Before the End.

When your soft eyes shall turn to mine and say,
   "Dear one of days gone by, now dear no more,
    My heart cries not to your heart as before,
    And feels no more the thrill of yesterday,"
Straight shall I at Love's altar kneel and pray,
For you his rarest boon, Forgetfulness,
And breathe your name again, low-voiced, and press
My lips to yours once more, and go my way.

I would not have you think of me as one
   Who won and wore, but could not hold the prize,
   Who knew of secrets hidden in your eyes
And all but robbed them of their mystery,
But ere he could unfold them lost the key—
Sweetheart, forget me when the dream is done.

Francis P. Sullivan, '04.
INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

Last Christmas was a season of good cheer. Likewise it was presumed to be a season of peace and benevolence. The mother expecting the far distant college son to return to the bosom of his family and to the circle of his friends was happy at Christmas time, because she beheld him once more and heard his tender voice—mellowed by the fall vintage of Kentucky sour mash—discoursing upon those important and necessary branches of the modern New England collegiate education: athletics, social happenings, and femininity, in general or particular.

The confidence man was happy at Christmas because he seemed to see in his day dreams visions of the Grafton County Reuben who ventures into the electric-lighted city in search of adventure and enlightenment, and who walks back to the cross-roads with such a clear and practical knowledge of gold brick manufacture that he never again finds it necessary to go forth beyond the confines of his rural and secluded hamlet.

The politician likewise was happy, and found great cause for cheer at that happy season, because he felt that each mail should bring some little gift or kindly remembrance from a board of directors who seek a franchise for their corporation; or it may come from the president of a railroad who is solicitous to prevent the Wabash Railroad from securing an entry into the Capital. Some persons unfamiliar with the nicer rules of diplomacy have vulgarly called these kindly remembrances to legislators, bribes; but, according to the code of morals in force among the city officials of Philadelphia and St. Louis, they are called merely funds for campaign purposes.

But perhaps the greatest cheer at that season of joy was experienced by our public-spirited coal barons. Although the season was one of cold and frosts, they rejoiced that they had coal to give away to the freezing public. They rejoiced that Providence had relegated to them the charitable duty of furnishing coal to the people, and, being high-minded, public-spirited and benevolent philanthropists, they were at peace with themselves and were always ready and happy to furnish anthracite at any reasonable rate ranging from fifty to seventy-five cents per ton.

All these instances go to show what an extremely happy and peaceful season was Christmas. But this year there is a double significance attached to the word “Peace.” For centuries upon centuries prophets—false and otherwise—have been calling for peace among men, especially between the representatives of capital and labor. Man has quarreled ever since Cain was able to criticise his brother. If we go back a long distance into the history of the very dark ages, back long before the Johnstown flood
even, we may hear the clarion voice of
the prophet — John Alexander Dowie, also Elijah III or IV—as he chariots
along the banks of the Illinois Tiber,
calling upon mankind to cease his tur-
bulence of spirit and follow in the wake
of the golden chariot or the private pal-
ace car that leads to Zion City, Ill., J.
A.D., Prop. See him standing in Mad-
ison Square Garden before the hardened
Philistines of Devery’s ward, admitted
at fifty cents per head, and hurling his
oratorical thunderbolts in denunciation
because Carrie Nation’s presence failed
as a drawing card. With what angelic
meekness did he permit himself to be
domiciled at the most expensive hotel,
and how he longed to forsake the ex-
pensive and luxurious living in order to
join his beloved followers cooking their
own ten-cent meals in the Garden!

There have been other prophets call-
ing for peace among men. Man has
fought and struggled in every age, in
every country, in every cause. He has
quarrelled in love affairs, quarrelled in
war, and quarrelled in labor agitations.

In regard to his love quarrels we need
but go back to ancient Greece to find
that the wife of a quiet and respectable
Peloponnesian king was carried across a
small stream by the best man at the wed-
ding to a little “one-night-stand town”
called Troy, N. Y. Of course the result
of this little excursion party was that
the injured king sent a large deputation
of his Greek soldiers and fruit peddlers
to wait upon the mayor of the town.
That night there was a big bonfire in
Troy, and next day the Athenian Daily
War Cry had occasion to catalogue a
few extra death notices. The injured
king was tickled to death when he heard
the news.

Another great love struggle occurred
in Ireland a few years after Helen raised
so much excitement in Troy. Some his-
torians tell us that Ireland was probably
settled by the Greeks. However, we
don’t dispute the contention, in fact are
rather inclined to accept it, as the fol-
lowing authentic account would seem to
show considerable analogy between the
customs of the Greek and those of the
Celt: It was about the year 55 B. C. or
1419 A. D., we are not just sure which,
that there were exactly thirty-seven kings
in Ireland, each claiming to be the only
and original king of the isle. There were
the O’Sullivan Bears, the Brian Barou’s,
the O’Ruarcs, and the O’Donnell Aboos,
and any number of lesser lights, among
which were the McManuses and the Mul-
hearns, who were sheep stealers and lived
over in Top McCannell, in the County
Connaught. Today it is hardly possible
to find an Irishman who has not some of
the royal fluid of these thirty-seven mon-
archs coursing through his arteries. Well,
these thirty-seven kings, by the grace of
their steel claymores and strong black-
thorns, fought it out among themselves
until but two—O’Ruarc and Brian Barou
—remained to occupy the centre of the
stage. Well, O’Ruarc, who lived in
Breffney—bad cess to him, as the Span-
ish say—went down one dark night with
a crowd of his following to Barou’s cas-
tle, which was situated on the Top of
Cork road, or somewhere around there,
we don’t know where for sure, and in-
vited Mrs. Barou to take a short walk
with him, and didn't he carry her off bodily to his stronghold in Breffney! Well, when Barou heard that his wife had been captured while his attention had been occupied by serious scandals in the Limerick Postoffice Department, he at once went quietly around to the other thirty-five kings, and by promising to give three or four of them the same seat in his cabinet and to make two or three others water commissioner, he got up a great following and there's been the wearing of the green on O'Rua's grave ever since.

Philanthropists have always sought to turn men's thoughts from war to peace. Even nations are strongly opposed to conflict. It is encouraging at this time to observe that England, America and even autocratic Russia are the most philanthropic nations of the world, and are bending their efforts toward peace among men. Their motto is a just and salutary one: "Grab everything without a fight." America starts out to liberate the Cubans, and when the bloody naval engagements which result in the death of two American sailors and the demise of a dignified non-combatant Spanish mule at Cienfuegos are over, the Filipinos and the Porto Ricans awake to the fact that they have become benevolently assimilated, not, of course, as our learned legislators say, "By virtue of the Constitution, but as an incident of sovereignty." At this season the assimilated have every reason to be happy and rejoice—perhaps!

England, too, is a messenger of peace. To her conflicts are detestable, and should be discountenanced if possible. An English army finds it necessary to travel along the Congo or the Nile on what Secretary Chamberlain is pleased to term "a slight exploratory expedition merely for the sake of inquiry." The result of this expedition of inquiry is another peaceful assimilation by the kingdom which boasts no sunsets, but which occasionally experiences an eclipse or two when the "assimilated" refuse to digest, like some of the undigested water securities of certain ship trusts which are badly in need of a Government subsidy to float them.

But, having digressed a moment, let us come back now to the real subject in hand — Industrial Peace. Like nations, labor and capital have always quarrelled. There have been strikes and lockouts from Chicago to Babylon. Why, we read of a great strike in the early history of China. An employer named Confucius, or Confusion, who ran a general department store and supplied it with cheap teas, coffees, cocoas, wines, liquors and poisonous oleo raised on his country plantations, had engaged a lot of union men to work for so much a day, and because at Christmas time—if there was such a time then—he paid a few other fellows a day's pay for half a day's work—the members of the Associated Brotherhood of Highbinders and Strong-tea Mixers threatened to mix opium with the proprietor's best claret and spill his contraband Scotch high balls, and if he refused to discharge the coolie members of the rival union, called the Fraternal Conspiracy of Pennsylvania Avenue Chinese Laundrymen, they threatened to quit work and inform the public that he was purchasing ordinary wine from Cali-
the avowed purpose of securing free and uninterrupted passage of the Royal Chinese Mails through the plantations. Thus ended one of the earliest known conflicts between capital and labor. So have they generally ended—a great deal of public sympathy for the toiler, and expense; a great deal of profit and government aid for the employer.

Perhaps there never would have been any industrial warfare had trusts never existed. But trusts have come down as heirlooms and, sometimes like the bad debts of our ancestors, are bequeathed to us for our tender consideration.

There was a trust in England in the days of William the Conqueror, who ran a corner on original writs erroneously supposed to protect the poor people from the encroachments of the barons; but since the writs were sold to the highest bidder the presumption is that the poor had little to be thankful for on the king’s golden wedding celebration.

There was a big theatrical trust in gladiatorial Rome when Titian, or Marcus Superbus, or some other Roman spellbinder, ran a continuous open-air vaudeville performance in the Coliseum, consisting of such humorous diversions as watching Christians burn, or applauding ravenous animals regale themselves upon the choicest morsels torn from the anatomy of what the refined Romans called “barbarians.” No wonder the overworked attendants struck for more food and higher wages! This act, of course, simply meant more food for the lions; there were no such things as conciliation or arbitration in those days, and, besides, the Cæsars and their successors...
were a humorous and sanguinary lot of monarchs, who enjoyed such a good joke to the fullest extent—even to the extent of giving the striker his choice either of a finish in boiling oil, or a more humorous end as death by a slow fire.

But long before the theatrical trust existed *de facto* in Rome and tried to prevent a first-night production by Belasco, there had been another royal trust run somewhere in Upper Egypt. History tells us that Marc Antony was instructed to run a corner on all the grain in the Nile Valley, and when two long years of drought set in he and Cleopatra formed a clique and decided to raise the price to what the Chicago speculators call “dollar wheat.” Everyone except the voters of Antony’s ward had to pay the price demanded. Of course, there were a number of kicks from the mugwumps and the Socialists, and there were a number of feigned attempts by the Attorney General to break up the trust, but the concern flourished and continued to do a land-office business because the Congo River Republicans threatened to recognize the belligerency of the Suez Canal Filibusters if the High Tariff was tinkered with.

From what has been said it will be apparent to the reader that there have been any number of difficulties existing between capital and labor from the time that Charon’s defunct ferryboat was subsidized by the Styx River Republicans for the hot weather season down to the present day, when so many of the veterans of our Civil War, filled with a magnanimous spirit of loyalty and patriotism, are steadfastly refusing to accept their pensions willingly, unless they are granted a substantial increase by each succeeding Congress.

But now all the disturbances between capital and labor are to cease, and we rejoice because the long-heralded millennium dawn has appeared upon the industrial horizon. Labor and capital—the two great wreckers of the public peace, have shaken hands and made up. No more quarrels! No more strikes! No more lockouts! Each at last has realized the great expense of the ruinous conflicts. Henceforth one shall work in harmony with the other, and in future both will meekly and sympathetically confine their earnest endeavors to waging a gentle and eternal crusade against the unsuspecting and unprotected public!

