Washington.

Whenever Justice stands dismayed,
And Strife unsheathes his flashing blade,
God raises up a fearless man
To shape the purpose of His plan—
A fearless man who bows his knee
Alone to the Great Mystery,
And knows no sceptre, feels no rod,
Beside the endless sway of God.

No seer is he, with hallowed signs
To witness his prophetic lines,
For, all unconscious of his power,
He bears the brunt of peril's hour,
As some great hemlock braves the breeze
That kills the fronds of weaker trees,
And stands erect, though years have fled,
To point the course that Valor led.

J. A. F., '05.
WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

The Journal, this month, in endeavoring to contribute its small share towards honoring the memory of our First President, has deemed it peculiarly fitting that some account should be given of an incident which cannot fail to interest all Georgetown men—the visit of Washington to the College. That so little information is obtainable concerning this historic event is indeed regrettable. The archives of the College contain absolutely nothing with reference to it and the history of Georgetown, that ran for several months in one of the early volumes of the Journal, for some reason or other, passes over the very year, 1796, in which the visit took place.

At that time the President of the College was Rev. William Du Bourg, a native of the island of San Domingo, and a man of more than ordinary ability. It was he who made the change from the Georgetown Academy to the College of Georgetown; and it was he, also, who introduced another innovation to which can be indirectly traced Washington's visit. Previous to Father Du Bourg's instalment as Rector only Catholics were admitted to the institution, but the new Rector started the more liberal policy, still in vogue, of receiving students without respect to their religious persuasions.

Those professing the Protestant faith soon came to be enrolled on the College lists, and among these were Augustus and Bushrod Washington, blood relations of the General. The faculty of the College, accordingly, paid a visit to Washington, at a time when, having made possible the existence of his country, he was still guiding her destinies with a firm and true hand, prudent and courageous in all things, and loved by all the citizens of the land. Washington received them graciously, we may well believe, and in the same year returned the visit.

We are told that he drove up to the College, and like Jefferson at his inauguration, hitched his horse to the palings. Prof. William Matthews spoke the words of welcome, and Robert Walsh delivered a poetical address, that same Robert Walsh who, in after years, gained so distinguished a place in the world of letters. He was born in Baltimore, in the year 1784, the son of Baron Shannon and a niece of Governor Carroll, and was educated at Georgetown, graduating in his sixteenth year. After his graduation he devoted himself to literature, was a frequent contributor to the Edinburgh Review, and later was editor-in-chief of the American Quarterly Review. Another publication of which he became the editor was the National Gazette, established in Philadelphia in 1820, and the precursor of the present Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Walsh has left in his own hand-
writing a most interesting commentary on Washington's visit. In a letter to the Honorable Edward Everett he says:

"When a pupil at the College of Georgetown, I delivered an address in verse to Washington, in person, in the Old North Building. I enjoyed opportunities of observing him closely afterwards in company with the President of the College, and on his death, I recited in the pulpit of the Georgetown Catholic Church the eulogy, which was written by the Professor of Rhetoric."

The visit of the first President to the "College of Georgetown" has established a precedent to which few succeeding Presidents have failed to conform. Nearly all of our Chief Executives have paid official visits to the College, making Commencement Day the occasion, and on such days the President has conferred the degrees and bestowed the medals on the proud graduates and prize-winners. All Georgetown men earnestly hope that Mr. Roosevelt will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, and honor the University with a visit before his retirement into private life.

It is a matter of sincere regret that no copy of the poem read by Walsh is to be found. A search in the archives failed to disclose so much as a mention of Washington's visit, while the descendants of Walsh, it would appear, have no manuscript of his poem in their possession. Doubtless, the address was a graceful and thoughtful composition, even though the effort of a mere boy, and it is with no little hesitation, therefore, that I append what we might suppose to have been a prose address delivered by Robert Walsh on such an occasion:

Your Excellency: The College of Georgetown bids you welcome to its doors. It is not for us to express in words our gratitude to you in honoring us with this visit, nor to proclaim the praise that is on the lips of every man, of your deeds and your worth, for were every citizen of this Republic endowed with the silvery voice of eloquence, and were their mellow tones all joined in one, great bell-like speech of eulogy, ringing through the length and breadth of the land, the mighty chorus could not sound a note of praise too high for your deserts. And when the love inspired by you is in the hearts of all, it were but an idle task to attempt to tell that love in words; better far, by emulating you in peace and in war, in your domestic life and your public acts, to provide that this Republic, brought into existence by five long years of self-sacrifice, suffering and bloodshed, shall not ignobly perish before it has cast off the swaddling clothes of its infancy.

Young as our country is in the family of nations, it is difficult for us of the rising generation to realize fully the colossal changes that have been wrought among us in less than a quarter of a century. It is hard indeed for us to realize that but a scant twenty-five years ago the welded States of this Union were separate colonies, opposed in many of their interests, but linked together by opposition to the tyranny of a common oppressor; that twenty years ago, when that tyranny had become no longer bearable, the farmer, the tradesman, the lawyer, and the doc-
tor, dropping their every-day occupations, took up firearms to defend their innate rights, and accomplish their independence; that five years later the motley army thus formed, under the leadership of an intrepid soldier and a consummate general, lay encamped at Yorktown, victorious over the disciplined and uniformed ranks of the foe; that for seven years following, the new nation, half-blinded by the strong sun of its own independence, and vexed by internal jealousies and petty strifes, passed a precarious existence under a form of government but little better than no government at all, and finally that to-day this venturesome little Republic, this experiment of the minds of men, this people of a constitution, wisely ruled for the past eight years by a man, the choice of every citizen of the land, actually lives and flourishes, daily growing more powerful, more prosperous, more respected among her sister nations, with as bright an augury for future greatness as ever smiled upon a brave and industrious people.

Surely, no one contemplating with a searching eye the brief history of the United States, can say with justice that muscle and money rule the world alone. Surely the soul and the mind of man play a great part in the contests for supremacy that are ever vexing some portion of the globe. The homely virtues of a sturdy, right-living people are frequently the factors that turn the tide of battle. And these virtues, forming the character of a nation's statesmen, and fused with the goodliest gifts of intellect, are what make a people a great people and a power in the world. The external manifestations of this greatness come afterwards: the barns bursting with grain, the treasuries crammed with gold, the sea-coast lined with grim fortresses, and the ocean dotted with the white-sailed vessels of war; but before all these very necessary and useful things greatness is ingrained and will show itself without "the pomp and circumstance of war."

Some day, perhaps, our country will have extended its boundaries from this narrow strip of land across the mountains and the plains to the Pacific coast; will have taken in Canada, and the great continent to the south of us, and, it is not too much to say, looking at the future in the light of past history, will have brought under its sway some far-off islands of the ocean. Then her prosperity will be the greatest the world has ever known. The countries of Europe and Asia will marvel at her growth, and sue for her friendship, while they enviously plot her downfall. When that day comes let the homely virtues assert themselves. Keep the armies well equipped, guard well the finances, look to the rigging of the war vessels; but unless the people, as a whole, are free from dishonesty and vice, unless they see something besides material gain, unless they strive after something besides gold, unless they remember their Maker, the ruin that came to Greece, the ruin that came to Rome, will just as surely come to them. A powerful nation can suffer destruction only through its own inward corruption.
To ward off that inward corruption, your Excellency, this people will never want for examples of lofty patriotism and sterling domestic virtues. They will have them in all the brave men who fought for independence, and they will have them, in their highest perfection, in yourself. May they never cease to profit by them. But whether they do or not, if there is any gratitude in the human heart, they will never forget the work you have done for them; they will never cease, to pay honor to your memory. Once more the College of Georgetown bids you welcome.

HALL STONER LUSK, '04.
The Spinners.

Circlewise near the saint-ringed throne on high,
That mystic seven sit and toil apace,
Brow-bound with flowers, calm-eyed and fair of face,
Each wrapped in separate hues. Their shuttles fly
For lo! they weave the light, and as they ply
The loom and each bends forward in her place,
That cunning woof flows round them, filling space
And lighting Heaven and Earth and all the sky.

They work for love and not for gold or fame
And therefore if they labour not they die!
Weave on, ye virgin Sisters, as of yore,
Nor heed the sullied heart, the eyeless eye,
Weave on, sweet Sisters, whom we may not name,
And may we watch thy spinning evermore.

Hugh J. Fegan, '04.
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN DELANEY.

No matter how impetuously the red sap of life may have run in the youthful veins, a time will surely come, sooner or later, unless Death himself forestall it, when the eye will dim, the hand palsy, and the limbs become heavy—when we, who, in times gone by, rode first with the hounds, are content to sit by a glowing hearth, and hear others tell of the chase, being strong only in memories of the past, and youthful only in the recollection of our youth. Therefore it is that during the long winter days, I scribble these lines with my trembling hand, ere my mind and memory fail me, and I go to join my comrades of long ago. A childish conceit, you say—ah yes! but it will serve to bring back to me the dear, dead days, and, mayhap, to you, my grandchildren, it will set forth more clearly her, whom you never saw—whose stilted likeness by Gilbert Stuart hangs above me while I write—her who in those days was Mistress Margery Dorrington, a ward of the great General Washington, and who later honored me with her hand and heart.

I will not write of her beauty. I will only say that the painting does not do her justice—that no brush, nor any pen could describe her as she was in those days when I first knew her. It will suffice that I briefly relate, with no attempt at art, certain events which took place, dealing with love, and disappointment, and hope and fear, with battles and peace, and the passing of an empire—with the gaining of a wife by me, and the losing of a citizen and soldier by his Majesty, King George IV., who once held my allegiance—for all these things have a part in my tale.

There were merry doings in Mount Vernon in those days, not such riots as the young people of to-day indulge in, but pleasentries in which due decorum was observed. Hardly a day passed but the coach brought some influential man to consult Colonel Washington on affairs of state—for matters politic were turbulent then—and sometimes their fair daughters and wives accompanied them to share the hospitality of the comfortable house. Then there were the gentry and ladies of the neighborhood, the Lees, the Fairfaxes, and others, as well as many willing recruits like myself, from the army of his Majesty the King, who happened to be in the neighborhood.

And we were happy and gay, Britons and Colonists alike, never recking of the war-cloud, though we saw it lowering, thinking, like those who would put forth in threatening weather, "the storm will surely not come to-day; it will pass away."

It was at one of these pleasant gatherings at Mount Vernon that I first met Mistress Margery. I was the guest of Harry Lee that night—him, whom I and many fellow-soldiers both dreaded and admired in the stormy days that followed. We were to dance the minuet, and I was
at a loss for a partner. In those days we had no such unseemly steps as that new German peasant dance, which since has come into favor. Just then Harry Lee espied two ladies entering the doorway, the one dark and rather tall and heavy, with powdered hair, the other, smaller and much more graceful. "Ha," said he, "Captain, we are in luck! For if I won't get the prettiest maid in all Virginia for your partner—Mistress Margery Dorrington. There she is; she has just come in with Miss Melville, of Alexandria! Hasten!"

We crossed the room. I bowed my obeisance to Miss Melville, and then having been introduced, asked Mistress Dorrington for her hand, during the minuet. I will always remember her as she looked on that night, a petite little figure, in her white short-waisted sleeveless gown, with big, wondering, blue eyes, and a mass of lustrous golden hair, that glowed in the candle light as if it could burn her dainty dress. No powder marred its exquisite hue, and I was struck in that very instant by the unassuming natural grace of the little maid, set off all the more by the charms of the more artificial beauty beside her, whom Harry Lee was now claiming for the minuet and chattering with, in many a decorous quip and jest.

During the dance she moved with such grace, and withal so demurely, that I could not take my eyes from her. Once indeed she looked up, and meeting my ardent gaze blushed so prettily that I knew not whether to chide myself for my rudeness, or feast my eyes all the more on her pleasant confusion. There were many admirers to claim her smiles, so after having secured permission to pay my respects to her and Lady Washington the following day, I retired to the library where there was an abundance of famous punch, and long-stemmed pipes, and Virginia tobacco, and there, without any very difficult course of reasoning convinced myself that I was at last desperately in love.

"O, but it was a merry night!" said Harry Lee, to me, as we rode away at midnight in the calm light of the stars. "What became of you? Fie on you to be smoking like an old pantaloon when such pretty maids were about!"

"When maids are fair and men are brave
And wine is red and gold, ho! ho!
Who sits apart has little heart,
A soldier must be loved, ho! ho!"

His fresh young voice rang out in the still summer air, and he laughed a merry peal and shouted: "Take courage, Dick!" But I was silent, absorbed in my own reflections, for even the jingle of my sabre seemed to say: "Margery! Margery! Margery!" until my ears were filled with her name and my mind with her personality.

II.

