconds. The second heat was more interesting. Walsh barely winning from McAnernery, with Devereux a close third. In the finals Wefers did not wait for his competitor, but dashed over the stretch with long strides in true championship form, and finished in ten seconds, Fox taking second medal. This time on the soft track is equivalent to the champion’s best work. He has established a record which coming athletes will have to struggle hard to equal.


GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

GEORGETOWN Relay Team.
The detailed account:

The attendance at every game was large, and the contests were worthy of the assembly. As Saks & Co. have offered a cup for the winners of the second series, it is highly probable that the coming games will be still more closely contested. Perhaps it is entirely unnecessary, but it might be well to advise each player to remember that all contestants are students of the University, and nothing more than a friendly rivalry should exist between them; each man owes this to himself and to his college.

The second game of the series was played November 6 between '96 and '99, the former winning by a score of four to two. Kelly and Nelson made constant gains for '96, and DiRuscull distinguished himself by his running and tackling. For '99 the best work was done by Cullen and Jorrin, while Holt's splendid tackling was a special feature of the game.

The third game of the series was played November 6 between '96 and '99, the former winning by a score of four to two. Kelly and Nelson made constant gains for '96, and DiRuscull distinguished himself by his running and tackling. For '99 the best work was done by Cullen and Jorrin, while Holt's splendid tackling was a special feature of the game.
In a very interesting game November 9th, '96 won from '97 by a score of 10-0. Much open play was indulged in, and the game was full of short runs and hard tackling. For '97 the bucking of Kirby, Bowlin's running and tackling were features, while Delaney made a pretty 15-yard run around the left end. Valentine and Nelson proved good ground-gainers for '96; Dillon made repeated gains through left tackle; his line breaking was superb. The first half ended without either side scoring, although '96 worked the ball steadily down the field to '97's 5-yard line. Further attempts to advance were unsuccessful and the ball went to '97. Time was called with the ball in '97's territory.

In the second half, by a series of short runs the ball was carried to '97's 5-yard line. Valentine bucked and when the tangled mass was unloosed the ball lay within six inches of the goal line on the fourth down. '97 forced their way back to the 25-yard line, but lost the ball on downs. '96 immediately carried it back and Dillon plunged through for a touchdown. Dugan kicked Goal—Walsh. Referee—Dillon, '96. Umpire—Scanlan. Linesman—Curley.

The line-up of the four teams:

'96       Positions       '97
Kelly Left End   Higgins
Nelson Left Tackle  Sullivan
Sands Left Guard   Welsh
Roach, Leboeuf  Center   Egginton, Tremoulet
Dyer Right Guard  Callaghan
Duggan McGuire Right End  Donahue
Fromman, McCarthy Quarter-Back  Curley, Kirby
Dillon, Leboeuf, Driscoll Left Half-Back Fox, Delaney
Valentine Right Half Back  Bowlin
Flanke Full Back   Kirby, Curley

'98       Positions       '99
McAnerney, Dixon Right End  Jorrin
Flaherty, Coleman Right Tackle  Delehant, Sullivan
O'Leary Right Guard  Byrne
Wathen Center       T. Cullen
Brennan, Diamond Left Guard  Benoist
Murphy Left Tackle  Applegarth

The first game of the second series was played November 20th, between '98 and '99. The latter team put up a very creditable game in the first half, but the second was decidedly loose. '98 circling the ends at will, Walsh, Guilien, and Reardon made repeated gains for '98, and Jorrin's tackling was the redeeming feature of '99's play.

Touchdowns—Reardon (2), Guilien, and Walsh.
After being put off twice, the two teams at last donned their suits on Saturday, November 16th. The delay had but served to whet the appetite for glory of both teams, and to intensify the spirit of rivalry and make it more manifest. The game started at about two o'clock. The line up was as follows:

**Lower.**
- Half-Back: Metcalf
- Left Guard: McMahon
- Left Half-Back: Barry
- Left End: Taft
- Center: Goodrich
- Right End: Griffin
- Right Half-Back: O'Shea
- Right Guard: Dawson
- Right Tackle: Downer
- Full Back: Sheridan
- Left Tackle: H. Williams
- Left Guard: Aimsatt
- Full Back: O'Connor
- Tackle: Higgins
- Guard: Tobin
- Center: O'Shea
- Right End: Horsey

**Upper.**
- Half-Back: McMahon
- Left Guard: Keane
- Right Half-Back: Murphy
- Left Tackle: Moshan
- Right Guard: Jos. Lobit
- Right End: Wimsatt
- Left Tackle: O'G-nor
- Left Guard: W. O'Connor
- Center: P. Lobit
- Right End: Reddy

When asked his opinion of the hope for victory, Mr. R. Walsh, full-back for '98, replied: "Why, the Upper Dormitory boys have no chance. Look at the weight of the Lowers!" And as some one else remarked: "The Uppers average between twenty and thirty pounds more."

