May.

Aglow the air with gold—blue blaze the skies,
    In milk-white smoke the low clouds rise and curl,
The woodlands, lawn and lanes are all awhirl
With melodies—again the green surprise
Of Spring! Once more the fields May glorifies!
    From grove to grove the winds their fragrance hurl;
Anew old Nature blithely doth unfurl
    Her radiant snares and tell her primal lies.

Amid the balm and bliss of these rich hours,
    When magic music haunts sea-yearning streams,
And mad desire flames through sun-thralled flowers—
    O Mary, mystic Mother, may bless’d beams
From thy pure eyes allure my soul’s faint powers,
    And save me from the glistening void of dreams.

“GEHA,” ’98.
VERACITY VS. CONFORMITY.

In a lecture delivered to the London Ethical Society,* and reproduced by The International Journal of Ethics† Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge University, had expressed the opinion that he who taught a creed after he had ceased to hold its tenets, or who gave such tenets an unnatural interpretation without warning his hearers of the new meaning which he attached to the old and consecrated words, would carry liberalism further than veracity would allow. In order to make his meaning perfectly clear, the Cambridge professor had applied his ethical principles to a concrete case, and said that he did not think that a minister who disbelieved the substance of the thirty-nine articles could consistently occupy a post of trust as a religious teacher in the Church of England. The learned Professor had previously shown the earnestness of his convictions by giving up a fellowship, which he could not hold without signing the thirty-nine articles. It was not to be expected that his position should remain unchallenged, and the Rev. Hastings Ransdall, Hertford College, Oxford, published an answer in the International Journal of Ethics, January, 1897. The controversy was carried on with great fairness and courtesy, and the discussion should have been left to churchmen who are more directly interested in it than other Christian denominations, were it not for the doctrine (implied if not explicitly advocated) that a clergyman may teach the people a certain doctrine whilst holding private opinions at variance with it or giving its tenets a secret interpretation which conflicts with the meaning understood by the people.

Professor Sidgwick said that such a course goes beyond the limits of permissible multitudinism. Rev. Mr. Ransdall is of a contrary opinion; both gentlemen build up their theory on the ground of Utilitarianism; both declare themselves Utilitarians.

Professor Sidgwick says: "You would allow me, if I wished, to assume that the rules of veracity and fidelity to promises are to be obeyed at all costs; that the evils of violating them at all are graver than all the trouble and disturbance and pain that may be caused by strict adhesion to them. But this is not exactly my own view, and I wish here to explain my position with perfect frankness and precision. I am, on ethical questions, an Utilitarian. I think that these and other virtues are only valuable as means to the end of human happiness. I find exceptional cases in which I have to approve of unveracity. *** There have been ages of inquisitorial persecution, when it was excusable, though not admirable in a heretic to keep his views of truth a secret doctrine, and simulate acceptance of the creed imposed by fire and sword. But in an age like the present, when even aggressive atheism has in England been found no bar to a political career and parliamentary success, the last shadow of this excuse for unveracity has vanished." However,

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*Ethics of Religious Conformity, November 24th, 1895.
†April, 1896.
even at the present time, Professor Sidgwick would gather within the pale of the Anglican establishment persons holding the great variety of interpretations and opinions which he calls *Multitudinism* (a very suggestive word), yet he thinks that the line must be drawn somewhere. Indeed he yields full sympathy and respect to the motives that prompt a man to cling to a religion whose influence on himself and others he values, even though he has ceased to hold beliefs that the community has formally declared essential, but, “such concessions must be strictly limited by the obligations of Veracity and Good Faith.”

It is not very easy to understand how Veracity and Good Faith are consistent with the profession of a creed which is not held as true by the one who professes it. The line seems rather a broken one. The Professor is aware of the difficulty, and admits it with great candor. “This conclusion, however, is somewhat vague and general. I will try to make it rather more definite by taking a particular example, and I will select the case of the Church of England.” To individual members Professor Sidgwick would allow a great latitude, because *Multitudinism* accounts for a great variety of opinions, and because such members are not bound to state their theological views; yet, even a private member of the Church of England “ought to state clearly how he interprets his pledge to believe the Apostles’ Creed.” The case of the teacher, the officiating minister, is different; for on him the imperative duty falls—in the Church of England—of solemnly declaring his personal belief in the fundamental doctrines of the Church as stated in the Creeds. And here, I think, we come to a point at which the efforts made for more than a generation in England to liberalize the teachings of the English Church, and to open its ministry to men of modern ideas, must find an inexorable barrier in the obligations of Veracity and Good Faith.”

Here most outsiders would probably agree with Professor Sidgwick. A high churchman might add that either the minister pretends to be commissioned by God to teach revealed truths, or he claims no such commission; in the former case he takes a very questionable liberty with God’s own word when he teaches what he believes not to be revealed; in the latter, his very presence in the pulpit would appear to be a deception practised on the confiding congregation of believers. And yet if we suppose that Utility is the highest standard of moral excellence, and if this minister sincerely believes that the deception will be conducive to his own happiness, and to the happiness of others, there seems to be no valid reason to prove that it would be morally wrong. This appears to us the weakest link in the logical chain of the learned Professor’s reasoning.

Like his learned antagonist, Rev. Hastings Ransdall is Utilitarian, but he rejects the hedonist conception of Utility. “To Professor Sedgwick truth is valuable, simply on account of its social utility. I do not accept the hedonistic interpretation of social utility. I regard truth as an end in itself. It is a good in itself, though (like other goods) it may have to be sacrificed for a greater good or a more important element in the good life which alone is the ultimate good.” We would like to know

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*International Journal of Ethics, January, 1897, Page 137.*
what is meant here by a good life which is promoted occasionally by unveracity. It cannot be a good Christian life, for it must be modelled on our Heavenly Father who is infinite truth; the author may mean a happy, temporal life; but is a happy temporal life the ultimate good, the Summum Bonum? Such a statement would be startling on the part of a reverend gentlemen; decidedly we must have misunderstood him, but he speaks very clearly when he adds: "As soon as the appeal is made to social utility (however interpreted), it is obvious that there may be circumstances under which it is justifiable to make formal statements which are not strictly and formally and literally true." This is somewhat vague and indefinite. Everybody will grant that mere figures of speech are not falsehoods; that statements which are not verbally accurate, but which are qualified by circumstances or conventions, need not be lies; that formulas which owing to custom or to law have a special technical meaning cannot be considered as deceitful; but the question is whether a clergyman of the Church of England is justified in teaching a doctrine which he believes to be false, before a congregation that believes his every word, and that has the right to hear the truth from him on the ground that some dissembling is conducive to the greatest happiness to the greatest number? If truth be an end in itself, this practice seems to be extremely objectionable. In fact, both Professor Sidgwick and Rev. Mr. Ransdall admit that Latitudinarianism must have its limits, but they do not draw the line between the same points. Professor Sidgwick requires the regularly appointed minister to believe the incarnation of our Lord, the possibility and the historical truth of miracles, and to give the creeds the most literal interpretation. If he believes that these solemn documents must be understood in a sense different from the obvious one, he ought to state clearly how he interprets his pledge to believe the Apostles' Creed.

This seems liberal enough, but the Rev. Mr. Ransdall advocates yet greater liberality. He asks why the line is drawn exactly at this point; and he explains the sort of tolerance wanted by referring to the Resurrection of Christ. "I will not deny the great importance of this fact that the great majority of ordinary Christians hold that the Resurrection of Christ was miraculous, nor will I deny that any one who regarded, say, the Resurrection as a case of ordinary subjective illusion, would, at present at least, find his position in the Church of England a somewhat difficult one. But what I want most strongly to assert is that the question upon which the possibility of honestly taking orders depends, is not primarily the question of miracles, but the question of the nature and historical position of Christ."*

Rev. Mr. Ransdall would be equally liberal toward those who do not admit the miraculous birth of Christ, provided, that they accept the Sonship of Christ in some unique sense, which the writer is careful not to define. In fact, he does not draw the line anywhere, unless it be in the following passage: "I shall admit that this tolerated laxity should have some limits. A clergyman who openly

*St. Paul must have entertained a very different opinion, when he said: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, we are found false witnesses of God, that He has raised up Christ, whom He hath not raised, if the dead rise not again."
VERACITY VS. CONFORMITY.

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tells you that he sees nothing wrong in the doctrine or in the practice of the Church of Rome (and there are such) has no place in the Church of England.” This, at least, is clear. Any one who finds that there is something wrong in the Church of Rome may have place in the Church of England, but is not this interpretation of the clerical pledges which the reverend gentleman himself mentions, both too liberal and too negative?

The justification offered by him for the difficult position of a regularly appointed minister, who privately interprets the Creeds in a sense that they cannot reasonably bear, is that it is quite easy to show that at the present day there are few clergymen whose private belief corresponds with the letter of the formula to which they profess adhesion. To substantiate this assertion he devotes three pages (pp. 140-143) to emphasize the multitudinism of his reverend brethern. As we adhere yet to the old doctrine of St. Augustin and St. Thomas, and hold that every wilful falsehood is sinful in itself, we naturally sympathize more with the Cambridge Professor, who says: “Let them (the extreme Angelican Liberals) build their edifices of ideas, old and new, and make it as habitable as they can for the modern mind; but for the sake of ethical aims, which we and they have in common, let them not daub it with the untampered mortar of falsehood and evasion of solemn obligations.”

—ETHICUS.

TO THE MAXIM GUN.

Born of the earth, that beareth life,
A few pounds of iron and steel,
You minister death and discord and strife;
And the battered war ranks reel
To hear you speak,
And the strong are weak
In the face of the vengeance you wreak.

When earth gave you to the light of day,
* She made a countless gain;
For she's richer by all the rank decay
Of a thousand soldiers slain.
And the fishes that swim in the cold, gray sea
Will grow fat on a foul meal,
When your laugh is heard in the round cross-tree
And on sailors you fix your seal—
A jagged hole
Through which the soul
Speeds on to woe or weal,
And the body drops into the cold, gray sea.

So here's to the Maxim Gun!
See the red blood run,
When the dogs of war
Shall howl and roar,
Here's to the Maxim Gun!

JINGO.
"YOU don't mean to cut loose from your college, Dig, and go back to the plow and Poll!" said Mr. Dunn, breathlessly.

"I mean I must go home—to—to Dorothy," was the resolute answer.

"And when—when—will you start?" Queried Dunn, with sudden eagerness.

"In a day or two; as soon as I can collect my money. I am here coaching a young fellow, and he owes me something. I will tell him my father is sick, and I must go home."

"I don't know but you are right, Dig, something or somebody is wanted at Redhill; for if ever a vicious, kicking critter had the bit in her mouth, it's Polly Thorne. Maybe you've got the grip to hold her. I haven't, I know. And you're off in a day or two, eh? Will it break these other fellows up?"

"Oh no," answered Dig; "it will make no difference to them."

"Look yere, Dig," Mr. Dunn's eye gleamed and his tone became confidential; "if shifting you could start them out of this place here, I'd make it worth your while."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dig.

"You see it's this way," replied his uncle, hesitatingly, "I've got some private business down here—me an' a friend—specially private business."

"What sort?" asked Dig curtly.

Mr. Dunn hesitated. Even as a small boy, Dig had had views of his own which had not altogether coincided with his uncle's; so that gentleman felt it was necessary to be cautious. A lie in this case would be safer than the truth; so Mr. Dunn plunged into fiction.

"Well, to be honest with you, Dig, its—it's moonshining—me an' a friend have got a little place up here in the hills where we thought nobody would bother us. And here come all these young bloods campin' an' spyin' and maybe blowing on us. We'll give—twenty dollars if you'll get them away. Twenty dollars just now would come pretty handy to you, Dig."

"No it wouldn't," answered Dig hotly; his soul, true to its own ideals, recoiling from the bribe. "I'll have nothing to do with any such lawless business."

"You mean you'll blow on me."

"No, I tell you I will have nothing to do with it at all. I am going away—back to where I belong—and the boys can do as they please. I won't meddle with them.
nor with you either." And Digby turned on his heel with the words and strode away in the darkness.

"Now who'd 'ave thought it?" soliloquized Mr. Dunn. "Who ever would have thought that Dig Thorne could turn into a high snorter like that? It's a lucky thing I sheered off in time from the truth. One thing you have learned, Tom Dunn, and that is, to keep your head and your tongue, even if your legs does, once in a while, get a bit unsteady." And Mr. Dunn took up his lantern and proceeded up the hill to his quarters for the night.

There was a strange, choking sensation in Dig's throat when he returned to the camp. He loosened collar and necktie, and bared his rugged breast to the night wind. "I feel as if the grim old Fate of our Greek fables had clutched me," he said, with a bitter smile. "It's no use—no use fighting against it. I will have to go down." And lying there in the darkness, under the solemn glory of the midnight stars, Dig pitilessly pictured to himself what that "going down" would be. He saw the bare, unpainted box-like farm-house that had replaced the log cabin of his childhood, standing among its half tilled acres; the dreary stretch of cattle-tracked yard without vine or shrub or shade tree; the close rooms, heavy with coarse odors of smoke and food and drink; he heard again, in fancy, the shrewish voice that had made his childhood's discord, the angry blow, the sobbing cry. But clearer than all, he saw little Dorothy, with her pale face and trembling lips and tearful eyes—little Dorothy who had been so bravely silent lest she should grieve or trouble him. His scholarship included board at the college—with all his efforts he could make only the small sum required for his coarse clothes, his simple wants. He could do nothing here to help—to save his little sister. She needed him at home, and he must go—heart and conscience alike spoke the stern mandate.

All his hopes, dreams, ambitions, must be laid aside. He must turn from the paths that led to star-crowned heights—go down again to little Dorothy. And if the strong mind, plumed like an eagle for upward flight, struggled for awhile against this sentence, if hot tears coursed through the hands clasped over Dig's earth-bowed face, there were only the stars to see.

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The sunrise stir was in Piney Hollow. Even its slumbering depths felt the glad thrill of the wakening day. Grass and shrub and box-hedge sparkled with dew; the morning glories swung their gay bells jubilantly on the broken trellis; birds sang in the old forked beach; even "Fighting Dick," the venerable one-eyed rooster, who spent all his day dozing in a state of senile debility, asserted his sovereignty over the barnyard at this matutinal hour, by perching on a tottering fence-rail and giving voice to a shrill tremulent crow.

"I might sell them, I suppose," soliloquized Miss Martha; who in short gingham skirt and pink calico sun bonnet, was scattering corn to her feathered family,"but—but—some of the old ones—seem like kinfolks. And Fighting Dick would try to kill any other rooster, even now. No, I'll just give them all to Hepsy when we go. Poor Millicent, she is bearing up bravely. I can stand it, but it will kill her, I know."
While out on the vine-wreathed porch, Miss Millicent sat with her hands folded over her snow-white wrapper, listening to the warblers in the tree tops.