I was to have departed for Norfolk within a day or two, but my hosts urged me to prolong my visit. And indeed I required little urging. Seldom a day passed in the three weeks that followed, in which Harry Lee and myself did not find ourselves callers at the hospitable Washington plantation, for Harry was apparently much interested in Miss Melville, who remained at Mount Vernon as guest of the Washingtons, and it was evident to all, excepting Mistress Margery herself,
who pretended not to see it, that I was
deeply in love with Colonel Washington's
little ward. No diplomat or courtier at
St. James had readier art to avoid person­
alities than that young lady, and she was
by turns stately and demure, by turns bantering and wistful, until I knew not
in what manner to make my advances.
Then came a crisis which was an event
in history, as well as a momentous epoch
in my life.
For some time past unpleasant rumors
had been circulated as to the attitude of
certain of the colonies toward the King's
government. More than one colonial as­
sembly had passed resolutions well nigh
seditious; there had been the Boston
stamp trouble, and it was said that soon
another Colonial Congress would be as­
sembled at Philadelphia to discuss griev­
ances—and remedies. Certain it was that
during my visit, Colonel Washington and
Mr. Jefferson were in frequent consulta­
tions, and that both departed hastily for
Philadelphia after receiving certain intel­
ligence from there. Even a rebellion
against England was hinted at; but we,
who thought we knew the temper of the
people, laughed at the thought of such
a thing. Yet, a few days after Colonel
Washington's departure, I received or­
ders to report immediately in Boston, and
rejoin my regiment. Trouble was feared,
said the order, and no time was to be lost.
This proved that the rumors were not
groundless, and I hastened to obey. That
evening I rode over to the plantation to
bid my friends farewell, and carried with
me a firm resolve to speak my mind to
Margery, at whatever cost. But to my
disappointment I found that she was not
in the house, and that they had no knowl­
dge of her whereabouts. I waited some
time in the hope of seeing her, and then,
as it waxed late, set out on my way, after
bidding all farewell.
I was walking down the broad drive­
way, towards the place where I had tied
my horse, when I saw her in the moon­
light coming towards me, swinging her
broad-ribboned bonnet in her hand. I
stood in the shadow of a tree and waited
for her: the damp night-air was sweet
with the odor of honeysuckle and roses
that climbed on a neighboring trellis, and
over in the servants' quarters a band of
negro singers were crooning one of their
weird native tunes, filled with haunting
minor chords. The slim white-clad maid­
en, in the flood of witching moonlight,
the dim Potomac in the background bet­
raying its presence here and there by a
silvery ripple; the faint-heard melody,
and the scent of the hedge-flowers—all
united to make an ensemble so perfect
that I hesitated to break the silence until
she had come, almost, to where I stood.
Then I stepped out and bade her
"Good night!" She was startled for an
instant. "Good night, Captain Delaney,"
she said, "you are leaving early."
"I should have left much earlier, but
waited in the hope of seeing you," I
answered.
"Will you never be serious?" she said,
with affected vexation.
"Immediately," I rejoined, "if you'll
pardon the time and the place. Margery"
(I'll swear she didn't look displeased
when I called her by her first name),
"Margery, you know that I love you—you must have seen it—and I want to know if you care enough about me to let me ask Colonel Washington for your hand."

She stood in the moonlight, swinging her bonnet in her hand, and was silent for a moment, her eyes looking out into the brooding darkness, over the river. "Are you not acting hastily, Captain Delaney," she said, slowly. "Perhaps—"

"I must speak now or forever hold my peace," I replied earnestly. "I must have your answer to-night, or I may never see you again." She looked at me with a curious anxiety. "To be brief, Margery, the foolish rebels in Boston are making trouble for us. They must be suppressed, and I have received orders to report for duty. I leave to-morrow, and must have your answer to-night."

"So you are going to make the 'foolish rebels' obey!" she said. "Well, Captain Delaney, Colonel Washington is one of those 'foolish rebels,' and I am another, and to show you that rebels are not cowed by a Tory's must, I'll say you cannot have my answer to-night—no, nor until your shortsighted government has acknowledged our rights. Not until then will I hold further converse with you, lest I, too, be 'suppressed.' Good-by, sir, and much pleasure to you in your noble work!"

Crushed, astounded and humbled, I attempted to explain, but she turned away with a contemptuous sweep, that spoke volumes, and left me standing under the oak, the most miserable of men. It was the first and most painful wound of the long war with the colonies—a wound unhealable by any hand except the one that caused it—a wound invited by my own stupidity and conceit.

III.

That very night, on returning to my lodgings, I wrote a long letter to Mistress Margery, disclaiming any intention of wounding her feelings and apologizing for my bluntness of speech, yet averring that I would hold her to her condition, and return for my answer if the colonists were successful. Then came the weary years of the Revolution, and many a time in camp and field I had occasion to recall the words of that fateful night. Wounded at the battle of Saratoga, I returned to the field only to be cooped up with the army of my Lord Cornwallis, in Yorktown, outwitted by the strategy of my old host, General Washington and his French allies. How Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, left us to our fate, and how my Lord Cornwallis was at last forced to a humiliating surrender, and how the diplomacy of Franklin and the intervention of France brought about peace negotiations, are matters of history. so I will not recount them. No sooner, however, were the conditions set down by Margery fulfilled, than I determined to see her. Now and then I had heard of her, from various sources, and I knew that she was still at Mount Vernon. In September, 1782, I left New York for Baltimore, and arriving there dispatched a letter to Mistress Margery telling her of my intention to call on her. After a few days in Baltimore I set out by coach for Alexandria. The costume of a British soldier
was not especially popular in Virginia at that time, so I attired myself as a hunter, and with a fowling piece strapped on my back made my way to the scenes so familiar to me in the old days. Arriving at Alexandria I put up at the tavern over night, and early the following morning, rowed down the river to Mount Vernon. I had moored my boat at the southern landing opposite Fort Washington, and was making my way through the shrubbery when I heard a gruff cry behind me. Turning sharply I felt something grate my temple, and was not at all pleased to see a rough-looking fellow standing behind me with a gun, ready cocked.

"What the devil—" I began, but he interrupted me:

"I reckon you'd better not make any noise," he said. "Ye think ye'r pretty sly, but I got ye this time. Poachin' aint a healthy trade 'round here jest now. He! He! He!" He chuckled, mirthlessly. "Come along; I'll take care of you till the Squire comes."

I made a quick motion to reach my gun, but he forestalled me. "No, ye don't!" he said. "I'll take care of that!" He suited the action to the word.

"But I'm not a poacher, good fellow," I said, soothingly. "You've made a serious mistake, and if you—"

"Time enough to talk later," he put in curtly. "Come on, now, or I'll hurt ye! Forward, march!"

Resistance was useless, so I obeyed him. We went up the steep hillside, he behind me carrying my flintlock on his shoulder, with his own gun, ready for service, under his arm. We were in this order, when we encountered no less a personage than Mistress Margery herself, coming down the driveway—a little more mature, a little careworn, perhaps, but still the same fair maiden of the old times. She did not see us until we had come almost upon her. Then she stood, gazing at me and my escort, her lips parted, and her eyes big with wonder. "Mercy!" she cried. "Captain Delaney, is it you?"

"At your service, Mistress Margery," I answered, and, bending low, I kissed her finger tips. Then feeling the barrel of my companion's gun strike me in the back, I straightened up. "I have come to acknowledge your declaration of independence."

"Faith, this is very strange," she said, still gazing in wonder at my guard. "'Tis a little mistake," I answered. "This worthy man evidently does not know that hostilities have ceased, and has made me a prisoner."

"Poacher!" said the guard, expressively, and dropped a courtesy to the young woman.

Margery started to smile, and then checked herself and looked grave as could be. "I received your note yesterday, Captain Delaney, and I'm very sorry that this annoying mistake has happened." Then she turned to my companion, who was standing on one leg and packing a prodigious roll of tobacco into his leather jaw. "Dan, this gentleman is not a poacher, he is an old friend of mine, a British officer. Please release him!"

Dan shifted to his other leg, spat some tobacco juice with mathematical accuracy at a knot-hole in a tree some feet
away, and looked heavenward for a moment. Then, as if he had firmly made up his mind, he drawled:

"Orders is orders! Anyhow a British officer's worse than a poacher. Mebbe he is a spy." This idea seemed to please him very much. He grinned inanely, and looked at me fixedly for a moment. Then he continued:

"Very sorry, Mistress Margery, but I guess I'll have to lock him up in the dairy till the Gen'r'l comes. He'll be here purty soon, I reckon."

Margery flushed with anger, and stamped her foot. "You will do nothing of the kind," she said. "To treat a gentleman like that! Release him, I say; release him instantly!"

Dan looked sheepishly at her, and evidently trying to reason the matter out. "Come, my man," I said, drawing forth a half-crown, "take this, for your annoyance and let me go!"

This was an unfortunate move. With native pride he drew himself up and snapped his firm jaws together. Then the wretch raised his gun and, with a grimly suggestive movement, said: "Fr'ward! March! Must obey orders. Y'r a 'spicious character, an' I'll have to lock you in the dairy."

"Of all places the dairy!" said Margerie. "O, Captain Delaney, it's shameful to have this happen after your kindness in coming this distance. I'll see if I cannot settle this dreadful affair!" Her eyes were filled with tears, and I could have brained my wretched captor, but there was the long-barrelled gun in the way.

"I beg of you, do not disturb your- self,—" I began, but she was off like a whirlwind, in the direction of the mansion.

So I was locked in the dairy, and with its stone floor and massive walls it made a good prison. My guard had left the door open, but stood in stern dignity outside the entrance, with his gun on his arm. I was resigned to my fate, for I knew that release would soon come, and then Margery had, as a result of the mishap, manifested an interest in me, that might otherwise be wanting. With cold-blooded calculation I determined to make the best of whatever advantage the situation might give me.

A quarter of an hour passed. I was seated on a three-legged stool on the side of the deep chamber, quite in good humor with myself, when I heard footsteps outside, and Margery appeared in the doorway, with an expression of anxiety on her pretty face that filled me with unholy joy. She could not see me in the semi-gloom, and peering around, stepped into the dairy.

"O, Captain," she cried, when she caught sight of me, "how can you ever forgive me for the way you've been treated! Indeed I am sorry for it, and I have done all I can to have you released, but there seems to be no one at home with authority. General Washington will be back soon, I hope—and I'm so sorry," she repeated, looking at me wistfully.

I sat with my head lowered as if I were making a heroic effort to prevent the disgrace from crushing me.

"And it's all on my account," she con-
continued, coming nearer, her hands folded in front of her, as if she were pleading an offense—"it’s all my fault—" there was a little sob in her voice,—"and I know you’ll hate me for it—and what will the General say—and, O dear!"

She leaned against the stone window sill, near me, and burst into tears. I stood up then—I could not bear it any longer—and took her hand, and endeavored to comfort her, and I believe I succeeded very well, for when she had dried her tears she looked up shyly, and said meaningly: "Do you need that answer now?"

"No," I replied, "but you must seal the treaty of peace."

After awhile I noticed the doorway darkened, and looking up, I saw the broad shoulders and the noble face of General Washington; he was looking at us with an amused gaze. Margery gave a little scream, and tightened her grasp on my arm.

"A thousand apologies for this interruption," said the General, "but I was informed that my presence was desired here."

"It is I who should apologize for coming here unbidden," I rejoined. The General stepped into the room.

"Captain Delaney!" he ejaculated. "This is an unlooked for pleasure; surely I should have known you at first. You have been very badly treated by my game warden, but we will endeavor to make amends for that." While we were shaking hands Margery stepped up to him, whispered something in his ear, and flushed a vivid crimson. The General looked at me, and then at her, with an amused gaze. "Fie on you, Margery, you demure, little puss! To do this right under my very nose." The General’s stern face was very soft now; there was a twinkle in his eye and he spoke with affected gravity.

"Captain," he said, "I am sorry to see such a gallant soldier as you, engaged in the occupation of poaching. For now I am certain that I saw you trespassing on property entrusted to my care. It is a law here that poachers caught in the act must make restitution of the property to the owner, which property the judge of the case may hold as his fee. Obey the law, sir!" The great General shook with laughter at his own quaint conceit, and I, nothing loath, kissed Margery again, while she, going to him, restored the "property" to him, not once but thrice, until he turned to me and said: "'Tis best, in these cases, to be the judge."

"Nay, General!" I replied; "the judge does not always hold court—I am content to be a poacher."

This foregoing is the main part of the tale I would tell. But there are other things to come, which I will set down if Fate is good to me, and Time does not call me too hastily from my labor. For I grow weaker daily and I fear that my strength is failing—

Note.—The foregoing unfinished manuscript was found among the papers of Captain Delaney, and was written by him shortly before his death. Certain changes in phraseology and spelling have been found necessary in preparing it for publication, but the text of the narrative is unchanged.

John A. Foote, ’05.
Mortality.

Oh, sad sublimity of space and time
That brought us hither, wherefore do ye fail
In sorrow's season? Like a mystic veil
Death hides from us eternity sublime,
To which our lives are nought. We may not climb
The barrier beyond the golden prime,
In vain we cry, our puny shrilling wail
Goes up in vain, we may not pass the pale.

Through all the countless cycles that have past,
Through all the endless aeons yet to come,
Grimly the reaper's work proceeds—too fast
For us poor dwellers 'neath th' infinite zone,
Transformed dust changes back to dust
And in the dust finds its eternal home at last.
THE ASTUTENESS OF AUBREY.

"The cuckoo sings, from day to day,
The same old song, the same old way,
It lacks variety and zest
But teems with human interest.
No anxious worries, lest his stock
Of bright remarks should some time fail
And all his epigrams grow stale
Annoys the cuckoo in the clock."
—*The Conversationalist.*

Aubrey was well aware that his dancing was by no means up to the standard of dexterity, so he was quite relieved when the girl said that she was rather tired and, if he didn't mind, would not dance. On the other hand, as he took the tabouret just vacated by her last partner he began to realize uneasily that he would have to talk to her, really talk, not make disconnected remarks about the floor and the flowers. With Aubrey conversation was usually a great desert of silence with very widely scattered oases. The necessity for small talk in the present case appalled him and he confined his opening remarks to a gentle sigh.

The girl understanding that this was a lead and not knowing the proper parry, smiled and looked interested. Aubrey was satisfied with the effect and not wishing to go too fast followed it up with a remark which could be taken in any way the listener wished.

"I was thinking how much time I've wasted," said Aubrey.

The girl pinned him down to particulars.

"Wasted? How?" said the girl. The reply was obvious, even to Aubrey.

"Why, I've known you for two months," he replied, "nearly three, and we're still mere acquaintances—no more than we were when we met."

"Well, why should we be any more?" said the girl somewhat stiffly. "I'm sure there's no reason—"

"Oh, but there is a reason," broke in Aubrey. He glanced at her, decided that her beauty was too problematical for compliments and proceeded on another tack. "We are both of the same caste, of the dwellers on the threshold. Neither of us is suited for a life of dances and teas. The moment I saw you I knew you were different from the rest."

"Am I really that peculiar?" She seemed almost offended.

"I would rather say that intelligent. It is evident to one who has insight that your mind isn't that of the ordinary girl. Your waking thoughts aren't entirely taken up by gowns and hats."