No more shall we be permitted to witness the elevating and instructive strikes or lockouts. No more shall we behold the innocent and child-like striker minding his employer with a pickaxe, or emphasizing his peaceful demands with cobblestones and dynamite. Alas! No! Such things are now of the past, just because the public of Chicago, the biggest city in the world, with the biggest slaughter-houses in Illinois, has succeeded in forming a mutual admiration association consisting of employers and their workmen; an association representing the greatest achievement of modern times—Industrial Peace! The toiler and his employer are to agree on every question without a strike or lockout, and the public is to reap the benefit of good prices and absence of disturbances. This is the great Industrial Peace of Chicago, the peace which permits the public to get good prices, and, from the latest telegraphic reports received from the front,
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we understand that the public is getting more than it bargained for. It is getting good prices, high prices, exhorbitant prices, and prohibitive prices. In the words of a ward philosopher: "Before the public of Chicago hatched out this industrial Bird of Peace the purchaser had one chance in ten; now he has one chance in a thousand, and can't find it."

At first the forces of capital and labor accepted the proposition of the citizens of Chicago with reluctance, but now, since they have discovered the long-overlooked opportunities to overcharge and victimize the public, they have formed an association which for offense and defense, for expressions of love and affection toward the consumer, reminds the unbiased spectator of the pathetic picture of Spittelius which portrays the unexpected meeting of an Orangeman and a Cork man who have been unfortunately assigned by the steward to occupy the same stateroom on board an ocean liner. By the generous terms of their agreement the employers magnanimously contract to employ only men of certain and specified unions, and the workmen on their part, in the same spirit, which is obviously generous, stipulate to work only for the firms specified in the contract. The scheme works beautifully—as far as the association is concerned. If the public refuses to pay the price demanded for coal, wood or groceries, and purchases them elsewhere, the teamsters who are in the clique refuse to haul them. If a poor millionaire desires to work for a firm he must produce his certificate of admission to the Blackmailers Union before he is permitted to earn an honest living as a silent partner in a firm engaged in a great railway merger.

This is the great peace we celebrated last Christmas. To celebrate more fittingly and perpetuate so great an achievement, there should be a new national holiday, not called Labor Day, or Trust Day, but called "Coalition Day," in honor of this great Mutual Benefit Alliance, framed for the benefit of the charter members at the expense of the public. On this great day we will have music, speeches, fireworks, and parades. Then may we observe the inspiring spectacle of labor's forces marching shoulder to shoulder with the modern buccaneers—the captains of industry. The auburn-haired bricklayers will be held in fraternal clasp by their fellow-conspirators, the Government Building contractors. The aristocratic State or Wall Street banker will tread cheek by jowl with the washladies along the asphalt pavement of the National Capital, cheered by the plaudits of the tearful spectators. The dignified United States senators will be seen in the line, marching with the Spanish War veterans, inspired by the new national anthem, "The Almighty 100 Cents." In the rear of the great procession will appear the heart-rending tableau entitled "The Magnanimous Pennsylvania Coal Barons Sharing Their Hard-earned Profits with the Miners."

"But what's to become of the unprotected public?" asks Ray Stannard Baker in the September issue of McClure's. Well, if we were to use the words of a certain deceased New York railroad owner, we would feel constrained to say, "The public be ——, but it's not necessary to express the painful truth.

ALEXANDER I. RORKE, '04, Law.
SONGS FROM THE GERMAN.*

Sharp fifes and bugles,—
Listen! — and drumming!
Hide the bread, mother,
Soldiers are coming.
Peace and contentment their advent will kill,
To our poor village their visit means ill.
Foemen they 've conquered,
Showing their bravery,
Now all their friends, too,
Fall into slavery:
All things, so think they, are made for their ease,
Asking no question, they take what they please.

Sharp fifes and bugles,—
Listen! — and drumming!
Hide your heart, maiden,
Soldiers are coming:
Strutting so proudly in glittering bands,
Wooing with kisses and pressing of hands.
Insolent charmers,
Masters of flattery,
Love oaths a thousand
Fly from their battery.
Hear them not, maiden, and humble your pride,
Sweetheart you may be, but never a bride.

Sharp fifes and bugles,—
Listen! — and drumming!
Out of the way, lads,
Soldiers are coming!
Even the old men regard them with joy;
Scarlet and tinsel must charm every boy.
Mark how they follow them,
See how they stare,
How they rejoice in the weapon's bright glare.
Maid, guard your bridegroom;
Mother, your child,
For, by the soldiers
Their feet are beguiled.

(Alexis Aar.)

AUTUMN.

O'er the seas to Egypt's valley
Flying storks have ceased to soar;
Swallows, too, have swarmed to Southland,
And the lark will sing no more.

Wailing winds with secret sorrow
Linger o'er the dismal scene,
And the honeyed days of summer
All have vanished with the green.

Yet again the leaping sunshine
Cleaves the haze with splendor pale,
And one ray of olden glory
Drenches craggy hill and vale.

And the field and wood are gleaming
In the joy that Faith will bring;
Under all the Winter's sorrow
Lies a golden day of Spring.

(Theodore Storm.)
WHEN HEARTS BELOVED

When hearts beloved have passed away,
Look up amidst your tears,
And God may show a fairer land
That knows no human fears.
Since He through Death's remorseless hand
Severed your earthly ties,
A pilgrim you must wander now,
Your goal beyond the skies.

A gypsy through the world, your soul
Its homeless way shall wend
Till Death's dark angel strike your tent
And all your sorrows end:
For you the mourner's tears are wept,
Nothing can grieve you now,
Forever with the sainted dead
A glory round your brow.

(JULIUS STURM.)

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

The waves from Winter's slumber
He wakes with ardent look.

Now gaily leaps the brooklet,
And where the breezes sing
It babbles: "O beloved,
I, too, have seen the Spring!"

(E. DEGAN.)

SWEDEN'S SONG.

Hark! The awful strains are sounding
In the Runic halls of Wäinö:
That is Suomi's song,
That is Sweden's song!

See the burnished, icy mountains
Flare the sun in wondrous outline:
That is Suomi's song,
That is Sweden's song!

Hear the tall pines, sobbing, mournful,
Hear the deep, dark river's thunder:
That is Suomi's song,
That is Sweden's song!

See the starless dome of heaven
Flamed by Northern Light to rose dawn:
That is Suomi's song,
That is Sweden's song!

(OLD SWEDISH SONG.)
Discord reigned in the ranks of the Vendome's little orchestra. The young men and women who danced nightly at the Vendome did not dream of anything of the kind. Their elders, who came to the concert on Sunday evening—the "Sacred Concert," they called it, for what reason I do not know—were blissfully ignorant of it. Mr. Bell, Jr., the Vendome's manager, had not the faintest inkling of it. Lawton, the leader, suspected something, but was inclined to reject his own suspicions. But Haeckel, the tall, dark cornetist, and Valdino, the fat, fair-haired 'celloist, could have told you all about it. And so could Miss Morton, the pretty soprano, who had come to White Beach this summer to sing at the Sunday night concerts, and who sang very beautifully, as all the Vendome's guests agreed. And Haeckel and Valdino might also have told you that Miss Morton sang extraordinarily well.

"Her technique is perfect," said Haeckel in his precise, German way.

"She sings from the depths of her soul," said Valdino, with the warmth of his native Italy.

"It is the technique by which we must judge the singer," said Haeckel.

"The technique—bah, Haeckel! Anyone can learn the technique. Pick a child up out of the streets, and you can teach her the technique. But feeling is genius. It is inborn. It cannot be acquired. It is like poetry, and is a gift of God."

"Feeling is worth nothing without technique, Valdino," said Haeckel, sententiously.

"Ah, but it is! Go and listen to the songs of the gondoliers. They know not the meaning of technique. They have never learned a note. But their singing is perfect, perfect not as you mean it, but in the true sense. Their songs come from the soul and go to the soul. Go listen to them at night when the moon is on the waters, and the air comes perfume-laden from the south. Then, my dear Haeckel, you will—you will—but no, even then you might not feel, Haeckel, even then you might not feel." And the gentle little 'celloist shook his head sadly.

"Miss Morton values technique more than feeling," said Haeckel, putting his instrument away.

"Miss Morton!" exclaimed Valdino.

"It is impossible."

"But it is true."

"True?" repeated Valdino. "You say it is true?"

Haeckel stroked his mustache. "She told me, herself," he said with a latent note of triumph in his heavy voice. Valdino's blue eyes were wide with amazement. "It is impossible," he repeated; "impossible."
"But it is true," said Haeckel again, and he left Valdino shaking his head sadly and muttering softly to himself: "It is impossible; it cannot be."

"Her technique is perfect," said Haeckel as they were getting ready to leave the hall after the concert.

"Ah, but her expression is adorable," said Valdino. And they went off into another heated discussion of their favorite theme.

The season was nearing its end, but one more Sunday concert remained to be given, and the Vendome's musicians would pack their trunks and return to the city. Haeckel and Valdino, friends of long standing, were becoming estranged. They had played together in the city. For nearly five years, now, the notes of their 'cello and cornet had blended in the orchestra of the Tremont Theatre. For nearly five years they had left the theatre nightly together when the play was over, and gone to the quiet little café half way down the block to enjoy, Bohemian-like, their midnight meal. There they would sit and drink their coffee, sometimes talking—talking of music, of the play, of the father-land—sometimes with never a word, watching the crowds that passed up and down the brilliantly lighted streets. There seemed to be some strange affinity between this tall, dark, phlegmatic German and the gentle little Italian, who was short and fat, with flaxen hair that straggled rebelliously all over the top of his head, a pink skin as soft as a baby's, and great light-blue eyes that were innocent as any you ever looked into, but lit up now and then with a marvelously bright fire. For Valdino loved his 'cello and sometimes he drew notes from it that were as mellow as the notes of the human voice, and were passionate and throbbed with the rich, warm life of his native Italy—and then it was the fire in his eyes burned brightest. And he often lamented to himself that Haeckel, who had mastered the science of music, as no other man whom he knew, should play with such exquisite precision and so little feeling.

"If he would only miss a note now and then," he would say. "If somebody would only give him a soul."

But their friendship was strong, and such it might have remained had they never gone to White Beach. That Miss Morton had anything to do with the coolness which was coming between them neither was willing to admit. Yet, somehow, they could not converse now without dragging in the name of that unoffending young lady. And as soon as her name was mentioned Haeckel's mustache would bristle and Valdino's cheeks would burn a rosy red and the debate would rage with a deal of unnecessary heat.

And so on this Sunday night—the last but one that they were to play for the Vendome's guests—their heated discussion of Miss Morton's singing turned somehow to a discussion of Miss Morton herself, in her relation to themselves.

"I was talking to Miss Morton yesterday," Haeckel was saying in his slow, ponderous style, "and she told me—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Valdino, excitedly, taken off his guard for the moment, "but I do not like that, you talk to Miss Morton too much; I do not like it."

