To Janus.

Calm, far-regarding god whom Rome adored
Even in the pious reign of Numa, old,
Twin-brother to that Terminus who told
Where ceased the sway of the imperial sword,
Long time have thy twin faces deep explored
All days that from time’s parchment have unrolled;
High on the steaming altars gifts of gold,
God of beginnings, first to thee were poured.

Gone are thy fanes from earth, and leave no trace,
Thy worshippers no longer hope and fear,
Another world is whirling round the sphere;
Yet out of either pale and stony face
Thou look’st upon thy name in every place,
Crowning the cold beginning of the year.

H. F. Pease, '06.
It was indeed a strange collection of men that Judge Willis had hired for the fall round-up that year I spent on his ranch in Pecos County. There was Jim Morris, for instance, who couldn't be beaten at a roping contest by anyone in the county, and who was second only to the sheriff in a revolver match. Then, there was "Rough" Turner, who had been at San Juan with Roosevelt, and looked none the worse for his experiences. And there was John Gray. What tender and pleasing memories it brings to my mind to think of John Gray—John the good natured, the tender-hearted, lovable man, who wouldn't kick a dog if it was eating the last crust he had on earth, who loved a horse so much that he would never wear a pair of spurs or even use a quirt.

John was never cut out for a cowpuncher—that is, a cowpuncher in the sense of one of the bad men that Eastern novelists love to paint. In fact, such a man is a novelty even to the West of our day; and they never were so plentiful as to overrun the country. He was a philosopher, and, at the same time a poet. Aye, a poet of nature in her purest form! Every little bird that flew from a thicket, and every long-eared jackrabbit that chanced to cross his path, was one of God's beautiful creatures in the eyes of Gray. In short, he was one of the most lovable men I have ever met. And, I said he was a philosopher. Yes, he was wont to spend his thoughts in moralizing on things and events. Had a harmless armadillo run across the road ahead of him he would occupy his mind for hours at a time in thinking of the bounty of Divine Providence in protecting such a harmless creature from the attacks of more voracious animals. An eagle perched upon the summit of a lofty cliff, gazing with miserly eye upon a sick cow or a calf, would suddenly turn his thoughts to the tendencies of a grasping nation. Truth to tell, had it not been for this habit of moralizing I should never have heard the story he presently told me.

We were riding together one sprightly evening when day is just thinking of giving away to night. It was one of the most beautiful countries the eye ever travelled over. On one hand was a mighty cliff, that seemed to go up and up in a series of never-ending ledges of gray rock and green fir trees, while every few feet was a mighty cactus springing from a tiny crack in the rock; and on the other there was a gorge, some two hundred feet below us, where roamed the deer and other mighty game with no thought of disturbance. There was thicket upon thicket, brush upon brush, and nut-tree after nut-tree, with a stream of crystal water intertwined among it all—an ideal haunt for a sportsman.

After riding several miles in silence, awed by the solemn grandeur of the scene, we entered the dip in the road
that announced we were at Privilege Creek. The side we were on was a gentle slope, with many a turn and twist in the road that wound its way warily toward the East. The bed of the creek was rocky, and some two or three hundred yards down stream there was a barbed wire fence across the channel of the creek. The far side was a precipitous bluff covered with fir trees, and gigantic boulders protruding from its surface. It was so rough and so steep that the road had been blasted out of the solid rock in a semicircle, so as to make it tenable by wagons. The underbrush, as is usual in that country, was very thick on each side of the highway, and the road itself ran, as if quite by accident, suddenly into the ford.

We were giving our horses a drink preparatory to undertaking the stiff climb ahead when Gray said to me:

"Yuh know, Bob, whenever I cross this here ford it somehow makes me feel how small I am. It nevah struck me that away some two yeas ago, but now the blue clouds that seem ter hang around the tops of the mountains down yonder across the Pecos, an' the big rocks that hang to that bluff as if by a thread, an' what happened heah about six years ago, kinder makes me feel small an' insignificant.

"Nobody aint nevah told yuh about what happened heah, hev they? People out heah dont talk much about what aint much of their business—it aint too awful healthy.

"Well, three of the boys was ridin' home one night after bein' in cote all day long as witnesses in a case I'll tell yuh about later on. Of cuse they was pushin' their hawsses some fast, as was only nat'rul fur men that aint been ust ter livin' in houses, an' that has been shut up in a hot cote-room about all day.

"When they come ter the top of that thar rise, they started a race ter see who'd git ter the crick fist. Ter make a long story short, they tried ter ford that crick onct too often.

"She was on a rise that night, was Privilege; she'd got up steam sence they crost it in the mawnin', but that was the fust they knowed about it.

"They was two on 'em found the nex' mawnin', hung by ther clothes ter that fence down yonder. Nobody aint nevah even seen the other. Fuh yuh know they's some funny places in this heah crick. They's one place whah they aint nevah struck bottom, an' anothah whar it goes underground fuh about six hundred yahds.

"Montague may be lyin' thar now, down under the goun, Gawd alone knows how fur—with no tombstone ovah his head, an' nobody ter put flow- ers on his grave. He hasn't got any coffin, an' he had about as much time for repentance as he had coffin."

"I hope he's better of than that," I returned. "But I don't suppose the world cares much. They tell me that Ellis Montague was a pretty bad man."

"Well, old man, Montague nevah was a particular friend of mine. In fact, I nevah had much use fuh him evah sence I fust met him back at the old college in Virginia. Yuh needn't think that's strange, my bein' a college man. You'll find many a college man out heah on the range, an' ev'ry one on 'em
has a story; some on 'em good, an' outhahs—well, not quite so good.

"Me'n Monty was cotin' the same girl then an' both of us was purty much in love with her—at least we thought we was. Now, Ellis bein' somewhat of a rake an' ginral good fellow, an' me a fair student an' a purty decent chap, I sorter got ahaid of him in the estimations of that particular young lady.

"He was a funny fellow! Was one of them kind that nevah forgot a wrong an' nevah remembers a favor. He nevah spoke to me but onct ahfter she ast him not to come ter her house any more, an' that was ter tell me that he'd hold it up agin me till he died; an' ahfter he was dead he'd try ter hant me with his ghost—in which last he aint succeeded so well as in the fist.

"I knowed he meant it—he was that kind of fellah that allays means ter do a dirty thing when he says he does. That was ten yeahs ago or more. Then Ellis went away—Gawd on'y knew whar to.

"Twaut mo'n two months after that when the girl died. Nobody evah knew what killed her; some thought it was poison somebody'd give her, some said it was heart disease. I nevah could figger out jus' what it was. I didn't have no heart fuh books from that day until now, an' what's more I nevah will have. I came out heah thinkin' that the open would relieve my feelin's some, an' it has. It's made me a better man than I ever would 'ave been in town. It's Gawd's country, these hills an' cricks an' little rivahs, that rise and sink an' disappear in a day.

"As I said befo', Monty was a funny fellah. Yuh was liable ter run acrost him most anywhere an' doin' most any-thing. So it didn't surprise me much when I saw Monty out heah on the ranch cowpunchin', and when he wasn't in the saddle he'd be workin' with a camera he'd brought with him. He allays hed it with him. I don' believe he evah lef' the bunk house without it strapped ovah his shoulder. He allays was a nimble bunk house without it strapped ovah his shoulder. He allays was a nimble bunk house without it strapped ovah his shoulder.

"That camera an' the ugly way he had of rememberin' little things is the only thing I evah had agin Monty, but he must a had some awful grudge treasured up agin me.

"You know the rustlers was pretty thick around heah then, an' me'n Monty drew lots with the fohman ter try ter corral a bunch of 'em that had been working in the neighborhood. It wasn't the best combination that we could a got together, fuh me'n the fohman didn't git along quite as well as me'n Monty. We got off about twenty miles that night, an' camped just at the head of Poker Gulch. The nex' mawnin' the fohman went off to git the hawsses, Monty went out ter cut some more wood an' I was ter cook the breakfast.

"Ahfter about fifteen minutes Monty came in on a run, covahs me with his gun an' says I killed the fohman. The only thing that struck me as funny was that he still hed that blamed camera at his side—otherways things looked purty serious, fuh I'd shot my gun onct at a snake that wriggled out o' the grass right by the fier, an' I thought I heard the echo; but 'twaut no echo; it was
somebody'd shot the foorman through the heart.

"Bein' covered by Monty's gun I goes out an' lays the dead man acrost my saddle an' rode away with Monty an' his gun beside me.