"I don't know that I like that exactly," said the girl, reflecting. "It sounds as if I didn't dress well."

"'Oh, you misunderstand me," Aubrey protested. "I mean that with you clothes are put in their own relatively unimportant place. Your intelligence shows itself in your dress as in everything."

"You seem to think a great deal of intelligence."

"It is so characteristic of you," explained Aubrey. He paused and congratulat-
ed himself. The girl smiled a little.

"But you mustn't be so heterodox," she protested. "Clothes are everything to women, and in that I am essentially feminine."

"Do you think so?" said Aubrey, blandly. "Then you haven't discovered what you really care for. You haven't 'found yourself.'"

"Oh, you're wrong," objected the girl. "This is the sort of thing I care for. Music and dancing and effervescence. I ought to know."

"But you don't," said Aubrey, sententiously. "There are three kinds of people who are really unhappy. Those who don't like anything, those who don't know what they like and those who like everything. You belong to the second class, Miss Burke. Why, I know you better than you do yourself. You ought to consider me as a sort of an oracle, you know. And this would be my message: Give up this fluttering life, develop your opportunities, do something. Don't blunt your splendid possibilities on frivolity any longer. Will you think it over?"

A nonentity appeared from somewhere. "I believe this is my dance," said the nonentity.

"I will think over what you've said, Mr. MacGrath," said the girl.

Aubrey smiled the happy, contented smile of a master who has brought a difficult piece of work to a successful conclusion.

Of all the people to whom it is difficult to talk the worst is a young girl. This must be Aubrey's excuse for his second conversation.

He was so elated with the result of his first attempt that when he went to claim his next dance and the girl insinuated that it was rather warm he eagerly suggested that a certain corner by the stairs contained a Morris chair and a tabouret, was well sheltered by palms and was full of possibilities. Unfortunately he forgot that this girl had just been promoted from ankleskirts and plaited hair and was not very well fitted to hold up her end of a heart-to-heart talk. He waited for her to lead until the much-to-be-dreaded "awkward silence" seemed to be threatening and finally, in despair, sighed deeply as before. In his endeavor to put feeling into it he almost overdid himself. The girl seemed interested and at the same time startled, but she said nothing. Aubrey, since he was forced to speak, used his most inoffensive remark once more.

"I was thinking how much time I've wasted."

"Wasted? I don't know what you mean."

"Why, just think!" The words slipped so easily off his tongue. "I met you nearly a month ago and I don't know you a bit better now than I did then."

"Don't know me better? Why, I think we're moderately close acquaintances. But you speak rather seriously about it."

"And isn't it rather important—for me?"

"I'm sure I don't see any reason."

Being young she used the simplest and most useless of defenses.

"Oh, but there is a reason," urged Aubrey, earnestly. "You see, like other people, I've always had an ideal, but unlike them I haven't accepted a compromise.
I've waited for the ideal. I've sought for the 'Golden Girl.' And now, if I have found her—"

"Oh, come now!" broke in the girl laughing. "Oh, say!"

"Perhaps you misunderstand me."

"Oh, I think I understand you all right. You're merely trying to jolly me."

"You don't understand me," insisted Aubrey.

"I understand this much," said the girl sagely, "that I'm not a 'Golden Girl,' neither do I care to be your or anyone else's ideal."

At loss for a suitable rejoinder Aubrey hastily revised the one antithesis that came into his head. It didn't seem to mean very much in its new form, but he used it for what it was worth.

"There are three sorts of people who are or ought to be unhappy. Those who are not beautiful and know it, those who are beautiful and know it and those who are beautiful and don't know it. You belong to the third class."

"I don't know whether that's meant to be nice or not," said the girl doubtfully, "but it isn't. You see, I haven't any ambition to be considered beautiful."

"But you can't escape it," Aubrey persisted. "I can't very well say 'Look at that roomful of girls and say whether anyone here is as pretty as you are,' but I can and do decide for myself. This matter of looks calls for an unprejudiced observer."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said the girl petulantly. "There are higher distinctions than being called beautiful for me to aim at."

"There can be no higher distinction," said Aubrey impressively, "and if you really knew your own mind you'd see there is none you want more. You don't want to bother yourself about this 'woman's higher sphere' question. Why I know you better than you do yourself. You ought to consider me as a sort of oracle with a message for you, and the message is this: 'Don't bother about higher distinctions. All that can be fairly expected of a girl like you is to live up to her profile. Be satisfied with your beauty.'"

"But the beauty isn't there," objected the girl. "Will you think it over?"

"Why yes, I'll think it over. But I believe I have this dance. You'll excuse me, Mr. MacGrath."

In almost all circles it is considered bad form to discuss a man who is in sight even though he is out of earshot. Perhaps this is intended as a precaution against men with unusually sharp hearing. At any rate things might have turned out better if Aubrey had stood around and watched things happen. But he had a blank space on his card and strolled out in the coolness to smoke—and try to think of something new to infuse a little variety into his conversation.

He must have been quite hardened by this time, for when he returned to the floor and approached the girl who laid claim to the next dance on his program he all but suggested that time spent in dancing was time wasted, when a tabouret and a Morris chair were so convenient. She seemed no more inclined to dance than he was and before the music
started they were safely ensconced behind the palms. The girl settled herself in the cushions and made a frank bid for amusement. No other course appearing to him Aubrey bethought himself to sigh, which he did very effectually.

"I suppose I must accept that for a sigh of contentment," said the girl.

"I was thinking how much time I've wasted," said Aubrey. It was not exactly apropos, but the poor boy couldn't think of anything else to say.

"If you think you're wasting time now—" she gave the unfinished sentence a threatening tone.

"You don't understand," said Aubrey.

"Then what did you mean?"

"What did I mean? Why this, that I've known you nearly a year and we're still mere acquaintances—no more than we were when we first met."

"It may seem that way to you," said the girl quietly, "but I assure you we're quite as close friends as I care to be with any one."

"How frank you are," said Aubrey admiringly. "And that's so rare a virtue in these days. I consider my one redeeming trait. I worship it as one might a star."

"Because it's so far above you?"

"Because it's so eminently characteristic of you."

"Oh that isn't true," objected the girl. "I'm really a horrible fibber. I'm almost as insincere as you. And I ought to know."

Aubrey did not notice the peculiar turn she gave her remark.

"But you don't" he remarked, solemnly. "There are three—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the girl, "but something tells me I know what you are going to say. And if there's anything in your boasted sincerity you'll acknowledge I'm right. Let me see," she reflected, "you've already said you were surprised at the amount of time you've wasted, and that we met a long time ago and were still mere acquaintances. Now you were going to say that there were three classes of people who are always unhappy. Those who never tell the truth, those who always tell the truth and those who tell unpleasant truths, and that I belonged to the third class. You were then going to say that you know me better than I do myself and that you were an oracle with a message, a sort of modern Baalam's ass. I'm not sure what the message was to be," she continued, regarding the crushed mortal before her with an amused smile, "but perhaps this will do for a message: 'Truth is too precious to be wasted.' Next time you have something to say that you think girls will be taken with try it on me first. I may be able to give you some valuable hints. Good-night, Mr. MacGrath—oh, I wanted to tell you; Edna Burke says you're the most intelligent man she ever saw and that little Myra Adams thinks you're too sweet for anything."

"I wonder how long it will take her to tell the whole house," mused the despondent Aubrey. For the last time he sighed vehemently.

FRANCIS P. SULLIVAN, '04.
Leaving the cavern Aeneas, with countenance mournful and downcast,
walked on his way while the future events in his mind he considered.
Joining him faithful Achates conformed his gait to his hero's,
many the words they exchanged in their ever-unsettled opinions,
whose was the corpse to be buried and who was the lifeless companion
meant by the words of the priestess? And coming they saw on the sea-beach,
slain by an infamous death, the beloved Aeolian Misenus.
Never did any surpass him in moving men's minds by the trumpet,
or in inflaming their spirits to war by the blast of the bugle,
comrade of Hector, with clarion and spear went beside him to battle.
After Achilles deprived of his life the illustrious hero,
he, who obeyed no inferior, followed the Trojan Aeneas.
While he was foolishly making the waters resound with his shell-fish
Triton, the envious god (if the story is worthy of credit)
Snatched the offender and plunged him between the rocks foaming with billows,
All thereupon, and above all Aeneas, with great grief bewailed him,
Weeping they hastened to do the commands that the Sibyls had given,
Building the funeral pile, they are emulous raising it heavenward.

JOSEPH REAGAN, '06.
The small village of Rosemont, Virginia, was not, at the time of which I write, at picturesque spot, yet, to one who loves the fragrant country it was not without its attractions. Frequent patches of woods surrounded the village in every direction, interspersed by long, even-rowed corn-fields, and stubble fields dotted here and there with piled-up straw. The village itself was small and the houses were, for the most part, one-story buildings, whose owners seemed too much given to the work of the field to notice that paint would have wonderfully improved their dwellings. At one end of the village and raised somewhat by a small hill stood a large but woefully dilapidated looking house, built after the Colonial style, and like the other places, sadly in need of repainting. The house was called "The Manor," and although at this time it had nothing manor-like in its appearance, one might readily believe that at one time it was a delightful home. Its sole inhabitant was termed, by the more irreverent of the villagers and by the gossips, a miser, and by the more charitable ones, "Old" Sherwood. Whether or not he was a miser I am unable to say, but certain it was that his character and habits and apparent neglect of his person and property gave color to the many tales told of him by his townspeople. It was equally true that old Sherwood was rich, for Mrs. Hamilton, my informant, and also my landlady, (I was spending the summer in Rosemont, had known him for years and was immensely capable of judging. She, on the day of my arrival, told me not only about old Sherwood—she was of the charitable ones—but also all her own affairs and troubles. It is enough to say that she was "reduced" by the war, and that she insisted on having every one know that before that period she was wealthy and of unimpeachable family. Yet a kindlier woman never lived. She told me once as a proof of Sherwood's stinginess that he kept only one servant, an aged negress, when he might have had twenty men in livery, and that he lived entirely in one room, keeping the others continually closed. These facts and some more gathered from the same and other sources convinced me that Sherwood was, to say the least, an interesting person and I resolved, if the opportunity ever presented itself, to visit him.

I had a fellow lodger at Mrs. Hamilton's, a young fellow named Bryce, who so he told us, had come to Rosemont to work up some law and to rest. He was an immensely attractive fellow, sympathetic, clever and very companionable, and Mrs. Hamilton and myself took a great fancy to him, Mrs. H. telling me on several occasions that he was very much the "Southern gentleman before the war." Bryce and I saw a good deal of each other during the first part of my stay in Rosemont and never, I thought,
had I met such an agreeable fellow. One afternoon just as I had arisen from a nap and looked out of my window into the garden, I saw Mrs. Hamilton talking to a handsome old gentleman, who stood, silk hat in hand, listening most attentively. He was fashionably clothed in a frock coat, reaching a trifle below his knees, well made and the lapel decorated with a carnation; he carried his gray gloves loosely in his hand, and his trousers, gray in color, were faultlessly creased down to his polished shoes. I immediately thought he was an ante-bellum friend of Mrs. Hamilton's, and, seeing Bryce's door open, I went over with the intention of calling his attention to the new-comer, but I saw Bryce's figure on his couch wrapped snugly in his bathrobe, so I did not disturb him. I went back to my room and fell to reading and was somewhat surprised a few moments later to hear Mrs. Hamilton showing her friend to a room adjoining that of Bryce, and on hearing the man say 'Thank you, madam, I'll be comfortable here. I shan't come down to dinner. Thank you! I've been slightly unwell to-day. Thank you.' He was evidently going to stay a day or two, a welcome addition, for Rosemont and its good air were becoming rather boresome. Mrs. Hamilton went off to her work and I fell asleep. The dinner-bell awakened me and I entered the dining-room in time to hear the new-comer's name:

"Yes, Bennett P. Humphreys is his name," Mrs. Hamilton was saying as she, with a maternal air, poured out Bryce's coffee.

"Yes, so he told me," said Bryce.

"Why, have you seen him," I asked.
"You were asleep when he came."
"No, I heard him as he was coming up stairs. I thought, as he was ill, I might be of some assistance to him. He appears to be suffering from hay-fever and Rosemont was recommended as a place of freedom from it. I'll take his tea and toast to him, Mrs. Hamilton."

"That's so thoughtful of you, Mr. Bryce; thank you." And then our landlady told us how inconvenient it was to be without a servant and how worthless servants now-a-days were and how in days gone by she had never known what cooking was. I listened, with fast-decreasing interest, then went up-stairs to my book, one of Conan Doyle's, and soon was greatly interested in it. Bryce came in soon after and asked me to lend him something to read to Humphreys, as the old man was unable to sleep. I lent him a book and soon heard Bryce's good voice reading aloud and once in awhile Humphreys would say something and I noticed the deepness of his tones. When I fell asleep Bryce was still reading. The next afternoon Humphreys appeared and went out to walk, taking the direction of the "Manor." I watched him going up the walk to the house and wondered if he knew old Sherwood. He had hardly reached the house when the miser himself came out and from his gestures I gathered that he asked Humphreys to withdraw from the grounds. Humphreys came home, sat on the veranda awhile, then came up to his room. I passed him in the hall and noticed what a well-preserved old fellow he was; he must have been nearly seventy, yet he was taller and
straighter than I, almost as tall as Bryce, whose height was almost six feet. Humphreys bowed slightly to me and I returned it and resolved to ask Bryce to introduce me, as I was interested in the man.

Bryce, who had taken up all the newcomer's meals, seemed to like him and when I asked to meet him said he would introduce me the same night, but at dinner he explained that Humphreys was tired, but that "to-morrow" he would be glad to see me. After dinner we sat in my room and smoked, I pulling on a corn-cob pipe, purchased on my arrival in Rosemont, and Bryce smoking innumerable cigarettes.

"You should smoke a pipe," I said by way of conversation. "Here I smoke good tobacco, enjoy my smoke, save the tobacco coupons and am rewarded for my thrift by a fine imitation silver watch warranted to run forty-eight hours, etc, etc."