"How they sing," she murmured; "I would almost believe that was the same mocking-bird that echo'd my 'Lorena' thirty years ago. And they will sing just the same when we are gone. Poor Martha, how she will stand it, I don't know—she who has been a home-maker all her life." And the proud old lips quivered, the bright old eyes filled.

The two gentle spinster did not shame their heroic blood, each was bearing up bravely, silently, cheerfully, for the other's sake.

"Well Eben, "Miss Millicent steadied her tearful voice to call to the old negro shambling across the dewy grass, "did you take the notes I gave you last night?"

"Dat I did, Miss Milly, jes bring dis mornin'. Me an' ole Bet was roand by sun up to Colonel Vane's and Marse Lewis Peyton's. De young ladies warn't up 'cept Miss Kelly. She popped her pretty head troo de winder an' said she bring 'em all round shuah."

"Hyahs Marse Jack and one of his young gemplum now. Hi, yi, spec dey didn't find dem pine-boughs no fedder beds," chuckled the old man gleefully, as he tottered away.

"Good morning, Aunt Milly," said Jack; "Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Digby Thorne."

"Good morning to both of you," said Miss Milly, holding out a delicate hand to each of the new comers and smiling the old smile that had lingered wonderfully in the fading lips.

Digby felt as if he stood before a throne. Pretty girls, beautiful women he had seen, in his college corridors, but never any one who seemed quite so high above his sphere as this stately white-haired lady in her snowy cap and ruffles. Jack's fearless kiss on the dead-rose cheek seemed absolute effrontery.

"We're in the dickens of a fix, Aunt Milly;" said Jack, while Dig stood fumbling his hat and burningly conscious of his muddy boots and trousers. "Some one has pitched a dead cat into the spring, and we can't use the water."

"A dead cat in the spring! Who would dare to do such a thing?" said Miss Millicent, flushing indignantly.

Dig had strong suspicions of the evil doer, but he had said nothing about his midnight visitor. He felt that Mr. Tom Dunn's claim upon him would be a shock even to Jack's friendship. His face flushed as that young gentleman answered.

"Who did it? That is more than I can tell. If I could, the "pitchers" would have heard from me before this. We have fished out the deceased feline and given her decent burial," with a grimace. "We are not copper-lined enough to go the water, just yet."

"My dear boy, don't speak of such a thing. Bring your friends to the house, and stay here."

"Oh, no," answered Jack, "the haunts may be conspiring against us, but we are not going to knuckle down to the first hit. All we want is to draw water from your well, and Dig and I have come to do it."
“Eben, wheel a barrel of water over to the Ridge,” ordered Miss Milly. “Meanwhile, Jack, you and your friend must take coffee with me; I insist upon it.”

“Oh, you needn’t, Aunt Milly. We give right in. The ‘patent combination’ may be very good, but Aunt Hepsy’s old tin coffee pot is better, I know. Take a seat, Dig, we’ll let Carrots and Chips have their turn at the domestic department this morning. Between fire and water, it will be some time before they call breakfast, I am sure.”

Dig seated himself on the porch step at Miss Millicent’s feet. His keen eye took in the details around him; weed-grown paths, broken rails, crumbling pillars. Here were no riches, no pride, no power; only the tender, mellow beauty of the past. And the very spirit of that Past seemed to be embodied in this dainty white-haired old lady, with her bright eyes and sweet smile.

“Run down to the kitchen, Jack, and tell Aunt Hepsy to serve coffee for three on the porch. My sister had her breakfast long ago, but I have the privileges of an invalid, as you see, Mr. Dig—did I catch your name aright?”

“My name is Digby Thorne, Madam,” said Digby, feeling as if the very sound of his voice was discordant here.

“Thorne, ah!”—the lady’s face brightened. “Then you are a relative of Judge Amos Thorne, the distinguished jurist, I presume.”

“N—no, Madam,” was the brief answer.

“No? Are you quite sure? Young people are so sadly indifferent to their genealogy now-a-days. It is a study that ought not be neglected. There is no inheritance like a distinguished ancestry.”

“It is an advantage, certainly,” murmured Digby.

“Advantage! that does not express it,” continued Miss Millicent, ambling off on her favorite hobby under the full conviction that she was addressing the unappreciative descendant of the Virginia Thornes. “Blood will tell always. The low-born man put to the test, always shows his coarse clay. I have never seen it fail, never,” concluded this dainty bit of old porcelain, with an emphatic nod.

Never had the “clay” at her feet felt its coarseness as it did this morning. Never had the beautiful world of culture, refinement, traditions, aspirations, seemed to wear such an attractive form as this old ivy-grown home with its silver haired mistress. Dig had never seen anything like it before—he would never see its like again. He was going back to a life that would close these charmed portals against him forever.

He felt an irresistible desire to linger for a short while in this enchanted hollow, where all seemed sweetness and peace.

“I’ll play the gentleman for one day more,” Digby said to himself, with a grim smile; as he sipped coffee from a rose-wreathed cup that had been in the Hunter china-closet for three generations, and thought of the pewter mugs and cracked platters of his stepmother’s table. “For one day more.” And coarse clay, though he was, Digby played the gentleman very well.

When the big, old Peyton chaise rolled up to the porch with half a dozen merry girls tucked amid its shabby leathern cushions, the tall, grave Westerner was no
whit behind Jack, handsome Chips and lordly Carrots in popularity with the bright eyed guests.

Piney Hollow was effectually wakened on this summer day. The kindly ha'nts watching over the fortunes of their old home, could not have contrived a better defense than the merry lads and maidens, rambling through the gardens and orchards, climbing mountain and ridge, picnicking gaily by brook and spring.

Sensations were rare in this quiet corner of the world, and a camp of college boys was a startling novelty that roused the countryside. Old farmers turned their wagons a mile out of their way “ter hev a look” at the camp. Young farmers mounted on raw-boned steeds took short cuts across the weed-grown Hunter fields to wonder and stare; one old mountaineer, who had existed in a state of somnolent comfort, was so roused by an account of “sojers in the valley” that he barricaded his cabin and came down armed to the teeth to see if “war hed ben bust out again.”

“It really seems like old times,” said Miss Millicent, when Colonel Vane drove up in a rheumatic gig with an invitation to the young gentlemen “to participate in a fish bake, next day on the river shore.”

“It does indeed, madam,” said the Colonel, “the youngsters have quite wakened us up. I have not seen Piney Hollow so lively for many a year.”

“It will be a bright memory to take away with us,” said Miss Millicent bravely. “Perhaps you have heard that we are to leave—very soon—that the old place is to be sold next month.”

“I have heard some—some rumor of the kind,” said the Colonel, who, perfectly cognizant of all the facts in the case, would have perished rather than have broached the subject himself. “As I told Tom Ebbit, I consider it a most outrageous transaction, madam. What if the law does demand the settlement of poor Ross’ estate? The law should give way, madam, in this case—the law should give way. I’ll hold this place against the law if you give me the authority—hold it with a shotgun, madam.”

“Oh, no, no, Colonel.” Miss Millicent’s voice trembled, and her lips quivered into a pitiful smile. “We quite understand the matter and are reconciled to it. Mr. Ebbit has kindly offered us—a respectable shelter for our declining years. We enter the Elizabeth home next month.”

“My dear Miss Millicent,” began the Colonel.

“Nay, not another word on this painful subject,” continued the lady with forced gaiety. “We are a soldier’s daughters, and must face the music even though it be a ‘dead march.’ Come, we have determined to fill these last days with happy memories. Martha, dear,” to her sister, who appeared in the doorway, “I want you to give the Colonel a glass of your currant wine.”

“I never saw anything like it,” muttered the Colonel, as he drove off through the golden sunset. “Never! Millicent facing the Poor House with such quiet pride and pluck and—and heroism, there’s no other word for it. Lord! when I think of what that woman was thirty years ago, when I and every other young blood in the country were at her feet—”

And doubtless it was the sunset in the Colonel’s eyes that made him wink and
blink, and finally pull out a huge bandanna handkerchief, and relieve his feelings by a prodigious blow.

The same sunset filtering through the knarled boughs of the orchard, fell upon the grape vine swing, in which Miss Kitty Peyton was swinging to and fro like a pink-winged butterfly, under Dig's vigorous push. Kitty was a brown-eyed little maid of fifteen, who looked as if she had stepped out of a Watteau painting, and who had been coquetting ever since she had cut her milk teeth.

"There, that's enough; let me die down now," she said. "What a lovely day I have had. I am so glad you boys came. You don't know how quiet and stupid it is down here."

"Quiet, perhaps, but stupid—impossible," said Dig, who had not delved through two dead and three living languages without finding some pretty turns of speech.

Little Miss Kelly looked at her companion curiously. This rugged-faced, long-limbed youth was that most fascinating thing to any woman, old or young—a mystery. Jack and Chips were nice boys, like many others she knew. Carrots and his grand ways she did not fancy, but Dig, with his dark, deep-set eyes and grave smile, his coarse clothes, and his clever speech, was such a combination as had not hitherto come under Miss Kelly's ken.

"Yes, just stupid," she insisted. "I guess if you lived six miles from everybody and everywhere, you would find it stupid, too," and she perked up a pretty inquiring face to his.

"Just now in the light of your eyes," he answered.

"That sounds grown up," said Miss Kitty, suspiciously. "Are you grown up?"

"To almost six feet, two," replied Dig gravely. "How much higher I shall get, I cannot say."

"You know what I mean," said Miss Kitty, tossing her curls petulantly. "Are you a boy or—or—a gentleman?"

A curious smile flickered about Dig's lips. "To-day," he replied, "I am trying to be both. To-morrow I may be neither."

"To-morrow?" echoed Miss Kelly, her brown eyes opening wide at this enigmatical answer. "What do you mean? What is going to change you to-morrow?"

"I leave the camp at daybreak," replied Dig gently. "I am going home to be that better thing, a man."

"Leave the camp to-morrow!" exclaimed Kitty in her dismay, taking no note of the closing sentence. "Oh, please don't—don't go before the 'fish-bake.' Oh, you don't know what splendid fun the 'fish-bakes' at the Vanes' are. And besides there are not enough boys to go round, and we girls are all good friends and don't want to fuss, so we drew straws for partners—and—I got you, and if you go, I will be left." And Miss Kelly's rueful tone would have moved older and tougher hearts than Dig's to sympathy.

"Then I won't go," he said hastily. "I will wait until next day if you want me."

"I do—I do, ever so much; and you will have a lovely time, I promise you. Everybody comes from ten miles around, and there is boating and fishing and
dancing and—oh, everything," concluded Miss Kitty, as she sprang from the spring and tripped off at Dig's side through the golden sunset, little dreaming of the work she was doing for the guardian ha'nts of Piney Hollow, little guessing that the straw she had drawn turned the balance of Fate.

(To be continued.)

A MAYTIME VILLANELLE.

Come, come my Love, a Maying go!
Blue burn the skies by clouds unmarred—
The world's a sunlit flower show.

Blithe butterflies float to and fro
O'er lawns with dandelions starred—
Come, come my Love, a Maying go!

Faint perfumes from the flowers flow
Across the sloping emerald sward—
The world's a sunlit flower show.

Thro' golden rye the warm winds blow,
The brooks with blooming boughs are barred—
Come, come my Love, a Maying go!

The birds have banished April woe,
Old Care's acquaintance we'll discard—
The world's a sunlit flower show!

Your glances set my soul aglow,
When shall my heart have its reward;
Come, come my Love, a Maying go—
The world's a sunlit flower show.

"GEBA," '98.
The third object of Richelieu’s policy is expressed in his third promise to Louis: “I promised your Majesty to raise your name among foreign nations to the place where it ought to be.” This object was, I dare say, the most difficult of attainment. We have seen what a turbulent state of things existed when Richelieu became minister. So taken up was France with intestine troubles that, as regards her international status, she had been forced to assume the hopeless, huddled attitude of tramps in doorways. Her greatest obstacles from without were Austria and her satellite Spain. They plumed themselves that they could so hem France in as to have her at their mercy. Their aspirations greatly whetted their vanity. But Richelieu was enough, and more than enough, to take the edge off all this pleasure. Observing that these two Catholic countries supplied money and men to the Protestant Huguenot party, while it was in open rebellion with the realm, Richelieu followed their disgraceful lead, and gave them pass for pass, and tit for tat. For, by negotiating a marriage between Louis’ sister, Henrietta Maria, and Charles I of England, and by signing an alliance with Holland, he joined Catholic France to two most bitter Protestant countries. By the expulsion of the Spaniard from the Valtelline district, the Protestant Swiss were secured. And by a last master stroke, Richelieu completed the strange anomaly of Catholic France, in league with Protestant Europe, in deadly strife against Catholic Europe. He hurled against Austria the great Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the man who destroyed Tilly, defeated Wallenstein, and annihilated the Austrian supremacy in the battle Lützen.

Austria humbled and Spain thoroughly frightened, the way to prestige and power was easy to France. Buckingham’s defeat off the harbor of Rochelle, and the later drubbing received by the English fleet at the Isle of Rhé, precluded any further interference of the “stalwart Engisher” on French soil. Moreover, Richelieu brought about a prudent extension of territory. On the south he added Roussillon; on the east, Alsace; on the northeast, Artois. The increase and improvement of the French colonies went on apace. “And, can you believe it,” says Le Bruyère, “this practical and austere soul, formidable to the enemies of the state, inexorable to the factions, overwhelmed in negotiations, occupied at one time in weakening the party of heresy, at another in breaking up a league, and at another in meditating a conquest, found time for literary culture, and was fond of literature and of those who made it their profession.” Under his gracious protection, Corneille wrote his beautiful comedies, and read them at the Hotel Rambouillet, wherein Malherbe and Recan had also been wont to entertain the cardinal’s literary coterie. All the literary men of the time were not only very greatly encouraged and most handsomely pensioned,
but they were drawn together and formed into the French Academy—the greatest boast of literary France. Had Richelieu done naught else but set afoot this lasting monument of his interest in French letters, his name could never have been deleted from off the honor roll of France’s greatest benefactors. But his energy knew no bounds. To him must likewise be given the whole praise of the rebuilding of the Sorbonne, the foundation of the College of Plessis, and of the Jardin des Plantes.