"The gran' jury indicted me for murder in the first degree, an' I guess if Monty'd been a leetle bit mo' popular they wouldn't a been no need fuh the State ter bohd me. I wouldn't a needed it. Circumstantial evidence was so strong agin me that I couldn't git bail. At the trial the lawyer fuh the prosecution brought out all the circumstantial evidence he could, an' just before cote adjourned fuh the day he 'calls Monty up ter the stan'.

"Things was purty well heated up by that time, an' when Monty showed a picture of me standin' ovah the dead man with a smokin' gun in my hand, I thought for shure that they wouldn't need ter build me a scaffold. Well, cote adjourned fuh the day, an' the jury took the pictur inter the juryroom with 'em ter look it ovah.

"Well, it was that night that Monty rode onct too often into Privilege. I hate to think of a feller goin' off inter eternity that way, without a chanct ter say 'Gawd forgive me.' It must be awful hard when he's got a load on him like Monty hed that night.'

Seeing that he was beginning to moralize on a sudden death, I broke in on his thoughts in order not to lose the drift of the story.

"Well, John, old man, how did you get out of it?"

"How did I git out of it? Well, the jury was some in my favor, an' one of them happened ter have a magnifyin' glass. He looked at the pictur real good an' hard an' seen it was one of them trick pictures—one pictur made from two plates. He persuaded the jury ter return a verdict of 'Not guilty.' Thar's yoh man now.

"Good evenin', Judge Willis. Kin I do anythin' fer yuh?"

R. H. Kelley, '08.
A Highland Battle Song.

I.
Shriek the bag-pipes, sound the slogan;
Let the cries of anger rise:
Let them float beyond the mountains;
Let them pierce the cloudy skies!

II.
Rise the tongues of wrath and vengeance;
Let them ring from Heav'n to Hell!
Shout, ye women and ye children;
Clang each iron-throated bell!

III.
Let the pipes defy the foemen,
And the pibroch and the drum!
What care we for self when Scotland
Cries out, "Onward!" Come, men, come!

IV.
We shall meet them in the valley;
We shall fight them in the glen;
And 'twill be a blood-stained army
When it staggers home again!

V.
Come, ye Campbells, come, ye Grahams;
Come in plaids of red or blue;
Come, ye Camerons—all ye Scotsmen;
Come with brave hearts and with true.

VI.
Come with tartan, come with bonnet;
Come with shield and trusty bow;
Come from Highland firth or mountain,
From Glengarry or Glencowe!

VII.
For Sir William and his charger
Are impatient in the van;
He shall smile upon your faces,
And shall greet you man to man.

VIII.
And the fight shall be at midnight,
'Neath the shining of the moon;
When is heard nor maiden's wailing,
Nor the mother's tender croon.

IX.
From each crag and rocky eerie
We shall burst upon the foe;
Bloodshed there will be—aie, slaughter;
And exchange of blow for blow.

X.
Crush their armor with your claymores;
Cleave their helms with great broadsword;
And amid the din of battle
Shout for Scotland and the Lord!

ROBERT H. KELLEY. '08.
THE MECHANICAL EXPLANATION OF LIFE.

Life is a riddle ever confronting us. You have seen its first appearance and have witnessed its departure. House flies meet their death upon a piece of gummed paper. These creatures at one time had what we call life. They could move, they had instinct, they could reproduce their kind. Yet, now we say, they are dead. Why do we say so? Is it because there has departed from that minute organism some controlling principle? Is it because the molecules of the body are now arranging themselves in a new condition, are now moving to form life by juxtaposition and a mere accretion of mechanical and chemical matter? The latter opinion is absolutely false and untenable to good solid reasoning, untenable to good solid science and even to ordinary common sense. But let us get upon a common ground. Let us clearly understand the position of our opponents. What is life? Definition after definition has been given to us; philosophers, scientists, and chemists, have wracked their brains in evolving a suitable definition. Yet the moderns have not surpassed the ancients and schoolmen who defined life as the activity by which a being moves itself. Do not misinterpret the meaning of the motion laid down in the definition. By motion here is meant a motion of immanency; a motion the principle of which is within the living being and which remains in the agent from which it proceeds. It is an intrinsic motion. Not the motion of the sun, shedding its rays, not the extrinsic motion applied to inanimate things, but the motion of the plant, the motion of the fly before it suffered death. Our topic does not embrace life in its generality. We are concerned with the primitive beginning of life. From whence does this life, such as we have defined, receive its origin? From a vital principle—an immanent energy? Some say no. There are some students of modern science who hold that it comes from the mechanical and chemical forces of matter, working under the condition of the organism. Thus, the plant and animal came to us in the identical evolution which gave us the crystal or huge boulder.

Life originates from chemical and mechanical forces of matter, in their various combinations and mixtures. Give your common sense a heroic twist and, for the moment, suppose the doctrine to be true. It is obvious that a huge gap yawns between animate and inanimate matter. The anti-vitalist gives the above explanation. If his theory is true, then from these combinations and mixtures should spring the specific difference so patent between the two stages of matter. Before these combinations and mixtures entered the subject, they were purely inorganic and inorganic, they must and do remain, for the tiniest molecule of which they are formed can never rise beyond the condi-
tion of their essence, and that essence is mere inanimate matter in a state of changeless repose. So they must keep their essence, one possessing no life or vitality, and inevitably the plant or animal becomes akin to anorganic matter. Think you that animate matter is thus similar to inanimate? Observe the actions of the two. In plant and animal life we have the function by which this life preserves its being by nutrition. It requires and demands food which is assimilated by the plant thus becoming part of it. It is assimilated and absorbed by the animal whose digestive apparatus splits up the food into certain nourishing elements required by certain members and parts of the organism, making this food part of its substance. Take away the food and the plant or animal dies. Find an analogy to this in anorganic matter. Again, we have growth in plant life as a result of such nutrition and the being is bent upon the conservation of such growth. The plant and animal obtain size and strength limited by the size and strength attained in their own particular species. Does the inanimate ever increase in size—does it have a real growth? Only such as comes from the chemical and mechanical energy working from without, a mere accidental and accretive energy and not one coming from within the being. Again, we have in life reproduction. It is perhaps the most mysterious function of life. It is one of the grandest manifestations which we have of a divine agent. Go back to the primitive beginning of life. We have what is called the cell. Before going further let us state that this cell with its nucleus is a living being. Now the nucleus of the cell buries itself in the ovum. A new living being at once starts upon its evolution. The original cell divides into two. Nutritive matter is carried to nourish these cells as they again divide and subdivide, as they fall away and are built up. Why is the process going on? These cells have a duty. The duty of building an individual, and so by an astounding net-work of organism they produce in time the plant or animal. This cell is a tiny thing—of microscopic size. Where did it come from? How did it originate? What gives it motion? Why must it build a being? Because mechanical and chemical energy predominate it? Let the anti-vitalists attempt to build a living being on their own ideas. The cell comes from the vital principle which pervades and animates the organism. It comes from the first beginning of life when God ordained life on the universe. The cell builds the grandest production of life—the living body of man. It also builds the lowliest forms of life. Examine some of the protozoa. We have an apt, though perhaps trite illustration in the amoeba. Here we have nothing but a mass of protoplasm and yet it is a living body. By its one cell the amoeba moves, breathes, nourishes itself and reproduces its kind by dividing into two parts, each of which in time becomes a distinct individual. In the millions of infusoria the same endowment of a substantial form is present. They live and are forever at war with their fellow creatures. They die, but others take their place. The
renowned Jesuit biologist, Father Was-
man, reports a series of experiments
made upon a little animal vulgarly
called the "sea squirt." It is of about
an inch in length. The body is divided
into a gill and into a sack, containing
the organs of the creature. Cut the
body in two. In a few days each of the
dissected parts constitutes itself into a
complete organism by regeneration.
You can cut the sack containing the
organs in any way and in any direction
you choose and in a few days new indi-
viduals, new sea squirts are formed.
Here is an astounding and marvellous
example of the plastic power in life.
It has been asserted that this primary
sphere of protoplasm is in itself an or-
ganism, that it really encases within
itself the future organization of the
living being, and later on this organi-
sation is to be unfolded and evolved.
This hypothesis does not clarify the
problem. For if organization is really
encased within the primitive germ,
then, we ask, whence the ultimate be-
ginning and moulding of this organi-
sation? If organization is within the
primitive germ then how came it to
pass that it became coupled with the
cell? So pushing our inquiry we find
that the above idea is not strictly rele-
vant to the task at hand, for we have
only to add that this organization is an
effect not a cause of vital energy, and in
this truth we can present the most sub-
stantiating evidence obtainable in mod-
era science. "Omne vivum a vivo,"
life only from life. A dictum and an
axiom adopted by all sane science. Where
can we find a phenomenon in an
organic bodies similar to that of repro-
duction? The ordinary house-fly re-
eives its life from a definite and en-
durable principle, as do all other living
creatures. But the scientist who would
search for a like principle in the cre-
ation of an anorganic body, no matter
how minute, proceeds upon an unend-
ing quest.