"Is that it?" he asked, going over to the mantelpiece and examining the article. "With tobacco coupons, did you say? Well, that's not bad; I suppose you'll want to read to-night, so I'll go to bed; or no, lend me something to read. I'll return it and the other book to-morrow. What time is it by that clock? Nine? So late as that? Jove! the evening has passed quickly. Good-night." Bryce went off and I pulled a novel from my table and began reading.

I had read maybe four chapters of a rather interesting novel and was just preparing to close the book when Bryce rushed into the room and astonished me by saying: "Come on; come on." I grabbed my hat and started after him, and as he went down the stairs, three at a time, he told me that old Sherwood had been robbed.

Inside the Manor grounds he went and I followed swiftly, but was brought to a stop by a knot of villagers standing around Sherwood's body. The old man was dead—strangled. He had been found by his servant at a quarter to nine, and she, in terror, had fainted and when she had sufficiently recovered to give the alarm, old Sherwood was dead. Near him lay two empty tin boxes. His desk was open and his papers lying in confusion about the floor. He had certainly been robbed.

I was astounded. Before I could collect my scattered thoughts Bryce had ordered two of the men to search the house and he, with two others, went to look about the garden and grounds, while I and several more were to await the arrival of the police, who had been sent for by the schoolmaster, and who, for it was only a short distance to Richmond, would not be long in coming. In a few minutes Bryce returned saying that he could find no trace of anybody in the grounds, and thought it was best to let things alone, anyhow, until the officers arrived.

They came at last, and their first search of the garden, after hearing the particulars of the case, disclosed a pocket-handkerchief found under one of the windows, the one through which the murderer had evidently entered, for there were fingerprints in the dust on it. Another search of the house was made, Bryce and I standing around trying to be of some use, but no trace of man, woman or anybody was discovered.
Suddenly a man in citizens' clothes, who was closely examining the handkerchief, said to himself, as if reading an initial, "B. P. Humphreys!" I started, looked at Bryce, but he was watching, with apparent interest, a whispered consultation between two officers who were searching old Sherwood's desk. The man with the handkerchief, a detective, walked over to one of the villagers and said something, the man addressed answered in a low voice and said something about Mrs. Hamilton.

"Mr. Bryce!" called the detective.
"Yes!" answered Bryce.
"Does a man named Humphreys live at your house?"
"Yes!" said Bryce, looking somewhat surprised.
"What's his first name?"
"Bennett, I think."
"Do you know the middle name?"
"No."
"Where was he when you left?" asked the detective, evidently enjoying his authority.
"In bed, I think."
"Well, he's our man."

We all went down the street again to our house and into the hall-way, where Mrs. Hamilton met us and led the way to Humphrey's room. We entered, but found the bed empty, and Humphreys gone.

"Well, I'm hanged!" ejaculated Bryce, and the police looked at each other in silence.

"Search the house," said the detective, and they did search it, and searched it thoroughly as can be testified in the heaps of books and clothing and furniture piled, in no artistic manner, in the middle of my bed. Bryce complained of the same thing, but neither Humphreys nor any of his belongings were visible. Long into the night Bryce and I sat up and talked of this most strange occurrence. Bryce was nettled to think that he had been kind to the rascal. I was more sorry than glad that I had not met him. We decided that Humphreys was one of a gang who had systematically planned the murder of Sherwood and that he had come to Rosemont to get the lay of the land. That explained his walk to the Manor. "He was a clever one," said Bryce, bidding me good-night, and I agreed with him.

* * *

One night, probably a week after the murder, I was unable to sleep, as the day had been excessively hot, I noticed a light in Bryce's room, and, thinking that he too, was restless, I slipped on a bath-robe and, noiselessly, for I didn't wish to awaken Mrs. Hamilton, went over to his room. According to our custom, for we had become great friends, I entered without knocking, and found him kneeling by the fire-place with one arm extending up the chimney.

"What's doing?" I asked, wondering to find him in such a posture.

"Peculiar noise up there; I'm trying to investigate," he answered calmly enough.

"Maybe Humphreys," I said, the mystery had been our sole topic of conversation for the last week and was always uppermost in my mind. "Or the rats," I added, realizing that my former supposition was impossible.

"That's it, I guess," he said, rising
from his knees and offering me a chair.

"I saw your light and came over. I can't sleep, it's too—"

Something fell down the chimney. I looked into the fire-place and saw a black frock coat with a carnation in the lapel, a wig of white hair, a pair of gray trousers and what looked to be a life-sized dummy somewhat resembling Bryce.

I turned and saw with surprise that he had paled and was trembling with agitation. Huge beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Then, with an effort he controlled himself. I saw it all.

"So it's you, is it?" I asked in the coolest and most scornful voice I could command, although I was more startled than I desired to show.

"Yes," he replied, without a tremor, looking straight into my eyes.

"You?" I asked again, and this time there was some sorrow in my tone.

"Yes," he replied; "I. I needed money badly and had to do something like this. My name is Sidney—Lewis Sidney. I must be going."

Here I was in a dilemma. Bryce, or Sidney, was a large man; I was small. He probably was armed; I had nothing with which to defend myself and stop his departure. If I called to Mrs. Hamilton I would probably never live to tell her why I called. Bryce was putting some clothes into a satchel and I watched him, wonder in my mind what I would do, and feeling somewhat afraid at heart. Then my natural curiosity prompted me to ask him a question.

"Bryce," I said, and he motioned me with fearful earnestness to talk in a lower tone, "weren't you asleep on the couch the afternoon that Humphreys came?"

"No!" he answered, "my dummy was on the couch. I was Humphreys."

"And the clock?" I asked, "wasn't it nine when you left my room? The man was found dead at a quarter before nine. Are there men working with you?"

"I turned the clock ahead. Don't you remember my finger ing it and talking about tobacco tags," he said, and smiled a self-complacent smile.

The satchel was full; the time had arrived when quick action alone would save me. I couldn't in justice let him escape unhindered and he, for safety's sake, could not allow me to be conscious when he took his departure. I looked at him steadily for a moment and he turned my gaze, then I walked to the door and—-I was going to bolt it, but a sharp blow on the head made me helpless and another, harder than the first, rendered me unconscious. The next day I awoke to find Mrs. Hamilton sitting beside my bed. Bryce was gone, and an unmistakable odor of chloroform lingered in the house.

Gerald Egan, '06.
THE HISTORY OF FORT WASHINGTON.

Fort Washington, the historic Maryland fortification on the Potomac river fifteen miles south of Washington, was the subject of an interesting paper which Dr. J. Dudley Morgan, A. B., Georgetown, 1881, read before the Columbia Historical Society at its ninth annual meeting at the Shoreham Hotel, on the evening of January 13th.

Dr. Morgan had access to the papers of Major L'Enfant, who designed the fort during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and was able to present for the first time from original sources an accurate account of the fortification which is now the chief river defense of the nation's capital.

Dr. Morgan's address covered the four distinct periods of the fort's history dating from its erection on the bluff by Indians in 1645, including the time when General Washington, in 1794, suggested the erection of a fort on the old ruins; the period of the War of 1812, when neglect of the fortification resulted in easy approach to Washington by the British fleet, and present conditions.

"The strategic advantage of that promontory on the Potomac," said Dr. Morgan, "seems to have been known to the Indians long before the coming of the white man into this region. That these aborigines appreciated the natural advantages for defense and offense offered by this bluff at the junction of the Potomac River and Piscataway Creek, and that their judgment and choice of situation were both sound and unassailable is attested by the continued occupancy of this mound for hostile defense by the first Colonial settlers under Governor Calvert, by its choice as a point for fortification by Generals Washington and Knox, by its improvement and enlargement under Presidents Madison and Monroe and by its reaching at our present day the distinction of flying the garrison flag.

"The colonists from England," continued Dr. Morgan, "in the Ark and the Dove, penetrated as far up the Potomac as what are now called Heron and Blackstone Islands before disembarking. Leaving most of his party here, Gov. Leonard Calvert, with a few chosen men, set out to explore the river. They made several landings, and later came to what is yet called Piscataway Creek and there found the surrounding heights covered with Indians to the number of 500 in hostile array. After patient gesticulations and demonstrations the colonists convinced the natives that their mission was peaceable. Shortly after the arrival the Indian chief fell ill and forty conjurors in vain tried every remedy in their power, and Father White, one of the colonists, administered medicine. The invalid was soon restored to health. Governor Calvert returned to his compatriots, purchased of Indians part of a village and commenced the settlement of St. Mary's. Eleven years afterward among the many
acts for the defense of the province was one for the establishment of a garrison at the mouth of Piscataway Creek, on the east side of the river, opposite what is now Mount Vernon.

"In 1785 General Washington, in order to gain more thorough knowledge of the topography of the country surrounding our Federal city, accompanied by several friends, including Governor Johnson, of Maryland, made a tour of investigation in a canoe long before the removal of the seat of government to Washington. So it was before recommending to General Knox that promontory for a fort that he had examined the immediate neighborhood and knew of its many advantages. It was often Washington's custom in going to Bladensburg, Upper Marlboro or Annapolis, to ferry the Potomack from Mount Vernon to Warburton (Fort Washington's old name) and thus continue his journey. Often when tired or belated or for social intercourse he stopped and spent some time with George and Thomas Digges at Warburton. I have heard the late Dr. Joseph M. Toner often narrate the story of how General Washington stood on the knoll a little in front of his home and through a forest vista signaled by flag to Warburton. There was much social visiting between the Washingtons and the families at Warburton and other neighboring country seats. Washington Irving speaks of water parties on the Potomac in those palmy days, when Mr. Digges would receive his guests in a barge rowed by six negroes arrayed in uniforms whose distinguishing features were checked shirts and black velvet caps. The Mr. Digges referred to was George A. Digges, who lived at Warburton until his death, in 1792. Warburton then passed into the hands of a bachelor brother. As customary with sons of the Maryland and Virginia planters, Thomas spent his youth in London, where he was known in his circle of friends as the handsome American.

"Although he lived the life of a youth of fashion among the 'macaroni' of his day, when his services were needed by his country he proved to be a man of resolute character and ardently patriotic. The Continental Congress required a secret confidential agent near the Court of St. James, and Thomas Digges was, through Washington's influence, selected for this hazardous and important mission. 

"From about 1795, when negotiations were entered into with George Digges for the purchase of a part of Warburton for a fort, there was very little done until President Madison, aroused by the imminent danger of war with Great Britain, directed that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant proceed to Fort Washington and report to the Secretary of War on the condition of the defense. Major L'Enfant told of the dilapidated condition of the fort and armament and urged a suitable appropriation for putting the fort in proper condition for the defense of the Potomac. That L'Enfant believed firmly in adequate sea and coast defenses and that the best way to prevent war was to be prepared is shown by a letter to General Washington, dated September 11, 1789, in which he urged the necessity of the different ways and seaports being
fortified at the expense of the nation in order that one general and uniform system might prevail."

Dr. Morgan said that notwithstanding the letter of L'Enfant the Secretary of War (General Armstrong) urged the utter improbability of a hostile force leaving its fleet and marching forty miles inland, and that as to the Potomac, its rocks and shoals and devious channels would prevent any stranger ascending. General Armstrong argued that the British would "not be so mad as to make an attempt on Washington" and that it was totally unnecessary to make any preparations for its defense.

"After the second war with Great Britain," continued Dr. Morgan, "Fort Washington was allowed, as most of the fortifications throughout the United States, to go to rack and ruin for want of proper care of its armament and intrenchments, until in 1850, it was a mere military post, having one or two companies of artillery, and later only a detachment of the ordnance corps.

"In all the periods of American history the ground where Fort Washington stands to-day has filled a prominent part.

The first order issued during the Civil War for the protection of Washington to the naval forces was dated January 5, 1861, signed Isaac Toucet, Secretary of the Navy, and addressed to Col. John Harris, commandant of the Marine Corps, directing that a force of marines be sent to the fort for the protection of public property. Forty men under Capt. A. S. Taylor, Marine Corps, were sent in obedience to this order.

"The fort, which has seen so many vicissitudes and taken part in so many wars, invasions, sieges and insurrections of this country, had a garrison flag raised to the top of a new steel flag pole, Wednesday, December 12, 1902, with military ceremony, music playing, troops drawn up in line with presented arms and a salute from the guns of the fort. The new flag is a large one and flies from the top of the pole gully 200 feet above the river. It is so situated on a high hill that it may be seen for miles. Until this time only a small flag had been used on the pole within the old stone fort. Under authority of the Secretary of War this large garrison flag has been raised, signifying that the fort is headquarters for the Potomac fortifications."
The editors have made an effort in this issue to present to our readers a certain proportion of matter concerning the life and times of George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate this month. The fact that the "Father of His Country" paid a visit to the college, that the Journal is published in the capital of the nation planned by our great first President, and that his home and plantation are but a few miles away, render it appropriate that we should take more than a passing interest in this particular one of the nation's holidays.

The Philadelphia anti-Georgetown syndicate—composed of several distinguished individuals who are really under obligations to this place for favors done in the past, and some newspaper reporters who write "space" articles—has been unusually active during the past few months. We are glad to say, however, that these men and their utterances will be totally discredited before the public, and by those whom they have essayed to represent, before the matter is finally dropped.

We are glad to learn that through the efforts of the Georgetown Club of Harvard, composed exclusively of ex-Georgetown men, the committee of the class of '02 has decided to issue the Annual, which, it appears, was not dead after all, but simply hibernating. The Georgetown Club sent a stirring appeal to the committee, enclosed in a "Zu-Zu" box, and signed and sealed with their official ginger wafer, and now comes the assurance that the Annual of '02 will be issued. All of which goes to prove that a little ginger improves every undertaking.