Haeckel stared at him in mild surprise.
“You do not like it?” he repeated, as if unwilling to believe his own ears.
“You? Ha! ha!” and he broke out into a laugh of derision.
“And why do you not like it, Signor Valdino?” he asked with great show of formality.
“Because—because,” said Valdino, his face crimson, “because—bah! Haeckel, I tell you I do not like it. Is not that enough?”
Haeckel did not reply.
“You must not talk to her so much,” went on Valdino, becoming more excited and more angry at the silence of the German. “I tell you, Haeckel, you must not—you have no right to—you must stop it!”
Haeckel was patient.
“And what right have you to forbid me to talk to Miss Morton?” he asked.
“Can’t you see, Haeckel? Can’t you see?” the little Italian was near to pleading.
“I love Miss Morton, Haeckel; I love her.”
“I thought so,” commented Haeckel quietly. “So do I.”
For a space Valdino was too amazed for speech. When at last he found his tongue he began to laugh—a soft, musical, subdued laugh, that contrasted strangely with his excited manner of a moment before.
“Ha, ha, Haeckel! So you are in love? It is a very good joke, a very good joke. A man without a soul in love. Ha, ha!” And the little man laughed till the tears came to his eyes.
“Enough of that, Valdino,” said Haeckel at last. “Miss Morton—”

“Did anyone call my name?”
The two men started, and turning around saw Miss Morton standing in the doorway that opened onto the porch, her figure framed, like a picture, against the darkness of the night. And a pretty picture she made, this tall, fair-haired girl who sang so sweetly.
“Did anyone call my name?” she repeated as they stood dumbly gazing at her. Haeckel was first to recover himself.
“I was just about to remark,” he said easily, “that Miss Morton had mastered the art of singing.”
The girl let the compliment pass by unnoticed. “I came back for my cloak,” she said. “There it is; the night is chilly, you know, and I need it.”
Haeckel had already picked up the cloak from a chair near him. And Valdino, still too much abashed to move, stupidly watched him throw the cloak over the girl’s shoulders and pass through the door with her out onto the boardwalk.
“Haeckel is not fair,” he muttered, shaking his head sadly. “He is not fair. I do not like it. He thinks that he loves Miss Morton, but he does not—he cannot—it is impossible. I do not like it.” And he went out slowly after them.

The following week was a stormy one for White Beach, as stormy as the passions that raged in the breast of the poor little Italian ‘celloist. On Tuesday night the wind began to blow from the northeast, and when the denizens of the little summer colony awoke the next morning grey clouds were scurrying across the sky, the dark-green waters of the ocean
were dotted thickly with white-caps, sailing vessels went scudding down the coast like spectres under bare, gaunt masts, and the breakers pounded and seethed on the beach with inspiring fury. The storm increased in violence as the day grew older; it continued with unabated strength throughout the whole of Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday night seemed to reach its height, when, amid the din of howling wind and roaring breakers, the ocean crept slowly up the beach and foamed and hissed under the very porches of the hotels and cottages. Then it was that many an anxious mother packed her trunk and took the first train for home. Stories were numerous of the times when the angry waters had completely submerged the narrow strip of sand on which White Beach rested, and many persons did not care to take chances. But the Vendome's orchestra and the Vendome's soprano and about half of the Vendome's guests remained. The sacred concert was not a thing to be done away with, except for reasons of very considerable moment.

On Sunday night the storm still raged—still raged in the elements, and still raged in the breast of Valdino. And Valdino, tuning his instrument with loving care, frowned tonight—if such a gentle, peaceful little man could frown—as he saw Miss Morton come into the hall, escorted by Haeckel.

"I am an ass," he said to himself, running the bow across the strings with great vehemence. "I am a stupid ass," he went on with increased conviction.

"Why didn't I bring her here tonight? Because I am an ass, a stupid ass." And he frowned and tuned with redoubled energy.

The orchestra had gone through its usual programme. Haeckel had given his cornet solo, Miss Morton had sung as prettily as ever, and the audience had applauded with more than wonted enthusiasm. Perhaps it was something in the air, in the wild voice of the storm outside; perhaps it was thought of the parting near at hand—at all events there was a strong sympathy tonight between player and hearer.

When Miss Morton took her seat, after responding to her last encore, Valdino walked over to her.

"You sang beautifully," he said; "ah, very beautifully indeed. But I shall play tonight as I have never played before. It will be a message to you; the words that I would say to you." She gazed at him wonderingly, for his eyes were alight with a burning fire; but she did not look displeased, and the blush mantled very prettily to her cheek.

And a moment later Valdino turned to Haeckel.

"You must listen to me tonight," Haeckel," he said earnestly. "You must listen to the message I am sending from my 'cello into the heart of her." He nodded in the direction of Miss Morton.

"I love her, Haeckel, and you do not, and you and she shall know it tonight." And Haeckel, too, looked at him with eyes of wonder, and said nothing.

Then he moved his chair out into the little space that separated the audience from the musicians. He did not bow, he did not look into the faces of those before him, he made no preliminary flour-
ishes of the bow. He discarded all the affectations of the musician, and became merely the man. He was playing for an audience of two—for the woman he loved, and his rival, who had been his friend.

He had hardly begun to play when a tall, stout man appeared in the doorway. It was Bell, the manager. He seemed to be very much excited.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he called out in a loud voice, "the storm is worse, and the ocean is coming up pretty high on us. I think it would be best to go to the rear of the hotel. There is no need to worry; it will be perfectly safe there."

Some of the women screamed, and audience and musicians hurried out of the hall.

But Valdino and Miss Morton and Haeckel seemed oblivious of what was going on around them. The little Italian did not cease to play, and the other two remained in their seats, their eyes glued upon him, and drinking in the exquisite melody of the 'cello. It was a simple air that he played—simple but passionate—a song that had often rippled over the canals of Venice, sweet and clear as the song of the lark, rich in color, now tender and soft, now louder and more compelling, but ever glowing with life and feeling, and ever coming from the soul of the musician. A spell was on the three of them, a spell not of the song alone, but of the passion that was latent in the song. The fire burned brightly in Valdino's blue eyes, and the color was in his cheek. He saw nothing, he was conscious of nothing but the song that he played. And still the melody rose and fell passionately, and still it swept resistless over the heartstrings of the two who heard it, and it seemed now to blend with the uproar of wind and waves. And finally it died away, softly, sadly, sweetly, yet lingered still, as though loath to depart, even as the three were loath to let it pass from their hearing; and as the last, faint, amorous note was heard, and the musician's bow rested idly on the strings, the shrieking of the wind and the beating of the waves grew less and less boisterous, and the tumult of passions in Valdino's breast began to subside.

There was silence for a moment, until Haeckel arose and went over and stood by the 'celloist. "It was very beautiful," he said simply. "I know what you mean, now; you are right." And without another word he left the hall.

Then Valdino turned around and saw the girl sitting there, her eyes bright, her cheeks aglow.

"Had we not better go, too—Catherine?" he asked, and she arose and went out with him.

Hall Stoner Lusk, '04.
The Song of the Sea-Rover.

Oh, 'tis "half-speed ahead," for the mooring lines are stowed
And we're slipping through the shipping, and we're swinging down
the road,
Till the swell's beneath our forefoot and the harbor-light's abeam
And we're rolling in the welter, where the ocean meets the stream.
Fare you well, green islands, if I sail these seas no more;
Bless the cheery little lights that twinkle on the shore;
Peace to all poor wanderers who still afar must roam—
The splendid Cities call me and our course is laid for home.

For that my eyes saw clearly;
    For that my heart was bold;
My purpose fixed, unswerving;
    My fierce will tamed and cold;
The Lords that rule waste water
    Beyond the landman's ken
Have blessed me, in their wisdom,
    Above all weaker men.
And this has been my guerdon,
    My great and due reward,
To pass the billowed marches,
    The watchful storm winds guard,
To match my puny powers
    Against the mighty sea,
And face unscathed the dangers
    Which others fear and flee.

To rest in crowded harbors,
    Where gather from the brine
The swift salt-whitened schooners
    That play along the Line,
Or in some palm-lined haven,
    A world away, to lie
Where pass the dove-winged traders,
    Hull down against the sky.

Full meed of these and more than full
They gave me in the might,
The Lords of wild waste water,
    Who read my needs aright,
Of all that owned their power
    Full cup and brimming o'er,
Till drunk with proud possession,
    I value them no more.

Oh, 'tis "full-speed ahead," for the pilot's overside,
His dripping dory dipping with the tossing of the tide,
The gulls shriek out their harsh godspeed, the great bells throb
    and toll,
That we who venture seaward-bound may 'ware us of the shoal.
Our paths shall be the sea-lanes, lone highways paved of spray,
And they that rule waste water will guide us lest we stray,
And those who will may follow us, and those who will may roam,
But fare ye well, green islands, for our course is laid for home.

FRANCIS P. SULLIVAN, '04.
TO-MORROW AT TEN.

On the afternoon of the Wisconsin debate John Clavering, alone in his room in the old North, looked out on the empty quadrangle and never, it seemed to him, had the red walks appeared more deserted and the frost-bitten grass more forlorn. It was raining without, and the flurries of wind crooned mournfully about the corners of the building and drove myriads of boisterous raindrops against the window pane; Clavering sat anxious in the fast-growing darkness, his face lengthened and haggard as if by an illness, his eyes staring and tear-dimmed by thoughts that were painful. For some minutes he sat thus, held by the depth of thought, a pipe clenched firmly, almost fiercely, between his teeth and his fingers (the only sign of action about the mute figure) beating and re-beating the edge of his initial-carved chair. At intervals a half-strangled sigh escaped his lips and some words, scarce-ly whispered, yet laden with deep emotion, came from his tightened lips. "To-morrow at ten," and then, "It's almost over now; it must be known tomorrow, and then—" he stopped, the clenched teeth dug deeper into the pipestem, and his eyes closed as if he were unable to finish, as if the words to come burned rackingly in his mind. Then on the night air, for darkness had come and lights beamed from a hundred windows, the Angelus, low-voiced and sweet, as intoned by the chapel bell, broke in upon his thoughts, and Clavering, by force of habit, put away his pipe and bowed his troubled head. Not more than a minute elapsed, when once more he rose to his feet and standing, dazed, pain-stricken, he half moaned in a voice hard, yet betraying all the emotion in his pent-up heart, "I can't, O God, I can't pray," and as the tears came and his frame, a good, manly-looking frame, trembled beneath his sorrow, he cried, "A thief, Heaven, not that, not a thief;" for a moment he stood panting, irresolute, then a harder expression of earnestness came upon his face and in a moment his eyes brightened and his teeth set as hope came back to him, a hope that he might yet save his name and avert the shipwreck of life, ambition, soul, that was all too closely hanging over him.

It was the old story, the story that is told to most men before they go to college, the story that was enacted long ago when our fathers went to school and which we see, though perhaps with different characters, different entrances and exits, and different endings, in our days at college.