In fact, when, on the 3d of December, 1642, the great minister died, France stood first among the nations of Europe in intellectual life, material well-being and international influence. Right well had Richelieu kept his promise to raise the name, or rather the reign, of Louis XIII in the estimation of the civilized world. To have raised the name of his incapable master was an utter impossibility. Indeed, the fame of the king had to be sacrificed for the sake of France. It was known the world over that Louis was but the figure-head of the ship of state, and that at her helm did beat “the indomitable heart of Armand Richelieu.” To use the striking antithesis of Montesquieu, Richelieu “aviva le roi, mais il illustre le regne.” And dying, most truly could he have said to Louis:

“I found France rent asunder—
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths—
I have recreated France; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars phoenix-like to Jove!
... And I leave you, sole
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the icebergs!”

We do not claim that the great cardinal was, throughout his life, a model churchman and the ideal Catholic statesman. We hold that, until he entered upon his political life, he showed the true spirit of a zealous prelate; and that, in his service of France, he was moved, not by the selfish motives that some attribute to him, but by as pure a love for his country as statesman ever had.

They who decry the private and public life of Richelieu, rely in the main upon the ravings of Henri de Loménie, Comte de Brienne, who, according to Avenel, most likely wrote his hotch-potch of unfounded statements, while imprisoned at St. Lazare on account of other insane productions of like nature. Another source of calumny on this score is Paul de Gondi, the infamous Jansenistic Cardinal de Retz. Of him the Duc de la Rochefoucault says in his Maxims: “His imagination, rather than his memory, supplies him with facts.” Yet, in this, as in the case of so many other lies and errors of history, it is an almost hopeless task to endeavor to support the truth. For, as a French poet has expressed it,

“L’homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour le mensonge.”
ARMAND, CARDINAL DUC DE RICHELIEU.

What was the secret of Richelieu's great success as premier?

"Genius, some say—some Fortune—Witchcraft, some! Not so—his art was Justice! For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire, The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal— The very leper shrinking from the sun, Though loathed by charity, might ask for Justice!"

With Richelieu crime was crime. He hated crime. He hounded the criminal. Nothing could stand between him and a rascal. He winked at nobody's crime. He frowned down crime in every shape and form, irrespective of the criminal. The only man who did not receive this most absolute justice, was Gaston, who, as brother to the king and heir apparent to the throne, managed to get out of every scrape scot free.

What Richelieu was in life, he was in death. He had dealt absolute justice to all men. He expected absolute justice from Almighty God. When told he would soon die, he received the words with calmness. As the Blessed Sacrament was brought to him, he said: "Behold my Judge, before whom I must shortly appear. I pray him to condemn me, if I have ever had any other motive than the cause of religion and of my country." With a conscience thus freed from care, and strengthened by the last rites of the Church, the great Richelieu breathed his last, and passed into the awful presence of Him who

"Sways the harmonious mystery of the world E'en better than prime ministers."

ATTICUS.

"SENTIMENTAL TOMMY."

We read—and smile, and lo, our smiles are true;
And weeping, wonder, for our tears flow free;
And list again, Love's echoed monody,
And scorn as though from hearts still deep and new.
Shams shrink and fade in sunshine glinting through
Cleft clouds in cynic skies. Life's symphony
Swells sweet with bird-notes merged in matin glee,
Though bassed anon with storm-tones all must rue.
We marvel much that, mid the warping jeers
Of scoffers, words whose warmth the cold heart feels
So trenchantly, thus serve a mage's powers
To rive the turbid mist of sordid years,
The while his artist's wand clear realms reveals
That laugh with youth's and Truth's forgotten flowers.

CHARLES J. MARTELL, A. B.
A RASH JUDGMENT.

No, Marietta Escobal was not a foreigner. She was an out-and-out American, born in Washington and educated at the convent of the Visitation nuns in Georgetown. She was devoted to her bike, and a thorough baseball enthusiast, never missing a game that the boys in “blue and gray” played on their beautiful diamond. And it was just here that the first real trouble of her life befell her.

Well, you see, Marietta was young and pretty; but that wasn't her fault. And though, as I say, she was American, still there was a dash of tropical blood in her veins, which showed itself in the glossy black tresses, and the large, liquid eyes that had a trick of rolling towards you as you sat at her side, and making your pulse beat faster. But that, too, was not her fault. And then her mouth—Cupid's bow to perfection; always in action, generally dimpling into smiles—and you couldn’t guess whether they were laughing at or with you—or pursed into a most delicious pout. It's no wonder that the boys went mad about her. And you couldn't blame her for that.

Still she had her favorites. There was blue-eyed Tommy Downing, centre-field on the ’Varsity team; but as he was always in the game, he didn’t see much of her; yet, he was always certain of graceful words of praise from her sweet lips after the game, and an occasional invitation to tea at Aunt Julia’s. For you must know that Marietta was an orphan. Her father, when ambassador from Chile, had married a Washington lady. But their wedded bliss was brief; two short years, and Mrs. Escobal was laid to rest in the pretty Holy Rood Cemetery. Marietta, just born, was left in charge of relatives, while Senor Escobal went abroad. Grief for his lost wife, together with the cares of office—for the ambassador was a peace-loving, conscientious Christian, and just at that time serious complications with the South American republics were arising—broke down his health. Five years after his wife's death he, too, passed away, naming as the executor of his will and the guardian of his child, the eminent Justice of the Court of Appeals, Mr. William Corbett.

Marietta became the delight of the household, called Mrs. Corbett “Aunt Julia,” and had a great deal more freedom than is allowed most girls. But as she was a sensible girl of childlike docility and angelic virtue—the effect, no doubt, of the good Sisters' training—she was benefited rather than harmed by this indulgence.

Well, besides Tommy Downing, she appeared to like very much Charley Mannor. Now Charley had this advantage, that he led his classes at the Law School, where the Hon. Mr. Corbett lectured on “Personal Property.” Charley, therefore, was a favorite with the Faculty, and had often been asked to the Justice's house to dinner, and had had many a pleasant tete-à-tete with his host's young ward. As Charley did not play on the team, he frequently had the honor of escorting Miss Marietta to the games. Take it all in all, Charley had quite an advantage over the other fellows.

And he knew it; so he was determined to push it while Fortune smiled. Next month
he would graduate. A position with a big law firm had been secured for him, which would effectually keep him out of Washington. Hence, there was no time to be lost. Besides, hadn't Marietta given him a great deal of encouragement of late? She had expressed herself delighted with the Christmas, New Year, and birthday gifts he had sent her. And the other night, when he had seen her home from the opera, though it was very late, she had asked him in, and had chatted with him for a whole hour alone, and on parting, when he had held her hand somewhat longer than the strictest code of etiquette allows, she had suffered it with downcast eyelids and a conscious blush. Yes, he would speak, and she should decide his fate immediately.

Thus he mused as he buttoned on his dove-colored kids, and hurried on his way to Justice Corbett's house on Massachusetts Avenue, for he was to accompany Miss Marietta and Aunt Julia to the game this afternoon, the greatest of the season—the game between Harvard and Georgetown. During the game, he would ask her to take a spin to-morrow on their wheels to Cabin John's Bridge; and there, in the shadow of the huge arch, with the restless, gushing stream at their feet, with the faint echoes of the distant hotel orchestra mingled with the joyous song of the thrush and the mocking-bird that, bent on their own wooing, fluttered encouragingly overhead, filling their ears with delicious music, he would ask the momentous question; and he felt sure she would say—"Yes."

Filled with this thought, he beamed most benignly on the passers-by; his heart bounded, and his feet fairly danced up the steps of the Corbett dwelling.

After they had boarded the car that was to bear them to the College campus, Charley's exuberant joy seemed to have infected Miss Marietta likewise. Aunt Julia had to nudge her repeatedly to check her merry laughter and sprightly remarks; for, more than one female passenger looked around at her with a vacant stare under arched eyebrows. The look, you know, that sends a chill creeping down your vertebrae, when you make a "break"—the college boy's version for faux pas. But the male passengers—well, they glanced around to see who was the owner of that musical laugh, and, having seen, they glanced again, then finally turned half-way round in their seats, contentedly stroking their whiskers, like a well-fed cat satisfied with her latest meal.

But Marietta was irresistible today. No matter what she had on. It was not the dresses that made her looks; they got their shapeliness and beauty from her. Those warm colors on any one else would have been simply hideous, but on Marietta they seemed merely the expression of her warm, joyous nature.

Well, finally they reached the College. The grandstand and bleachers were crowded, for the game was on. However, one of the youthful ushers thought he could find them a place—the rogue, hadn't he reserved it for them all the while? But he was sure of the reward; a most bewitching smile and a musical "Oh, thank you; how very kind of you," that echoed through his brain for a whole week at least, and sadly interfered with his attention at lecture.

The contest was close and exciting, and there was little opportunity for small
talk. The welkin rang with the inspiring Harvard yells and the “Hoya!” of Georgetown. Crimson, and blue and gray bunting and silk flags fluttered promiscuously. It was a splendid sight, and the boys on the diamond did their level best. Seven innings had been played, and neither side had scored. Georgetown had twice filled the bases, while Harvard had not been able to get beyond second. Then a swift ball, “dropped” too sharply, hit the plate and bounded high over the catcher’s head, and was lost for a moment under the grandstand. It was the “fourth ball” for the Harvard batter. Off he trotted to first base, while the man that was “advanced” to second, seeing the ball disappear, raced like a wildcat around the baseline and scored. When the eighth inning closed, the tally still stood 1-0. The crimson contingent was wild with joy, while the Blue and Gray felt decidedly blue—and gray too—but they cheered all the louder.

The ninth inning was half over. Harvard could get no more runs. Georgetown must do something now. The first two men to go to bat struck out. Now came the safe hitters; but who would bet on such odds? The little third baseman used his eyes well and “walked” to first. He had hardly touched the base, when, like a flash, down he sped towards second. There was a streak of gray in the air for an instant, then a cloud of dust. The umpire shouted “Safe!” and the crowd on the benches yelled itself hoarse.

Now Tommy Downing steps to the plate. Tommy held the highest batting average for the season, and could hit very hard, though he didn’t look it. Just now he feels the full sense of his responsibility.

“When Tommy, line her out!”

“You’ve got to hit it!”

Even Miss Marietta could not restrain herself, but shouted aloud, “Oh, Tommy, do something!” at the same time vigorously waving her blue and gray, silk flag. Then, as if perfectly sure that her indefinite command would be fully executed, she sank back in her chair and calmly fanned herself.

And Tommy must have heard her. For suddenly there was a loud “whack,” and the ball sped on, almost in a straight line over the second baseman’s head. Right on it flew; the fielder made a desperate lunge for it just as it touched the ground, but it bounded over his shoulder, still tearing on with a leap and a bound, until it disappeared over the edge of the precipice. In the meantime, Tommy had made the circuit of the diamond, and, happy and flushed with victory, was coming toward the grandstand. Catching Marietta’s eye, he took off his cap and made a graceful bow.

“Oh, splendid, Tommy, splendid!” she cried, clapping her hands in high glee. Then, suddenly remembering that she had never before presumed to address him otherwise than “Mister Downing,” she blushed prettily.

Charley felt rather uneasy; his gayety left him. He was no doubt falling under the influence of the “Green Eye,” else he would never have let drop that unfortunate remark:

“Lucky chap! Since when is he ‘Tommy’ to you?”
"Yes, dear," interposed Mrs. Corbett, with an amused smile, "I, too, am rather startled at your effusiveness."

"Well, I don't care. I like live boys that are brave and clever. Don't you, Aunt Julia? I am bored to death by the 'dudes' I meet every day." This she said with a toss of her pretty head, and staring straight before her at nothing in particular.

Of course she didn't intend to include Charley in that second category, and it was stupid of him to think so; hence, he was wholly in the wrong, when he said with just the suspicion of a sneer:

"Oh, thank you!"

"You certainly are quite welcome," she snapped back at him, without turning her head a hair's breadth. Then addressing Mrs. Corbett; "Shall we go? See, the game is over."

Poor Charley was in a sad plight. All the way home she would not notice him, so that he had not the courage to address her even had he been so inclined. But his pride, too, was getting the better of his affection for Marietta, so he strove to converse gayly with Mrs. Corbett, but it is to be feared that he failed wretchedly.

As he was taking leave of the ladies at their door, Miss Marietta said to Mrs. Corbett, "Aunt Julia, I shall not go a-wheeling to-morrow. Won't you please tell the gentleman that is to call for me, that I've changed my mind?"

Mrs. Corbett suspected who the 'gentleman' in question was, but she deemed it prudent to let the young people settle their own quarrel; so she replied, "Certainly, dear, if you wish it so."

With a heavy heart Charley turned away; and so engrossed was he with his grief and sense of injured pride that he forgot the very elements of common politeness, unheeding Mrs. Corbett's cordial invitation to "call again soon."

All his bright dreams were cruelly dissipated. His future seemed blasted forever! What inducement was there now to study? What pleasure in looking forward to graduation? Every day, every hour spent amid these surroundings would be to him a period of unbearable mental anguish.

In his aimless wanderings he reached Pennsylvania Avenue, which was densely thronged with an immense mass of excited citizens. He wondered why they cheered so loudly. Then he remembered that war with Spain had been declared that morning, and the city was swarming with troops and militia on their way southward—1 for the country had long been preparing for this contingency.

Suddenly an idea struck Charley so forcibly that he stood stock-still. Here now was a remedy for all his woes. True it was a radical one, but then his was a desperate case. He would enlist for the war and go to the front, and when she reads of his gallant death, she will see that there are others besides Tommy Downing who are "brave and clever."

The terrible war was over, and the troops returning northward had reached Washington. To-day they are to pass in review before the White House.

From an upper window of the Raleigh, a group consisting of two ladies and an
elderly gentleman, were taking in the parade. Suddenly the younger lady exclaimed:
“See, uncle, that small troop of cavalry! How dashing they look, especially the
officer in charge. Do you know who they are?”
“Yes, Marietta, that is all that is left of the famous Fitzhugh Lee regiment—
scarcely sixty left, out of twelve hundred. They have seen, perhaps, the hardest
fighting and more of it than any other troop in the army. Poor Lee, that was a dash-
ing charge in which he lost his life, at Cienfuegos.”
“Didn’t you tell me that—Mr.—Mr. Mannor had joined that regiment?”
“Yes, Charley—of course. I’m just trying to make him out; I haven’t heard from
him in four months. But there is no one there enough like Charley unless, it be the
Captain there. By jove, if that’s he, he has improved wonderfully.”
That evening a stranger called at the Corbett mansion. He wore the uniform of
a captain of cavalry; and you may be sure that the welcome he got was a hearty
one. And he got something else. Guess what it was? A. D. J., ’98.

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MY FATHER’S PICTURE.