Time works its changes in the anor-
ganic world. Time will never work a
change in the ultimate grounding of
life—the cell. It is grander, nobler
and more sublime in its conception and
structure than the stateliest corniced
cathedral or the most ingenious machine
When they have passed away into other
stages of matter the poor little cell will
continue to live and to build. It moves
not because a mechanical law of motion
postulates so to do. It produces life,
not because it unites with this or that
chemical drop. It is a speck of proto-
plasm never to be claimed as their own
by the expounders of mechanism. Per-
haps we have not dwelt at length upon
the mechanical side of this doctrine.
That inanimate matter derives its growth
from physical and chemical forces is a
truth, but when the anti-vitalist assigns
the growth and beginning of life to the
same accidental agent, then he flies in
the face of common sense and valid de-
duction. The plant is a machine—we
are all automata! Think of it! We are
all moving and living according to
fixed laws of mechanics. We go down
stairs because the law of gravitation
pulls us down. We turn around be-
cause centrifugal force suddenly con-
fronts us. Can it be possible that when
we walk we are responding to the jerk
of a lever within us? Can it be possi-
ble that when we talk we do not differ from a street piano or the blowing of a factory whistle? The absurdity of such a possibility is quite sufficient to invalidate the original proposition.

The gulf between the two stages of matter can never be bridged by a row of chemistry bottles. The differences between the two are manifold and only broaden the gulf. Life comes from a living cell. Matter is made up of an inanimate molecule. Anorganic natural bodies are either crystal or amorphous. If crystal, then they still remain crystal, when reduced to the smallest microscopic size. If amorphous, then they are influenced by their surroundings and are merely held in abeyance to the mechanical laws of equilibrium. In contradistinction to this we have the cell building its own form to subserve the purposes of life. Anorganic bodies are composed of many substances and enter into a few combinations. Organic bodies are composed of few substances and enter into many combinations. The mineral world is in a state of stable equilibrium. The organic world is an unstable and disturbed state of equilibrium always requiring readjustment. Anorganic bodies are capable of only transitive activity. Organic bodies are capable of self motion. The inorganic world is unlimited—it has no death. The organic world is limited—it has a death. Here in the last we have a distinction between the two stages of matter, quite curious and known to every one. While anorganic matter passes into many substances, yet it exists for an indefinite period of time. But each living creature is circumscribed in time, and after attaining a growth it dies.

Are we alone in standing against the doctrine of the mechanist? The great Harvey said: "Omne vivum a vivo." Life from life. Tyndall said that there exists no trustworthy experimental testimony to prove that life ever appeared independently of antecedent life. Huxley, Virchow, Stewart, Tait, Haldane, Dr. Chanffard have laid down the same principle. Professor Doriech, of Heidelberg, Wolfe of Basle, Reinke of Kiel, Neumeister of Jena, and Schneider of Vienna, likewise agree. Prof. Doriech, a clear writer on the subject, and who, be it noted, at one time was a member of the mechanist group, says that we must go back to Aristotle and the schoolmen in holding that there are in all bodies two complementary principles, the primary matter and the substantial form. In other words there must exist a vital principle. Surely, a coterie of scholars who cannot succeed in persuading their own members to their own doctrines, can demand no warrantable recognition from a sane scientific world.

But let us not be too impulsive. The doctrine of the antivitalist is verified when we produce life. Of course they cannot deny that we are justified in asking them to produce life. We seek the truth. They would give it to us. Therefore they must refute us by producing a living being. They know the chemical constituents embodied in the plant or animal. We have never disputed that point. We are always passing through a series of chemical changes. Every inch of the body is composed of
elements known to science, and science informs us that these elements unite in a certain proportion and relation. We give them the elements carefully measured and proportioned. Now make life for us. It is a challenge which the upholders of vitalism have hurled at the mechanist group and one which they have never been able to meet by a live being. They claim that life springs from nothing but a chemical and mechanical agency. Yet they cannot produce it. One of the surest proofs and one which will demand the assent of the most ignorant and uncultured mind is the culmination of a theory in the reality which it professes. Until that reality of life comes from the anti-vitalist, he stands destitute of corroboration. But listen to the despairing wail coming from the laboratory! We have not been able to explain more than a small part of vital phenomena by the play of physical and chemical forces alone, but the slow and patent researches of the future will bring us nearer and nearer to the goal which biologic science seeks—the physico-chemical explanation of life! In truth, the quest will call for a wondrous patience to bear the slowness of the research.

By the side of the sea you have the huge massive outline of a cliff. On the top of that cliff trees and shrubs and flowers grow. The cliff is there in its eternal vigil of the water. The wintry blasts beat on it. The wintry blasts shake and warp the life growing above it. They, too, for the time, are like the cliff. They seem to be nothing but a gaunt trellis-work suspended from a dead and blackened trunk. They seem to have no life, no vitality. Days and months go. Spring comes. The trees and shrubs are dotted with green cups soon to burst with life and to shower that tree in a wave of green foliage. Myriad specks of life are born again in the fields. The world is teeming with life. It comes at the magic caress of a hot mellow sun. It scents the air with perfume and bears into the world beauty. It is the cycle of life. You breathe and feel it in the air. And men, who are supposed to have reason, who are supposed to have merit in their profession, who are supposed to demand recognition from a scientific world, look at this picture and say we can trace it all back to the agency of a chemical force. Solid reasoning demands that one follow premises to a logical conclusion. Yet in the study of this question we find the most glaring inconsistencies. In his pamphlet on modern free thought Father Gerard gives an argument enunciated by Virchow. Virchow said: "If I will not believe that there is a Creator I must have recourse to spontaneous generation. There is no third alternative." Yet we have named Virchow as an authority, denying the possibility of spontaneous generation. As a result he is forced to revert to the other conclusion in the argument of his own making, namely, the existence of a God from whom emanates the vital principle. Instead of so doing, Virchow raises the plea of "ignoramus." It is not for us to make any disparaging remarks of the anti-vitalists. Yet their attitude opens a field for speculation. It would
seem that they strive to deny the vital principle in order that they may deny the existence of a God. And we, with Virchow, deny the possibility of spontaneous generation, but we, unlike Virchow, are willing to follow premises to conclusions, and affirm the existence of a God, a God of Life, to whom is traceable the vital principle, the substantial form of every living thing, whether low or high, in the animate world.

Jos. Lawler, '06.

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Alas! Coquette.

If any maiden hath the art
To hold in love a captive heart,
Oh, it is Bess!
With charm bewitching she ensnares
The rosebud’s color which she wears
With flitting blush for him who dares
His love confess.

But ah! the treachery of that hue.
Love’s labor lost is nothing new
To fickle Bess.
To her allegiance did I swear,
By soft dark eye and raven hair,
By every winning grace and air
Of loveliness.

Now every suitor hath his day;
Mine ended in a tête-a-tête
With pretty Bess.
At least, another fool was there
And fixed in her affection rare.
She fixed me with a stony stare.
That’s all, I guess.

M. F. D., '08.
THE FALLACY OF A FOREIGN TRADE.

The gullibility of human nature, even in matters of greatest importance, is such as to exceed the expectations of the most misanthropic of observers. Whole peoples, with ardent enthusiasm but with practically no investigations into real conditions, accept some glaring illusion or other and flaunt it in the face of the world as truth. A false prophet may envelop an empire with his flimsy creed. A careless, bigoted or dishonest historian may pass his creations down through generations as beacon lights of authoritativeness. Recently I had occasion to probe quite deeply into an event in the history of a very small part of North America and was astounded and disgusted at the manner in which one of our most reputed historians had treated the subject, garbling and withholding documents until there was scarcely a semblance of the truth remaining. Yet were I to cast a shadow of doubt around his veracity, though I would establish most clearly the wide acceptance of his misrepresentations, I would likewise incur a double prejudice to overcome in this paper, for its task to expose another deep rooted fallacy as universal as it is erroneous.