The opinion of so eminent a public man as Lord Roseberry as to the value of college athletics in the formation of character is worthy of consideration. Lord Roseberry believes in "the happy medium," and advocates those athletic pursuits which tend to keep a man's mental...
faculties as active as are his muscles, and above all, insists that the body must not be developed at the expense of the mind. Kipling's poem on the inefficiency of the British army called forth Lord Roseberry's comment, and his exact words were as follows:

"It is said, and truly said, I think particularly by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a poem which even those who only read prose must have read, that the "Muddled Oafs" are inflicting incalculable injury on the British Empire. I think that in these days we have to combat the competition of nations not merely by football or cricket, but by fitting ourselves in the intellectual and business strife of the world by every means which our country can afford.

In this juncture of affairs and in this situation of the world athletics are not enough to preserve our imperial supremacy. They are much. I do not underrate them; I perhaps overrate them. I believe they give the country a race which is unsurpassed for endurance and courage and fiber. But that is not all. The race of the world is a race of intellect and of character as well as of muscle, and it will be a lamentable day for this country when the sharpening of the intellect and the strengthening of character are divorced from the study of muscle and sport.

The Journal has received a circular from the Catholic Parish School Association, of Brooklyn, which quotes the following from the February Catholic World, under the caption: What Does the Catholic World Mean?

"There are many other reasons besides the mere magnitude of the Parish-School system that will make official recognition the best policy. Not the least of these is the fact that when educators come to study our Parish Schools they will find that if there be any side on which they are weak it is the patriotic side. We have been compelled for the sake of conscience to educate our children outside of the channels where the highest patriotism is largely taught. Yet Catholics do love their country and are eager to absorb all that is best in its national life. It is a crime against the nation for the ultra-American to steel his face against the children of the nationalities who do not speak English, and compel them to seek their education outside those agencies that will accelerate his absorption by and his assimilation with the civic body. How much better it would be to come to them with the olive branch and say to them: "You are children of this commonwealth, and it is our desire that you shall enjoy all that contributes to good citizenship. For this reason we shall make some arrangement whereby you may participate in the advantages that the Public-School system enjoys."—Catholic World, February, 1903, page 708, Editorial.

We confess that we do not clearly know what the Catholic World means, but we take it that the editor does not mean that all parish schools are deficient in instilling patriotism into the hearts of the pupils. We believe that Father Doyle refers specifically to some of the Catholic schools for teaching the children of non-English speaking immigrants, though we are not sufficiently acquainted with these schools to venture an opinion in the matter. But, speaking broadly, we are convinced that real patriotism, as distinguished from "jingoism," is by no means neglected in the curriculum of the parish school, and that in the majority of instances, affiliation with the public school system could not increase any more the patriotism of the "rising generation" of Catholics.

One of the best utterances on the unhealthy tendency of the modern play was given in Philadelphia recently by the eminent Jewish divine, Rabbi Krauskopf. The Rabbi declared that the devil is the hero of the modern "society drama." He argued that vice is presented on the stage in alluring guise, and that the tendency is to undermine morality. "In olden
times," he said, "the morality play always portrayed vice in hideous form, as the Devil, or one of his imps, but in these days, vice frequently is attired in evening clothes and invested with all the charm that grace and beauty can bestow, and men and women are lured into admiring what they should abhor, and imitating what they should flee from." This criticism is timely. A good many excellent people applaud on the stage what they would not tolerate for one moment in the columns of a Sunday newspaper, and careful parents who would not allow their children to read Quo Vadis bring them to the theatre to see Pinero's tragedies of broken homes and shattered nerves. Dramatic art, nowadays, literally covers a "multitude of sins."
In the November issue of the Journal we gave expression to some strictly personal views with reference to the large number of essays to be found in the majority of our exchanges. We dwelt at some length upon the very ungrateful task of plodding through these productions and voiced a desire for "less of the essay and more of the story."

Since then we have noticed a rather general discussion of the subject among our contemporaries. Some exchange editors have approved our views; others, and those in the majority, we think have taken issue with us on what they supposed to be our views. As these latter have managed to misunderstand us, and all, too, in the same way, we are disposed to lay the fault to the obscurity of our language rather than to any lack of acumen on their part.

Our exact words were these: "We want more of the short story and less of the essay." We did not say that we wanted more of the short story than the essay; our opinion being then, as it is now, that in the vast majority of college journals there is an absurdly undue amount of space allotted to the essay over the story. Consequently, to make ourselves clear, we believe that when the number of essays is so reduced and the number of stories so increased as to give equal space to both, the college publication has come to the correct solution of the vexatious question.

There was one young lady who said that she was surprised to find this call for more stories and fewer essays, and dismissed as of no value the argument, given by us in a frivolous sort of way, that the reading of essays makes too much work for the reviewer. While we regret very much having done anything so rude as to surprise a lady, and while it goes against the grain, as it were, to enter into a dispute with a lady, still we are constrained to suggest with the utmost of courtesy, politeness, nay, timidity, that perhaps there is just the least little bit of weight in that argument. For if the reading of essays makes too much work for the reviewer, as it undoubtedly does, will it be any the less the matter of labor for the ordinary reader? And are we not to consider our subscribers? Do we not owe it to them to give them something in return for their money? Or are we publishing a magazine for the mere purpose of seeing ourselves in print? And rest assured our subscribers are not going to read much that calls for the pecu-
lier kind of mental exertion which the reading of the average college student's essay entails.

There seems to be an impression, too, among those who argue in favor of the essay, that it is the exceeding depth of thought found in these learned disquisitions, which makes them so difficult for the reviewer to digest. But the essay writers should not flatter themselves with this view. For we are considering the question practically, and we must say that it has not been the erudition, minute research and masterly logic displayed that have wearied and confused our poor minds, but it has been the nauseating dryness, commonplaceness and, to use a Gran'pa Index word, platitudinousness of these efforts. Of course, there are exceptions, and they are fairly numerous, but now we are speaking of the average essay, or more properly, of the majority.

Again, we have several times seen the statement that the essay offers quite as wide a field for originality as the short story. Well, maybe it does. We don't know. We do know, however, that the opportunity is in rare instances taken advantage of. We make this statement from three months' experience in reviewing essays; quite enough, we think, to qualify us to speak. It is in platitudes and a rehearsing of other peoples' ideas that this originality generally consists.

We are afraid that this rambling argument somewhat resembles the essays which we are condemning, and that we have already drawn it out too long; so we ask the pardon and indulgence of the reader, while we state one more fact which may have some bearing on the question. The poorest, the very poorest, we think we can say without the slightest hesitation, of our exchanges, are those which give all or most of their space to the essay. Perhaps this is a coincidence, but whether or not, it is one which we may reflect upon with some profit.

In conclusion, let us say, in a purely personal sense and actuated by motives entirely selfish and inhuman, that, in the case of about half of our exchanges, we should be entirely satisfied if the number of essays were reduced to one, and the stories made equally numerous. Some would please us beyond all expression if they had nothing but beautifully decorated covers with artistic advertisements between them. This view may be pessimistic, but we can't help it.

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A neat-looking publication is the Clemson College Chronicle, from South Carolina. The present number abounds in short stories. We read two of them, and were not favorably impressed with either. The charm of style is wanting, dialogue is almost wholly dispensed with, and there is no treatment of detail worth speaking of. One of these stories has the suggestion of a plot which might have been worked up in an interesting way, but the writer has failed to take advantage of his opportunity.

One feature of the Chronicle, however, has given us as much entertainment as anything else we have seen in a college man this year. We refer to the "Letters From an Old Graduate to His Son, Henry, at Clemson College." In style and matter they bear a marked resemblance to the well-known "Letters From
a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." They are evidently an imitation of these letters, and while not equally the excellence of the model, abound in common-sense precepts and observations, put in a remarkably clever way. Some of the things said appear to us so good that we are going to quote them:

Referring to debating societies: "The boy who usually sits in the seat next to the door is one of two persons—either he is the one who moves to adjourn, or he's the sergeant-at-arms, and both are to be pitied."

"The society man, like the college man and the thermometer, rises by degrees."

"My advice is that you use good, ordinary English and always call a spade a spade. You will avoid a great deal of trouble by following this advice, especially in poker."

* * *

We haven't the time nor space this month to express in full our appreciation of Gran'pa Index. Instead we have composed a little poem in his honor. It is short and simple, but contains a great deal of human nature and heart interest:

There was an old man with a grudge, Of polysyllabics a judge, Till he once tried to laugh, But swallowed a half Of Niagara, and gurgled "Oh Fudge!"

* * *

The January number of the Fleur de Lis, a bi-monthly from St. Louis University, has a number of contributions from alumni. The address to the Alumni Association, by Capt. Wm. H. Johnston, 10th U. S. Infantry, on "The Church in the Philippines," is a most interesting and instructive paper. It contains a deal of information, refutes a number of calum-
School. In point of artistic get-up it is second to no college magazine on our exchange list. Attractive in its cover it abounds in creditable drawings and odd little tail-pieces, setting an example which many of our college contemporaries would do well to follow. The editors of the Krishna and the Toledo High School are to be congratulated on so excellent a publication.

* * *

Last month we quoted, or rather attempted to quote, a poem from the Dartmouth Magazine, and made mention of the fact in this column. But the printer, unfortunately, didn't approve of said poem, and so it failed to appear in print. However, we have persuaded the gentleman of the poem's merits, and he has agreed to print it this month.

OLD LOVE LETTERS.

An echo of the living, a shadow of the dead.
A record of frail human hearts, with love the victor, sped;
Thy song, once fraught with meaning, is now an idle rune;
For as the rose's beauty, so love's year has its June.

Ah, words of fleeting passion, where is thy glory now?
The love ye fain would utter, is gone, nor where nor how.
Ye know not where ye endeth; ye know not whence ye came;
As dust to dust returneth, so be it,—flame to flame!
—David Lay, in Dartmouth Magazine.

* * *

Nearly all the contributions in the University of North Carolina Magazine, which we read are marked by the same peculiar defect in style—an unpleasant choppiness in the construction of the sentences. Essays, stories, and editorials alike, abound in instances of this rather serious fault. The essay "The Dramatic Monologue of Tennyson and Browning" contains considerable thought, but not sufficiently elaborated to make interesting reading; moreover, the matter of style seems to have been entirely overlooked, and the above-mentioned fault of choppiness is in this essay especially conspicuous.

An exceedingly well-written article is "The Proposed Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve." To the treatment of this subject, which is one of considerable interest at the present, to Southerners especially, the author brings a wealth of information and statistics, adding besides the charm of a graceful style.

This is a well-gotten-up publication, and the editors deserve commendation for the evident earnestness which they are putting into their work.

* * *

We welcome to our table the first number of the first volume of the Redwood, a visitor from far-away Santa Clara College, California. Presenting an attractive exterior, abounding in creditable contributions, and marked by a number of well-edited departments, it bids fair to take a high place in the ranks of college journalism. We extend to the Redwood our best wishes for a prosperous and successful career.

* * *

At the request of the editor of the Carolinian, we hereby make a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of that esteemed contemporary.
THE WAY OF A MAID.

Along the dusty road fair Phyllis strayed
On toward the stile, the twilight trysting place.
Nowhere could there be found a prettier maid,
Nor one more coyly sweet
Than she who strolled to meet Gay Strephon, with the sunset light
Caught in her hair and playing on her face,
So young, so bright.

The elders showered their snow as Phyllis passed;
The cricket in the clover ceased its chant;
Her heart outstripped her feet that hurried fast,
Her eyes cast shyly down
Half hinted at a frown—
Must she await this loitering gallant
A weary while?

Then in the road she spied a glinting pin,
And quickly bent to raise it from the dust;
The frown was chased away; a smile crept in;
"Who finds a pin, brand new,
Will find his good luck too."
She placed it in her own with care
The homely adage truthful proved and just;
Strephon was there!

In his blue coat a brier rose he wore,
Plucked from a bush that grew beside the way;
And from the stem the thorn he deftly tore,
Then to her he gave the token
With laughing words, low spoken.
Making apt use of the luckbringing pin,
He fixed the flower upon her kerchief gay
With bashful grin.

The pin, among the ruffles on her breast,
Shone proud and brave to think what it had done;
The petals of the rose its head caressed;
The flattered pin well knew
These honors were its due.
A short-lived glory—woe betide—
The faded rose, she pressed—the pin, vain one.

She cast aside!
—A. F. Buchanan, in Williams Literary Magazine.

ON HEARING SOME OLD SONGS.

Something has come in my heart to-night
(Something so wild and shy!)
It flew from the amber depth of the West,
From the blaze of a jeweled sky.

Not slower than dreams it flew, it flew,
And nestled down in my breast,
As sure of a welcoming for the night
And sleep in a quiet nest.

O brown little bird of tenderness,
From whatever West you come,
Rest softly here in my heart awhile;
I pray you may make it your home!

II.

Bring out the songs and sing to me
(Soft while the lights are low)
Gently, tenderly touching the keys,
Let the dear old melodies flow,
Thrills through the dark will awake in me
And all in the dim room, lo!
Shadows and shapes will awaken too,—
Sweet shapes of long ago!

And you will not ask me why
(Not you, for you always know)
And I will not tell him (ah, could I) how well
Sound the songs of long ago!

And you will not ask me why I am still
(Not you, for you always know)
And I will not tell him (ah, could I) how well
Sound the songs of long ago!

And when you are done, I will wait a space
Then quickly rising,—so,
I will press your hand. Then, silent still
Our separate ways we'll go!
—Raymond Sanderson Williams, in Nassau Literary Magazine.
*The Pilkington Heir* is the title of a new story by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. The plot deals with the abduction of the youthful heir, tells of the sorrow and distress of his widowed mother, and of his subsequent return and installation as rightful owner of the Pilkington Manor. It is a simple yet pretty tale, in which the different emotions are skillfully portrayed. As usual in Miss Sadlier's books the tone is Catholic, and good old Father Aubril and the kind nuns help not a little in the return of "the son to his mother and the heir to the Pilkington estate."

*The Catholic World* for February is an unusually attractive number of that popular magazine.