Clavering had come to Georgetown from a small town where real education was a rarity, and where he, the honor graduate in his High School, was accounted by his townspeople a fit person in any company, an opinion which Clavering unfortunately adhered to and of which he never knew the falsity until,
and it is frequently thus, it was too late for a beneficial change. It had appeared to him on entering college, with his mind bent on prominence in class and out, that the men whose company was most necessary, after a while he thought it the most enjoyable, were those who had the name of being gay. He failed, as many fail, to see the foolishness of this, and in his junior year Clavering had been elected treasurer of the debating society, and in the same year, probably because his treasurership entitled him to their society, he began to go about with rather a gay crowd of men, men whose money was easily gotten and as easily spent, men who were, for the most part, honest and good at heart, but whose principles were weak and whose ideas of college life were falsely drawn, and whose ideals of the same were popularity and good fellowship. Clavering was poor; his money, although it never came grudgingly to him, was hard earned and harder spared; he realized this, yet at the times when sport was rife and when his crowd was ready for campaign, Clavering lost consciousness of his father toiling at his work, of his mother who looked toward him with a yearning, an appreciation that was almost reverence; of his duty to them both and of the love he owed them; in his saner moments he remembered these things; indeed it was seldom that they passed from his mind, and yet—yet he forgot.

It was only in February when he had spent his year’s allowance that he realized the fruitlessness and emptiness of the wrong kind of college life, it was then that a temptation confronted him, and then that he fell before it. Into Claver-}

ing’s charge had been delivered the funds of the debating society, and these he had kept sacredly until his money, the money so laboriously made, so cheerfully given him, had been exhausted in gayety and recklessness, until the payment of his book bills and of his debts was necessary; then, after he had passed sleepless nights of nerve-racking worry and days of preoccupied and exhausting thought, he signed his name to a check for a hundred dollars and drew the money from the debating society fund. He had hopes of being able to repay the money since it would not be called for until the day after the Wisconsin debate, when it was required as expense money by the visiting debaters; but time went on, and he saw that payment was impossible; what little money came to him sufficed only for his daily needs, and so, on the night of the debate Clavering sat, almost maddened, in his room with a note on the table from the visiting manager, saying he would call “tomorrow at ten.”

This was the reason why Clavering on that April afternoon tried hard to pray, and racked his weary, sleepless brain. He wanted money, he wanted to save his name, and when the Angelus had rung and his college mates had wandered, care-free, into dinner, Clavering’s eyes brightened and a smile, the first in weeks, played about his mouth. He had devised a means, a road to safety.

His plan was this: because of oratorical ability and because he was looked on as a fellow capable of doing honor to his college, he had been elected a member of the Georgetown debating team; his speech was ready, and well prepared,
and he realized that as he was the last speaker an impression made by him would be the most lasting and decisive, and so, when all other plans had failed and he stood face to face with open dishonor, he resolved to become apparently nervous during his speech, to forget large parts of it, to stammer through other parts, to cover as much as possible the points and strength of his arguments, and in this way to lose the debate for his college. In the meanwhile he would steal another hundred dollars from the society and, by betting it against his team, redeem all of the money. In this way, Clavering reasoned, he was certain of winning; he dispatched the money to a certain bookie in Washington, and went in to dinner.

* * *

The debate was on; Rossiter and Elliott, of Georgetown, and their opponents of Wisconsin had spoken, and as yet there seemed to be but little advantage on either side. The speeches had been spirited and well written, the speakers had been clear and forcible, and a discriminating decision would have been almost impossible. Gaston Hall, which had witnessed so many scenes of the same sort, where so many battles had been contested, was crowded to the doors by a partisan and enthusiastic crowd; gray-haired "old boys" looked admiringly at the changes that had taken place and talked of their time and their traditions, and joined as lustily as their wives and families would allow in the cheers that occasionally rang through the building; girls, who usually wear an air of unassumed indifference when debatable topics are talked of, sat in nervous expectancy and wondered whether railroads should be allowed this or governments should do that; every one was interested, and to Clavering, as he sat upon the stage and waited for his turn, all eyes seemed fixed on him; many Georgetown eyes looked confidently, some hopefully, some appealingly; Wisconsin's gaze was quizzical. In his breast pocket was a telegram from his parents bidding him to "do his best," and Clavering felt the disappointment that must come to them on hearing of his failure, the disappointment that would be so deeply felt, yet so hidden from him by their smiling faces as they greeted him on his return home. Then to his mind came the words "tomorrow at ten," and he shuddered to think of the consequences if his college won. No; he must lose the contest and save his name, and—the vision of his mother came before his eyes. He saw her sitting, with yarn and needle, before the fireplace and talking, perhaps, in subdued and anxious voice to his father, who sat near her. Clavering knew that "her boy" was uppermost in her mind, that her thoughts were wandering back again over the years of his childhood, over the years when he had, and he thanked God for it, been a joy to her; he knew that in him she saw no fault, that his image was almost haloed in her sight, that she wanted so much for him to win, and that he could win if he would but try. And then the thought struck him: how would his mother counsel him in his present straits? Would she tell him to
commit another wrong in order to make himself square with the world? Surely not; surely she would say: "Do what is right and face your shame and disgrace." Yes, he would do what was right; not for her sake, not to win her praise, but because it was right, and he would—

"John Benton Clavering, of Maryland, third speaker for the negative," came the summons of the chairman, and Clavering went up to the footlights. "Tomorrow" still rang ceaselessly in his ears, his knees trembled, but he had made up his mind to win, and after that—he let his thoughts go no farther.

With a sudden start Clavering began his speech, a speech never to be forgotten within the walls of Georgetown; a speech long to be remembered by those without, whose life and cares and pleasures cause memories to fade. It was a rapid speech, yet clear and ringing; the tones seemed to pause for a moment in the air while all perceived it, then to swoop into the ears and vibrate there; the voice was calm, yet laden with a fierce excitement, the eyes burning with pent-up life and worry seemed to meet and hold all other eyes; the gestures, graceful in their strength, fitted the ideas as the waving of tree branches fit the blowing wind; the words seemed hurled against the farthest walls. The audience sat spell-bound, and as the tone changed and took a softer, gentler strain, the judges leaned forward to hear him better, and then he knew that the Blue and Grey had won.

When Clavering finished he rushed from the hall and out into the streets of Georgetown, heedless of the rain and only conscious of desire to be alone. For an hour or more he walked about aimlessly, yet with a rapid, hurrying step, and now "tomorrow at ten" seemed burning in his ears; he sickened at the thought of his exposure, he wanted rest from worry, he hated the cordial congratulations of his friends, he was desperate. At eleven Clavering returned to his room and entered softly, expecting to find a crowd awaiting him, but there was no one there. "Had they found out already?" he asked himself, or "would they wait until tomorrow to thank him?"

Tomorrow. Clavering's hand went to his pocket, and he moved to lock the door, but it was opened before he reached it.

"Here's your money, Mr. Clavering."

"What money, Harrison?"

"The money you sent me to bet."

Clavering started. "I asked you to bet on — Did you bet on Georgetown?"

"I did," said Harrison.

After Harrison had left him, and after the lights in the building had gone out, Clavering went to the window and looked again on the empty quadrangle, and never had the red walks seemed brighter than under the pale moon that shone on them, and never had the frost-bitten grass appeared so beautiful. In a moment the tower bell struck twelve, and Clavering fell to his knees and muttered "It isn't the Angelus, but, thank Heaven, I can pray."

Gerald Egan, '06.
The Aftermath.

The day has passed, the wonderful day,
That he waited for so long,
Has passed like the flight of the lark in the sky,
Like the singing of a song,
And he's gone to his bed for a while, a while,
And he sleeps in a dream and dreams with a smile.

Oh, he laughed when he saw the wished-for toys,
And he laughed when he looked at the tree,
And he spoke out his heart in the way of boys:
"Are all of these things for me!"
But he's gone to his bed for a while, a while,
And he sleeps in a dream, and dreams with a smile.

Oh, the ring and the lilt of his laugh that tell
Of the leaping joy in his breast,
Oh, the sweet "Good-night" when the shadows fell,
And soft, like a bird to its nest,
He went to his bed for a while, a while,
To sleep in a dream, and dream with a smile.

And I ask for the tinsel toys of a life,
And I ask to laugh as he,
But most of all at the end of the strife,
May mine the portion be
To go to my rest for an endless while
And sleep in a dream and dream with a smile.

Hall Stoner Lusk, '04.
It is our opinion that a great many people in this country have some very incorrect ideas concerning the individual who has come to be known today as the college man. To these people the college man is always a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with athletic inclinations. He wears a small cap, a short coat, large trousers, a big sweater, and an air of nonchalance. His features are regular, and his expression of countenance unintellectual, albeit blase. He can hold a pipe between his teeth and look as though he were not trying. His principal occupations are kicking a football, dancing, and sitting on a pillowed divan talking epigrams and slang. He also frequently writes home for money, and jokes about his studies.

We daresay that but few persons will believe us when we assert that this is nothing more than a caricature. The spectacular features of college life, after all, are those with which the public is most intimately acquainted, and the type here described is, stripped of its exaggerations, the one that catches the public eye. It is the type of him whom the real college man is feign to style the "rah-rah boy." But to many people, we suppose, he is the typical college man. Puck and Judge caricature him, the newspapers print jokes about him, and the public accept him as a necessary evil.

It is not our purpose to set the college man on a pedestal and ask his elders to bow down and worship him. We realize his faults. We are conscious that he probably tastes more of the joy of life than most other persons. We don't contend that he is a high-browed personage with large, luminous eyes and dyspepsia. We don't say that he spends his idle hours poring over musty tomes or trying to discover another use to which radium may be put. We admit that he loaf and laughs a good deal, and tries to talk epigrams but doesn't, and that he enjoys dancing and a good
healthy game of football. He would have our sincere sympathy if he didn't do all of these things.

But our contention is that these things are merely the side-issues of the college man's life—of the typical, the average college man's life. Back of them all is a serious purpose, a laudable ambition, to succeed in his studies now and to succeed in the fight with the world afterwards. And to this end the college man—we say it in all seriousness—does study. He studies for two reasons: because he has to, otherwise he could not be a college man for very long; and because he wants to learn. It is unfortunate for him that the side issues are what are exposed to the public gaze. It is unfortunate that that gaze is not fixed upon him when he is in his room trying to acquire the learning and the wisdom which he came to college to acquire.

We repeat that we are speaking of the typical college man. We have not in mind the individual who in some institutions is called a "grind," and in others a "plugger." He is abnormal, just as the fellow with the sweater and big trousers is abnormal. Neither can be fairly taken as a representative of the species. We make our plea for the average student in the average institution of learning. We believe that he is a pretty good type of American manhood and that he loses nothing by comparison with his fellows who don't go to college. We think, in short, that he is grossly misrepresented in the eyes of a great many people, and that, generally speaking, he is somewhat of a student and a good deal of a gentleman and a man.

* * *

And speaking in this vein, it is interesting to note how few stories have been written which give us anything like a true picture of college life. How frequently is the hero just the sort of a man we have attempted to describe, and how rarely does the plot revolve about the hard-working student. And the atmosphere, what an atmosphere it is—of tobacco smoke, and rubbing-rooms, and sofa cushions, and alleged smart talk! And if you didn't know, you certainly wouldn't guess that such a thing as study ever entered into the lives of these god-like college men of our modern fiction. Doubtless the exponents of this class of stories believe that they are catering to a public taste which demands just what they are producing. Doubtless they think that the pictures they are painting, false though they may be, are the only ones which are pleasing in the eyes of the purchasing public.