My father, Shepherd-love, in heart and hand,
Of home’s retreat, and duty-sentinel
Where cosmos-joined, thy loyal charges dwell,
There sit I, seas beyond my native land,
While, mantle-throned, above the hearth-fire’s band
Of gleam, thy picture rests; and knowing well
’Tis imaged in my heart, it seems to tell
Of days, our playtimes builded towns of sand;
Of when, in careless youth, I sped along,
Or near thee, garden-tilling, conned the book
Of nature, from my school, the fruited tree;
And now thy picture speaks, as sweet as song,
In lines of silvered hair and gentle look,
And “duty” is the word it breathes to me.

MICHAEL EARLE,
DISTINGUISHED both in peace and war, he passed away peacefully; the last survivor of Ohio’s great quartette—Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Rosecrans—has been summoned from earth and—

“The muffled drum’s sad roll
Has beat the soldier’s last tattoo.”

General William Starke Rosecrans, L.L.D., Georgetown, ’89, died March 11, at his ranch home near Los Angeles, Cal. He was stricken with no particular disease, death being due to a general weakening of the system.

The old warrior possessed fine property, a large ranch devoted to fruit raising, and his last days were spent in peace and plenty. His death was peaceful in the extreme, his splendid vitality kept him alive for days after he was seriously stricken.

So died “Old Rosey,” as his soldiers called him, one of the greatest figures in that struggle between brethren, that is now remembered as the Civil War. The master mind in a hundred battles, whose personal courage never could be doubted, General Rosecrans loved not the glories of war. “For my part,” he once said, “I confess the odor of violets is much more agreeable to me than the smell of saltpetre.”

General Rosecrans was one of the most amiable of men, absolutely without guile. He was modest, honest; his highest ambition was to do his duty. His ability and his knowledge of the service of war were universally acknowledged. He came of good American stock; the family from which he was descended had its home originally in New York State, but years ago his paternal grandfather moved to Luzerne County, Pa., where his father was born.

Rosecrans inherited military instinct; we find his father serving under General Harrison in the War of 1812. The family settled in Ohio in 1808, and there at Kingston William Starke Rosecrans was born September 6, 1819. When Rosecrans was eighteen he entered West Point; among his classmates were many of the greatest generals who led the opposing armies in the struggle of years later—Sherman, Thomas, Beauregard, Longstreet, Eustis, Newton, Buell and Wright. He was graduated fifth in his class in 1842, and entered the Corps of Engineers. In 1854 he resigned, owing to ill health.

At the opening of the Civil War he enlisted in the volunteers and was soon made a brigadier-general in the general army, succeeding General McClellan, in command of the Department of Ohio. Previous to this he had fought the battle of Rich Mountain, and after assuming command he saved West Virginia to the Union by a complete frustration of Lee’s efforts to penetrate it; first, by Cheat Mountain, and second, by the way of Romney and the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

After six months’ work with General Halleck, in which he accomplished the evacuation of Corinth by Bragg and Beauregard, the command of the Army of the Mississippi was given him. This was composed of four divisions, but with only two of them he successfully fought the battle of Corinth and was chosen to command the Department of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio, relieving
Buell. He reorganized the army and won the greatest of all his victories, the battle of Stone River. Bragg was the general in command of the Confederate forces, and his defeat was complete. "Your dispatch," said President Lincoln in a telegram to him announcing the retreat of the enemy, "has just reached me. God bless you and all with you. Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the nation's gratitude for your and their skill, endurance and dauntless courage."

His success in this battle was lauded by all and merited a vote of thanks by Congress. He was defeated by Bragg at the battle of Chickamauga and relieved from command, General Thomas being appointed his successor.

On January 27, 1864, Rosecrans was placed in command of the Department of Missouri, in which capacity he successfully defeated the objects and purposes of Price in Missouri in the battle of The Big Blue and at Marais de Cugnes.

In January, 1866, he was mustered out as Major-General of Volunteers, and resigned as Brigadier-General in the United States Army in 1867, and was later made Brevet Major-General United States Army.

In all his hard fighting General Rosecrans was not seriously wounded, though death was often at his side. One of his aids, General Garesche, a Georgetown graduate, had his head cut off by a cannon ball while standing at his side in the battle of Stone River.

Rosecrans declined many civil honors. He was made United States Minister to Mexico in 1868, and initiated the development of the International Railroads which have so benefitted both countries. His district in California sent him to Congress during the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth sessions; from 1885 to 1889 he was Register of the Treasury Department. The soldier who loved peace was a convert to Catholicism, becoming a weekly communicant. Through his efforts his brother, Sylvester Rosecrans, became a convert to the faith of the general, rising to be Bishop of the diocese of Columbus, Ohio.

No man could have been more gentle and simple in his way. He bore all his honors and extensive learning with the modesty becoming a great genius. He charmed all with his delightful conversation, and meeting him once you longed for another opportunity to listen to him.

One trait of General Rosecrans that stood in bold relief and sounded the key-note of his character, was his charitableness. It is told of him that more than half of his salary went in alms; none ever asked of him and left empty-handed—from the old comrade in straightened circumstances who asked a loan of several dollars, to the mendicant of the street and hotel corridors who begged a copper.

The eternal "taps" have sounded, from which there is no "reveille"—and "Old Rosey" is no more.

He was a brave and great soldier, and an exemplary Christian citizen. May peace be his.

"Glory, not grief, our theme to-day! 
The record of his life to sing 
Who brought to clothe our common clay 
The royal mantle of a King."

—E. J. Brady, '98.
A BICYCLE RIDE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IT WAS the first day of real summer weather; warm, bright, full of exultant life. A slight shower before sunrise had settled the dust in the roads. The dainty blossoms and new-born foliage nodded gaily, as if pleased with their early bath. All sentient life filled the air with its joy. The crickets trilled, the sparrows chirped merrily, and the linnet and the thrush, in mad glee, piped their Creator's praise.

It was an ideal day for a bicycle ride. And the happy faces and joyous chatter of the party of six, at this moment, dashing down the Westminster pike, proclaimed that this fact was realized, at least by themselves.

William Turner was there with his young wife, and her cousin, Heloise Lauvé, escorted by Jules Turner. The others are Sam Warner and Helen Chadwick, whose engagement to each other had been announced in last Sunday's Post.

They have now reached the summit of the hill at Norbeck, with Heloise and Jules somewhat in the lead. Jules is a handsome young fellow, about thirty; not exactly stout, but shapely enough to make him appreciate keenly the exertion of pushing a twenty-four pound "Eclipse" wheel up a quarter-mile grade.

"Don't you think it advisable to rest awhile?" he asked, mopping his glowing forehead.

"Why yes, there is no particular hurry; and here is a charming spot," answered his companion; so placing her bicycle against a tree, she seated herself beneath the shade of a hugh beech. In a moment Jules was at her side, stretched at full length, his chin resting in his palm and his elbow buried in a bed of violets and wood anemones.

Gazing into the face of Heloise—something Jules was getting to do very much of late, and you can't blame him, for it was a good thing to look upon—he tried to start her upon one of the many topics she took delight in discussing.

You see, Heloise was decidedly clever; had read also everything, yet showed a nice discrimination of the merits of authors. She was almost disposed to moralize, not with the cant of a Puritan spinster, but in a sweet, earnest way all her own, which had won for her the nick-name "Sister Heloise."

To-day she was especially strong on Philosophy, showing where she disagreed with Kant and Malebranche, how she was amused with Ibsen's conceit; then she inveighed against modern novelists; rebuked Corelli as a reviler of her sex, Balzac as morbid and vulgar; the mere mention of D'Annunzio's name as an author she regarded as an insult to literature; Byron held a secure place in her affections, and of Shakespeare she never wearied.

Thus she rattled on, he listening contentedly, only breaking in now and then to open a new channel through which the current of her ready thought might find an outlet. The fountain scource seemed inexhaustible, and his receiving capacity un-
bounded. Sweeter than the gentle whisper of the breeze in the trees overhead was
to him the sound of that voice; low, rich and—well, velvetey is about the only term
that fits it—with just the trace of a foreign accent.

For Heloise was a Creole, of real old stock that was identified with the coloniza-
tion of Louisiana. She was petite in figure; in complexion a brunette, not the dead
cinnamon color familiar in the North, but of a warm, luminous tint that does not
long survive its exile from the bright skies of the extreme South.

So contented were these young people with themselves and their surroundings
that they lost sight of all else. They were, however, recalled to a sense of their
obligations by a merry shout from pretty Miss Helen.

“Well, I declare, isn't this romantic? It's a pity to spoil it.”

“Spoil what?” indignantly asked Jules, scrambling to his feet and flushing quite
painfully, at the same time casting a covert glance at Heloise, who was not in the
least disconcerted.

“We were having a delightful chat,” the latter began.

“Quite instructive,” chimed in Jules.

“No doubt, no doubt; we fully understand,” laughed Helen with an arch look
at both and a wink towards Sam, who had just then come up. “But come on; they're
keeping lunch for us at Tyler's, and that's ten miles on.”

And so they rode away, taking their full measure of this day's enjoyment, and
returning to the city at dusk, tired, but very happy, and none more so than Jules.

Next day there was a rush of business at W. E. Turner's office on F street. But
that's not unusual, since more business is transacted by Mr. Turner than by any other
real estate broker in Washington.

To-day Jules is in charge, and he ought to have been pleased with the rush, but
he wasn't. Never before had he felt so bored by the ceaseless, silly inquiries that
none but idle house hunters know how to invent. Never before had the legal
phrases of the deeds he was continually called upon to fill out seemed so absurdly
meaningless—"parties of the first part, to parties of the second part"—and invariably
a sigh of relief escaped him, as finally he reached the "Witness our hands and seals
this day and year above written."

Yes, Jules longed to throw himself back in his office chair, and, shut out from the
world by aromatic clouds from his Havana, to live over again the events of the
preceding day.

At last the hour for closing came, and, mounting his wheel, Jules was soon
threading his way through the dense throng of carts, carriages and trolley-cars on
the Avenue.

When he appeared at supper, fondling the black, silky festoon on his upper lip,
and his handsome face beaming with anticipated pleasure, his first question was a
surprised, "Where is Miss Heloise?"

"She'll not be home until late, Jules," replied his mother, as she helped him to
some preserves. "A young man called for her, an old friend, I believe, but I couldn't
catch his name."
Jules wasn’t by any means pleased with this answer, and felt rather ill at ease during the rest of the meal. As soon as he could do so with propriety, he left the table and sought the solace of his favorite pipe.

“Deucedly strange,” he mused, “I didn’t know there was another fellow in this affair. I supposed after yesterday there were no secrets between us. She seems candor and sincerity itself; and, let me see, this is the fourth week of her stay in the house, and I’ve seen a good deal of her in that time.” And he smiled through the wreaths of smoke as he recalled the pleasurable talks he had had with Heloise. “But hang that other fellow anyhow! Whoever he is, he must have a bigger claim on her than I have, for I could never take her out to supper alone. Oh, no doubt she’ll tell me all about him later. Heigho! Things are mighty slow around here, guess I’ll run down to the Club rooms for a couple of hours.”

At the Club he met young Warner, with whom he was soon engaged in a game of billiards.

“By the way, Jules, I saw Miss Heloise to-day. Charming girl that,” remarked Sam, after they had been playing awhile.

“Oh, did you?” said Jules, trying to seem indifferent and settling himself for a fine draw shot.

“Yes, she was linked to a fellow I’d never seen before; and it struck me she was rather sweet on him.”

“The deuce she was!” exclaimed Jules, straightening up suddenly and deranging the balls.

“Hello! What’s the matter, old man? You’ve spoiled that shot.”

“Confound the shot! Say, who was this chap?” said Jules, who had now lost all interest in the game.

“Give it up; I’d never seen him before. He was about your size, not so fat, nor so goodlooking; wore glasses and had a sort of scholarly look. But don’t get excited, finish your game.”

“Oh the game be hanged! I’ve got enough,” and he reached for his hat and cane.

“Sorry, old man,” said young Warner with a pitying smile, “I know how it feels; been there myself. Well good night.”

Jules was naturally of a gentle urbane disposition; some people say that he was bashful, but these were chiefly the young women of his acquaintance who knew that he was unmarried.

To-night he was in a savage mood; strode down the street with a settled frown on his face, and kicked at a poor cur that had the temerity to cross his path. Not knowing exactly why he had left the Club rooms and not wishing to return home yet, he walked the streets for an hour.

By the time he reached home his hyperaesthesia had subsided, and he was able to respond calmly to Miss Heloise’s cheery “Good evening, Mr. Turner, I’m looking for a partner in a game of whist. Won’t you join?”