Father Joseph McSorley contributes a learned and timely article on St. Frances de Chantal as a type of Christian womanhood. "If religion is to grow young again," says Father McSorley, "it must be with woman's aid." If the world is to grow better then "must woman thrill to her inmost being with an appreciation of the spiritual significance of Christianity to her." Continuing, the author depicts in striking language the character of St. Chantal as a worthy model for the Christian woman of to-day.

"A Dawning Day for the Prosperity of Ireland" is the subject of an article by Mr. James Murphy. Various circumstances seem to "portend an outcome that will in the near future give vastly beneficial results to the general body of the people of that country." The question of land tenure is receiving favorable attention, and "conservative leaders are actually studying the question of forestalling the Liberals in conceding to Ireland a form of Home Rule." These facts are indications of a "brighter outlook for Ireland."

From the pen of a former Anglican minister, Mr. Braithwaite, comes a very instructive study of the present tendency of the Oxford Movement. According to the writer, Agnosticism, Infidelity and Darwinism are steadily declining in England. "The signs of the times are full of hope," and the people, as never before, "know and feel the need for a personal Saviour, a God who loves each one and is the Father of all mankind." From this widespread interest in religious matters, many will be led back to Catholicity.

The American College of Louvain, whose students for the most part are "young Europeans studying for the missionary dioceses of the United States,"
placed before us in a pleasing way by Rev. Joseph Duley.

There are other papers of value and interest and the usual pages of book reviews and editorials.

The Catholic Mind is the name of a periodical published fortnightly by the Messenger. Each number, the editors tell us, will contain an article of permanent value on some question of the day. These articles will be from the best sources. The present number (2) contains a very able paper on "The Laws of Proscription in France," by Ferdinand Brunetière, editor of Revue des Deux Mondes. In masterly fashion the writer defends the Congregations from the attacks of those in power, and explains and refutes the shallow and fallacious arguments, with which the authors of the "Associations Bill" would seek to justify their acts. With force and energy he calls to task the Government that "constitutes itself a judge of the needs of religion." The government decides that in order to insure the safety of the republic it must take drastic measures against the Carmelite Friars, who, on the heights of Lurbie, some 5,000 feet above sea level, accessible only by tortuous mountain roads, hold centres of political action and hotbeds of reaction." This is but one of the flimsy pretexts of the civil authorities which the author exposes, and altogether the article is as able a defense of the Congregations as we have seen. If the present number be a criterion then surely the Catholic Mind is deserving of great praise, and we wish all success to its editors in their bright and instructive little publication.

There is on our table the second number of "The Olympian," published by the Olympian Publishing Company of Nashville, Tenn. It is a monthly magazine devoted to literature, education and amateur sport. The present number covers the field very well. Julian Hawthorne has a cleverly written story, novel in conception and treatment. Apropos of the recent troubles of the Canadian government with the Donkhobors, we have an interesting and instructive article on the history and recent migration of these strange people.

There are a number of pleasing stories, well written, and a fanciful little song. The editorials under the caption, "Drift of Things," are well written reflections on current events and topics. We have a department devoted to news from the college world, and amateur athletics forms the subject of a review of sport. Typographical excellence is a worthy feature of the Olympian, and the editors of our Southern contemporary may well be proud of their magazine.

Joseph A. Lennon, A. B.
LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

There has been more than usual interest taken in the Law School Debating Society this term on account of the impending intercollegiate debates with the University of Wisconsin and the Columbian University of this city. The debate with Wisconsin is to take place some time during March and the one with Columbian will be held during the latter part of May. On Saturday evening, February the 14th, the preliminary debate was held to decide who should represent the Law School against the Wisconsin team. The contestants for the honor were Messrs Ford, of Colorado; Murphy, of Maine; Dowling, of Pennsylvania; Bride, of the District of Columbia; Erikkson, of Minnesota; Kratz, of Virginia; Burke, of Indiana; Byrnes, of Louisville; Rorke, of Massachusetts; Jones, of Pennsylvania; Drill, of Minnesota; Spottwood, of the District of Columbia. The question was compulsory arbitration and was well thrashed by the different contestants.

Each speaker was allowed ten minutes in which to expound his views on the subject and three judges were selected from the faculty to decide which were the best debaters. Messrs. Erikkson, of Minnesota; Murphy, of Maine, and Bride, of the District of Columbia, were chosen as the three best qualified by their work, and Mr. Rorke, of Massachusetts, was named as alternate in case any of the aforementioned gentlemen should not be able to go on the platform when the debate takes place. The judges, who were Rev. Father Holaind, Judge Barnard and Judge Gould, said that they were pleased with the showing made by the debaters.

An agreement was made by the Intercollegiate Debate Committee to meet the Columbian University in an annual debate for three successive years, and the one to be held in May will be the first of the series.

It has been several years since the two Universities engaged in a debating contest and great interest is sure
to be manifested in the event. Wisconsin has already appeared before the Washington public, as two years ago an intercollegiate debate was held between the two Universities of Georgetown and Wisconsin, in which Georgetown was the victor. It is understood that the Wisconsin boys are unusually strong this year and hope to retrieve their last defeat by carrying home the decision.

The next public debate of the Society is to take place on the 27th of this month at Gaston Hall, at the College. The question is whether the labor unions are detrimental to mercantile progress or not, and the judges are Representative Sulzer, of New York; Representative Shallenberger, of Nebraska, and Commissioner McFarland, of the District of Columbia. Messrs. Quinn, of this city, and Price, of Ohio, will endeavor to prove that the unions are detrimental, while Messrs. Drill, of Minnesota, and Whiteley, of Maryland, will defend the question.

R. P. Whiteley, '04.

MEDICAL NOTES

We want to voice the sentiments of the Medical School and thank the Dean for his kindness in granting a half holiday upon the 9th instant in order that the medical men could have an opportunity to witness "The Rivals." Besides earning the gratitude of the medical men, Dr. Kober made the Georgetown Dramatic Association his debtor, as the holiday helped the financial end of the production substantially. While we heartily agree with J. A. S., the author of the article in the Journal's last issue about "The Rivals," that there was displayed on that day a deplorable lack of college spirit, we feel called upon to resent the reference made to the Medical School not taking advantage of the half-holiday. We have it from good authority that there were as many medical men present at "The Rivals" as there were men from any one department of the University.

Embryology will be continued throughout the year. The mid-term exam. in that study happened on the 13th.

The gentlemen of the first year began to dissect on Friday, the twenty-third. Mr. Tschiffely, president of that class, remarked that he was not feeling exactly well on Friday and that he guessed he would wait another day before beginning to dissect.

On Monday he returned to the dissecting room ready for the fray. He carried a satchel in which the following articles were numbered: One white coat (latest cut), one pair of rubber gloves, three cakes perfumed soap, one bottle bichloride tablets, one bottle antiseptic ointment and one bottle of smelling salts. After all, there's nothing like precaution.

On the night of January 10th, Dr. Reisinger held his examination in Osteology. If the doctor "Loveth them that he chastiseth," the members of the first year certainly have won his heart, for the examination was the stiffest that has been held by him for many a day, if what the older men say counts for anything.

The third year men took their physiology examination on the 17th. Doctor Motter's questions covered the matter very thoroughly and the members of that
class found it remarkable how much Physiology they really did know. The second and first years are being examined orally.

Doctor Abbe’s Physics men took their exam. on the 13th.

Speaking of Physics, the other day an impromptu demonstration proved to the fourth year class that two classes could not occupy the same doorway at the same time. It seems that Doctor Baker’s Anatomy class assembled in the students’ reading room and when it came time for the Anatomy lecture, ascended the stairs to the upper lecture hall en masse. The fourth year occupied that hall and as the doctor in charge lectured overtime the Anatomy class awaited without respectful silence. When the lecture was over the Anatomy class began to pour in while the Seniors began to pour out. (I use the word “began” in referring to the Seniors’ action advisedly.) Dr. Baker’s sturdy followers outnumbered the other class four to one and it was not until almost all of the Anatomy class had gained admittance that the Seniors were allowed to depart. It was amusing to see the Seniors forget their professional dignity and join in the scrimmage. Dr. Ike Reeves lost his equilibrium and consequently the crown of his hat, while Dr. Flynn took a heartfelt interest in the affair.

There is a movement afoot to establish an honor system in the Medical School. The first year discussed it at a recent meeting. We should like to publish the opinions of the other classes on the matter.

Some Georgetown students under the direction of Mr. Wells, will shortly assist in giving a minstrel entertainment which promises to be rich. Mr. McLaughlin, to whose humorous acting “The Rivals” owe much of its success, is to be an end man. Many medical men will be represented in the chorus. Boys, let’s get together and show our college spirit by taking in this entertainment, which is for the benefit of Holy Trinity School.

The ever interesting Doctor Jach is again brought to our attention in the role of baseball player. Although Jach is forced to admit that the work this year is quite hard, the afternoon of the twenty-sixth found him in the field among the rest of Georgetown’s laurel bearers, waiting to be chosen for the Varsity. Doctor Jach has already declined to be captain of the team this year, although we have no record of his having been offered the position. So Captain Apperius need have no fear that his office will be immediately wrested from him. We would advise the team to secure Jach. Let him pitch or coach, or, better still, drive the coach which conveys the players to and from their hotel.

The latest medical book is “The Treatment of Cancer by Bismuth,” written for the exclusive use of the Georgetown Medical School, by Doctor Thompson, of the third year, and Doctor Jack Lyman, of the first year. These gentlemen are responsible also for “Pathological Research,” “Chlorosis,” etc., etc.

In order that Chemistry laboratory work be made more agreeable we would suggest that some kind of seats be provided. It tires one to stand for two hours at a time.
Doctor Barton still proves very interesting in his discussion of Materia Medica. This subject, usually hard and dry, becomes really pleasant under the doctor's skillful handling.

We notice with regret that the little excitement between our honorable Law correspondent and Mr. Thomasides is at an end—at least as far as the Journal is concerned. It was very interesting while it lasted.

We were honored recently by a visit from Mr. Jim Morgan, of baseball fame. He is looking well and great things are expected of him on the diamond this year.

J. A. Gannon, '06.

DENTAL

The February issue of the Journal will witness the conclusion of the mid-year examinations and the beginning of the second term. To those who successfully passed their examinations we extend our hearty congratulations, and to our more unfortunate fellows our sincere regrets with well wishes for a more successful attempt in the near future.

Dr. Bowles, Professor of Prosthetic Dentistry, gave two interesting demonstrations on the making of dies and counter-dies, and soldering, during the past month, both of which were much appreciated by the members of the different classes.

Dr. Davis has completed his course on Crown and Bridge work, and the hours left vacant by him will be occupied by Dr. Bowles in his course on porcelain work.

The Infirmary is to be equipped shortly with a new porcelain furnace, to be used in connection with the chair.

Through a slight misunderstanding the oral examination in Prosthodontia, for Juniors, was held at the "Legation" instead of the school. It is understood that the change was not appreciated by the students as the chairs were not arranged on one side of the room and therefore—

How about that, George?

Before the next issue of the Journal, the annual indoor athletic meet of the College will have taken place, also the relay race between the Dental men and fellow students from the Medical School, and, while our sympathies are with the former, yet we say—"let the best men win." The students of this department should take an interest in the relay team and this means not only going to the meet and giving the team cheering support, but for every one to do his best to make up a team worthy of representing the school, and one which can go on the track with the idea that the chances of winning are at least even and with a firm conviction of making matters "interesting" for the opposing team—good-natured rivalry between the two schools can do no harm and a good race between any competitors, whether as teams from the schools or as individuals, cannot but be interesting to all parties.

The Dental students extend their best wishes to the 'Varsity relay team for a successful trip to Boston on February 14th. We hope to see the colors of the Amherst men lowered and another victory added to the already long list of the "Blue and Gray."
POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL.

The first examination in Psychology, that on the "Origin of our Primitive Ideas," was held on the last day of the first month of the year, and judging by some remarks he let fall, Father Devitt was well pleased with the papers on this deep and abstruse subject.

About the same time, our genial professor of English, Father Quill, delivered a lecture on Tom Moore, the national bard of Ireland, before the Notre Dame Alumnae Reading Circle of the north-east section of the city.

A. S. Spofford, upon whom was conferred the honor of selecting the names of twelve distinguished poets to adorn our new Congressional Library, omitted that of Moore. The result was an indignant outcry from some five thousand members of the A. O. H., and Father Quill was asked to deliver a lecture. When a scholarly native of the Emerald Isle, such as our reverend teacher, discourses on a subject so dear to every Irish heart as Moore, there must needs be a display of wit and eloquence. For Moore's Melodies—in spite of the fact that “Tommy dearly loved a lord,” in every line breathe forth an exalted patriotism and tender love for his own dear isle. His sparkling verse laughs when the sons of Erin conquer; they melt in tears when Ireland lies bleeding at the feet of her cruel tyrant. Father Quill, consequently, was speaking on a congenial subject and the large audience thoroughly enjoyed his lecture.

During class the other day, while all were listening with attention to Father Holaind’s lecture, the sound of many voices blended together in perfect harmony came stealing to our ears from one of the rooms above. It was difficult to distinguish the singer, but from the exquisite tenor and the musical basso-profundo, which were especially in evidence, there must have been several members of the Law School, and at least one of the embryonic doctors, among those who were pouring forth their souls in melody. It was a warm and pleasant day and the window of the class-room had been raised. All at once Hoya, the big Newfoundlander, who passes his lazy existence in the sunny regions near the Infirmary, was seen approaching as if looking for a friend. On hearing the refrain from above, he stopped and a look of benign happiness spread over his canine countenance; a look such as one sees on the face of those who have found, unexpectedly, a long-lost friend. His delight was unmistakable. He could no longer contain himself, but let out a sonorous howl that penetrated to every niche and cranny of the Old North. Then with ears erect he sat expecting a response from his canine friends above. But those sweet warblers, whom he had taken for members of his own species, had silently stolen away, each to his own room. And since that day Father Holaind has been annoyed by no songs from the realms above.