Yet we cannot help believing that there would be a large market for the novel or the short stories which would take away the halo from the heads of its characters, clothe them in ordinary clothes, make them talk like sensible beings, and in general picture the college man as he is, and not as a small-sized deluge of rather worthless college stories have represented him to be.

Perhaps it would take a man of more than ordinary courage to make the venture, but the risk, in our opinion, is one well worth taking. And if the pecuniary
remuneration were not all that it should be, the author would at least have the consolation of knowing that he had made some slight contribution to the world's stock of truth, though it concerned such a very inconsiderable factor in the world's progress as the college man.

* * *

One of our valued exchanges, the *Old Penn Weekly Review*, of the University of Pennsylvania, in its review of Pennsylvania's athletic contests during the year 1903, makes the following very interesting and pertinent observations:

"The review of the year 1903 presents Pennsylvania suffering from many defeats, and rejoicing at some important victories. Larger universities have been able to pick from their undergraduates teams that have in many instances defeated hers. If the highest purpose of the University is to furnish athletes, this is a matter of extreme regret. If the University has failed to do the best in this regard, and been more interested in the new medical laboratories and the new engineering building, and other similar matters, the regret is modified. The fact is, that the undergraduate sentiment is, to a vastly greater extent than has been suspected, careless as to results attained in athletics, and the professional schools are more anxious for the discovery of a new truth than for the arrival of a new champion. The same is true of the alumni, who have not been ungenerous toward the educational needs of the University, but whose contributions to the expenses of the crew were last year about two hundred dollars, while the expenses were thirteen thousand dollars.

* * * The man who writes the bank check for matriculation fees will pay but slight attention to the record of the baseball team last summer, or the football team last fall. The student who is paying his own expenses, and looks forward to eminence in a profession, will not be either attracted or hindered by football scores."

Whatever may have been the cause of Pennsylvania's failure in certain branches of athletics (a thing which does not interest us at present), a comment of this kind coming from a student publication is gratifying and valuable. It is certainly interesting to know from presumably authoritative sources that the students of one of our largest universities are more taken up with "the discovery of a new truth" than with the success of the athletes who represent them. We have no doubt that such a sentiment obtains among the student bodies of most colleges and universities, and that the present undue prominence given to athletics has not its entire origin in the unreasonable enthusiasm of students. Perhaps in many instances the faculties themselves are at fault,
A short while ago an Ex-man with a long face and dyspeptic tendencies (we forget what magazine he was on) wrote a sweeping condemnation of exchange columns and those who were responsible for them, referring, in particular, as we recollect, to the puerility of Ex-men. A brother Ex-man, one just starting on his editorial career, and, therefore, more to be pitied than censured, chanced upon this pessimistic exudation. Being one who is always looking forward to the rosy dawn and three square meals a day, he was taken with righteous indignation, called the first Ex-man (the dyspeptic, we mean) a horrid thing, or something to that effect, and gave it out as his free, unbiased and, we might add, somewhat vernal opinion, that he had not observed any puerility among Ex-men, and that he didn't believe any existed. We were inclined at first to take the compliment all to ourselves, but on "glancing back" (as the sophomore said in his four-page essay on the "History of Greek Civilization"), on glancing back, we say, at the exchange columns that we have read, we were forced to conclude that the second Ex-man (the rosy dawn one) was too inexperienced to judge aright, and that either he had not looked far enough for puerility or that his eyesight was affected.

Our opinion is, however, that an exchange column is just what the editor makes it. An exchange column, as such, is neither good nor bad, and whether it shall be very good or very bad depends entirely on the man who writes it. Some exchange columns are not worth the paper they are printed on, some are worth the paper, and some are worth reading. Those who write the first kind generally say something like this: "We welcome the beautiful College Cornerstone to our dear little marble-topped table. The Cornerstone is a perfectly lovely magazine, and one of our best exchanges."

"The Seminary Secrets is one of the sweetest magazines that comes to our cozy little sanctum. The University Utilitarian is somewhat small this month, but is very good on the whole."

Then follows a joke or a nonsense verse that started the rounds of the exchange columns two years ago last October.
Those who write the second kind say:

"The Cerise and Green is an excellent publication. 'Christmas' is a pretty poem, 'Patience' is a well-written essay. The two stories, 'How He Lost Her' and 'Why Didn't He?' are highly entertaining, the dialogue being very bright."

One Ex-man in this class has started a system. He has established certain grades, and he labels his exchanges and their contributions "very good" or "good" or "moderate" or "fair." As a system it is beautiful, and works marvelously well; but after you read two or three pages of it it begins to pall, and you feel as though you had been looking over the reports you used to get in your schoolboy days.

The exchange columns that are worth reading are few and far between. They generally contain some sensible comment on college literature in general, or on a particular phase of it, and when their editors criticise they criticise with intelligence and discrimination, and do it in an interesting way. We have particularly in mind now the exchange editors of the Nassau Lit. and the University of Virginia Magazine, not because they are the only ones, but because they are, in our opinion, the leaders.

The Nassau Lit. man has a genial way of looking at the college magazine, for which we both admire and envy him. Unfortunately we cannot fully agree with him. He says that we are just playing at making magazines. Well, in the sense that we are giving to the public a sort of play-magazine, that is true; but in the sense that we don't have to work we don't think it is true. Maybe we are just playing at working, but nevertheless it is a pretty realistic imitation of the genuine article. However, the Lit. man's view is refreshing, and should be taken to heart by those over-serious editors who imagine that the digging of the Panama Canal and the good fame of their alma mater depend on the next issue of their magazine.

The U. of Va. Ex-man always writes judiciously, and in the last number of the Mag. made some very intelligent observations on the present state of college literature in the South. He points out with truth the crudity that is conspicuous in this literature, and hits off exactly the predominant faults of Southern fiction. He concludes thus reassuringly: "Yet the germs of future greatness are there, and when we consider the age and numbers of our Southern institutions we must ordain general congratulations."

* * *

Some day an Ex-man with enterprise and genius ought to print a book of "Don'ts" for college men. We say that an Ex-man ought to do this because we are sure he is best fitted by his experience for the task. When he does we are going to make a few suggestions which we hope will be thankfully received. Among them will be the following:

Don't write triolets.
Don't write editorials on college spirit.
Don't write pleas for support.
Don't start essays with the words "As we glance back."
Don't let this line get into your poetry:

"All nature seems to be at rest."
Don't say "But, as Mr. Kipling says, that's another story." We are beginning to doubt whether Mr. Kipling ever said anything of the kind.

Don't use the expression "Very good on the whole."

Don't use the word "lilt" more than once or twice in a single poem.

Don't believe people when they say you are not a genius.

Don't despair; there is still hope.

There are a lot more, but lack of space prevents us from printing them. Still we might add this one:

Don't say "Space prevents us," etc. It is much better to say "Lack of space prevents us," etc.

* * *

The Christmas magazines were, if nothing else, pleasing to the eye. Many appeared in new and decidedly artistic covers, typical of the season, and every time the Ex-man took a look at them he was caught up in a perfect whirlwind of delirious joy. Really it was something of a dissipation to sit down in the midst of them. The most attractive were The Red and Blue, The Redwood, The Aloysian, The Dial, St. Mary's Sentinel, The Poly Prep., The Krishno, The Laurel, The Xavier and the Fordham Monthly. Every time we turned a page we met a Christmas poem, until we finally gave it up and fell to reading locals and athletic notes.

Seriously, though, the literary output for December is the best of the year, and it would require a volume to review all the creditable productions in prose and verse that we have come across.

* * *

The Inlander for December comes to us with two productions of considerable value. "A Word on Forestry" is as instructive an article as one could expect to find in a college magazine, written in a clear and simple style well suited to the nature of the subject. Most persons, we think, after reading "A Word on Forestry" will know something they didn't know before, which is very high praise for anything from the pen of a college man. "Kipling, Prophet" is, as may be gathered from the title, another essay on Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Many sins have been laid at Mr. Kipling's door, whether justly or unjustly, we know not, but he is without doubt rightly to be censured for being the inspiration of so many poor essays. "Kipling, Prophet," however, is a very deep—almost profound—study of the famous Englishman's work in prose and poetry, based in particular on his latest volume of verse, "The Five Nations." We know of no essay which has gone deeper, and with clearer insight, into the true nature of Kipling's work. The writer is conservative, and resists the usual temptation to call Kipling the greatest poet that ever lived, or to condemn him as the apostle of vulgarity and tommy-rot.

Some excellent verses—among them "Across the Night" and "At Sea"—add to the tone of the Inlander, but the fiction falls away below the standard of the other productions. "The Tables Turned" is but fair, at best, and "An Invitation" is inane. The comment contained under the heading "At the Sign of the Ass's Head" forms one of the most entertaining features of the Inlander.

* * *
Of the Christmas poems, most of which were mediocre, the best were three "Son
nets for Christmastide," in the Holy
Cross Purple. Their chief beauty con-
sisted in the musical flow of the lines
and an elegant choice of words. The
refrain which precedes and follows these
sonnets contains a fine lyric quality of
boldness and chaste simplicity.

* * *

Once more is it our supreme pleasure
to scan the cheerful pages of that best
of quarterlies, The Aloysian. The Aloy-
sian ever shines, even as the radiant star
that lightens the cover-page of the
Christmas number. It is too much to
expect us to review such a voluminous
publication in detail, so that we must
be content with saying that The Aloysian
is as excellent as ever in make-up and in
literary standard.

* * *

With deep regret we learn, through
an unofficial source, that The Alpha, our
esteemed friend of last year, has sus-
pended publication. We have missed
The Alpha more than words can tell,
and only recently learned the cause of
its non-appearance. We are sure that
many an Ex-man has stifled many a sob
over the sad exit of the young ladies
of Mt. St. Joseph's from the field of
college journalism. May they soon re-
turn to that field with a new Alpha that
shall outstrip all the achievements of its
predecessor.

* * *

The Emory Phoenix, ever one of the
most artistic of our exchanges, comes
to us this month as a "Prize Story and
Christmas Number." The first-prize
story is called "The Tyrant Quelled,"
the second "How a Joke Ended," and
the third, "A Complication." It is very
curious, indeed, how lack of maturity in
a writer will manifest itself in a choice
of titles for his stories. We do not think
that any reader, the least critical, would
be at all attracted by the above names,
nor do we think that any reader would
deam the stories worthy of being better
named. The first is easily the best, and
is really quite passable, though there is
too much soliloquy and the construc-
tion is crude. "How a Joke Ended" is of
what the U. of Va. Ex-man calls the
"foregone-conclusion" type, and is such
dull, commonplace sort of affair that it
is difficult to criticize. We have all seen
the species "Jack Shelton;" it begins,
"By George! Hello, old man, what on
ever earth are you doing here? Where have
you been since we left college?" We
should like to supply some of that con-
versation, and make it run thus: "Why,
my dear old college chum, I haven't seen
you since we threw mуш in the profes-
sor's eye. Hello! how are you? how
d' you do? Odds bodikins, gee, O judge,
so glad to see you, joy, joy!" Then they
pat each other effusively on the back,
light cigars, and the heart interest be-
gins. In this story one character is
named "Jack" and the other "John." We
don't know whether the writer could
not think of any other names, or whether
he employed this artifice to mystify the
reader. Anyway we are still guessing,
not being sure whether John married
Jack's sister or Jack married John's sis-
ter, or both.