The assertion that the greater part of the world, including our own nation, has formed an entirely fallacious idea of one of the basic factors in our country's economic development might seem presumptuous and fanciful. Yet, if in such grave matters as religion and history, whole nations and groups of nations have been completely deceived, ignorance of a mere present day economic fact, howsoever momentous, need not startle. Neither is there cause for surprise at the fact that it has fallen to the lot of the theorist to point out the mistakes and shortcomings of the practitioner, for this is to some extent natural. An observer posted at a short distance from a scene of lively activity often commands a better view of the whole affair than does a participant. Furthermore, the theorist looks into causes, and a consideration of causes is generally more productive of certain knowledge than is entire confinement to effect. Just as a man standing on an eminence discerns the lay of the surrounding country, while a traveller on the plain becomes hopelessly lost, so while the student economist perceives the error, the prosperous, enthusiastic American people on one hand, too busied with their immense successes at home to worry about foreign trade, and on the other hand the nations of the old world frightened at the billion dollar totals of us, their strenuous rival, and so actively occupied in endeavoring to stem our advance, that they have not stopped to consider whether these totals, like the dust raised by a marching army, indicate an
advance or a retreat, in fact all civilized peoples frenzied in their fight for commercial prosperity have become permeated with the conviction that the United States is becoming the dominant commercial power. They have the authority of their authors and statesmen, rehearsing in vivid language America’s magnificent triumphs, and they see no reason for pouring over dry uninteresting statistics for itemized accounts. Yet were they carefully to examine the figures issued regularly by the Government at Washington, they would find to their amazement:

1st, that American exports consist mainly of non-competitive goods, raw materials which other nations do not themselves produce, and must obtain from us, and that even this trade is declining, with no corresponding increase in competitive manufactured exports; and

2nd, that the bulk of our over-sea trade in competitive wares, in which alone there would be credit due to American enterprise, is practically insignificant as contrasted with similar trade of other nations.

The exports of a nation may be divided into two great classes,—raw materials and finished products. The former, which are the direct product of the soil, are less remunerative and represent a lower class of industry than the latter, which, during their course of production, pass through a larger number of hands and demand more skill in workmanship. Of two nations, then, shipping the same sum totals of exports, that nation which sends forth the greater proportion of manufactured articles has the more valuable trade. Records show that in totals the trade of Great Britain and that of the United States are nip and tuck, yet in America’s greatest exporting year, 1901, when she sent abroad $1,487,000,000 worth of goods, nearly $1,000,000,000 worth was raw material, while in 1904, 80% of England’s $1,504,000,000 worth of exports were manufactured commodities. Plainly, though the two great Anglo-Saxon countries present nearly equal figures in their trade relations, our older brother has a much more valuable commerce over sea.

The United States is the greatest manufacturing nation on the globe, as she is the greatest agricultural country; but it is only as the latter that she plays a role as an international trader. Our foreign purchasers. England, Germany and France, turn our raw stuffs into finished wares and sell them to the rest of Europe, to our own continent and even back to ourselves, thus reaping a golden harvest which rightly should be ours. Of our own factory output, only 14% ever leaves our shores. The reason of this strange anomaly of course is that, much as our factories yield they are scarcely adequate to supply the demand of home consumption. Our interstate traffic is over a hundredfold more valuable than our entire foreign trade, and is twice the combined imports of all nations. Our failures abroad, therefore, are due, not to any inability on our part, but to our prosperous preoccupation at home.
While piling up American dollars by the billion we have had no occasion to scramble for a few, comparatively, paltry millions of foreign coins. What trade we have, has been practically un­sought and consists mainly of those materials of which nature has given us the monopoly and for which foreign powers, in their necessity, were willing to come.

Before proceeding further, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Harold Bolce, an eminent authority on our foreign trade relations, from whose pen a series of articles on this and kindred topics has been appearing for the past several months in the Booklovers’ Magazine. It was through these articles, that my attention was first called to most of the figures which I quote. The articles are amazing revelations and seem destined to revolutionize a great part of our national economy, even as Thomas Lawson, through his articles on “Frenzied Finance,” has revolutionized the financial world. Mr. Bolce has ably pointed out that no competitive ability is manifested in selling our agricultural products. “If we were all Choctaw Indians,” said he, “and raised raw cotton, we could sell it. The old world is glad to get it. She sends her ships for it.”

Our manufactures equal those of England, Germany and France combined, but they export as much in one year as we do in a decade. The islands of the Pacific buy more manufactures, and the little Netherlands export more than we sell to Great Britain and all continental Europe. Even of textiles woven from our own raw material, Europe sells more than we do. Turning to Asia, our rout is still more manifest. We had expected that the accession of Hawaii and the Philippines would open to us all the treasures of the Orient. Yet at the present day we control only 4.66% of Asia’s trade, and about 1/4 of that is in mineral oil. We receive but 11.96% of the import trade of Oceanica, while to the Philippines themselves, incredible as it may seem, we supply but 7% of competitive goods, and most of that to Americans residing there, though the exports of those islands amount to more than our sales to all of Oceanica. We have probably been the most strenuous exponent of China’s open door. We have stood by and held it open while the riches of the rest of the world have streamed in. Should we subtract the amount of cotton and mineral oil from our imports to the Flowery Kingdom, the remainder would bring our citizens a profit of less than 2c per capita in a year. Yet our trade with China is ten times what it is with Austria-Hungary, twice that with Belgium, ten times that with Denmark, four times that with Italy, ten times that with Sweden and Norway and five times that with Russia. The only nations which buy more from us than China, are Germany and England.

I have compared our trade with that of the United Kingdom. As to Germany, she exports nearly twice the amount of finished products that we do, and what is more astounding, fifty times more cotton cloth than we, the greatest cotton growers in the world.
So thoroughly, however, has the delusion of our successes spread abroad that Germany in her jealousy has launched a tariff war to stem them. Yes, it does seem ludicrous, and had I not present day history and records of the United States upholding my assertions, they would be most flagrant presumptions. But Germany has declared a trade war against us, intending to discriminate most harshly against American goods, that thereby, either American competition may be shut out from the fatherland or that we may be forced to lower our tariff walls to German manufactures. Yet figures show that she has nothing to fear from American competition and that, owing to the paltriness of our trade with her, the war can do very little harm. In 1904, $214,000,000 worth of commodities was sold to Germany. Of this, $109,000,000 worth was in raw cotton and $11,000,000 worth in copper. Besides these, several millions of dollars worth of rosin, turpentine, furs, oil cake, phosphates and similar raw products were exported to the fatherland, bringing up the total of goods, which will continue under the new tariff to pour into Germany free of duty, to about $131,000,000. Furthermore, such articles as apples, tobacco and typewriters, which do not compete with German produce, will continue under the same tariff as formerly. The values of commodities unaffected by the belligerent tariff will be in the aggregate about $144,000,000, or more than two thirds of the total trade. The same principles may well be applied to the Chinese boycott, for outside of cotton cloth we sell to China but little of what other nations could supply.

Humiliating as are these figures, those which represent our trade with other nations of our own continent are positively ludicrous. Our Monroe doctrine stands as a defence of their liberties, while their gold is being shovelled into German and English coffers for goods, most of which are made from American crude materials. South America buys eight times as much as we sell to her; one-half of Mexico's trade is controlled by Europe; in fact the United States, which should have nine-tenths of the trade of the Western hemisphere, has but half. We are about to build our great canal in order to open the way to a commercial conquest of the South American Pacific coast, but we have not yet won the Atlantic.

It is a principle of political economy that as a country grows old and more populous, its agricultural exports decrease, and are gradually supplanted by exports of manufactured goods. The United States seems now to be evolving into this stage of transition, but whereas her agricultural exports have declined to the amount of $100,000,000 since 1901, thereby adhering to the first part of the rule, she is starting a new economy by suffering an equal drop in manufactural exports since 1900. This however, may be merely a temporary fluctuation, and the outcome will probably be that she will in the near future need foreign markets for her manufactures, which now are scarcely able to
supply home demand. The marked decline in agricultural shipments is only the beginning of a regular descent, due first to the increasing demands of an ever increasing population, and secondly, to the politico-economic principle already mentioned, which tells us that as a nation progresses, its earlier excess of agricultural exports is drawn upon in order that an increasing factory capacity may be supplied. Much of the raw material which we have been shipping to Europe will be gradually thrown into our own industries, which will eventually reach a point of overproduction. Then it is that we shall want foreign markets wherein to dispose of our surplus of finished merchandise.

The great American fallacy of our over-sea trade in competitive goods has succeeded in obscuring the foundations of our whole trade policy. Our statesmen and legislators have been struggling for a decade with questions of tariff, ship subsidies, and various other topics bringing in our foreign trade relations, and they knew not where the pivot was, upon which all turned, nor where to look for it. Now, with the ancient delusions banished, the greatest economic problems of the day assume a different hue. If reciprocity is necessary, the exigency arises from a need of trade with Europe in competitive goods: if we require a subsidizing of our merchant marine, it is because we must place our wares in competition with those of foreign powers; and to do so successfully, we must be our own carriers; if we desire foreign possessions, their only use is as stepping stones to foreign ports.