There have been, no doubt, in times past, many strange characters here at Georgetown—and all colleges are pestered with them—but this year has brought amongst us the most peculiar of all. And yet this phenomenon is a superior being in his way. Few people are so endowed as to be pre-eminent in all kind of athletic
sports—football, baseball, handball, highball, and the rest, but in all these our friend excels, especially in the last. Few mortals, indeed, are gifted with a nature that disregards all the courtesies and amenities of life, yet the greatest delight of this very dear friend of ours is to roam about and take possession of any room that has an inviting appearance, to muss up the bed, loll in the most comfortable chair, kick things around promiscuously, help himself to any tobacco or cigarettes that may be at hand, and if these do not suit him, to ask the owner of the room—if he happen to be present, why he hasn’t this or that particular brand. Truly he must think that the rest of the world was created especially to minister to his comfort.

In the last few editions of the Journal there have appeared several translations from the works of G. Bequer, a Castilian author. Whatever be the merits of this Spaniard as a writer of his mother tongue, not knowing the language of Spain, I must confess my ignorance, yet the translations were fine, indeed, and by their exquisite English and the skillful and poetical expression of thoughts made most enjoyable reading. This, however, should give us no cause to wonder. Mr. Antonio Opisso, the gentleman who turned the fable into English, though hailing from the Philippine Islands, is by birth a true son of romantic Spain, and is well-versed in the language of his native country. Having obtained his master’s degree from the Ateneo de Manila, which as the name shows, is in Manila, and is the foremost place of learning in the Islands, Mr. Opisso, like Milton’s swain, “arose and twitched his mantle blue,” and set out for “fresh fields and pastures new.” The fields selected—in this case fields of learning—were the green campus and walks of Georgetown. Mr. Opisso, who was a P. G. student of English last year, is now in the third year Law class, and so will graduate the coming spring. We certainly feel edified in having with us such a worthy representative of our new possessions across the sea; and indulge the hope that in the not distant future the student who is now sojourning among us will take his place as the fearless champion of Church and State in his native isles.

J. B. Fay, ’02.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The month which has elapsed since our last issue has been a strenuous period—the frying-pan and fire of repetition and examination. But all the sighs of relief or otherwise were heaved on the morning of the 4th, after the results of the examinations were made known in Gaston Hall. The Rev. Father Rector in his remarks commented on the preponderance in favor of the Preparatory Department of those obtaining honors, and urged greater emulation for high standing. Special classes have been discontinued. The Senior Special Greek Class, under the direction of Mr. Gaynor, has done especially well in placing nearly all of its members in their regular classes. We close this item with the usual congratulations for the successful and condolence for the unfortunate.
Rev. Edmond Goetz, S. J., and Rev. L. Eugene Ryan, S. J., pronounced the Last Vows of the Society of Jesus at the Collegiate Mass in the Dahlgren Chapel on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, February 2d. Rev. Father Rector was celebrant of the Mass and received the vows.

Brother John D. Kenny, S. J., assistant treasurer of the College, died in the College Infirmary at ten minutes past two on the morning of February 1. Father Goetz attended him in his last moments. The Office of the Dead was said in the Dahlgren Chapel at 7 a.m. on February 3d, followed by a Mass of Requiem. The interment took place at 9 a.m. the same day. At the time of his death Brother Kenny was 27 years 21 days old. R. I. P.

Rev. Edmond Goetz, S. J., assistant astronomer in the Observatory, left Georgetown on the night of February 5th. Father Goetz came to Georgetown about fourteen months ago from the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, where he had spent three years in studying theoretical observatory work, geology, mineralogy, and other departments of science serviceable in a new country. His object at Georgetown was to study practical observatory work, and during his stay he has assisted Father Hagen in work upon the various publications in which the latter is engaged—in computing and publishing Heis's Observations on Variable Stars, and in making a photometric survey of the northern sky. During the past year and a half Father Goetz has also been Professor of Calculus and tutor in French and German in the Undergradu-
Very Rev. William L. O’Hara, A. M., LL. D., President of Mt. St. Mary’s College, Emmetsburg, Md., was a guest of the College on January 17th.


Mr. Edmond de la Forest Kelly, of New York City, in residence in the Preparatory School, 1889-1903, was a guest of the College January 15th to February 1st.


Rev. Armand J. Forstall, S. J., former Professor of Physics and Chemistry in the Undergraduate School; Rev. Henry T. Casten, S. J.; Rev. James F. Dawson, former Professor of Physics in the Undergraduate School; Rev. Charles B. Macksey, S. J., all of Woodstock College, Md.; Rev. John S. Keating, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Richard A. Fleming, S. J., of St. Joseph’s College on February 2d. It was erroneously stated in last month’s Journal that Mr. Fleming had been a guest of the College during the Christmas holidays.

Rev. Aloysius P. Brosnan, S. J.; Rev. Timothy Barrett, S. J., and Mr. James A. Mullen, S. J., all of Woodstock College, Md., visited the College on February 2d.

Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., former President of the University and at present Father Minister of the Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was a guest of the College on February 5th. He was on his way to Poughkeepsie after turning over the old Novitiate property at Frederick, Md., to its new owners.

Rev. M. Ryan, Ph. D., Professor of Logic and Ethics in St. Bernard’s Theological Seminary, was a guest of the College during the last week of January.

Rev. Amos V. Astorro, of Piacenza, Italy, was a guest of the College on February 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. McDonnell visited the College recently while on their wedding tour. Mr. McDonnell is a ’98 graduate of Fordham, and the bride was Miss Angela L. O’Brien, a sister of Frank X. O’Brien, who died here on the 22d of July, 1899, and in whose memory the statue of St. Aloysius was placed in the reading-room.

Father O’Leary preached in the Sacred Heart Church at Winchester, Va., on January 18th.

Brother Charles J. Ramage, S. J., is in the Georgetown Hospital recovering from a successful operation.

Brother Martin Whelan, S. J., of Trinity Church, Georgetown, is in the College Infirmary, recovering from the effects of a fall between two trolley cars, which, fortunately, did him no serious injury.

Rev. Clement S. Lancaster, S. J., spent February 8th in Leonardtown, Md., in ministerial work at St. Aloysius’ Church.

Rev. William B. Brownrigg, S. J., was engaged in ministerial work at St. Vincent de Paul’s Church, Newport News, Va., on February 8th.

Father Conway preached in St. Pat-
rick's Church, Washington, on Sunday evening, February 1st.

The Fathers who will preach in Dahlgren Chapel in the near future are as follows:

February 8th, Septuagesima—Father Casey.
February 15th, Sexagesima—Father Conway.
February 22d, Quinquagesima—Father Finnegan.
March 1st, First Sunday of Lent—Father Hart.
March 8th, Second Sunday of Lent—Father Kavanagh.
March 15th, Third Sunday of Lent—Father Lancaster.

The first meeting of the Philodemic Debating Society since the holidays was held Sunday, February 8. At that meeting the election of officers for the second term took place. The election resulted as follows: President, Mr. Rogers, '03; Vice-President, Mr. Miller, '04; Recording Secretary, Mr. Olinger, '05; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Candrio, '05; Treasurer, Mr. Graham, '05; Censor, Mr. Grima, '04. The question of the Merrick Debate is: "Resolved, That the State should interfere by legislative enactment or physical force, in strikes which affect the welfare of the whole people." The debaters are: Mr. Hall S. Lusk, first affirmative; Mr. Cyril Ginther, '03, first negative; Mr. Frank Rogers, '03, second affirmative; Mr. John O'Brien, '04, second negative.

Harlow Pease, '06.

The Musical Clubs will give their Mi-Carême concert in the ball room of the New Willard Hotel, on Tuesday evening, March 24th, at 8:15. The concert promises to be the most successful musical undertaking of recent years in Georgetown, as the management is sparing no efforts, and the rehearsals of both clubs promise an excellent program. The number of tickets placed on sale will be limited to 500. The soloists will be Prof. Ernest Lent, cello; Mr. Joseph L. Battle, '05, tenor; Mr. John A. Foote, '06, guitar, and Mr. George O'Connor, baritone. Further details and a list of the patronesses will appear in the next issue of the Journal.
WITH THE OLD BOYS.

Legal business of great importance brought Paul Dillon, A. M., '97, to the Capital during the month and served to help us get a line on a few of the old fellows in St. Louis.

Paul himself is prospering now in the law, though he confirmed with native honesty, our suspicions that the first years of a young pleader are not all spent in the Supreme Court, save, perchance, as a spectator.

John "Beau" Dillon, A. M., '96, is achieving a like success at the bar, while not neglecting his literary studies.

Julius Walsh, '98, and Rob Walsh, at one time a member of the class of '99, have, as might be expected, taken up railroad.

John S. Leahy, A. M., LL. B., '96, is leading a very quiet life—for Jack—and is a very successful attorney.

Andre Scanlan, A. M., '95, is engaged in the real estate business in Virginia.

Jos. Hayes, in residence '93-'96, has entered his father's clothing establishment and is at present on the road for the firm. His brother George, a quondam small boy, is at Boston Tech.

John P. Gatley, for some years in '95, one of our most prominent athletes of a decade ago—you remember, boys, when we ran the 100-yard race across the ballfield, and ruts of a foot deep and a dozen long were not worth considering—found things somewhat improved, when he visited the College a few days ago. Gatley's headquarters are in St. Louis.

Looking over this list and calling to mind the names of Carlon, Benoist, Carr and others, we can't help feeling sorry that old St. Louis has to some extent ceased sending to us as many of those royal good fellows as she used in the past.

Bernard Wefers, '95, who, as all the world knows, held the world's record of 9.4.5 seconds for the 100-yards until his college-mate, Arthur Duffey, '03, cut it down to 9.3.5 seconds, has accepted the position of coach of the track team of the Iowa State College. Success to you,
Bernie, old man. Hope you'll turn out a发烧 like your old self, though we make bold to prophesy that it will be many a long year before that record of yours of 21 1-5 seconds for the 220 will be equaled.

Edmund Kelly, in residence, '91-'93, spent a week or two renewing old acquaintances here recently.

Stephen Douglas, '01, has recently been appointed a member of the U. S. Geographical Survey and will shortly join his corps in Southern California. The old fellows will be sorry to hear that Steve's health is none of the best. We may, however, confidently hope that a year or two in the glorious Southwest will make a new man of him. The Philodemic members will remember Steve's eloquence and those ever-memorable debates and disputes he used to have with Winfield Jones and George Green.

Hon. Robert W. Douglas, Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, father of Robert D., '96, Stephen A., '01, and Martin Douglas, now in our Prep School, called at College recently. Old Brother Roth recalled the day the Judge and two others umpired the first game of baseball played in Georgetown. One of the other umpires was George Fox, whose name will live forever in old Georgetown, as the only man that ever "welted a ball from the home plate clear into the Potomac." But you all have heard Brother Paddy tell the story.

Robert McDonnell dropped in on his honeymoon. McDonnell is not a Georgetown man, but Mrs. McD. is a real Georgetown girl, so it's all the same. Mrs. McDonnell is a sister of the much lamented Frank O'Brien, '99, who died in his Junior year.

The old boys' column tenders its heartfelt sympathies to John M. Gallagher, E. S., '96, on the death of his beloved young wife.

Rumor has it that Joe Drum is doing well out in Indianapolis on one of the large newspapers there.

Joe Lynch writes that W. L. Higgins, '97, is studying at the American College, in Rome. All success to you.

The editor of this column was comfortably fixed in a Morris chair the other night delving into Russo when in walked Paul Brown, '02. Of course Russo had to take a back seat and for an hour or more the questions and answers flew fast and furious. Paul has been at home out in Wisconsin since graduation. He was on his way to New York where he will go into business with his brother. Paul informed us that "Tommie" Nolan, '02, of "momentous equation" fame, has not yet taken up anything, but will no doubt go into business very soon.

Dan Geary, '89, called around to see us the other day. Dan comes to Washington quite often as his firm does much business in "the City Beautiful."

George Quinlan, '02, spent his vacation in Washington with his sister. Mike is at Boston Tech., and says he is working very hard. He and Teddy Dissell are located in "The Tech Chambers" and hence see as much of each other as of yore. Mike had all kinds of tales to tell of the fellows up that way. He says there are at least fifteen Georgetown men at Tech and Harvard, and occasionally
they get together and talk of old times. He ran into the Weitzel boys, who graduate at Harvard this year. Boland will be remembered as the Poet of Freshmen in '98-'99.

Maurice Kirby, who is now with the New York Telegraph, has just published two songs which seem to have caught the fickle public's ear and are now heard all along Broadway.

Herbert Stanley Patterson, 'oo, was recently married to Miss Stella Spreikman. We regret that more details cannot be given but Herbert did not send the Journal an announcement.

G. Le Guere Mullally.

Milwaukee, February 3, 1903.
Dear Mr. Editor:
The Wisconsin Alumni of Georgetown enjoyed the extreme pleasure of entertaining President Daugherty at an informal dinner at the Hotel Pfister given in his honor on the occasion of his last visit to Milwaukee.

President Burrows, of Marquette College, Milwaukee, was also present. The newly organized Society of Wisconsin Georgetown Alumni was well represented.

Father Daugherty expressed himself as delighted at the step taken by Georgetown's Wisconsin sons. Chatting informally, he mentioned the aims and purposes cherished by those who formulate the policies of Georgetown and spoke in glowing terms of the hearty co-operation of the Alumni everywhere. Others present deplored the lowering of educational standards in certain institutions.

It was remarked that some erroneously supposed that a gift of a million was all that was necessary to found a university, or that a college without religion was a university, or that a college without a curriculum was a university. Father Daugherty said that we need but few educational ideals but we need them strong.