"A Complication" is another psycho-
logical study, perhaps the deepest of them all. Listen to this, dear reader, and then go home and ponder on the things that be:

"One lovely afternoon in June, just as the sun was setting, these two were together on the vine-covered veranda of the Vale residence.

"Sweetheart, won't you be my wife?" he whispered.

"Yes," she murmured; but her thoughts were not on the veranda. And all this was because the world must not think she cared (i.e., for the other fellow).

"Inscrutable is the caprice of woman." And the sun stopped setting and looked at the blushing couple for half an hour. Only the author didn't tell us anything about it. However, we should like to know where those thoughts were. They were not on the veranda, we are sure, because the author says they were not; therefore, where were they? Maybe they were in her head; but no, that would be prosaic and unromantic. What a fine chance the author has let pass to write a Conan Doyle story called "The Mystery of the Lost Thoughts; or They Thought She Cared, but She Didn't." Methinks we have a clue already. "And all this," says the author, "was because the world must not think she cared." So that is why the thoughts were not on the veranda. Ha! ha! Sherlock Holmes; likewise, ho, ho, you are undone! Alas, alas! the inscrutable caprice of woman!

* * *

One writer in the Emory Phoenix thinks that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is "our greatest living poet." Well, Ella may be all right, but there are others, and we think the greatest of them all is Col. John A. Joyce, the famous silver-haired bard of Washington, the author of "Beautiful Snow," "Laugh, and the World Laughs with You," all the other disputed poems, and that justly famous work, "Brick-bats from the Limekilns of Truth; or Why My Hair Grows Longer Every Year."

By far the most creditable feature of The Phoenix is the Literary Department. The comment on current literary topics contained in these columns is both entertaining and intelligent.

* * *

The Christmas number of the University of Virginia Magazine is a most excellent edition of that ever-readable publication. The Magazine, while yielding to but a very few in point of literary standard, is especially remarkable for the large number of its contributors. At least fifteen different names are appended to articles in the present edition, a number, we think, greater than can be found in any other of our first-class exchanges.

They write good essays at Virginia. "Influences That Moulded Heine" is a thoughtful inquiry into the causes that made for the many striking contrasts which appear in the writings and in the life of the great German poet. A clear and easy style adds much to the value of this paper. Other essays are "William Byrd as a Literary Man" and "Beowulf—The Man," the former of which is particularly interesting. Of the five stories the best are "Le Petit Noel" and "The Syndicate of Crime." "Le Petit
Noel” is the best Christmas story of the many we have read. It is well conceived and graphically told; the development is consistent and logical, and leads up well to a capital climax. “The Syndicate of Crime” is on the order of Poe’s tales—a style much affected by the Virginia writers. The story is well told—very well told, in fact—but we are led to expect too much in the way of development, and are disappointed at the end. The other stories are marked by a certain maturity of style, but fail to interest. “Roses for No. 23” could very well have been omitted and nothing lost to the Magazine.

The Magazine’s numerous contributions in verse maintain a consistent standard of excellence, simplicity of thought and expression being the dominant note.

* * *

The Ex-man struck a snag at this point, and wasted half an hour trying to think of some way of expressing his opinion of the Xavier. We endeavor to afford variety in this column, but are bound to confess that the more we write exchanges the more difficult we find it. It’s easy at first, because you just go ahead and write a lot of original stuff that other Ex-men have written from time immemorial, but after a while you learn a few things and try to be different from other Ex-men and don’t succeed, and waste time and end up by getting mad.

However, the Xavier for December is the most creditable number of that publication we have ever seen—and that, we think, is saying a good deal. The essay shows research and thought, and the stories, while evidencing immaturity are written with a certain degree of ease and confidence that speaks well for the future of their authors. The Xavier’s poetry, however, falls below the standard of its prose. The best story is “The Knight of the Goblet,” a humorous production, written in the mock-heroic vein. The writer has avoided the temptation to be too broad in his humor, and has given us quite a laughable travesty. The following verse at the beginning of Chapter II is worthy of more than a passing glance:

“‘Be mine!’ the dreadful villain roared. ‘I can’t,’ said she, ‘I feel too bored.’"

Written by Us.

We have not time to go into any further detail, but would recommend “An Old Calumny” as an interesting essay, remarkable particularly for thoroughness of research.

* * *

The Red and Blue has the distinction of being the most artistic publication on our exchange list. Its cover, pages, type and cuts all combine to make this magazine a model of neatness and good taste. The frontispiece this month is a portrait of Laura, in “Pendennis,” the first of a series of “Characters from Thackeray” by Morton L. Schamberg. While we don’t pretend to know anything about art, the drawing appears to us to be a very fine piece of work—much superior, we think, to the average magazine sketch. The Red and Blue’s contents are for the most part of a light variety—its pages being given up almost entirely to short stories. Both “The Man Across the Street” and “A Gilded Angel and an
Urchin” are entertaining and well written, but “A Life for a Life” and “A Christmas Day” are the most amateurish of efforts. There is no plot in either worthy of development, and the treatment in both is nothing if not puerile. The Red and Blue’s editorials are always interesting, but a little bit of humor and optimism and sunshine would do them no harm. We are constrained by the tone of these editorials to remark that their author takes life too seriously. To judge from the products of his pen, this mortal existence must be for him one long, continuous grouch.

We promised last month to review the Smith College Monthly and the Brunonian, but we have unfortunately mislaid these two and are obliged once more to put off the pleasant task. We recollect, however, that the Brunonian has undergone a substantial improvement in size, appearance and literary standard, and that the Smith College Monthly, which is a newcomer, is a splendid publication, inferior, we think, in no respect, to any periodical of the men’s colleges.

HALL STONER LUSK, ’04.

“Visits to Jesus”* is a devotional work given up mainly to a series of meditations and prayers for use when in the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It contains also the prayers for Mass and Benediction, and a form of preparation for Holy Communion.

“Modern Scientists and Religion,”† an essay republished in pamphlet form from the American Ecclesiastical Review for November, discusses the question so often debated, whether the pursuit of knowledge predisposes the scientist to materialism. The text of the article is an often-quoted sentence from Bacon’s Advancement of Learning: “It is an assured fact that a mere sip of philosophy leads the mind to atheism; but deep drafts lead it back to religion.” The author, Father Schwickerath, will be remembered for his valuable work on Jesuit Education, reviewed and defended in recent numbers of the Journal.

“Hearts of Gold”‡ is a novel of life in German middle-class society. It is

*“Visits to Jesus,” by Grace MacAuliffe. Benziger Bros.
not overburdened with local color, and such tragedies as are necessary to the narrative are handled with great consideration for the nerves of the reader, while the villain roars as gently as any ornithological specimen yet discovered. Withal it is a pleasant little tale, and will be enjoyed by those who prefer the sentimental to the historical, the dialect and the strenuous.

The Messenger for December contains a very interesting biography of Mary Howitt, a popular authoress of seventy years ago. Mary Howitt is chiefly renowned for her pathetic ballad beginning "'Won't you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly," which, it is said, has been translated into more languages than any other English work except "The Jumping Frog."

The third of the series of articles on Socialism, by William J. Kerby, of the Catholic University, appears in the January number of The Dolphin. The clear and readable style in which the material of these is presented is as striking as the study and enthusiasm they display.

Father Finn's "Christmas Farce," in Benziger's Magazine, is a clever playlet after the style of Howells. The "Games and Amusements for Young Folks," in the same paper, contains descriptions of a number of the most joyless and objectless amusements imaginable. It is possible that in some future day the editors of "Children's Corners" and similar departments will abandon the idea that in order to appeal to a child a game or story must be stripped of all that would seem interesting or enjoyable to an adult. Meantime the children must employ themselves with such solemn mockeries as "From Hand to Hand" or "The Reversed Desks," or be satisfied with the old time-tested games that every child seems to know by intuition. Moreover the following passage does not seem to explain itself sufficiently:

"The Telegram.

Here is a new and original way in which one clever gentleman succeeded in arousing the interest of a number of his clever friends. He appointed an evening on which a number of them were to call at his house. Each gentleman, as he came in, presented his host with what was supposedly a telegram. Each of these telegrams was supposed to contain some gem of wit or humor.

It might be to the point if the author were to explain what it was that the clever gentleman aroused their interest in by this artifice. And what proportion of the telegrams came up to expectations in the matter of wit and humor. The cautious use of the word "supposed" would seem to imply a doubt in regard to this.

F. P. Sullivan, '04.
LAW SCHOOL

This term opened on the fourth, and we all slipped and slided up to school on one of those nasty, ice-covered sidewalks which make us truly grateful to those kind souls whose interest in suffering humanity compelled to walk prompts them to scatter ashes on their pavements. Far be it from me to say that while the fellows were congregated in the hall, before Judge Claybaugh's introductory lecture, they indulged in much "rag-chewing," for this is a fault supposed to be confined entirely to the feminine sex, yet it could hardly be truthfully reported that there was a mere whispered exchange of greetings. A good part of this opening lecture was devoted to fees, how to charge them, and how not to be done out of them. Needless to say, this is a matter of vital interest to the classmen, and they listened with attention and, for a wonder, didn't get restless before it was over.

From the beginning there was staring us in the face the exam on wills, set for the 8th. Our able committee, appointed before Christmas for this express purpose, by a passionate appeal for "more time, more time," delivered in a voice quivering with emotion, had moved Professor Hamilton and the secretary to postpone the trial by ordeal, otherwise known as this examination, until this term, and the eighth was the date set for it. No one seemed to be comforted very much by the assurance of Professor Hamilton that he would make it dead easy; but now that it is all over, no kicks seem to be forthcoming, and looking back we probably wonder why we were scared of it. Now we dignified seniors (not that we really are dignified, but this is an adjective always used, and custom won't permit its being dropped here) will get back into the regular order of things, and await the Easter examinations.

Our esteemed lecturer, Justice Sheppard, who is in charge of the course on equity, has been unable to be with us, due to the serious illness from which
he is now suffering. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery to good health, and hope to have him with us again before the term ends. His place is now being filled by Mr. Darlington, one of the foremost lawyers at this bar, whom we have the pleasure of hearing three nights a week.

C. E. SHIPLEY, '04.

SECOND YEAR NOTES.

The holidays, with all their attendant pleasures and that atmospheric condition of good-cheer that surrounds them, have come and then departed at the advent of the New Year, and we are all back again and doing business at the same old stand. And glad to get back? Well, rather! That is, if you ain't particular what you say. Speaking of holidays reminds us that Christmas is indeed a hollyday (no offense meant). Taking advantage of a distinct lull in the conversation, we wish to extend to each and every one of our brothers in law, professors and schoolmates, a regular, old-time shiny, brand-new year fresh from the mint and made of good luck and happiness unalloyed by baser constituents.

We begin the new term by taking up the study of Equity and by renewing our casual acquaintance with Contracts, Mr. J. J. Darlington takes the place of Judge Shepard as lecturer on Equity. The Judge, we regret to say, has been very ill, but is, we believe, now on the high road to health. Judge Gould, whose name recalls pleasant memories of last year, will personally conduct us for the second time through the intricacies of Contracts. If we may be permitted an opinion, the new text-book by Hammon is a very scholarly work and will well repay the extra time and study required to master it. If the remainder of Adam's Equity is as stiff as the introduction we can only recommend that everybody hang on tight around curves and hold your breath when we hit the altitude.