Though detection of fallacies may be in the realm of the theorist, the solution of problems which his expositions present may be outside his pale, so we here resign the matter to the statesman, legislator and time itself.

In spite of the Yankee's reputation for greed, our country has been unwittingly playing the part of the philanthropist for the past half of a century. We have opened up the ports of Japan, that other nations might pour in their supplies and that the Sunrise Kingdom itself might grow rich on Asia's trade. We have preserved the integrity of China against the greed of Europe, that she might discriminate in its favor when she trades. We have supplied Germany with our raw materials, that she might supply the world with the finished products. We have championed the liberties of our little sister American republics, that they might be able to give their trade to the old world. Europe has conquered the Atlantic Coasts of Central and South America, and we are to dig a canal to enable it to conquer the Pacific Coast as well. However, we have lost little, by our benevolence, and I doubt not that when the exigency presents itself, we shall, handicapped as we are, be equal to the need. That there will be a need seems inevitable, and the outcome will affect, not America alone, but the whole world. Indeed, our future position as an international trader may develop into the greatest economic issue of modern times.

Don Carlos Ellis, '04.
Despair.

Life began and I was happy;
    Sin to me was yet unknown;
Childhood's dawn had not yet clouded,
    Faith in man had not yet flown.

Life progressed and I am weary;
    Bent by want and sin I plod;
Love has gone and left but passion;
    What's behind it? is it God?

D., '08.

POETRY: ITS NATURE AND MISSION.

Throughout the long train of ages mankind has made its unbroken pilgrimage to the temple of art, where its sacred priests, chanting in ten thousand tongues, offer their sublime sacrifices to poetry, the idol immortal. The worship is, and has always been, universal—the embodiment of a spiritual instinct for the beautiful and the true. It struggled through the darkness of pagan superstition; and since the sun of Christian enlightenment has dispelled the clouds of ignorance and infused its divine flame into the hearts of men, inspiring the dormant spirit, themes ever grander, nobler, worthier of the human soul, have gone forth to illuminate and to elevate the world.

However inviting in itself, a subject so vast in its scope, so exalted in its form, so profound in its eternal significance, defies exhaustive treatment. The full flight challenges a bolder wing than we possess. Content, therefore, with

"Short swallow-flights of song
That dip their wings in tears and skim away,"

let us take up only those two phases of poetry that lie nearest the human heart—its nature and mission.

Someone has well said that poetry cannot be circumscribed by a definition any more than we can tie up a ray of light or measure the width of sound. To justify its claim to the title, however, a poem must contain truth and beauty, give expression to noble thought through the medium of measured language, and under the inspiring glow of a creative imagination, have reference to nature, God and man. This definition can at least claim completeness, and the several properties are quite generally ac-
cepted as combining to constitute true poetry. If these truly hard requirements are warranted, we readily understand that the saying, "Poets are born, not made," is, by no means, a fiction, and we can well account for the chaff that lies in heaps in the mart of poetry. On closer scrutiny we shall find that these requirements are just.

Beauty is intrinsic or relative—if intrinsic, it is patent at first view; if relative, its perception calls in the aid of the understanding and reflection. Hence it appears why truth and beauty go hand in hand. In the language of Leigh Hunt, "Poetry is a plant that has its root in truth; else it cannot blossom into beauty." Creative imagination might seem to conflict with truth. It is, however, based upon it; for what is the imagination, but the faculty of combining? Create, in the strict sense it does not, but rather decorates and glorifies what is created. With an eye to all this, needless to say, its lofty conceptions should be clothed in measured language, at once the noblest and the most compelling form of expression. Finally, poetry requires a triple chord, Nature, God and Man, to make the harmony complete. This need not always be express, but the voice of nature when striking against the heart of man must ever evoke an echo of the eternal.

Thus far we have regarded the nature of poetry as based upon its definition. Viewed apart from such restriction, it passes the bounds of "jealous verse" into the realms of freer prose. With it the genius enframes the essay; with its borrowed fire the orator pours his burning eloquence into his auditory; it flourishes luxuriantly amid the tangled growth of fiction; the Sacred Scriptures breathe poetry divine. Where in the whole range of literature can we find nobler poetry than in those sublime epics, "Fingal" and "Temora"? Even without the splendid drapery of verse they defy the muses to bar them from Parnassus. Few would deny them the high place they take; yet not one but fondly wishes their mantles more befitting.

All the above elements plainly conspire to make poetry the language of the heart; whence its primence over the other fine arts. In painting, far more skill and far more study is needed to discover behind the accidents of form and color the fullness of what they represent; in music, only the initiated are able to discern over and above the melody the deeper meaning coming from the soul of the master. In a word, the plastic arts, music and painting, strike home in their real significance only through the practiced senses; where the other fine arts offer but the faintest of suggestions, poetry appeals to all the sensibilities of the human heart, and this on the ethereal wings of language, which Providence has made native to the entire human race, and which, in its primal state, in its simplicity presents the highest perfection and sublimity.

We now pass from the nature of poetry to a view of its mission. And, first, a word anent its extension. There is poetry in every human breast; the sublimities of the universe are denied
to none. Creation is studded with beauties not for the diversion of a few favored souls, but for the contemplation and enjoyment of all. And, in truth, this glorious cosmos seems the theme and poetry the tuneful harp, from which the master-artist with the plectrum of love evokes soft celestial harmonies, that are wafted from heart to heart, proclaiming the brotherhood of men and glorifying the fatherhood of God.

This poetry in every man, though he may not have the requisite faculty of interpreting it vocally, is the seed of a flower. As the intelligence and noble passion in him develop, he clings to and nourishes this beloved, sacred gift. Properly fostered, it expands leaf by leaf under the touch of more pure affections until, at last, in Ruskin’s phrase, “It burgeons forth into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell.” It perfumes the hand that plucks it and sends its fragrance to the inner soul; yet, while it is essentially the language of the heart it forms an attractive, aye a potent medium of instruction. Prose is the vehicle of the practical and speaks directly to the intellect; poetry is ideal and addresses itself to the reasoning faculty through the heart. The former merely presents, the latter carries with it an appeal.

There is no truth cognizable by man which may not shape itself into poetry. Philosophy and science are by it wrapped in a new vesture and “married to immortal verse.” Vergil has molded so dull a subject as agriculture into the finest product of his noble art. Hesiod and Theocritus had done likewise; and hundreds of others, from Horace down to Pope, have poetized a hundred seeming unaesthetic subjects in didactic strains. Poets are, indeed, master-artists who weave inspiring wreaths of thought; but the thought is idealized: Cardinal Newman says: “It passes out of the region of mere dry fact and abstract notion into the warm breathing realm of the imagination.”

It was from poetry that Cicero drew his chief inspiration; he regarded it both as a profitable study and as the most refined relaxation after the bustle of business and the trying turmoil of the Forum. It is, in fact, a departure from the gross, commonplace, distasteful realities with which man is so familiar; these it dresses in a more pleasing and more striking garb; attracting the heart, it brings home the truth with double force, and this in a manner, far from exciting aversion, that reconciles us to the asperities of our “workaday” way.

Such sublime instruction must of necessity exert a healthful, elevating influence on the nobler faculties of man. “Its influence,” says Ruskin, “is much like the dawn of daylight in the human soul; it purges the soul of evil vision and fear by the baptism of its dew.” Truly, it holds innate all the higher and sublime tendencies of the human heart; it regenerates and purifies those very senses and emotions so often perverted from their proper use and gives expression to the grandest thoughts to which the human mind can soar.

Poetry thus has the power of rendering the soul superior to the trying vicissitudes of fortune, that oftentimes plague
and sometimes crush the sensitive spirit. And what on earth is so glorious as the sight of a great man rising above his suffering! When we are sad and despondent, when despair weighs us down, then Poetry approaches with her strong right hand to guide us in the fulness of our many-sided nature, to sweep the heart-strings of our drooping spirit, and to blind us to the terrible deeper currents of sorrow that run below. Poetry lifts man above darkness and sin and trials and afflictions, and in virtue of this grateful influence, yields the most exquisite intellectual pleasure. While its original beauty enraptures the imagination, its truth satisfies the moral nature, and the notes of tender pathos fall like balm upon the aching heart.

“For his gayer hours She has a voice of gladness and a smile And eloquence of beauty, and she glides Into his darker musings with a mild And healing sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware.”