It is regrettable that Father Daugherty could not have been heard in a set address on this occasion. It would have been highly instructive to hear his judgment on some of the most brainsickly applications of electivism. The writer recollects reading Sydney Smith's flippant arraignment of Aristotle's philosophy and Charles Lamb's boast that his clerical work on a stack of ledgers was fully as useful as the writings of Aquinas. And hearing Father Daugherty discuss the progress of educational thought clearly and forcibly and almost without effort, the writer could but reflect that here was a discerning man who had deliberately elected to adopt the Aristotelian-Scholastic system, refusing to accept the inductive system as a cure for all the ills of tarnecination, but steering a conservative and safe course, turning a deaf ear to the cry "down with the curriculum," and by well tried and judiciously progressive methods accomplishing splendid educational results.

ADDENDA.

Charles A. Romadka (A. B. 1895), was united in marriage on Dec. 31, 1902, to Miss Jessie Skinner, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. H. Durnin, of St. Rose's Church. Mrs.
Romakda is a convert from the Episcopal persuasion. She is a blonde of much attractiveness. The groom’s many friends of the track team and other institutions will be glad to know that he is to prance down life’s long cinder path with so suitable a running mate. The young couple left for a wedding trip to the Pacific coast and went recently to Nacozari, Sonora Province, Mexico, where the groom has mining interests. They will make their home for the winter in Nacozari. Prosperity, peace and happiness be their lot.

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Otto Bosshard (LL.B., 1900) is now District Attorney of La Crosse county, and the youngest District Attorney in Wisconsin.

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The writer arrived late the evening of Father Daugherty’s visit but found Mr. Edmund Bach still in his seat and coherent in speech. We believe Mr. Bach had prepared an elaborate address for the occasion. But no formal remarks were called for and Mr. Bach sat in silence, “a mute, inglorious Milton.”

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We notice that Mr. Fay, of the Graduate School, complains in the January Journal that Mr. Dillon had not returned to his Alma Mater after a visit in Milwaukee.

We regret not to have seen Mr. Dillon to swap greetings. Those who visit here in the future must not neglect looking us up. Our committee on beverages (with Mr. Edmund Bach as its able and capacious chairman) is getting out of condition from underwork. New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Falls Church papers please copy.

FRANCIS BODEN.
It is not with the pleasure we hoped for that we take up our pen to write about the athletic affairs for this issue, as our anticipations did not materialize. We trusted that we would have the gratification of informing you, dear reader, that the student body had exhibited a remarkable degree of interest in athletics; such interest as has not been shown for some time past; such interest as would cause those, who were capable, to take part in the sports; such interest as should be manifested if Georgetown is to continue as a factor in the world of athletics. We must, however, acknowledge the great and laudable interest which, in comparison with the large number of students in attendance at the University, but a very few have exhibited. And yet the majority of these students is composed of men who have represented the Blue and Gray in divers branches of athletics for two or three years. Do not misunderstand us and think that Georgetown was obliged to be content with mere "make-shifts," for they were, in truth, so proficient that several of them are now holders of championships and we could not well do without them. Nevertheless we do not think that this should be a reason for other men to hold back. As there surely must be an abundance of athletes in attendance at all the different departments, we conclude, from the number now in training, that some have not responded to the call. A few may have good reasons, but in the case of the majority, as we cannot assign any sufficient reason for their absence, we are forced to conclude that it is from an utter lack of college spirit. This lack of spirit was only too apparent during the past football season, but we thought that it might have been due
to a greater interest in then important matters than from downright disinterestedness, and that it was but transient. However, up to the present time of writing, there has not been any apparent increase in interest to confirm this opinion. How Georgetown can possibly expect to achieve any great success in athletics in the face of so great an obstacle is beyond our imagination.

We do not wish to be considered "chronic tickers" nor is such our aim, but we consider that it would be hypocrisy in us not to mention such a condition of affairs. We feel that this is the place for it, and that it is also imperatively demanded that we should enlighten certain persons that they have an obligation in this matter. Every man in this or any other University who has any ability in the line of athletics ought to take part therein without having to be forced to do so. If, however, he is wanting in that spirit which would cause him to do so then is it the duty of all others, who know of his ability, to bring to bear on him such pressure as to induce and even force him to participate. Yet we hope that it will never be in anyone's power to say that a student of Georgetown had to be so coerced. We would much rather have the students take the hint and, by their conduct in the future, so proclaim to all that they are not wanting in true college spirit as to characterize us as "calamity shriekers." Willingly will we bear the odium.

To those who have manifested their spirit to the extent of inconveniencing and, oftentimes, disabling themselves naught but the greatest commendation is due, and we take this means of acknowledging not only our own admiration for them but that of every true and loyal son of Georgetown.

PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN REILLY.

Shortly after our going to press last month the Junior class of the Undergraduate Department presented Mr. Joseph Reilly, captain of last season's football team, with a very neat and valuable watch fob. The pendant of the fob represented the half of a football and was thus inscribed: "From 1904, Reilly, G. U. F. B. T., 1902." The Philosophers maintained deep secrecy in regard to this presentation and so it was something of a surprise when it did take place. The presentation speech was delivered by Mr. John O'Brien, President of 1904, in the presence of the Reverend Fathers Daugherty and Conway, Rector and Vice-Rector respectively; the Presidents of 1905 and 1906, and the entire Junior class.

This demonstration of regard for one who has taken so great an interest in Georgetown's athletics, for one who is so unpretentious in his achievements, and for one who still does all that lies in his power for the honor and glory of the Blue and Gray is not alone that of one class but that of every true-spirited student in the University. For his successful endeavors to increase the glory of Georgetown in football, rowing and running, Mr. Reilly will live long in the memory of all.

THE INDOOR MEET.

The fifth annual indoor meet is the next event on the Athletic Association's program, and, as has been announced, it will take place on Saturday, the seventh of March. These meets, which were in
augurated in 1899, by J. P. Duffy, manager of field and track for that year, were at first little more than local affairs, but they have so grown, under skillful managements, that they now not only arouse intense interest in the District but are considered all over the country as among the leading indoor athletic events of the year. The attendance has steadily grown until the crowd of last year filled all the available space in Convention Hall.

That this meet will be a magnificent success seems already assured. Manager Kernan and Graduate Manager Thompson are very busy receiving and answering inquiries about the meet from colleges and schools in all parts of the country. Among the latest institutions to signify their intention of being represented are Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Notre Dame, Wisconsin and Williams. These seven institutions will in all probability send men for the fifty-yard and the distance runs besides relay teams. Princeton's relay team is one of the fastest in the country and should prove to be very popular in Washington because of the large number of resident Princeton alumni. Princeton will probably contest with Yale for the honors. Wisconsin is anxious to send a team for a four-mile relay. Columbia will probably be paired with Cornell and as each has a splendid team the race should prove a fast one. Notre Dame will probably race Williams College. Last year at the meet the Westerners made their initial appearance before an Eastern audience, and defeated Cornell, creating a most favorable impression. The Baltimore and Olympia Athletic Clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and the different schools throughout the city will also be represented at the games.

The event that is attracting the most attention among the students is the interdepartmental race. At last year's meet the race was won by the Medical School team but this year the Dentists are determined to win.

Mr. James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, will in all probability officiate as referee. Mr. Sullivan has refereed the inter-collegiate championships at Berkley Oval for years, and is considered the best field and track referee in the country. Georgetown is thoroughly cognizant of the honor conferred upon her by the presence of so great and high an authority in the athletic world.

The prizes to be offered this year by the Athletic Association are very handsome ones indeed. The first prize will be of gold; the second of silver, and the third of bronze. All of them will be in the shape of watch fobs, and the pendant will bear the winner's name and the event on one side, and on the reverse the seal of Georgetown will be stamped.

The management has announced the following committees to conduct the meet:

GAMES AND ENTRIES COMMITTEE.
N. E. Kernan, '03; J. Miller, '04; J. V. Beary, '04; J. O'Brien, '04, chairman.

PRESS COMMITTEE.
H. V. Carlin, '04; H. S. Lusk, '04; A. C. Gracie, Law, '04; T. Kirby, Law, '05; T. F. Desmond, Jr., '05; Gerald Egan, '06; R. Whiteley, Law, '04, chairman.

HALL COMMITTEE.
C. J. Ryan, '04; C. Horsey, Law, '04;
J. W. Connolly, '04; E. Monahan, '05; J. Monahan, Med., '06; C. M. Barry, Law, '04, chairman.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.
B. C. McKenna, '03; N. E. Kernan, '03; R. Jones, Law, '03; J. V. Beary, '04; H. V. Carlin, '04; S. Shepherd, '04; F. Palms, '04; W. W. Bride, Law, '04; F. T. Fitzgerald, '04; J. Wadden, '04; F. Carlin, '05; J. Seitz, '03, chairman.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.
I. J. Costigan, Law, '05; P. Edmonston, Law, '05; T. Kirby, Law, '05, chairman.

At the present writing there is great probability of a dual meet in May between Columbia of New York and Georgetown. This is a new venture but the opinion is that it will prove a grand success.

THE RUNNERS.
Captain Owens has the track candidates, about thirty in number, training daily on the indoor track and as all the men are showing up well there is every reason to believe that a number of the events at the indoor games will be won by the Blue and Gray. For the sprints the old men now in training are Duffy, Dougherty and Etchison. Although Duffy, our "world's champion," is recuperating from an attack of grippe, he will doubtless be in condition when he runs his exhibition sixty-yards at the meet. Besides an exhibition sprint our "flyer" will enter the fifty-yards handicap. All four members of last year's relay team are still at the University and this year's team will undoubtedly be made up by the same men: Captain Owens, Reilly, Holland and Edmonston. However, Etchison, Abbattichio and Yoder will contest for positions and Etchison appears to be a most likely candidate. For the shot-put the Blue and Gray will have Captain Owens, Mohrnan, Mahoney, Thompson and Curran. Murphy will probably uphold our end in the hurdles.

A team from the first year class of the Law School, and a number of men from the field and track team will go to Baltimore to participate in the games which are to be held there. Our relay team will compete against Amherst at the Boston Athletic Association's meet on the fourteenth of this month. It is expected that Duffy will also enter. Without a doubt the Georgetown-Amherst race will be the feature of the night.

A little while ago there was considerable talk about getting up a relay race for teams from the four college classes. It seems a pity that the scheme should fail through, as it evidently has, for we can think of nothing more likely to arouse interest among the students and to promote that boon of college life—"class spirit."

BASEBALL.

We deem it incumbent upon us to apologize to Holy Cross and Wesleyan, and their supporters, for the seeming neglect of not including the names of these colleges in the baseball schedule published in our last issue. It was through an oversight of the proof-reader that the omission of these games, duly included by us in the schedule, was not detected. Although we disclaim any blame, nevertheless we are sincerely sorry if the omission has caused any mental perturbation.

Besides noting these omissions, May 26, Wesleyan at Middleton, and May 28, Holy Cross at Worcester, we are pleased
to announce that arrangements have been completed for a game with Cornell, at Georgetown, for the seventh of April, and one with the Maryland Athletic Club, at Baltimore, for the sixteenth of May.

A great many of the candidates for the ball team have begun the work of limbering up and, with suitable weather, a few days will see the regular practice in full swing. Captain Apperious has a number of the men now on the indoor track in order to increase their sprinting abilities and lower the running time to first sack. One of the features of this season will be a second, or "scrub," team, which will materially aid towards the perfecting of the 'Varsity.

There are six of last season's team who will not wield the "wagon-tongue" this year for Georgetown, and this gives a number of new men a chance to make names for themselves in the athletic world and to defend the Blue and Gray. The pitching staff at present appears comparatively weak, but before the beginning of the season the new men will be in fit condition, and some good material will undoubtedly be developed. Of the new men for pitchers Frank Drill and Titus seem to be the most promising. Ryan, of last year's Sophomore team, and Burns, of last year's Freshman team, are expected to show up well. Fay, of last season's 'Varsity, will be with us again this year and continue his good work.

Of last season's remaining men Captain Apperions will probably continue to wear the pad; Dowling will hold down first corner, where he did such splendid work last year; Dorman will transfer for shortstop and cover Moran's old district; second is one of the stakes in the "free-for-all"; third turn will be watched by J. "P." Morgan (not Pierpont, but "Peerless"); left, center and right are also trophies in the "free-for-all."

It is putting it rather lightly to say that the students were pleased when they heard that Jerome Bradley, Princeton, '97, had been selected as coach for the team. Mr. Bradley coached the crack teams of 1900 and 1901. These nines did fast work, and the men improved rapidly under his tutelage. He has a most enviable record as a pitcher, and it is believed that the raw material for the pitching staff will be got into shape in plenty of time to get the best possible results from the men. Besides liking him as a coach, all the old players and students hold him in the highest esteem.

The Crew.

At present there are about thirty men at work on the machines and there ought not to be less than sixty, for two crews are to be picked from this material, the 'Varsity and a second crew, and it hardly seems probable that even one good crew can be made up from these thirty men. It is true that there are some men who are
still to report but who at present are either incapacitated through illness or are holding back from a conceit that they have their positions “cinched,” or that practice is unnecessary for them. We would advise them to rid themselves of their conceit immediately, for from what we know of Captain Russell and Manager McKenna they will not put up with a great deal of it. Captain Russell is authority for the statement that from one of the departments not even one new man has signified any intention of trying for the crew.

The men of last year’s ’Varsity, with the exception of Reilly and Sinclair, will undoubtedly continue on this season’s crew. For these two positions Hardesty, Kerens, Mahoney, Chas. Seitz, and Vlymen are showing up best at present.

Not only will the ’Varsity be sent to Annapolis but the second crew will also go if men can be obtained to compose it. It is also the intention to take the best four men of the second crew and send them to Poughkeepsie as a four, and two of the men composing this four will also act as substitutes for the ’Varsity.

The work on the machines will continue until March, when the candidates will go on the river. In order to obtain a good ’Varsity there should be at least three crews working together and it is to be hoped that the students will co-operate with the management in their efforts to have such crews. Captain Russell states that no crew will be picked until the time for selecting the men who will row at Annapolis, and this will give any late comers every advantage to display their ability and have a fair chance to make these crews.

A new shell, which will be finished in time to practice in before the Annapolis race, is now being built by Glass. This shell will also be used in the race at Poughkeepsie.

T. F. Desmond, ’05.