There was some talk a short time ago of changing the hours of the Law School so that mothers of students would no longer have to sit at home by their deserted hearths and sing "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" but, sad to state, it fell through with a low, sweet thud. The issue was this: is it better to run for Law School with a pork-chop in either hand and dine on the platform of a street car, or to listen to a lecture on an empty stomach tormented by the pangs of vacuity? (In explanation of the above rounded period be it said that by dining on a car platform we do not mean eating said platform, nor do we wish to convey that any of our professors trespass upon the domain of the pill-peddlers and tooth-plumbers by taking any of the organs of digestion, empty or otherwise, as the subject of their lectures.)

It is stated on good authority that at their last meeting the Debating Society passed a motion in the record time of 2 hrs. 54 min. Wonders never cease.

We are requested to announce that the next regular meeting of the class will be held whenever the president gets good and ready.

We may remark in passing that the examinations fully came up to the expectations of those students who were
apprehending trouble, and the second-year class burned so much midnight oil that John D. Rockefeller is going to disconnect himself from another million or so for Chicago University. We hated to part with Messrs. Baker, Blackstone & Co., but then, you know, there is always the Bar Exam. to console us.

Speaking of Blackstone, it occurs to us that he must have been thinking of Langley's buzzard when he said "hereditas nunquam ascendit." There are heirships and air-ships.

Well, we have before us a vast, unbroken, undulating expanse of work stretching away as far as the eye can reach to the horizon beyond which lies summer and vacation. We say unbroken because last Easter we were the proud possessors of a three-hour holiday, and our religious sensibilities received a severe jolt at having to attend lectures in Holy Week. We greatly fear that there will be no improvement this time. Imagine the nervous shock sustained thus by the pious, high-strung, aesthetic temperaments possessed by the majority of our sweet boys.

Abe, the popular and globular janitor, requested that we announce the fact that after the last first-year class meeting he found several articles belonging to members of that class. Among them was a teething-ring marked F. A. K. and a rag doll bearing a marked resemblance to Mr. Forsooth, of 1906.

The Constitution follows the flag, "the Supreme Court follows the election returns," but Equity swallows the Law.

G. C. Reid, '05.

*Legal Adviser to All the Crowned Heads of Europe.*

**THE DEBATING SOCIETY**

The return of the students from the Christmas vacation marks the beginning of the second term of the debating society. The "political heellers" of the different classes are busy stirring up votes for their respective candidates for the officers of the society who are to be elected on January 16th. The presidency and other offices shall fall to the lot of the second year members according to the rules of Cushing's Manual, by which this society is governed, as our friend McManus tells us. As the writer has no special interest in any candidates, except to see competent, fair and impartial men secure the offices, he hopes that the best men will be elected.

The first public debate was held in Gaston Hall on January 6th. It is to be regretted that the usual interest was not taken in this debate. The smallest crowd that has attended any public debate in Gaston Hall was present. The members of this society should take to heart the matter of attendance at these public debates, and if they do not, the debates should be discontinued. A public debate is a matter of expense to the society and much labor to the debaters, and it is to be deplored that on the evening of the debate a paltry crowd is in attendance. This is discouraging not only to the debaters, but to the members who are in earnest and work hard to keep up these debates. Let us anticipate a large attendance at the next public debate, which is to be held in May.

The question debated on January 6 was, "Resolved, That the Territory of New Mexico should not be admitted to
statehood." Mr. Devereaux, '06, and Mr. McClelland, '04, were worthy advocates of the affirmative. In their arguments they brought forth many good reasons why New Mexico should remain a territory. They dwelt largely upon the illiteracy of the people and the wild and desolate condition of the country which could not be improved on account of irrigation. The negative was defended by Mr. Eriksson, '04, who responded for Mr. Carpenter, incapacitated on account of sickness, and Mr. Drill, '05. These gentlemen convinced the judges that the illiteracy of the people and the condition of agriculture were not sufficient hindrance to their claims to statehood.

The judges consisting of Hon. M. E. Ailes, Father Quill, S. J., and Father Inez, S. J., were unanimous in their decision that the negative had the better arguments.

Another thing which the members of the society should understand—that of the work of the different committees, ushers and reception committee. Very few were on hand to do the work required of them and those who did come were generally late. It is suggested that the programme is not intended for the names of dead-wood members, that any member who gives his name as an usher or a member of a reception committee should be on hand and do his work like a man, and not let the burden fall on the shoulders of one man.

Much credit is to be given to Mr. Rorke, '04, for his untiring work in arranging this debate.

A unique performance took place on the night of the debate, a performance

not scheduled by the committee, namely, the speech of Mr. Rhodey, delegate from New Mexico, who is in Washington looking after the interest of his territory in Congress during the present discussion relative to its admission to statehood.

It seemed that everybody present at the debate enjoyed Mr. Rhodey's remarks, but they would have been much more appreciated had he confined himself to the subject at issue and not assailed the intelligence and integrity of the debaters. In the course of his remarks, which were eloquently spoken, he conveyed valuable information about the question debated. If Mr. Rhodey is as persistent in his work before Congress as he was on the night of the debate he will return to New Mexico with cheerful news to the people of that territory. May he succeed in his work!

On January 30th the preliminary debate for the Columbian Debate will be held in the main hall. Let every member be present on that evening and prove his interest in the coming big event. Challenges for debates have been received from Boston University and University of Nebraska. These will be acted on at the regular meetings.

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MEDICAL SCHOOL

A happy new year to our readers! We wish our Medical School readers Merry Christmas—for they must needs start right in and demonstrate what they know of the matter gone over thus far in the year.
The first year finished the courses in osteology, histology and organic chemistry just before Christmas, and must undergo the ordeal of an examination in each of these branches immediately on commencing the new year—happy thought. There is one consolation, though, one bright hope, one happy dream which will be realized on their return to the Medical School—they then begin their course in physiology!

Doctor Watt's class in urinalysis and Doctor Johnson's class in bacteriology took their final examinations in those branches before the holidays.

Doctor Reisinger would appreciate it if those men who have not yet demonstrated their "parts" in anatomy would do so at once. "Art is long, and time is fleeting," and May first will come soon enough for those men who must dissect and demonstrate three or more parts before that time.

The Southern Club of Georgetown University held its annual dance on the 7th instant at Linthicum Hall, Georgetown. The Medical School is well represented in the enrollment of this club, and many of its representatives were present. The hall was decorated with blue and grey bunting, and a buffet supper was served. Much of the success of the delightful affair is due to the good work of Mr. Dan Hayden, of the third year class.

Doctor Blackburn held an autopsy at St. Elizabeth's Asylum one day in the latter part of the month. The second year class was invited, and found Doctor Blackburn a most interesting demonstrator. Doctor Blackburn requests that we extend the invitation to witness the autopsies he holds to all the students of the Medical School who care to attend. The days and hours of these autopsies will be announced from time to time.

Doctor Magruder's therapeutics class enjoys his course thoroughly, as the Doctor makes it most interesting by recounting experiences which impress upon the minds of his hearers the uses of the drugs they study.

We thank the editor of the comic supplement from the second year Law School for his delicately flattering allusion in last month's notes to our modest little column; but while we are "piping our tuneful lay upon our fountain pipette" we cannot refrain from reminding him that the "artistically ornate and beautifully carved column of notes," to which he referred, spring from our cerebrum, and not, as he would have our readers believe, from our cerebellum. Get wise as to thy medical jurisprudence, O judge. A happy new year to you, Brother Reid!

J. A. Gannon, '06, Med.

DENTAL SCHOOL

Dr. Bowles' lecture, on January 4, the first of the new year, was very poorly attended. Owing to the bad weather, those students living at a distance were delayed.

We hear indirectly that "Jack" McCarthy, who returned home before the Christmas holidays, on account of illness, will not be present to complete the year. "Mc" is unfortunate, and we sin-
cereley hope he will be with us next year.

From Louisville comes the report of W. P. Genovar and "Six-shooter" Av-eritt. Genovar has had the good fortune to be admitted into the second year at the Louisville Dental College, while Av-eritt has married and has temporarily dropped the study of dentistry.

Through the thoughtfulness of Th. Garibedian, the seniors each received quite a number of samples of glyco-thymoline from the Kress Chemical Co. We take it for granted that one of the new year's resolutions of each student was to work and study harder than ever.

L. Cassel, '05.

COLLEGE NOTES.

By the time the Journal reaches its readers the students of the college will be in the midst of the mid-term exams., one of the hardest periods of the entire year, when all of us must study some to make up the delinquencies of the months preceding, others the better to equip themselves for prize compositions. The change that the "mid-terms" effect is marvelous in some respects; the study-halls are quiet, in every part of Carroll Hall the silence gives testimony that the sophomores are busy, and on the senior corridor even those who ordinarily take great pride in displaying the unquestionably grand conversational powers with which they have been endowed have for the time being suspend-ed their exercises in this art.

THE PHILODEMIC.

For the first time in several years the Philodemic, at the meeting of December 13, witnessed the fortunately rare occurrence of all of the regularly ap-pointed debaters being absent, with the result that the evening's debate, on the resolution, "That reciprocity with Cuba would be beneficial to the United States," was participated in by four volunteer debaters: Messrs. O'Brien, '04, and Foy, '04, of the affirmative, and Messrs. Ellis, '04, and Grima, '04, of the negative. Pendergast '05, was critic. Grima was adjudged the best debater and his side also carried off the honors by winning the debate. At this meeting the resignation of Hall Stoner Lusk, '04, as one of the Merrick debaters, was accept-ed; an election followed, and Grima, '04, was chosen to fill the vacancy thus cre-ated.

The meeting of January 10th was given over almost exclusively to the election of officers, the regular debate being postponed. The election resulted as follows: President, Hall Stoner Lusk, '04, D. C.; vice-president, Francis M. Foy, '04, Penna.; recording secretary, Alfred Grima, '04, La.; corresponding secretary, Michael J. Keleher, '04, Mass.; treasurer, Robert J. Pendergast, '05, N. Y.; censor, Charles C. Miller, '04, D. C. The society at this meeting accepted the resignation of Seth Shepard, Jr., '04, D. C., first affirmative speaker on the Merrick debate, and in his place elected Stephen W. H. Desmond, '04, Mass.

THE SODALITY.

December eighth, the Feast of the Im-maculate Conception, is the great feast
of the Sodality, and this year it was observed by the following exercises, which took place in Dahlgren Chapel:

A. M. D. G.

FEAST OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

AND

SOLEMN RECEPTION INTO THE

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

in Georgetown College.

Dahlgren Chapel, December 8, 1903.

Invocation of the Holy Ghost.

Sermon, by Rev. Charles B. Macksey, S. J.

Blessing of medals and act of consecration.

Reception of candidates.

Solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Officers of the Sodality—Jozach Miller, prefect; Laurence M. Hanretty, Jr., first assistant; Harry V. A. Carlin, second assistant; Fred. T. Carlin, secretary and treasurer; Louis Cassidy, John Monahan, William H. Graham, consultors; Halsey Malone, George Cogan, sacristans.

The candidates admitted on the eighth of December are Messrs. Lusk, '04; Desmond, '04; Brennan, '06; Morgan, '06; Pease, '06; Shriver, '06, and Stuart, '07.

At the meeting of December 13th officers were chosen for the ensuing term, most of the old officers being re-elected to the positions they have so ably filled in the past. The officers of the Sodality now are: Jozach Miller, '04, prefect; Harry V. A. Carlin, '04, first assistant; Laurence M. Hanretty, '04, second assistant; Louis T. Cassidy, '04, William H. Graham, '05, and John M. Monahan, '06, Med., consultors; F. T. Carlin, secretary-treasurer, and George Cogan and Halsey Malone, sacristans.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Gaston Hall was comfortably filled on Wednesday evening, December ninth, the occasion being the initial concert of the Georgetown University Glee and Mandolin Clubs, ably assisted by several local artists of merit. The concert was for the benefit of the University Boat Cub, and its success is due to the efforts of Mr. Claude R. Zappone, director of athletics; Rev. Charles N. Raley, S. J., faculty director of athletics, and Seth Shepard, Jr., '04 manager of the Glee Club. The program follows:

PROGRAM.

Melodie in F, Rubinstein, Georgetown University Mandolin Club Quartette.

"The Blue and Gray," Carmen Georgiopol, Georgetown University Glee Club:

Tenor solo, "Come, let me dive into thine eyes," Burnham, Mr. Jos. L. Battle, '07; accompanist, Mr. E. E. Muth.

Recitation, selected, Mr. Edward J. Walsh, '90.

"Little Cotton Dolly," Geibel, Georgetown University Glee Club.

Banjo—(a) Mazurka Originalle, Dore, (b) patriotic airs, arranged by Cullen—Mr. Jos. P. Cullen.

Baritone solo, Vulcan's song from "Philemon and Baucis," Gounod, Mr. William Clabaugh; accompanist, Mr. E. E. Muth.

Popular songs, selected, Master Jos. Dierkin and Georgetown University Glee
Club; accompanist, Mr. M. E. Horne.
Monologue, selected, Mr. Al. Stern.
Tenor solo, "Farewell to the King's Highway," DeKoven, Mr. John A. Finnegans; accompanist, Mr. M. E. Horne.
Color schemes, selected, Mr. George O'Connor; accompanist, Mr. M. E. Horne—(a) "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," Harrington; (b) "Sons of Georgetown," Carmen Georiopolus—Georgetown University Glee Club.

Francis M. Foy, '04.

WITH THE OLD BOYS.

We quote from a Philadelphia paper of recent date: "Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Laplace, of 1828 Rittenhouse Square, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son." To the esteemed president of its Alumni Association, alma mater offers its choicest felicitations.

We have heard with regret of the death of the father of Livingstone Cullen, '98.

Harry Gower, '98, and Donald MacKay, ex-'04, were among the holiday visitors at the college.

John P. O'Brien, A. M., '95, L.L. B., '97, one of the staunchest Georciopolians, has won high honor in New York. The last election brought him a position worthy of his sterling qualities. Bravo, John! All Georgetonians, past and present, give you a hearty Bravo!

The Journal acknowledges the receipt of the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Mortimer V. Lenane, '00, to Miss Helen S. McKenna, which took place on the 28th day of December, 1903, at the Church of the Ascension in the city of New York. Mortimer was one of our greatest crew enthusiasts. We wish him the happiest kind of married life.

We announce the sad death on New Year's Eve of Fargo Squiers, a former student in the college. He was the only son of Herbert G. Squiers, the United States Minister to Cuba, and was a most promising youth. He was accidentally shot in the left lung with a target rifle. The accident occurred in the stable of the Minister's residence at Marianao. Young Squiers and two other youths
were practicing with a rifle in the garden, firing at a target. The rifle became jammed, and a French servant was trying to open it, when it went off. Fargo was standing close by and the bullet hit him. Death came a few hours later.

Funeral services took place in Havana, January 2. The funeral ceremonies were attended by many Cabinet officials, representatives of the various legations, and members of the American colony. The service was held in the Church of the Angels, where a requiem mass was celebrated by Mgr. Broderic, auxiliary Bishop of Havana. The Right Reverend Bishop of Havana blessed the remains. The casket was followed to the wharf by a large concourse of friends, and the German and French warships fired salutes as the tug conveying the funeral party ran alongside the steamer Moro Castle.

The body was brought to New York, accompanied by Dr. Salignac, secretary to Archbishop Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba. Requiem services were held in the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier. Fr. Thomas Campbell, S. J., celebrated the mass and pronounced the eulogy. He was assisted by Fr. Francis X. Kelley, of Mount Kineo, the Squiers home, and Fr. J. F. Coleman, S. J., Minister Squiers, his wife and daughter were in the church and the lower part of the sanctuary was filled with flowers. President and Mrs. Roosevelt sent a large pillar of violets, and other pieces came from officials in Washington and Havana. The remains were placed in the family vault at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Fargo Squiers was several months under his majority. On reaching his twenty-first birthday he was to have received the large fortune of his mother, who was a daughter of the founder of the great express company. He was sent to school at Eton, and later attended Georgetown College. During the Boxer trouble in China he was among the besieged in the legation at Peking; and Minister Conger afterward reported to President McKinley that Squiers, under a hot fire, crossed the court from the legation to a supply store with an old mule and procured provisions. The coolies who accompanied him were shot. Later when ammunition was low he crossed the court again, and on another occasion led an attack and captured several Boxers.

After Fargo's return to the United States, President McKinley offered him a cadetship at West Point, but he declined it. It is a consoling thought to his parents that he died within the pale of the Church. He was a convert to Catholicism, having entered the Church only last September. He was instructed and received by Bishop Broderic of Havana.

R. I. P.

M. J. Keleher.
A NEW ALUMNI SOCIETY.

The first annual dinner of the Georgetown Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held at the Hotel Jermyn, Scranton, Pa., on the twenty-ninth of December last. Despite the fact that the committee in charge were unable to send out invitations until about ten days before the date fixed for the dinner, and that there were several old Georgetown men in that section of the State who could not be reached in time, the dinner was quite successful. The toastmaster was James F. Bell, '99, and the guest of honor, Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton, who formerly attended both Holy Cross and Fordham. The Bishop made a few very interesting remarks, in the course of which he endorsed the action of those who were responsible for the organization of the association, saying that it could be made a great power for good wherever its membership was extended. Mr. T. J. Duffy, to use his own words, "was asked to tell the Bishop how glad we were to have him with us," which he did in a brief but witty speech. In the absence of Rev. Jerome Daugher-ty, S. J., president of the University, who sent his regrets, Mr. James L. Morris, '82, responded to the toast, "Georgetown University." Mr. William J. Fitzgerald, '98, responded to "The Alumni," and Mr. John J. Murphy, '96, told some interesting stories of "The Old Boys." Dr. William J. Holland, '03, responded to the toast "Athletics."

At the business session Mr. James S. Morris, '82, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year, and Mr. Francis M. Foy, '04, was elected secretary. It is proposed to have the second annual dinner at Hotel Sterling, Wilkes-Barre, some time during the next Christmas holidays. The membership of the association now stands at twenty, a fairly good number for a start; but it is hoped that before the next dinner this number will be more than doubled. The committee to whom is due the success of the dinner are Messrs. T. J. Duffy, William J. Fitzgerald, '98, James F. Bell, '99, and "Mike" Walsh, '01, all of Scranton.

J. M. F., '04.
The 1903 football season came to an end with the election of this year's captain. The old custom of electing only seniors to the place received another jolt, but the choice is a popular one, and Matthew P. Mahoney, '06, well deserves the honor.

Coming from Lowell High School two years ago, his freshman efforts were more like those of a veteran, and at the end of the season he was awarded a 'varsity "G." His play at right guard the past season was hard and consistent, while his place kicking made some of the games spectacular. His work in the Carolina, Indian and Lehigh games was especially noteworthy, and if "Matthew" can excite the same earnestness and properly direct the "fighting interest" of this year's squad, football "fiends" will have a chance to lionize an already popular player.

The Field and Track Department is beginning to claim our almost undivided attention. Captain Reilly has decided upon February 20th as the date for the sixth indoor meet, and Assistant Manager Graham has forwarded entry blanks to the principal teams of the country. The relays will again be the prominent feature. Invitations have been issued to Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia, and others are now in the mails. An effort is being made to have the Military and Naval Academies represented, and a special relay race for them is planned. A lively contest is always promised when these two institutions meet, and if Mr. Graham's efforts are successful we shall be much indebted to the academies for what promises to be a good race.

Candidates for the university relay team are training, and Captain Reilly promises a fast set of runners. With Reilly, Edmonston and Etchison, of last
year’s team, and McCarthy, Staples and Mulligan fulfilling the promises they now give, we shall have a team faster than most of us have seen.

The contests at Philadelphia and New York did not result in victories for our runners, and instead several are on the injured list. Dougherty was injured in the sprints at Philadelphia, and will not be able to run for some time. Captain Reilly is suffering from a shoeful of spikes received at the Madison Square Garden games during the holidays. After winning the 440 trial heat the attending physician forbade him to enter the finals. Crowded corners are always dangerous, and events liable to result in such entries should be taken from the list of events for our games in February. Duffey was too heavily handicapped in the sprints, and could do nothing better than win the first trial heat.

Manager Carlin announces a new game or two for the spring. Besides the usual Yale, Princeton and Harvard games, Pennsylvania is to join in the baseball carnival around Easter week. With this game arranged, the enthusiasts will have a chance to see all “the big ones” try out on the college grounds.

The long-owed and long-desired trip to Ithaca is at last a fixture. After four years, two games and two rainy days, at Georgetown, the Cornell men will get a chance at us on their own grounds. The Cornell team has given us a bad scare or two, and no doubt will have something even more substantial up their sleeves when the team arrives at Ithaca. Sam Apperious once saved us by a grand stand catch; he is still with us, and Captain Morgan says he has others to do as well.

Decoration Day at Princeton is something new, and we may be able to take another game from the Tigers before a big crowd. Somehow we haven’t won against them since 1899, and while it was a good one, 3 to 0, it wasn’t good enough to last five years.

The Indians are either dissatisfied with the thrashing they gave the football team in November, or else they are to give us a chance to get even at baseball. Well, both teams can do a little “slugging” in this game without a reprimand from the umpire or an article in The Mirror.

Manager Shepard has arranged with the Naval Academy crews for a couple of races on May 21. Last year’s success should be enough to encourage the oarsmen who will begin with Coach Dempsey this month. There is a rumor that Pennsylvania may enter her crews in the same races. The more the merrier and the harder our boys will work.

A fencing club has been organized. Professor Darriuculat, of the Washington Fencing Club, has agreed to take the men in charge and will instruct and direct the exercises. Mr. A. L. Grima, ’04, is captain; Mr. Edward V. Oblinger, manager. Something more definite will be given next month.

CLAUDE R. ZAPPONE, ’75.
Director of Aquatics.