“With the greatest of pleasure,” he replied, and seated himself at the table.
Though she chatted about anything and everything as usual, she uttered not a word about her companion of the afternoon; though Jules tried several times to draw her out.
As they rose to retire, he asked her, "And did you really enjoy yourself yesterday?"
"It was one of the happiest days of my life," she replied, looking at him frankly, with a tender light in her beautiful brown eyes.
"Wasn't this afternoon still more happy for you?" he ventured to ask, surprised at his own boldness.
"N—no—" and her eyes wavered for a moment, "On the contrary—" she stammered and turned to go, "I suppose I was rather tired today—Good night!"
"Good night," answered Jules, gloomily, feeling that his questions had been evaded; and his suspicions were now keenly awakened.
For the next few days Heloise seemed rather shy, and Jules was too courteous to intrude himself, so they saw little of each other; while the stranger called every day, to take her out walking or driving.
On the following Sunday, as Jules returned from church, and was hanging his hat on the hall rack, he noticed a visiting card on the antique bronze salver, with the name "Robert B. Lawton."
He was about to enter the reception room, when he heard the sound of voices within, engaged in earnest conversation. One he recognized as that of Heloise; the other was that of a man; and Jules could not help connecting that with the stranger, and both with the card in the hall.
Before turning away, Jules paused a moment. He had not the slightest intention to eavesdrop, but, before he got out of earshot, his heart was chilled by the words of Heloise, exclaiming: "Oh, Robert, to-day you have made me the happiest woman in the world!"
The man's reply, uttered, apparently, under great stress of emotion, was unintelligible. Then followed a most suspicious sound, which Jules should not have heard, for it brought a hissed "d—n!" from his clinched teeth. And off he dashed to his room to suck comfort from the end of a Havana.
"Hang all women!" he ungraciously muttered. "Kipling is right when he says, 'there's no love compared to that we have for the dusky beauties in yonder box. There's no jealousy to be feared here, nor flirting, nor fickleness. They're like women only when they're worn out."
"And the light of Days that have Been the dark of the Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar—
The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket,
With never a new one to light—tho' it's charred to the socket."
After quoting these lines, that had in some mysterious way fixed themselves in his memory, though he had seen them for the first time yesterday, he concluded with the sage reflection, "Well, I guess the bachelor has the best of it, after all; so 'll not bother Hymen for awhile yet."
That evening, Jules and Heloise chanced to be alone in the conservatory; she chattering, with perhaps more than her usual vivacity, he moody and taciturn. After awhile she said, "Oh, do you know that I am extremely happy to-day?" "I have no doubt about it," he answered curtly, remembering the words he had heard that morning; and he thought within himself, "What impudence! She'll tell me now that he's named the day." "I've been fully reconciled to an old friend from whom I had long been estranged—" "Indeed; permit me. I hope I am the first to offer you congratulations," he interrupted dryly. "Thank you," she said, touching the proffered hand and seeming somewhat puzzled at his manner. "I suppose you'll leave us now?" he asked, looking straight into her eyes and wondering at his own coolness. "Leave you! Why, I hadn't thought of that. Cousin Sarah was to settle the term of my stay here. Yet"—and she drew herself up with much dignity and turned to go, "if my welcome is worn out, doubtless it will be better for me to leave soon." "Pardon, Miss Lauvé, pardon me," exclaimed Jules, thoroughly frightened as he saw how his words were understood, "I didn't mean that, but I thought you—oh, don't you know—they always do—" "Pray, explain yourself, Mr. Turner. Who always do what? I fail to grasp your meaning." And it was now her turn to grow suspicious and alarmed. Yet she remembered that Jules' abstemiousness was proverbial in that house. To his open nature, nothing was so disgusting as hypocrisy and its offspring, coquetry; so he blurted out fearless of giving offense: "You seem remarkably dull this evening, Miss Lauvé. Hasn't it been clear to everyone for the past week that an old lover of yours has turned up? And weren't you just about to tell me that matters are settled? So I naturally concluded you would wish to get off as soon as possible to get ready for the wedding." During all this vehement outburst, the eyes of Miss Heloise had been growing wider and wider with astonishment. At first, she flushed angrily; but when he had finished, she broke out into a merry peal of laughter. "Oh, this is rich! Rob Rawton, an old lover! and I'm to get ready to marry him! Ha, ha, ha, ha! And you and I were about to quarrel on his account. Come; sit down, and I will tell you all about Robert." Jules, more perplexed than ever, yet strangely relieved in mind, meekly followed his fair guide into the sitting-room, where he seated himself at her side on a convenient sofa." "You see," she began, "Robert Lawton is a sort of second cousin. His father, a colonel in the Confederate army, was slain in battle, and the family lost everything by the war. So Mrs. Lawton, with Robert, an infant, came to live with us. That was some years before I was born. Rob and I grew up together, and I used to regard him as my big brother. After he graduated from college, his pride would
not suffer him to depend upon any one, so he started out for himself. He was well equipped and ambitious, and hoped to win fame as a writer. It was the same old story; his tastes were classical, while the popular demand was not for such productions as his. In a fit of despondency, he began a career of dissipation. He still wrote, but now merely at the dictation of unscrupulous publishers. At first I remonstrated with him, but, finding this of no avail, I cut off all communication with him. This was four years ago. He grew rich, but never knew happiness, for he had broken away from our religion and lived like a pagan. His pride and conceit would not let him make lasting friendships; so, in sheer desperation, he sought me out, the only friend, he believed, still left him. Seeing that I possessed some power over him, I wielded it to the best of my ability to make him change his conduct. And my toil has not been in vain. At first he didn’t want to meet any one but myself; to-day I got him to come up here and introduced him to every one in the house except you, who weren’t there. “Is anything the matter?” This to Jules who had winced noticeably during the latter part of this recital and was looking rather guilty.

“Oh, nothing, go on, I’m very much interested.”

“There is no more to tell.”

“Isn’t there?” he asked, eyeing her with a grim smile. Didn’t something else happen in the reception room about eleven o’clock this morning?”

Heloise seemed a trifle disconcerted at this question, but answered bravely, “Eleven o’clock? Why he had just arrived and was telling me that he had been to church, and he promised to write no more sensational novels; moreover, he said he would buy up and destroy all of his productions of that nature he could lay hands on. Upon which I told him that he had made me the happiest woman in the world; and truly I have never been engaged in a work of which I was more proud than that. And then—”

“And then?” echoed Jules, recalling that suspicious sound he had heard while unintentionally eavesdropping.

“Well, if you must know, he called me his guardian angel, his patron saint, and then kissed my hand.”

“Your hand! Oh, is that all?” said Jules, and heaved a deep sigh of relief.

But it was now her turn to quiz him. So that he had to confess how he had been listening and how angry it had made him.

“But why should you be angry, even supposing Robert Lawton were an old lover?” Heloise finally asked, blushing gloriously.

That a new essayist, and one of sufficient force at least to excite criticism and discussion, should come before us is an inspiring and in many ways a welcome sign. For the appreciation of the essay form there is required a considerable amount of culture. It is so suggestive; so different in method; so full of unobtrusive beauties; so delicate in touch and light in charm, that one greets a token of its wide effectiveness as the best thing that could be said for the public literary refinement.

Mr. Chapman has published, under the caption of "Emerson and other Essays" (Scribners) a book which has reached quite a popularity and which is thought by many to mark a new epoch in criticism, or at least to be significant of a new force.

We are not prepared to say so much, and yet the work is noteworthy. A nice discrimination would never rank him with Lang or Birrell or Woodrow Wilson—the fine literary spirit, the chaste perfection of style is lacking—but vigor, freedom, honesty and quite a distinctive originality of phrase, are qualities that broadly commend themselves.

A quiet humor and urbanity have never been especially characteristic of American letters—save, perhaps, in the case of Irving. We have not been brought to the full understanding that a turgid tone is not always the most impressive. At any rate, our literary consciences are too little disturbed by a sensibility to extravagant conceits. James Lane Allen has the true touch of the eighteenth century poets, but such as Stephen Crane and Charles Egbert Craddock are glaringly crude.

We note this in Mr. Chapman. The pitch is threatening and iconoclastic. The style is rigorous; too closely modelled upon Emerson to have graceful continuity; and the judgment is occasionally original and striking at the expense of accuracy.

It was remarked that Matthew Arnold was sure because he was usually at the pains of understanding what he set about to criticise. While at times we may disagree with Mr. Chapman's conclusion, we can never fail to respect his scholarship. Indeed, "Current Literature" says of his volume that it is the most scholarly criticism since the days of Lowell. But as to this, when we recall the deeply thought and richly phrased ventures of Mr. Mabie, or the exquisite finish of Charles Dudley Warner, we feel by no means sure in acquiescence.

Doubtless, the essay on "Emerson" is to be taken as his best effort; and in truth it contains some very fine things and opposite observations. It is written in a keenly analytic spirit and its discrimination, for the most part, is just and well put.

We believe that Mr. Chapman has caught the true significance of Emerson's utterance.

Emerson insisted on at least one thing which stands in the most important relation to our present social conditions, but which nevertheless is very imperfectly realized—viz: that Democracy is quite as great a tyrant and despot as the most arrogant of Tsars.
It is hardly acceptable to tell the public that "there is less real freedom of opinion in this country than in any state of Europe," or that "we are all a mass of moral cowards"—but there is a certain element of fact in it. Majorities are too omnipotent for us to understand wholly the entire value of the individual factors. The discussion of party allegiance versus independent voting is a fair example.

Mr. Chapman has well emphasized this cardinal point. In so far as Emerson is regarded purely as an inspiration to maintain our individual characters, and live independent lives, there is doubtless no harm in him. But if taken literally, practically, there are all sorts of false philosophy and false ethics in his books; and this Mr. Chapman has failed adequately to appreciate.

Other Essays are on "Browning," on "Whitman," on Michael Angelo's "Sonnets"—and a final one on Robert Louis Stevenson. All are interesting, seminative and forceful.

Whether we agree in their conclusions or not, we are sure to respect the sincere tone and real familiarity with the best traditions of letters. And in any case, they will be found to fulfil that most useful of all bookish functions, namely, to invite meditation and provoke reflection.

W. B. FINNEY.

QUATRAINS.

My heart, like the ever rolling sea,
Will toss and tremble and quake,
The waves will shatter—but woe is me!
My heart will never break.

W. K. W. '00.

Joy is but a slender thread,
Which the dullest knife can sever;
But sorrow is as a load of lead,
And weighs on the heart forever.

W. K. W. '00.

I am sore at heart and my soul's in doubt,
When I take up my pipe of clay;
'Tis strange, but it seems the clouds that pour out,
Sweep the clouds from my soul away. K, 1900.
THE ARMORER'S SON.

I.

My Lord's one child is wondrous fair,
And her locks are flashing gold;
But my Lord as he sits in his carved oak chair
Grows worn and weak and old.

The Armorer's son is a comely lad,
His arm is as strong as oak;
The anvil rings with a clangor glad
To his mighty hammer's stroke.

My Lord has pledged his one fair child
To a baron, rich and proud,
Whilst the Armorer's son in accents wild
Says his anvil song aloud.

II.

In every window gleams a light,
Within the feast is laid;
The baron proud will wed this night
My Lord's one lovely maid.

The bridegroom at the close of day
Spurs on his wearied steed,
When out across the dark'ning way
He sees a figure speed.

"Hold hard, Sir Knight!" a bold youth cries;
"Or woe betide you now I
Stand! Or straight this arrow flies,
By all the Saints, I vow."

The baron leaps from his horse in fright,
And stands in fear and dread;
The robber takes off his armor bright,
And the helmet from off his head.

III.

Into the hall there stalks a Knight,
And calls for his promised bride;
Weeping, sad, in a sorry plight,
The maid is led to his side.

The priest reads out of his worn, black book,
The bridal rite is done,
The bridegroom opes his helmet, look!
'Tis the comely armorer's son.

And then while all the folks did stare,
The bride blushed red and kissed him there.

THE BADERSEE.

Double Sonnet.

A. ADAGIO.

"And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an Emerald."—Apoc. IV., 5.

"And before the throne there was a sea of glass, like unto Crystal."—ib. IV., 6.

The Zugspitz rears its cross-decked brow on high,
Whose snows, 'mid play of Jasper-Sardine light,
Bespeak the Lamb's resplendent throne of white,
And Beasts Evangelistic typify,
The hoary clouds, those Seniors of the sky,
In shining robes and golden crowns delight,
Sweep round. Flame Lamps of glowing Stalactite.
Now thunders crash, now darted lightnings fly.

And thou, that vitreous sea as crystal clear,
That lay before the coruscating throne,
Beheld by eyes of Patmos' prophet-seer,
While in Apocalyptic vision prone,
And still thy depths pellucidly reflect
The irised emerald round that throne erect.

B. ALLEGRO.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."—Mid-summer nights dream.

No greener gem earth's jewelled belt hath deckt,
Thou liquid Smargdus mind in eeriest gloom
Of purpled peaks and fir-trees virid bloom.
The depths of thy translucencies reflect
Diana's shafts through quivering glades eject,
The shimmering variance of the pavon's plume,
Or rain-glossed summer leaf, that premature Brume
Hath with delectant tints of Autumn speckt.

This is the spot I—Will Shakespeare dreamed it well,
That wild-thymed bank "quite over-canopied,"
Where, 'mid the daintiest blooms and moonliest spell,
Tithania slept by fairies lullabied.
This mottled pool—"the snake's enameled skin
Weed-wide"—to wrap the queen of fairies in.

Badersee, Sunday, July 11, 1897.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.
The convalescence of our Rector, the Rev. J. Havens Richards, though an assured fact, progresses very slowly. After a month’s stay at Atlantic City in complete repose and segregation from harassing cares, he is now able to discuss, in a general way, the affairs of the University, and to carry on his personal correspondence; but, it is not believed that he will be able to resume actively the reins of office this year. During his absence, Rev. Father Jerome Doherty maintains a general supervision, and acts as the representative of the University, while the various Deans look out for their respective departments.

Georgetown has reason to be proud of her brilliant alumnus, Condé B. Pallen, whose “New Rubaiyat,” comes to us this month in modest guise that is in striking contrast to the jewels of thought and fancy it enshrines.

Each quatrain is perfect enough in artistic finish to stand alone—yet glows in exquisite harmony with the rest until the whole, like a rainbow, spans the dark storm clouds of pagan doubt and disbelief with the Christians’ Faith and Hope and tender Charity.

In the sensuous despair of the old Persian Omar Khayyám, as translated by Fitzgerald, Mr. Pallen hears the “voice of modern doubt” uttered by a mediaeval poet, who sang and died a century before Dante. To his

“Dark questionings
Which doubt may answer not, tho’ doubt
may raise,”

Mr. Pallen replies in this noble poem, whose rhythm moves to the stately measure of the old Rubaiyat, but whose spirit is that of Faith, which sees beyond the Veil and Door at which old Omar’s song pauses in baffled bitterness.

“There was a Door to which I found no key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee, There seemed—and then no more of Thee and Me.”
To which the Christian poet makes answer:

"The Door to which in vain your key you plied,
The door you found so tightly sealed,
To him who bends in leal humility,
He enters not who walks erect in pride."

To this strong note of Faith, are attuned the soft minor tones of tenderness and compassion for the blind unbelief that gropes now, as of yore, amid the "vinous mists," the "roseate ways" to which old Omar called his guests.

Our poet hears

"The rhythmic pain
Thy brothers plaint on modern lutes."

and his verse breathes a pitying sigh—

"Alas, that you in mediaeval years
Sang all their doubts; shed all their hopeless tears,
Their creedless creed in all its changes rang
And croned their wisdom in your ancient fears."

But through the twilight mists, which the Christian humbly accepts as his mortal limitation in this valley of the shadow, our poet soars to the raptured vision of unclouded heights in such strains as these:

"Love in creation's wondrous mirrors sought
To multiply the image of His thought,
In Love the likeness of His Love wrought.
And back again as surging flames aspire,
Creation lifts to Love's eternal fire;
Time but the rushing of her eager flight
Upon the outstretched pinions of desire."

Surely the voice of Faith has in these later days found no clearer or more musical utterance. Georgetown sends greeting to her poet!

Another recent work meriting special notice here, is "Facts About Bookworms; Their History in Literature and Work in Libraries," by Rev. P. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.

Father O'Conor was for several years Librarian of our Riggs' Library, and it was here that his attention was first called to the subject of which he treats in this work. His position as Librarian in other colleges gave him unusual opportunities to pursue his investigations.

Although the author treats of a class of insects, he is not an entomologist. Father O'Conor is in every respect a literary man, ardentlv devoted to books. "I had ever been fond of books, but never of bugs; but here was a bug that was fond of books, and for the sake of books I could be a friend to the bug by making his pedigree known to the world of letters. But, although there was a friendly feeling for the little creature, was he not an enemy? Had not many a precious volume been made well-nigh worthless in supplying him with his needed repast, and might not better knowledge of him and his trade prevent future depredations of his posterity?"