Oh, for the eye of the artist to detect everywhere even those evanescent shades of beauty, and the instinct of the moralist to perceive even the remotest analogies of spiritual truth. There are moments in the life of every man when he stands face to face with nature, and sees her, as she is, and himself, as he is, and the relation of everything in the universe and the necessity for a great creating and guiding Lord who has sown the seed of the beautiful for the delectation of the sons of earth and for the external glorification of His own power and goodness. Festus says: “Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made His prophets poets.” It does, indeed, seem to yearn for the fountain-sources of all truth and beauty, and sanctifies the heart of man by its own very nature and the nature of the human soul.

Even Fichte, that prince of agnostics, saw that, “the whole material world, with all its ends and adaptations, is by no means in itself and in deed and in truth that which it might seem to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man, but that there is something which lies concealed under the natural appearance.” His misguided spirit rebelled in giving this something its proper name or even fathoming its nature. He was content to call it the “Divine Idea.” In the light of faith and grace he might have recognized this underlying and all-supporting something as the inexhaustible Fountain of Beauty, the infinite “Splendor Veri.”

The perception of this great truth is the highest end of poetry, to which all others in greater or less degree lastly tend. There is a mighty bond of sympathy between nature and man; he looks into her face and there behind the ultimate atom of material substance, beneath the primal energy of material force, acting most intimately in, yet distinct from, her material form, he sees the Supreme Archetype of all perfection and beauty—the ineffable author of his own existence. The relation is most intimate and most consoling; it is the greatest triple harmony—Nature, Man, God.

Erwin R. Effler, P. G.
A Translation.

TO PYRRHA—Horace, I, 5.

What dainty youth, bedewed with perfumes sweet,
Now wooes thee, Pyrrha, in the pleasing shade
Of grot, upon a rosy-bosomed seat?
For whom dost thou thy auburn tresses braid
With simple neatness? Ah! how oft shall he
Complain of broken faith and gods unkind,
And wonder to behold the wonted sea
Of calm so ruffled by a dismal wind,

Who now, all credulous, delights in thee,
His treasure, and the faithless breeze unproved,
Expects to find thee always fancy-free
From others, always worthy to be loved!

Unhappy, they, to whom thou, yet untried,
Appearest fair:—in Neptune’s sacred fane
A votive tablet shows my clothes are dried,
And consecrate to him who rules the main.

KEMP EDMONSTON, ex-’08.
It is an unfailing mark of an age of vast material prosperity that its appetites should be strange and inordinate. Skipping the few hundred pages of world-history capable of illustrating this truth, the eyes of a modern observer may discover ample verification in the candid daylight that acquaints him with his world. The American commonwealth has lived fast, and still continues her marvellous rate of existence. Her citizen lives all his minutes. He takes pride in doing so. Hence his fatigue is complete and his need of recreation imperative. And the mind wearied with a multitude of conflicting occupations and engagements requires for its refreshment something more dazzling than the diversions which please the more primitive. The palate, cloyed with banquets of many courses and drinks of many hues maintains its appetite only through the stimulation of some pungent condiment. This law works out its verification in various ways, but in none more strikingly than in that recreation of the intellect commonly called light reading. Its vehicle is the weekly or monthly periodical, and its forms, no matter how divergent may be the classes into which they may be divided, all bear a remarkable resemblance when considered from a certain point of view. A recent writer has said somewhere that to entertain, either old things must be told in a new way, or new things in the old way. This is a concise statement of the principle governing the production of current literature. By the new way of telling he implies unusual power of style. What he means by the new things told in the old way it is the purpose of this article to consider. We find the new things so prevalent, for the principal reason that the new style is very rare. Real literary power of expression seldom rises above the mediocre in our times, so the other expedient to gain attention is almost altogether employed. It consists in the assertion of unusual things. It supplies a ready market with paradoxes. And the same market accepts with avidity statements that
have not the foundation in truth which makes a paradox legitimate. For truth is so old that it has lost much of its attractiveness—the charms of the goddess have faded. So the literature calling it such by courtesy, which most successfully entertains the "reading public," that is, the buyers of magazines and novels, is built upon a scheme of diverting falsehoods. Some illustration may help to a better understanding of this fact. The first example, and the most common, is the magazine short-story. The sole purpose of many short-story writers appears to be utter discrediting of all conventionality. Not that there is any great intrinsic value in conventionality. It is founded on and is an expression of morality, no matter how crude this expression may be considered. Also, it is sanctioned by general consent. It may be disregarded with truth and frequently with entire propriety. But to make its infraction the means of pleasing a degraded taste is neither artistic nor natural writing. The ideal short-story of the commoner sort begins by introducing the hero and heroine to each other without an introduction, usually in the most questionable circumstances tolerable. The action of the story continues in a species of campaign against the same galling convention.

Then there is another style of article which has become popular in the last few years. It appears to have been called forth by the so-called reform movement in politics. The side of this matter which appears in the magazines is, of course, the only one referred to here. There is no conservative or long-established power in civil society which has not had its reformers, its prosecutors and its persecutors. The most prominent of these that we see in the daily papers are the large municipal governments, the trusts, the railroads, and even the United States Senate. These writers in their first few articles exhausted most of their ammunition, and found themselves in the irritating situation of having used up their entire supply in creating the demand for such surprising facts. But with the unbounded versatility of the American journalist, yellow or otherwise, they did continue their output of what appeared to be the same article with which they began their public-spirited crusade. Their statements were as accusatory, their handling of well-known names as bold, and their statistics apparently quite as accurate. A startling conversation was reported to have taken place between a wealthy lumberman and a candidate for the United States Senate. And a full-page portrait of the Senator appeared in the same article, with the price he paid for his seat appended. But suddenly it became known that the millionaire lumberman, after allowing the false impression to circulate till election was over, by his silence hoping to benefit his party, finally admitted that the interview never took place. The same writer found himself engaged in a troublesome libel suit brought by other injured parties with less magnanimity though probably with no deeper sense of wrong than the statesman whose reputation he had attempted to besmirch.
And these articles are still appearing. In them is no toleration, no generosity, no concession that he is a shade this side the devil who takes his stand in opposition to their charges. The impression of truthfulness, which their boldness of assertion creates, is betrayed in many instances by the virulence of personal attack. Doubtless, very few fail to be entertained by the amazing narratives that are pouring forth every month, with their complement of rogues' gallery portraits, or what they represent as such. But none of decency and judgment can for long retain any feeling but disgust at a trade so vile as this, which makes capital out of groundless accusations and earns wide-spread notoriety by the libelling of honorable names.

Our review of the Virginia controversy in November has evoked a melancholy echo from the party of the second part. We are favored with "a passing notice" in the shape of a two-page leading editorial which arraigns, pros-}


cutes and convicts us of ungentlemanly rudeness. Some light is thrown upon Virginia's code of honor—nothing very novel, yet entertaining and doubtless quite authoritative. This writer is indignant that we should have presumed to impute falsity to any representation fathered by a Virginia pen. That we did so on conclusive proof, correspondence quoted entire, and every statement verified, is calmly and completely ignored. And before the gentleman concludes his article, he has himself committed most of the offenses which he lays at our door. Most, not all, for that would be impossible outside of the yellow press. For example, he upbraids us for making charges without proof, and for his own proof refers us to a future issue. With a few delicate touches on diseased imagination, passion kidnapping reason, and the like, he concludes. We regret having offended him, but can only account for our uncivility on the ground that we have no time to waste in patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

* * *
WITH THE OLD BOYS.

“Billy” Keane, ex-'06, who left college at the end of his sophomore year on account of the death of his father, is engaged in business in Washington, D. C. “Billy” put up a good article of ball on the 'Varsity baseball team for three years, two years in college and one in the Law School; played on his class football team; and ran two years on his class relay. He is getting along well, but rather misses the old times at college.

A little more than rumor this time. Burns, whom we reported as having married Miss Molly McCarthy, is none other than “Tubby” Burns, ex-'06, who left here at the beginning of his freshman year. “Tubby” played a star game of football for the “Prep” team in 1901. At last accounts he was attending the Tufts Medical School.

Wedding bells again! Julius Sylvester Walsh, Jr., '98, was married to Miss Clara D. Cary on December the 30th. The ceremony was performed at Bell Place, Lexington, Kentucky. Julius is a member of the Walsh family which has been attending Georgetown for generations, and his mother is a graduate of the Georgetown convent.

And still again! Cards are out announcing the marriage of John Pierce Gracie, '01, to Miss Helen Heinz, who graduated from the Georgetown convent in 1900. Pierce played three years on the 'Varsity football team while he was in college.