At the start Sheridan kicked off. P. Lobit secured the ball, but was soon down. After a few rushes the ball was fumbled and the Lowers got it. Then Barry skirted the left end for fifteen yards, and but for O'Connor, would have had a touchdown. The ball was now worked on to within one yard of a touchdown, and the Lowers held it. Here the hearts of all the friends of the Uppers grew heavy with anxiety, soon, however, to be elated with hope and enthusiastic admiration. On the first down Sheridan tried the line, but fell back in a heap. Then Tobin made a pretty tackle on Barry, who lost five yards. O'Shea tried the end, but failed, and the ball went to the Uppers. By hard bucking and quick dashes around the ends the ball was brought back almost to the middle of the field, when an unlucky fumble gave the ball to the Lowers. Then this team, by steady, energetic work, brought the ball down to the fifteen-yard line. Barry made another brilliant run around left end, carrying the ball over for a touchdown. Horsey made the attempt at goal, but failed.

The Uppers kicked off. C. Williams got the ball, but was promptly downed. Then by vigorous aggressive work the Uppers secured the ball on the forty-yard line, and now, more than ever, the lighter team displayed the grit and energy which eventually won the game and brought forth cries of admiration from friend and foe. The halves and ends gained around the ends; O'Connor hit the line repeatedly with telling effect, while the nimble fleetness of Higgins carried the ball around the end several times. Steadily the ball was advanced, and when the third down and three yards to go (make the touchdown or lose the ball), Murphy plunged through the left tackle and scored a touchdown. Burne kicked an easy goal.

In the second half the heavy team managed to get within five yards of a goal, they were unable to carry the ball over. Barry once tried to make a wide circuit about the right end, but Tobin, by a neat tackle, spoiled the attempt. Then the Uppers got the ball on downs, and were gradually working it towards the middle of the field when time was called, amid intense excitement and wild cheering.

By winning the championship of the Division, the Upper Dormitory boys also gained a turkey dinner, which they attacked a few days later with a vigorous appetite corresponding to that displayed on the ball field.

The victory, considering the disparity in weight, was indeed a surprise, and, as somebody remarked, was the result of efforts truly superhuman. Evidently Virgil's line about small people is correct:

They prove that mighty minds in minm frames may lodge.

The little giants, however, are now content to rest on their laurels, and will not readily jeopardize their newly-bought honor. Whilst on the other hand the Lower team is not satisfied, and says, "Acheronta moveri," until it has secured another game.

D. P. B.

EXCHANGES.

We regret that circumstances prevented any notice of our esteemed contemporary's last issue. We shall hereafter endeavor each month to review a few of the many excellent college papers that come to our table.

The *Isis* (Oxford, England), is certainly the best weekly we have received. It were well if some of our American journals would cultivate the fair and manly spirit of the *Isis* in their accounts of Athletic contests. Our college papers are too much inclined to blow their own horn very loudly upon the occasion of an athletic victory, whereas, on the other hand, athletic reverses are only mentioned to be excused, if they are noticed at all. We even see occasionally a marked tendency to call names and to belittle the glory of the successful opponent. This is a sad state of affairs, and we would advise one of our exchanges in particular, which calls upon the students whom it represents to imitate the splendid way in which Georgetown men have insured success by not considering defeat a disgrace, to imitate the fair-mindedness of our English cousins. Of course we know very well that much of this kind of writing is done in the great effort made by the ignorant to show themselves omniscient in the field of sport.

We are glad to see that Amherst Student has entered a protest against this ridiculous passion for posing as a universal authority on athletic subjects. We think the Student's remarks so very apropos that we take the liberty of quoting them: "Again Casper Whitney takes his pen and makes his usual long-distance shot at Amherst and her rivals in the triangular league, coming as near to the mark as he usually does in college sports. It is past ordinary understanding why Mr. Whitney persists in posing as an authority on sports in smaller colleges, which everyone knows he cares nothing about, and concerning which he himself periodically proves he knows little if anything. He very rarely says anything good of Amherst, and Amherst men have small regard for his assumed authoritative statements. Now that his latest effort has found its emphatic refutation in the result of the Amherst-Williams game, we shall await with interest Mr. Whitney's next guess concerning Amherst."
NY style clothes won't do! Going to a tailor and paying $40 or $45 for a suit won't do! It isn't good judgment, when we can sell you equally stylish clothes and fit you faultlessly for half the money. The next time you want a suit drop down and look through our stock. If the clothes are not fully satisfactory you do not have to keep them.

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UNIVERSITY CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.
Sunday, 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
Wednesday, 18th-23d, School of Law. First term examinations.
Monday, 16th, Subjects for Prize Essays announced.
Monday, 23d, Christmas recess begins at 5 P. M. Schools of Medicine and Law. Christmas recess begins.

We will not mar the joyous effect of these red-letter days by raising the curtain of 1896, with its sober and critical prologue of work at the very entrance. Our only note shall be a cordial Merry Christmas! to one and all of our fellow-students of the old University.

Your Christmas Wants can be supplied many times over from our vast variety of appropriate gifts in gold, silver, porcelain and leather. If you are uncertain what to give, probably we can suggest something. Your gifts can be purchased through the mails just as satisfactorily as though you called in person, and with much less trouble.

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