This discovery started Father O'Conor on his investigations. And it was here he displayed the persevering energy and painstaking research that characterizes him in all his work; and which has made him not only a reliable literary critic, but also an authority on cuneiform inscriptions and archeology. Some idea of the indefatigable labor of the learned authormay be had when it is known that on this particular subject of bookworms, while no authority has ever examined more than three speci-
mens, the present author has studied no less than seventy-two varieties.

Father O'Conor's work is divided into three parts. The first treats of the history of bookworms in literature, commencing with Aristotle, and ending with Mr. Lang's remarks on the black-headed varieties. In Part II, the author tells of their work in libraries ancient and modern.

His observations on the damage being done in the great libraries, makes this work a necessity for all who own or care for books. The third part, or appendix, consists of entomological notes of investigations of bookworms, by Father O'Conor, and the late Prof. C. V. Riley, of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The entire edition is limited to 750 numbered copies, handsomely printed at the Gilliss Press from new type. Three of the twelve illustrations are on Japan paper, which almost perfectly imitates the tint and finish of old vellum. In a word, the typography of the work displays exquisite taste. Librarians and book-lovers will certainly find it an excellent addition to their collections.

The Director of the Senior Students' Library wishes to acknowledge with gratitude, a handsome contribution for the new Reading Room from the father of Mr. David J. Flynn, 1900. The Reading Room is now ready for occupation; but it is desired to have it elegantly furnished, and contributions from our friends are earnestly requested for this purpose.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

The Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the Society will be held at the College on Commencement Day. The Secretary will duly notify the members of the special features of the Reunion.

The Treasurer's notices for payment of dues have been mailed, and it is hoped that the members will respond promptly.

The Executive Committee believe that the dues for the current year will be ample to decorate the walls of Gaston Alumni Hall. It had been expected to have this done before Commencement, but the cost of the electrical lighting appliances, recently introduced, has consumed the funds in the treasury available for Hall expenses. The mural ornamentation will, therefore, have to be postponed until the dues, now payable, shall have been collected. This may be a source of regret to many, but the Committee insists that the necessary funds shall be on hand before directing the proposed expenditure.

The bi-ennial publication of the Society, delayed to secure the insertion of names of graduates of '97, wishing to become members, is about to be issued. It contains the proceedings of the annual meetings of 1896 and 1897, together with the banquet addresses and poems, and will be found both interesting and entertaining.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF GEORGETOWN ALUMNI.

On Wednesday evening, April 20th, the New York Society of Georgetown Alumni held its second annual dinner at Hotel Savoy. By means of the various communications from some of the members that were present, whereby the remarks of one
supplied what modesty caused another to withhold concerning himself, we are enabled to judge that the affair fully succeeded, and was in every way worthy of Alma Mater.

The dinner was served in one of the front parlors of the Savoy, whose interior decorations are well-nigh unrivalled in New York. Classes from '60 to '97 were represented in the gathering; and ab ovo usque ad mala, a dignified but merry mirth that was typical of old Georgetown reigned about the festive board.

The absence from the banquet of the President of the University, J. Havens Richards, was keenly regretted by all; and this was the sole blighting circumstance to mar the perfect joy of the reunion.

After cigars were served, the scholarly President of the Society, Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin, called the assemblage to order, and announcing the cause of Father Richards' absence, expressed the sentiments of deep pain, which were shared in by all that illness had deprived them of his company. Mr. McLaughlin delved a bit into the folk lore of ancient Maryland, where the germ of the future Georgetown first saw life, and recalling the custom inaugurated at Georgetown in the forties of celebrating the landing of the pilgrims at St. Mary's, Maryland, strongly urged his fellows, the New York Georgiopolitanians, to revive the happy custom of commemorating this historical event. Mr. McLaughlin's manner of conducting the meeting was perfect.

Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., ex-Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province, and at present President of Fordham College, was then introduced, and spoke feelingly of the matchless zeal and energy, and of the great success which had marked the efforts of his confrere, Father Richards, in behalf of Georgetown.

Mr. Frank Rudd followed with reminiscences of his days at Georgetown, which delighted the younger as well as the older alumni present. Rev. James Dougherty, LL. D., who represented the secular clergy, was next called upon, but he could not stay, as he was obliged to attend the dinner of the Maynooth College Alumni in an adjoining parlor.

Mr. John M. Ryan spoke very fervently of "College Spirit," referring in the course of his remarks to the foot-ball and base-ball games of '92 and '93. Messrs. Andrew J. Shipman and Francis Duffy were highly amusing in their anecdotes of their time at Georgetown—the later seventies.

Mr. Duffy was especially humorous. He gives our dear old invalid, Father Carroll, credit for having introduced civilization into Georgetown; replaced benches at table by chairs, cups and saucers for bowls, etc., etc.

A descendant of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, the first student at Georgetown—Mr. J. W. Gaston Hawkes—was warmly received. He was followed by Mr. John P. O'Brien, who spoke on the progress made by Georgetown in athletics during the past few years.

The speech was received with marked attention, and spoken with great effect.

Robert Collier was to have read a poem, but did not appear.

Mr. John Henry Walsh next arose and spoke of the Jesuits as educators, and especially of their work at Georgetown.
showed himself quite familiar with their "Ratio Studiorum," and his remarks were well-timed, judicious and forcible. He pointed out that the graduates of Georgetown were among the best educated men sent forth from any of our American universities, and referring to the halls of Congress, the Senate and the Supreme Court and Cabinet, he said that the percentage of Georgetown representatives in all of these high spheres of public life was as flattering as that of any other of our great institutions. It was a strong speech—one of the best at the annual dinner.

Mr. John V. Dahlgren followed with some highly complimentary remarks, concerning the present Rector of the University, taking, as he said, advantage of the Father's absence. What he said met with the marked approval of all present, and at the close was greeted with an outburst of applause.

M. J. Neal Power and Mr. Patrick Loughran spoke eloquently on the past and future greatness of old Georgetown, and aroused comment from the older members on the oratorical greatness of younger Georgetown, as evidenced in the speakers present.

The speaking was over about midnight, then the Carmen Georgiopolitanum, with piano accompaniment, was sung by all present.

The banquet then followed, and was held in an adjoining room. Towards the close, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded Mr. Thomas Walsh, the indefatigable Secretary and Treasurer, for his untiring efforts to bring about the success of the second annual festival. To leave him out of an account of the dinner, was like leaving Hamlet out of the play. He has executive genius, and brought it into operation in every particular, from the smallest detail of the table to the large assemblage of alumni under the roof of the hotel where the banquet was spread. To Mr. Walsh, above all others, the success of a very brilliant reunion of Georgetown men was undoubtedly due.


DREAMS.
The tired soul to another land
Flies away on the wings of sleep,
There in memory's happy band,
A joyous holiday to keep.

T. V. S., 1900.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Collegians will read with interest the article on "Undergraduate Life at Wellsley," in Scribner's, which gives us a fair idea how the days are spent by young women in that well-known institution. The account of the hard work done by the students there will surprise many readers. They will not be surprised at the high standard of honor which prevails in regard to examinations and to conscientious preparation of tasks. Wellesley has reason to be proud of the success already attained. We note one paragraph devoted to an appeal to some wealthy individual to give the college a new gymnasium. May the young ladies meet with a favorable answer! They are echoing a wish that has found utterance at Georgetown for a long time past. We, too, are waiting for the rich patron, whose heart may be touched by our need, and we are quite as ready as they to accept the gift during his life-time, when our gratitude can be duly manifested.

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This month's Outing has an article on out-door life at Wellesley, devoted to the sports which the young ladies enjoy.

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Some useful hints are given in the current Cosmopolitan "regarding the voice in conversation." They are the outcome of careful observation, and insist on the necessity of instruction in the quality of the speaking voice. We are all charmed by musical voices, but we do not all realize how much every voice, however poor, may be improved by careful practice, and by the removal of common defects. Clear enunciation and correct pronunciation of one's native tongue are sure signs of culture. Both can be acquired by every one who is willing to devote proper attention to the task and the neglect of both is often noticed in men and women of social position and education. Our mother tongue deserves better treatment from us.

* * *

"University Life in the Middle Ages" is described in the May Harper's. The illustrations are from old prints, and they bring before us very vividly the surround-
ings of the student in the early days of universities. The writer has gathered much useful and interesting information on the manners of the students, their daily routine, and their privileges; the various degrees of doctor, master, and bachelor, are explained, and most of the topics about which one would be inclined to ask questions are touched upon. It is to be regretted that greater order and more exact coherence were not observed in the composition of the essay, as it partakes too much of the nature of a mere summary of interesting items.

* * *

An article in Harper's on "Varallo and the Val Sesia" shows how easy it is for writers to fall into mistakes, when ignorant of the exact meaning of the words they employ. It begins as follows:

"This is the inscription blazoned on the wall at the foot of the stairway, which is on the Sacro Monte of Varallo, in the Val Sesia. For those, and they are many, who shall climb this stairway on their bended knees four times during the year, after having been duly confessed, there are a hundred days of plenary indulgence for each ascent."

It ought not to be necessary to explain to any educated man that an indulgence means a remission of the temporal punishment due after the sin itself has been forgiven; that a plenary indulgence is a full remission of the temporal punishment, and that an indulgence of a hundred days is a partial remission, equal to that which would have been gained by a hundred days of penance in the earlier days of the Church. It is evident then that "a hundred days of plenary indulgence" is an impossible combination. The writer has fortunately given us the Italian words of the inscription, so that we can test the accuracy of his version. It reads:

"Indulgenza plenaria per quatro volte a loro piacere dell' anno e cento giorni d' indulgenza per ogni volta in qual si voglia altro giorno a chi confessato et comunicato salira con le ginnochia piegate la scala santa del Sacro Monte di Varallo." Here we are told that one may gain a plenary indulgence four times in the year at one's choice and a hundred days of indulgence on any other day, each time, after having confessed and received communion, one ascends on bended knees the holy stairway of the Sacro Monte di Varallo.

The mistake is in itself not very important, but it illustrates the ease with which errors may be propagated in sketches of distant people, when the writers do not take the utmost pains to ensure accuracy.

* * *

"After-dinner Oratory," is the subject of a contribution by Prof. Brander Matthews, to the May Century. The introduction of anecdotes is discussed, and their too frequent use is deprecated. Lowell said, "that a good after-dinner speech ought to contain a platitude, a quotation, and an anecdote." Judge Hoar's five-minute speeches at Harvard contain "but one original idea, clearly stated, and but one fresh story, well told." Many have twenty anecdotes and no thought. Mention is made of distinguished men who have dreaded the ordeal of an after-dinner speech. Yet this is an ordeal which our consuls and ambassadors are forced to undergo, and for which there should be some preparation. "The secret of
success lies in having something to say which the speaker wants to say to that audience, and which that audience wants to hear from him. If he have the added good fortune of hitting the temper of his audience, then what awaits him is little less than triumph.” It is the duty of the committee in charge to limit the number to five toasts or six at the most, and the pleasant impression depends largely upon the decision of character possessed by the presiding officer.

A newspaper writer, who has had an experience of twenty-five years in one of our large cities, contributes a paper to the May Forum on “Journalism as a Profession.” He starts out with the question, whether journalism is “worthy the serious attention of educated young men seeking a permanent occupation that will yield an income sufficient for present needs, and the necessary provision for old age.” This article is to offer data, proving a negative answer to the question. He explains the situation as it lies at present, giving the number of newspapers in cities that pay good salaries, and showing that these salaries cannot be compared with those earned by members of other professions. Moreover, outside the great cities, the highest money compensation does not equal the income of a capable country lawyer or doctor.

Reputation in the fields of journalism is said to be a dream, and when men succeed, they turn soon to book-writing, which offers higher and surer rewards. The celebrated editors are very few. Very able men are at work, and they do much public good, but their influence depends on the business office of the paper, and is thereby much hampered and limited.

Success still awaits the efficient journalist, however, outside of the large cities, in places of from 5,000 to 15,000 population. There the ground is fallow, ready for able men, who may make the country daily a success and a power. In the cities, the struggle is often hopeless and dispiriting; in the country, it will be joyous and enlivening, and will result in enlarged freedom of editorial expression, and the removal of partisan prejudice and rancor, political, social, and religious. May this brighter day soon dawn, and the character of American statesmanship soon reach that higher level, to which the spread of truth must of necessity raise it.

In this number of the Forum, we notice also interesting articles on the “Utility of Music,” “Evolution of the German Drama,” and two papers on primary education. Prof. Moore, who gave us a lecture last year on cyclones, contributes an interesting account of “Weather Forecasting.”

The Atlantic Monthly brings up again the much-mooted question of the study of English. The difference between the language of literature and the language of common life is pointed out and several reasons are assigned for a necessary difference, but the presence of two disturbing causes is given as an explanation of the greater difficulty of writing English well than of speaking well. These are a too early familiarity with classic literature combined with an ignorance of English and an archaic system of writing English. The writer explains both at length. We shall not follow him in detail, but refer our readers to the article as containing many suggestive thoughts, and not that we agree with the conclusions set down, but intelligent discussion of such questions will clarify our thoughts and enable us to form a more correct judgment on these subjects.

The first part of Mr. Spofford’s “Washington Reminiscences” is devoted to Senator Fessenden and to Peter Force, journalist and historian. We look forward with eagerness to the succeeding papers from the pen of the late Librarian of Congress.
As the school year draws all too quickly to its close, the Post-graduates are reminded of the day of mingled joy and sadness when—if the fates and the examiners be propitious—they shall go forth from the hallowed halls of Georgetown with the seal of Alma Mater on their brows. Into the world, with its coolness and its warmth, its ups and downs, we must soon go and face the stern realities of life. Whatever the future may have in store, the memory of the year spent within these ancient and classic walls will be ever green with us. As it is, the earnest desire of every Catholic college graduate to finish his education by a year of study at this pioneer shrine of Catholic education in America, so, on leaving, he cannot but feel himself greatly aided in fighting the good fight of life—for having his desire realized. Still, to break away from companionship short-lived but deep; to sever associations linked with pleasant memories, to depart from haunts fraught with tender recollections of joyful hours—hours of study, hours of recreation, hours spent in the class room and the laboratory—all this is no easy task, and hence the sadness that mingles with our joy as the hour of separation approaches. In our distant homes we shall continue the friendships formed during the past year. Miles will only chasten, and time make them dearer and truer. Above all, we shall not forget Georgetown. She has been a tender mother to us during our brief stay beneath her roof, and we shall answer her tenderness with loyalty and devotion. To none of her sons will we yield in support of her—in the noble work of educating, in the truest sense of the term, the Catholic youth of our country, and in prayers for her continued and ever-increasing prosperity—ad multos, multos annos.