John M. Carr, an old Georgetown “grad,” is succeeding well in his profession in Toledo, Ohio. Recently he wrote an interesting article in The Morning Star, a Catholic weekly paper of New Orleans, Missouri. The article treated of old days at college, dealing principally with the famous old fathers and scholastics. It also contained ref-
erences to the Fitzherbert case, which has been creating such a stir in the public press of late. Mr. Carr knew intimately an old priest who had charge of the reputed son of George IV, James Ord, when he attended Georgetown College.

Charles Joseph Parks, '04 Law, who is now clerk of the court at the United States Naval Station, Tutuila, Samoa, is expected to return to his native heath within the next few months. Parks has written very clever accounts of his trials and tribulations in the "second place to your left as you leave San Francisco."

William Lynch, '04, has joined the colony of old Georgetown men at Harvard. "Billy" is attending the Harvard Medical School, and is at present in the second year class. He entered college here in his Junior year and played on his class football team in their Senior year.

Rev. Samuel Ludlow, '97, is at present stationed in New York City. Fr. Ludlow was business manager of the Journal when he was in college.

George Le Guerre Mullaly, '02, spent a few days at the college last month. "The Kid" has taken up the profession of the stage and from all accounts is making a fine success of it. He regaled us with some interesting stories of stage life and people.

"Larry" Weems, ex-'07, and his brother, Courtney, dropped in on us during December. Both are attending the University of Virginia, and were on their way home for the holidays. "Weemsy" was looking fine and wishes he was back at Georgetown. Larry and Courtney both made names for themselves on the Reserve baseball team a few years ago.

Georgetown men always find time for a look at the old place before many years. Asa Creed Gracie, '02, stopped in Washington a few days recently and re-visited the college. Gracie is in partnership with James A. Gray, '88, to practice law in Little Rock, Arkansas, and is doing well. Asa rowed on the crew at Annapolis two years while he was in the Law School.

Seth Shepard, '04, who has been attending Yale since he graduated, spent the Christmas holidays at his home in Washington, D. C. Seth rowed on the famous crew which finished second at Poughkeepsie in 1903, and in the Varsity four-oar the following year.

George B. Lyons, ex-'01, was at the college for a few days during the holidays. George left college in 1898 and made quite a reputation as a runner while he was here, holding the championship of the Southern Association for the quarter and half mile. He is on his way out West on business for the Motor Cycle Company of America.

Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., '74, was with us for a week during the early part of the month.

We grieve to announce the death of Samuel M. Yeatman, who died in Washington, D. C., on the 13th of last month. Mr. Yeatman for the past twenty-three years has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Georgetown Law School. He graduated from the Law School in 1891. For several weeks he had suffered from congestion of the lungs and partial paralysis, which gradually increased until his death.
We have received the sad news that Gen. Joseph T. Brent is dead. General Brent was a prominent Confederate leader in the Civil War. He graduated from Georgetown College, studied law and was admitted to the Maryland bar, and at the time of his death was a well-known lawyer of Baltimore. General Brent was a native of Charles County, Maryland. His health had been failing for some time prior to his death, but he had been seriously ill for only ten days. His death was due to heart trouble.

Robert Kelly, ex-’96, spent a few days at the college during the early part of last month. He was on his way South on a business trip for the Butterick Publishing Company of New York and stopped in Washington to see the old college again. He had not been here for ten years, but thought the old place still the same, except for a few minor changes. Kelly left college in 1892 during his freshman year. He had a lot of tales to tell us of the old days—of the ancient order of “Jug-Rats,” now extinct; of the hanging in effigy of some professor they did not like; of the wholesale expulsion of one dormitory for an all-night rough house. The rules were most strict, but they seemed to enjoy themselves. It was the fad then, as now, to march out in a body on St. Patrick’s Day if a holiday was not forthcoming. And Kelly told us a harrowing story of the kidnapping of Brother Paddy on one of those occasions.

We append verbatim a letter from James A. Gray, ’88, of Little Rock, Arkansas. This is the first real reply to our impassioned appeals of last month and the month preceding, and we trust it will serve as a reminder to any Georgetown man, past or present, who may know anything of any alumni. We close our appeal here—if our fervent words have failed to reach your hearts we give up in despair.

December 1st, 1905.
To the Editor of the College Journal.

Dear Sir: I read with pleasure your request for news of the old boys and I heartily agree with you in your mild censure of the old fellows for not writing more often to the Journal. I am in an unfortunate position, as I want to earn the news of the college, but in return have little to give as G. T. C. men are scarce in my neighborhood. Despite this fact I long for the coming of the Journal and devour every line, even to the “Ads.”

I was delighted to read about my classmate, Fr. Al. Donlan, giving the retreat this year. I know it must have been a great success, for everything he used to attempt was successful. On yesterday, Thanksgiving, we had a small reunion of Georgetown boys and girls to celebrate a happy event, the announcement of the marriage of Mr. John Pierce Gracie and Miss Helen Heinze, which will take place on the 16th of January. Mr. Gracie graduated in 1901 and was quite popular during his term at college. Miss Heinze finished with honors—in the summer of 1900 from the Visitation Academy. One of the members of her family has attended this famous convent for the last twenty years, her mother and all of her aunts having graduated therefrom.

Mr. John M. Gracie, the largest indi-
vicinal cotton planter in the United States, is the father of the groom to be and it was in his palatial home that we were entertained and the good old times at G. T. C. were freely and feelingly talked over.

There is no pleasure without a tinge of sadness, and while I love to tell of the happy deeds, I hate to be the bearer of sad news. I feel, however, that I ought to inform you that we lost last summer one of the few graduates of dear old Georgetown. Joe Magale died at Magnolia, Ark. He was a bright young man, had just finished serving a term in the Arkansas Legislature with honor to himself and credit to the county that he represented, was honorable and upright in all his dealings and his death was a sad loss to his family and the community in which he lived. May his soul rest in peace.

I hope some of the other members of the class of '88 will let you hear from them as I would be glad to learn of their doings. With kindest regards to yourself and best wishes for the success of the Journal, I remain,

JAMES A. GRAY, '88-'91.

Leonard Erikson, Law '04, now senior member of a law firm in Minnesota, writes Fr. Quill affectionately of Georgetown, with sincere wishes for her prosperity, and assurance of his enduring loyalty.

W. VLYMEN, '06.

Of the countless readers and lovers of the "Imitation of Christ," probably very few have any knowledge of the author's other writings, or even of their existence. This is not at all remarkable, considering the neglect which has fallen to their lot. For whereas the well-known little book of Christian precepts has been translated by many hands and widely circulated, even among Protestants, the present work has lain untouched in the original Latin up to the time of this volume's publication. Justly celebrated as is the "Imitation of Christ," this work in the able rendering of the translator, is quite as entertaining, from the quaint purity of its diction and the simplicity which marked the author's style in all respects.

The men whose life histories are narrated lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—years of blood and tumult, when the peculiar state of civilization permitted and even fostered evils of corruption and rebellion to a degree not known in other times. The life of the common people was crude and loose; it combined great vitality with little or no refinement. Such a state of society allowed the growth of petty heresies; little simoniae thrived here and there; the then detested trade of money-lending, or "usury," in mediaeval parlance, brought profit to those who practiced it, and scandal upon the localities where it prevailed. Public decency, too, was not rated so high as to prevent the frequent commission of vulgar offences. And all the way up the social ladder the influence of the times was evident, finding its culmination in the rising of Antipopes, sometimes more than one, to contest the authority of the Pontiff.

One of the necessities of such times as these was the evoking of reformers—not destructive schismatics, but humble, true reformers of the lives of men. Such were the men whom Thomas has described. Their pioneer, Gerard Groote, or "the Great," was a man of parts, a brilliant student at the great University of Paris, and a noted character after leaving the schools. His vocation and
praying, his life-trials and his death are described by the good Thomas with a lively human interest as well as a deep reverence for the great Christian services of the man. The lives of Florentius and his followers are similarly though less fully treated. The author recalls their manner of life, their acts of mortification, and sets down the advice and precepts which they were wont to give their pupils. They were simple, holy men, almost the only unmixed power making for good pure Christian living in those troubled days.

The volume is attractively bound in brown cloth with gold top and lettering. The paper and print are excellent.