The time of the year suggests a retrospect. Our lot has been a fortunate one this year—to have been here at the Nation's Capital at a time when our country is passing through a crisis that has resulted in an international war. Washington has been for us a school of patriotism as well as of science and of letters. Surrounded by its sincerest manifestations at a time when loyalty is most needed, we have imbibed a spirit which will remain to us till the end of our lives. These draughts have been drunk within these walls as well as without, and to our Professor in Ethics is due, in large measure, our gratitude for placing the pleasing potion to our lips. While the note of discord to the Administration's policy has sounded from the throat of one of the Professors of the leading Protestant institutions in the land, Fr. Brücker has blown the trumpet call to arms. In his opinion, the ethics of the Cuban question not only now demands immediate intervention, but has been demanding it for months past. To those who decry Catholic education as debasing our allegiance, we would recommend this contrast: Let them stick a pin in it for future reference—it may serve to enlighten and change their antiquated views on certain matters.

This is rather a dark month for the usually happy Post-graduates. With the clouds of war hovering above us by day, and the gaunt spectres of June examiners arising to haunt our sleep at night, we are truly between the devil and the deep sea. Let us hope that before the next issue of the Journal the sun will have broken through the clouds, again, put the spectres to route, and restored us to our accustomed equanimity.

There are several candidates from the Post-graduate department competing for the Toner Scientific medal.
Fr. Doherty has about concluded his lectures in the School of Philosophy, and has distributed among the class the thesis for the finals in June.

In the department of English, the Reverend Dean has announced “Progressive English” as the subject of the last paper in the course of Philology.

JOHN J. KIRBY.

LAW SCHOOL.

The term of the Law School is rapidly drawing to a close, and within one short month Georgetown will send forth a host of young lawyers to bring glory to themselves, and honor to their Alma Mater.

Professor George E. Hamilton, on account of ill health, was obliged to discontinue his lectures on Practice, but his work was taken up where he left off, and very creditably performed by that learned and popular professor, D. W. Baker.

The Law School Debating Society held its monthly public debate on Saturday, May 7. A large and appreciative audience honored the society with its presence, and in justice it must be said that it was amply repaid by the eloquent addresses of the speakers. The question was: Resolved, That the Railroads of the United States should be owned and controlled by the Federal Government.

The affirmative was upheld by Mr. W. Gilmer Dunn, of Virginia; Mr. David V. Perry, of North Carolina; while the negative was ably represented by Mr. Aubrey Lanston, of Maryland. The judges, after due consideration, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. The judges were: W. H. Glenie, Esq., of the District of Columbia; Robert E. Lee, Esq., of Virginia; Myles Fuller, Esq., of Maryland.

At a meeting of the Faculty, held a few nights ago, the following patriotic resolution was unanimously adopted: Be it

Resolved, That the members of the Senior and Post-Graduate classes, who are called into military service of their country, and have passed successfully such examinations thus far had, as would entitle them to graduation, and have maintained a fair average in the quizzes in the subjects on which no examinations have been had, shall be graduated and have maintained a fair average in the quizzes in the subject on which no examinations have been had, shall be promoted into the Senior Class.

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Monday, 6th—Latin Repetitions—Continued.
Saturday, 11th—Latin Prose Composition for all Classes.
Monday, 13th—A. M., Latin Memory and Sight Translation for all Classes; Latin Verse for College Classes; P. M., Latin Memory and Grammar for Academic Classes.
Tuesday, 14th—Latin Repetition.
Wednesday, 15th—Latin Authors for all Classes.
Thursday, 16th—Oral Examinations for College Classes.
Friday, 17th—A. M., Analytical Chemistry for Junior; P. M., General Chemistry for Sophomore; French or German for Academic.
Saturday, 18th—Mathematics.
Morning session, 9-11; afternoon session, 3-5.

"Conditions" must be removed after summer vacation and within the first month of the Fall Term.

Those who have failed totally should present themselves before the opening of Fall Session. The preliminary contest in elocution for both academic and college departments was held in Gaston Hall, during the past month, and in our judgment, we believe that the judges will find it a most difficult task to name the orators suitable for the real contest. All the participants did splendidly, and delivered their selections in masterly style. As the Rev. Vice-President, Father Conway, S. J., said, in conclusion, all were surprised and justly elated over the exhibition given by the boys, for few knew that such talent was latent in our men.

The month of May—the beautiful month—is with us, and a ramble around the fragrant "Walks" will convince the most dubious that this is truly the prettiest month of all the year. Simultaneously with it, we have the May Devotions, and the short discourses delivered by the Reverend Fathers of the Muse, are both interesting and instructive. The wearing of the medals is a significant and salutary practice, and proves the loyal spirit of the students toward their Heavenly Queen.

GARRIGAN.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

Dr. Chas. F. McGahan, B. S., '81, of Aiken, S. C., is at present in New York city, attending Mrs. William C. Whitney, who is indebted to his skill for her recovery from the injuries sustained in an accident at the famous winter resort. The doctor is fast attaining a national reputation.

John G. O'Leary, A. B., '95, of Canandaigua, N. Y., has moved to New York city, and will be a welcome addition to the enthusiastic Georgio-politanians of Gotham.

A very pretty poem "The Hail" from the pen of Thomas Walsh appears in last week's "Criterion."

Two popular Georgio-politanians, John J. Murphy, of Troy, N. Y., and James Murrin, of Carbondale, Pa., are in New York attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Alexander Chauveau, A. B., '93, and his brother, Charles Chauveau, A. B. and A. M., '96, of Quebec, spent their Easter vacation in New York city, renewing old Georgetown acquaintanceships. They are studying law at Laval University, and Alexander expects to take the bar examination in the fall.

Dr. Robert Smart is now physician on the school ship St. Mary's, in port at New York city.

Mr. John G. Agar has been remustered into service with his company in the New York Naval Reserves.

Mr. William L. McLaughlin, LL.B., '95, has been elected president of the Washington Social Club, a prominent Catholic organization in Worcester, Mass.

Francis Duffy, '79, has been appointed Junior Assistant in the Corporations Counsel's office New York city.

Without comment we insert the following from the New York "Journal" of April 24, '98:

Already polo is being much talked of by the "horsy" set, and the constant subject for discussion relates to the clubs that will probably enter the contest for the Meadow Brook cups, which will be played for during the two weeks commencing on May 23. In general it looks as though there would be more polo played this year in the metropolitan district than ever before.

We shall have the Meadow Brooks, the Westchesters, the Rockaways and all the teams contesting in the championship series to be held in Prospect Park, and we shall also have an entirely new club that has been formed by Robert J. Collier at Southampton, L. I.

Robert Collier, I believe, is a brother of the famous "Purr" Collier, who can dance a minuet, or pay a pretty compliment, or whisper...
love in a lady's ear, or take a five-barred gate
with the best of them.

Outside of "Purr" and his brother the per-
sonnel of the Southampton organization is
not familiar to me, although I have heard
that Gordon Paddock and Phil Sands have
something to do with the club.

Mr. J. Malin Craig, of '95, who left in his
Junior year to enter West Point, has received
his appointment as Second Lieutenant in the
Fourth U. S. Infantry, Col. Hall commanding.
Mr. Craig's graduation was anticipated be-
cause of the war with Spain.

It is regretted that Malin did not get an ap-
pointment in the Artillery, which he very
much desired, and for which his mathemati-
cal skill peculiarly fitted him. Still we are
sure whatever be his post in the coming strug-
gle, his valor will uphold the honor of "Old
Glory" and reflect credit on the Blue and
Gray.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. R.
Elliot Edelin, on Monday, May 2d. Mr. Edelin
or "Dick" Edelin, as he was more familiarly
known by his friends, is a native of St. Charles
County, Maryland. He attended Georgetown
College for several years in the sixties, but
did not graduate. He practised law at home
and in the District, and enjoyed the reputa-
tion of being one of the most prominent law-
yers in the State. After marrying a daughter
of Mr. John Hamilton, he was associated with
the latter in business. A little incident at the
death-bed of Mr. Hamilton illustrates the in-
gracy and absolute honesty for which Mr. Edelin
was conspicuous through life. When

John Hamilton was asked to draw up his will
he replied: "There is no need, I leave it all
to Dick Edelin's honesty." And his confidence
was well placed.

Mr. Edelin was also remarkable for his in-
tensely Catholic spirit, and for his charity,
which virtue, however, received added splen-
dor after his death when it became known that
many persons in straitened circumstances
had been for years assisted by Mr. Edelin.
Rev. Father Scanlan of Trinity Church knew
Mr. Edelin for years, and Father Broderick,
who attended his last moments, declare that
concerning Mr. Edelin's private life, they
could not speak higher of any one. Mr. Edelin
was State Senator for several terms and once
ran in a very close contest for Congress
against Mr. Chapman, but was defeated.
Prominent in public life for his honor and
fidelity; in private life for his whole-souled
piety and charity, the soul of "Dick" Edelin
may with confidence appear before the Judg-
ment Seat of God. May he rest in peace.

Among the visitors during the month were
Thomas P. Kernan, A. B., '78, and Henry C.
Walsh, A. M., '88. The latter is making ar-
rangements with one of the local papers to
act as its correspondent at the seat of war.

Honore Laine, of Louisiana, also called
at the college. Business affairs required
Mr. Laine's presence in Cuba during the
Weyler's regime. Having fallen under the lat-
ter's displeasure, he spent the greater part of
a year in a Cuban prison. He is at the Capital
seeking redress for the indignity perpetrated
on him by our national foe.

BOOK TALK.

"The Taming of Polly" has enjoyed a popu-
lariry which should ensure a warm welcome
for "Pickle and Pepper," the latest production
from the pen of Ella Loraine Dorsey. This is
a charming story for children, and as such is
most worthy of recognition; it also contains
much that will interest those of more mature
years, and will amply reward the time spent in
reading it. "Pickle and Pepper" overflows
with the sweetest images and brightest asso-
ciations of the happiness and affection, the
cares and sorrows of domestic life. The au-
ther's love of the innocence of children is man-
ifest, and her admiration of virtue, both in
youth and age, is a striking feature in this
work. The book introduces the reader to the
family of a Congressman, and gives him a
glimpse of life in the National Capital.
"Pickle and Pepper," as they are called, are
the children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and they
win our affection in the same manner as they
won the affection of their youthful playmates.
Mrs. Thomas is a most lovable and intelligent
character, and we never cease admiring her

kind and generous disposition. Madame Halka,
the witch, appears in the latter part of the
work, and the introduction of such a mysteri-
ous person greatly adds to the interest of the
story. The first scene is laid in Washington,
and the descriptions of the visit to the circus,
the Zoo and Mt. Vernon, and the animated
scenes in the children's pleasure palace, are
at once instructive, interesting and entertain-
ing. Reverses of fortune compel a part of
the family to retire to the forefront, and Pepp-
er's health obliges him to go in company with
his father, to Colorado. The Forefront, a
rough, old-fashioned country place, gives a
splendid contrast to life in Washington.
Llangollen, the home of the family, whose
spacious halls and pleasant scenes must be
abandoned for awhile, becomes, in the end,
the haven of rest, after all traces of misfort-
tune have disappeared. The appearance of the
witch, and the simple German colony tend to
enliven the story and add additional charms to
this delightful story. Halka is, in our opinion,
the most interesting character in the book,
and her method of administering to the wants of her patients on the mountain which partook partly of a faith cure and partly of the application of soothing remedies, would in the last few chapters seem to imply, that her remedies were as effective without the mysterious ways attached to them, and by adding in their stead a little of the "milk of human kindness," combined with Christian charity, she accomplished as many cures, as when the simple people believed only in her charms. That Pickle and Pepper, with its beautiful description of child-life, with its teaching of the excellent effects of kindness and love, and written in such a fascinating style, will become most popular, is beyond question.

In "The Armorer of Solingen," William Herchenbach gives us a pretty story, which any one who begins will surely read to the end. A genuine appreciation of the value of perseverance and courage pervades the work, and around the rugged and heroic virtues of Peter Simmelpuss is woven a German tale which presents characters and events, impossible, perhaps, yet intensely interesting. Peter, the hero of the narrative, is the son of an armorer, and the youth becomes very desirous of learning the art of making a Damascus sword. Incited by the taunts of Sir John Haber, a robber knight, he resolved to undertake the perilous journey to Damascus, in which place the secret of manufacturing the famous blades was known, and was so well guarded that it would appear an almost hopeless task for any foreigner to learn anything about it. The adventures of the noble youth, and the difficulties which he had to overcome in his pilgrimage to the East, his career in Damascus, the stirring incidents of his return to his native village, his success in introducing the manufacture of the famous sword, are the materials from which the author produces the narrative. The liberation of the slaves from captivity in the work-shop of the sword-maker, the establishment of the identity of the white slave, Miriam, the subsequent restoration of her to her husband, who had become a hermit, and around the rugged and heroic virtues of the Armorer of Solingen, leaves similar impressions on the mind of the reader.

The "Inundation on the Rhine" and other tales are to be commended in this—they are short. In the first story the author deals with events which appear altogether improbable, and we cannot conceive the possibility of such an occurrence as the following: The Rhine overflows and carries away among other things an infant in its cradle. A faithful dog follows the cradle all night, and in the morning attracts the attention of some people on the bank of the river. Houses, incidentally, were also swept away in this flood. Large cakes of ice were floating down the stream, yet the dog and the infant could remain all night in this terrible current, and still be uninjured. Fourteen years afterwards the child aided by the same dog discovers his parents. The author however by explaining that such things can only happen by the Providence of God, aids his readers in dispelling many of their doubts and misgivings. The other tales relate events which we can imagine as being possible, and besides being interesting, give us a clear idea of the benefits to be derived from a pious life, even in this world. The reward of humility combined with charity, the blessings which follow to sufferers if our faith in God is firm and we try to obey his commands, are the lessons which the author seems to convey.

"Pere Monnier's Ward," a novel by Walter Lecky, possesses merit of a high order, but whether or not the purpose which the author had in view by writing such a work is accomplished, we should hesitate to say. He narrates with interest well chosen incidents, and his descriptions of nature, humanity, and the effects of early influence are to be admired. His characters are well drawn; and of various kinds.
Pere Monnier, the kind, sympathetic, pious and grandly simple pastor of his little flock, is an embodiment of whatever is truly noble in humanity. The "loose-tongued, crack-brained, soldier-talking Napoleon" keeps us in good humor, and Anna is almost as necessary in the development of the plot as in the household. Genevieve, the golden lass, the sunshine of the Pere’s home, is the centre around which the other characters group themselves, and we may study her career with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, of delight and sympathy. In a tender and pathetic way, the author tells of her early sorrows and her last great misfortune. Her happier years passed with the Pere are described in a most pleasing manner, but that the influence of such surroundings and such companions as Genevieve possessed should not have produced better results is, we suppose, to be ascribed to heredity. The description of James Fortune, in the book, tends to confirm in us this belief, as his early years are in direct contrast to those of Genevieve, and in his later life his conduct towards those who had made who is naturally base. The author possesses a rich and varied imagination, both in inventing scenes and characters. His style is easy and natural, always pleasing, and well-finished, and enlivened by a touch of strong satire now and then. The book is a beautiful study of human nature, involving a principle which is worthy of some consideration.

"Pickle and Pepper," by Ella Loraine Dorsey; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; 85 cents; Benziger Brothers.

"Pere Monnier’s Ward," by Walter Lecky; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; $1.25; Benziger Brothers.

ATHLETICS.

There is much to say this month, both good and bad, about athletics. Like President McKinley’s message to Congress, the editorial has been somewhat modified by recent events; for that Harvard game surely covered a multitude of sins—sins of commission, sins of omission. We had intended to serve athletics in general, and base ball particularly with the brownest "roast" that the "Journal’s" range was capable of producing; as it is, we must, perforce, say that the game with Pennsylvania, from a Georgetown point of view, was the most disgusting exhibition we have ever had the pain of seeing on "Georgetown Field," including class games, and the yearly contests of the famous "Greeks," whose players, by their society’s rules, are never permitted to indulge in practice under pain of everlasting excommunication from the team.

To one in the stand, it appeared that Dowd was doing all in his power to win his game, and certain other players were doing all in their power to lose it. Such a state of affairs is sometimes possible among "professionals;" but surely it is never permissible among honest sportsmen who are playing for the glory of their college and not for a salary.

Let us have no more of this! Perhaps we are wholly mistaken, and it would, indeed, be a great relief to believe that we are; yet whether mistaken or not, in some minor statements, the main point stands—that during the Pennsylvania game, at least, it was evident to every one that there was bad blood among the members of the team, and, as a result, some individuals disgraced themselves and the team as a whole gave a grand distortion of the national game.

What a marked contrast was the Harvard game! Every man played as though his life was in the balance. Each one was in harmony with his fellows. Not a word of discontent. In truth, it was almost a realization of an athletic utopia!

Now, get together boys, or rather keep together; for you have already gotten well together. Do not be childish enough to allow personal animosities to evince themselves in public; try to maintain the peerless standard set by the Harvard game, and all will be "bene." And let each one place this little truth in the bowl of his pipe—it is easier to "jolly" a man into good work, than it is to "cuss" it out of him.

P. S.—If you win the Virginia games you may have the entire "main building," to do with it as you choose.

A word about Field and Track Athletics. Morally, they are in a deplorable state, and will continue in the present hopeless condition until "Bill" Foley is warranted the authority that properly belongs to him. When our present trainer came to Georgetown, the Blue and Gray gave promises of breaking the tape in many an athletic contest, track athletics were booming, every one interested, and many prophesied that a time might come when Georgetown would land first place at the inter-

Owen, Owen . Tailor and Draper--

423 ELEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST
Until they are smothered or eradicated, the remnants of those cliques still endure, and Foley's care. He will give you the honest estimate of Foley's ability, and not the dishonest expression of "sore heads" and "swelled heads." These facts cannot be contested. No one who has ever left Georgetown, with Foley's consent, to engage in athletics, has ever volunteered his counsel, no matter what be the extent of his "rep," neither meekly nor politely. By doing this you will benefit yourself, aid your trainer, reduce the proportions of certain magnified heads, and confer a lasting favor upon the athletic future of the "G" you run for.

In place of the dual meet with Penn., declared off, Manager Claiborne has arranged a handicap meet for May 14. Invitations are extended to all the Eastern colleges and schools. The events to be contested are as follows:

**YALE VS. GEORGETOWN.**

No team work! Those three words tell the true story of our defeat by Yale on the 7th of April. Feary pitched well. So did Dowd. Yale played with Yale nerve; while it was evident that Georgetown was sadly in need of old man Smackem, or some other more colored philanthropist, with a large wagon-load of sand. Our only excuse, and that the measiest possible, is that Green gave us a misdeal on every close decision; but when two men, and men who are supposed to have good judgment, stand on second base like propped-up mummies, and calmly remain there while a long sacrifice fly is returned from the field to the home plate, what can you hope for? There was no scoring in the first inning. In the second, Hazen tallied for Yale. Walsh, McCarthy, and Maloney managed to scrape a speaking acquaintance with the plate in our half of the third, and there was an end to our scoring. Yale began to get in her fine work when Camp singled, walked to second on a passed ball scored on Feary's hit, who, in turn, scored on Moran's long distance throwing exhibition. In the next inning, Wear, who, by the way, is the best all-round college ball player that has appeared on Georgetown Field this year, drove a grounder to Moran, whose arm was still on a spree, and he tossed the sphere to the bull in the convict grounds. When the dust cleared away, Wear was clinging at third, with his feet upon the sack, and the next moment he reached home on Hazen's fly to left. Camp made his second hit, stole, and scored on Wallace's out. Camp also distinguished himself in the seventh, when he permitted his hereditary foot ball blood to master him, and tackled Dowd between the second and third bags. The game was scored as follows:

**PRINCETON VS. GEORGETOWN.**

It was a splendid game! Bach pitched elegantly. In fact, his head-work was worthy of an old campaigner. Harrison, too, pitched well; but our men had their eyes with them, and so his endeavors were fruitless. Maloney gave Eddie Bach the support to which such a superb pitcher is entitled, and there was a happy absence amongst the entire team of the uncertainty and hesitancy that was so sadly evident in the Yale game. Hafford was returned to third, and his work there proved that he is capable of playing that bag, the most difficult position on the diamond, if he would only go at balls harder and with more determination, his work would be perfect. The batting of Downes and Moran was pleasant to look upon—each scored a "homer," by driving the ball four or five days into the future, the two hits resulting in seven runs for Georgetown. Princeton has an excellent team.

The game was scored as follows:

**GEORGETOWN.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>P.</th>
<th>O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>5</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**PRINCETON.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>P.</th>
<th>O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Georgetown...**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
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<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>x=8</td>
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</table>

**Princeton...**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
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<th>E.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CARL E. GUNDLACH


**COSTUMER.**

**COLLEGE CAPS AND GOWNS.**

927 E. St. N. W.
First base by errors, Georgetown 1, Princeton 3; left on bases, Georgetown 5, Princeton 7; first base on balls, off Bach 4, off Harrison 3; struck out, by Bach 6, by Harrison 2, by Watkins 2; home runs, Downes, Moran and Kelly; three base hits, Thompson; two base hits, Hafford; sacrifice hits, Bach and Kafer; stolen bases, Butler and Hutchins; double plays, McCarthy to Moran; Burke to Kelly; hit by pitcher, Bach and Burke; umpire, Mr. Charles Green; time of game, 2 hours and 35 minutes.

PRINCETON VS. GEORGETOWN.

Twas a sad but inglorious day for the Georgetown arms. Princeton, with Hildebrand at the helm, sailed around us, raked us with all kinds of balls, from stem to stern, and when the smoke cleared away, the rain, that delayed the game and gave Hildebrand a breathing spell, after the first inning, had turned to salt water upon the Blue and Gray pennant that floated from the stand. It was a good game until the third, when Butler buried the ball in the old cemetery near the North building, and Georgetown is still wearing crepe for the dear departed. Princeton fields well, but could not hit. In the first game she made only five hits, and in the second, but four:

The game was scored as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>P</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Princeton</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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</table>

YALE VS. GEORGETOWN—April 12.

We were getting used to it by this time, and so, when Yale rubbed it in for the second time, we simply philosophized, yet the game was not dishonorable, no player on the team should bow his head; but—!

It was a pitcher’s battle, and, as usual, Bach had the best of it until the seventh, and then Yale, with her proverbial luck, came in and made hits galore, that would, under ordinary circumstances, have been easy outs; however, a game is not a game unless it has a large element of chance, and so it is, perhaps, better to eliminate the question of “hard luck” from these post mortem exams. Hughes, at second, made a mess out of two balls, that Eddie Byrne, for instance, would have taken particular care of. Downes batted like a fiend, and McCarthy was also numerous with his stick. Hafford and Maloney ornamented their positions. Yale played an errorless game, and was composed of the best crowd of natural batsmen that have played here this season. Wadsworth’s move was particularly noticeable.

The game was scored as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yale</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
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</table>

HARVARD VS. GEORGETOWN.

This game recalls the victory by which Georgetown made her first prominent step into the college base ball world, when she defeated Harvard in ’93, with the famous Jack Highlands in the box. We might say here, parenthetically, that shortly after that game the Harvard papers were ordered to suspend their exchanges with the Georgetown College Journal. It was, eminently, the best played and most satisfactory game seen here this season. It would be almost impossible to mention any individual work in connection with this game, for each man played perfectly. However, it were unjust to pass over in silence the screaming home run made in the eighth by Maloney, that resulted in three runs and a well-won victory.

Harvard’s only score was made on Bach’s only wild pitch, whose work, with this exception, was, as usual, artistic to a degree.

The game was scored as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>P</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvard</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

PENN. VS. GEORGETOWN.

We pass this game over in dignified silence and disgust, save for a groan and a sob and a sigh. It was like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
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<th>P</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Univ. of P</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

By the way, this game was common-place. The score was seemingly close, but no one doubted that the final result would be the same as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>P</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Univ. of M</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
VILLANOVA VS. GEORGETOWN.

This game was a great joke! The Villanova team came to Georgetown with a strong reputation, and now we are disposed to embrace the morals of old Jack Falstaff on the subject of "rep," and, in truth, if such is reputation, then "we'll have none of it," as the pot-bellied old rascal said.

McCarthy's work in this game reminds us of his superb work on first base since he exchanged his old position in left field. Without doubt his work surpasses that of any college first baseman I have ever seen, and his playing can never exceed the good wishes of the student body who are devoted to him, and not one whit of this devotion, but is wholly deserved.

The game was scored as follows:

Georgetown ...... 2 1 3 0 0 0 0 0 0— 3
Villanova ...... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0

PENNSYLVANIA VS. GEORGETOWN,
(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Notwithstanding the miserable condition of Franklin Field yesterday afternoon a splendid game of ball was played between Pennsylvania and Georgetown, the result being a victory for the Quakers by the score of 2 to 1. The infield was almost ankle deep with mud, while large pools of water made the outfield exceedingly treacherous for the players chasing long flies. Although the Red and Blue team won, it was due more to that element of luck which enters into every base ball game than any especially good work on the players' part, as the visitors outplayed them in every respect.

Although the fielders experienced much difficulty in keeping their feet there were few misplays, those made being in no wise due to the condition of the grounds. There were several bits of clever fielding, in which the Georgetown players figured the more prominently. Fleming and Hoford were the bright stars of the visiting aggregation, their work being of the highest order, especially the latter's. On two occasions he made grand stand stops with his gloved hand while on the full run, retiring his man on good throws. Fleming's chances were all hard hit balls in the first baseman's territory, which he was forced to scoop while running. Moran also played a nice game at short. Houston's catch of Moran's long fly in the sixth, with two out and two on bases, was the best piece of work done for Pennsylvania.

The game early narrowed down to a battle between Brown and Bach, and, although the former won his game, his work was not one whit better than that of his opponent. Up to the last inning Pennsylvania had only found Bach for four hits, one of them being a scratch. Brown had a great record of strike outs, ten of the visitors being retired in this manner. Pennsylvania scored her first run in the fourth. Houston, the first man up, took first on the only base on balls that Bach gave during the game. Frazier attempted to sacrifice and Maloney threw wildly to first. Robinson struck out. Jackson hit to Bach, who threw Houston out at third, Hoford attempting to catch Jackson at first. On the throw across to McCarthy, Frazier continued on around to third base, being declared safe by Umpire Smith on what looked like a certain out from the scorer's box. Jackson went down to second on the next ball pitched, and on Maloney's throw to catch him, Frazier started for home. Fleming returned the ball, Maloney dropping it, but recovered it before Frazier touched the plate. The run was counted on the ground that Maloney blocked Frazier at the plate. The other run was scored in the eighth inning. Casey misjudged Thompson's short fly and then muffed it. Gillinder sacrificed him to second. Brown flew out to Walsh and then Houston sent Thompson home with a hit past Hoford.

Georgetown's only run was scored in the eighth, when McCarthy hit for two bases after two men were out and came home on Jack- son's wild throw to Maloney's grounder. They had several opportunities to score more runs, but could not make the necessary hit at the proper time. The score:

Pennsylvania. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Houston, cf. .......... 0 2 2 0 0
Frazier, rf. .......... 1 1 0 0
Robinson, 3b. ...... 0 3 3 0 0
Jackson, 2b. ...... 0 1 2 0 0
Gillinder, c. ......... 0 0 0 0 0
Hall, ss. ......... 0 1 1 2 0
Clayton, 1b. ...... 0 0 6 1 0
Thompson, rf. ...... 0 1 0 0 0
Gillinder, c. ......... 0 1 1 2 1
Brown, p. .......... 0 0 0 2 0

Totals ................ 2 6 27 10 3

Georgetown. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Hafford, 3b. ...... 0 0 2 3 0
Downs, cf. ......... 0 0 2 0 0
McCarthy, 1b. ...... 1 3 12 1 0
Maloney, c. ......... 0 0 3 0 0
Hoford, ss. ......... 0 0 0 3 0
Fleming, 2b. ...... 0 0 0 3 0
Walsh, rf. ......... 0 1 1 0 0
Casey, IF. .......... 0 0 0 1 0
Bach, p. .......... 0 1 0 5 0

Totals ................ 1 5 24 15 2

Pennsylvania ...... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 x—2
Georgetown ...... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Two base hits—Jackson, McCarthy; left on bases, Pennsylvania, 5; Georgetown, 5; struck out, Hafford, Downs (2), Fleming (2), Walsh, Casey, Bach (3), Robinson, Thompson; double plays, Bach, McCarthy, Moran; Moran, Mc- Carthy; first base on errors, Georgetown, 2; Pennsylvania, 2; first base on balls, Hafford, Moran, Walsh, Houston; hit by pitched ball, Hafford; wild pitches, Bach, Brown; time of game, 1:45; umpire, Smith.

Prince--Artist Fotografer
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