In the little town of Mittenwald in the Bavarian Tyrol, lived a tailor named Klotz. His young son, Matthias, was a great lover of nature and spent most of his time wandering about in the surrounding forests, and one day met in the woods a stranger to Mittenwald. It was Jacob Stainer, the great German violin maker, travelling thereabouts testing the forest trees for resonance and timbre (no joke) suited to the exacting requirements of his profession and art. The young Matthias had already an ambition above succeeding his father as tailor, and desired to become a violin maker. Stainer took an interest in him and made it possible for the boy to study in his own work-shop and later under Amati of Cremona, across the Alps. Studying with him under Amati were Guarneri and Straduari, whom he is represented as surpassing. However, the author of the original, a German no doubt, had more or less prejudice in favor of his national school—that of Stainer. We do not know if the story be mainly true or at least founded on fact, but are rather inclined to believe that it is. One point did, however, occur to us. The tone and timbre of Stainer's violins are much sharper and louder than those of the instruments made by the Italian schools and lack the exquisite softness and harmony of the latter. Young Klotz was hardly likely to fall so easily into the methods of the Cremona school. But we are not very well acquainted with the subject and even if we were right the story has more than enough of interest and probability to make such a minor matter of small importance. The boy's character is a noble one and the varied romantic adventures met on his road to success make a story of no little charm.

_A Double Knot, and Other Stories._ Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

This is another volume of short stories by Catholic writers, such as have recently come from the same publishers. There are some thirty entertaining little tales by such well-known writers as Maurice F. Egan, Anna T. Sadlier, Mary E. Mannix, and Grace Keon. Though the print is good and clear, the paper and binding, for the price, leave something to be desired.


A new presentation of the Aristotelian and other proofs of immortality,
done in the finished style of a master. The system of hylomorphism is explained for the benefit of those not acquainted with scholastic philosophy, and the whole argument, though briefly done, is simply and lucidly proposed. The subject is treated with English thoroughness and no man of culture and intelligence can fail to find it very readable.


This little book is another of the Westminster Lecture Series. All the arguments against the various doctrines of fatalism and predestination are set forth in remarkably small space. While the rigid scientific demonstration is fully attended to, the most convincing part, to a modern reader of every-day mental processes, is the elaboration of the reductio ad absurdum of the contrary proposition. This is the strongest element of the book, and many passages are really eloquent. The author displays touches of that imagination which lent such power to Macaulay's style, with brilliant and convincing effect.


This is the latest of the Westminster Series to reach us, and it is quite up to the standard of its predecessors. The author builds upon purely historical evidence. He draws from pagan and Jewish literature the various passages bearing on the subject. The Gospels, the writings of St. Paul and the account of the Acts of the Apostles are used as mere historical data, without reliance upon their authority of inspiration. The objections of Harnack and others are fully discussed and refuted. The conclusion is a very beautiful piece of English.
On looking through the pile upon the official desk we ran across a book, which upon first sight, we took for the report of some morgue; but upon careful and critical examination we find it to be a magazine dubbed The Boston College Stylus. Why so gloomy? Come out of it! You’re not dreaming! Why, to look at your magazine puts one in mind of an undertaker’s report or the memorial budget of a great ecclesiastical funeral. Loosen up and buy yourself a new suit of clothes!

The great fault we find with the Stylus apart from its sombre costume is its lack of fiction. Moreover the general run of its verse and jottings seems to be more in the schoolboy style than it should, hailing as it does from “The Hub of the Universe and the city of culture.” What attempts there are to appear witty fall painfully short of the mark. There are several little jingles that might pass in Puck, but they will never heighten the standard of a college magazine. We hope the Stylus will “take a new birth of freedom” and intellectualty with the New Year and above all things buy a new suit.

In the Randolph-Macon Monthly for December the verse, or at least the few pieces that we have read are of an exceptionally high order. “Memories” is well worded and somehow leaves a taste of rare old wine in one’s mouth. Read it, fellow ex-men, it’s worth while. “The Last Request of One who Loved the Sun,” although a rather heavy title for a little twelve-line verse, has something good below it. “The Joy of Life” is a well written story. The plot is well carried out. This month we would say that the Randolph-Macon Monthly has surpassed itself. Keep up the good work and you will soon be in the front rank.

The Red and Blue, from the University of Pennsylvania, comes blowing into our sanctum all decked in holiday garb, inside and out. The opening
poem, "Christmas Greetings," is neat and appropriate—in fact, short and sweet. "The Old Wood Fire" is a piece of verse with some feeling in it; the diction is easy and elegant, and the meter runs smoothly. From my point of view it's an A number one piece of verse. "The Yule-tide Home-coming of Bertram" is a cleverly worked out story of the mistaken-identity class.

We would like to know why such papers as The Red and Blue have no exchange column. It certainly adds to the interest of a paper and at the same time gives the exchange man some valuable experience as a critic, sharpens his wits and broadens him out. It seems that a good many college magazines think themselves above an exchange column, but if they think about it for awhile I believe they will come to the conclusion that it's not a bad thing at all; and if properly conducted is far from being schoolboyish.

From the looks of the December Fordham Monthly, the Fordhamites have loaded all the work onto one man. Let him off next month and give the poor fellow a trip to Florida, so he can have a chance to recuperate. "A Fiasco of Interference" is a plagiarism of characters from Mr. Conan Doyle. Be original, even if you can't write a good story! But above all, don't mind a few knocks! That's a Georgetown habit. Come down and we will teach you the latest styles. We will teach you more, too, Fordhamites. We may be able to show you (if your craniums are not too small and solid) how to get up a good magazine. Just watch us! We're the candy! Don't be offended, for you know Fordham is just budding into (or butting into) a university, and we are hoary-headed with age. We may give you some good advice one of these days, so keep your eyes peeled and take advantage of your first opportunity.

The Mount Holyoke for December was a disappointing number. We have ever been accustomed to expect interesting, fresh reading in this magazine and we are immensely surprised at the dearth of it in the present issue. Certainly the periodical may have great local interest and value to present intimately connected with the school, but its articles are not at all readable to those who have merely an introduction to Mount Holyoke through the medium of an exchange department. The first page assures us that women's rights are practically won, and we rushed on in terror with visions of feminine prominence and clubs and all that sort of stuff which the comic papers dwell on. Then we tried to read of the dedication of the library. It is not wildly exciting. The plea for debating society activity would have better graced the editorial page. The one story, "Dolly Turner—Waitress," is a clever story in parts, but it's uneven and at times even feeble.

With the exception of the opening poem, the verse in the Xavier Monthly is not good. And even the effort alluded to, while it is in many ways excellent, resolves itself at times into a monotonous chant which seems almost juvenile. Some lines are very, very pretty and the thought strong and original.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

But the other verse is poor and hardly deserves a place in such a magazine as the Xavier. The sketch, "A Modern Trip in Mythology," is humorous and interesting.

The Dial for December opens with a semi-narrative poem of the conventional rhythm and rhyme. It is as good as most of them. The story, "Barkis is Willin,'" is a readable story, fairly well written and with excellent situations if the author had made more of them. At times the treatment is melodramatic and extravagant. For instance: "As a bolt from the blue did that cold denunciation cut him to the quick, fell him to the ground. Is it to be wondered that he was dumfounded for the nonce?" All this torture followed an address made to a young man by one he loved, in which she said: "Mr. Armsdale, I believe," instead of "Jack." I tremble to think of the poor chap cut and felled and dumfounded, but also as the author says further in his story, "Away with repining!" The essay on Peter Collard is well written and simple in style, an acquirement which seems difficult of attainment among our younger writers.

WHEN ALL IS DONE.
I think, when all is done and all is said,
When joy's last song is mute, and day's last light
Dies on the hill-tops slowly from my sight,
I shall not grieve at joining the great dead.
For earth, with all its sorrows and its dread,
Can be but as a lodging for the night—
An inn, from which the spirit, calm and white,
Moves to its goal, strengthened and comforted.
For goal there must be, where all beauty, bound,
Imperfect here, may rise from out the moil
Of dim perceptions into the clear gaze
Of comprehension without cloud; where sound
And shape and word, faultless shall follow toil,
And beauty crowned shall crown man's endless days.

Herman Hagedorn, Jr., in Harvard Monthly.
LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

Mooselegmeguntic Lake, Me.,

January 1, 1906.

New Year's Day in the shadow of old Katahdin. Our card case is buried beneath six feet of snow, and we must needs take this method of informing our anxious friends that we are alive and kicking an obstreperous snowshoe. Rather a far cry from 506 E. St. N. W., Washington, D. C., to Mooselegmeguntic, but it had to be. Worn out by our arduous, nerve-racking duties as Law School correspondent, we have been advised by our physician to desist from our duties editorial and seek the life simple. So here we are, far from civilization and Washington, all alone by ourselves in the depths of the forest primeval.

Comfortably seated on the rough end of a pine log, we take our fountain pen in hand (it hasn't frozen yet) to write a few impressions of our visit to "Our Lady of the Snows." The wind is blowing at a rate that threatens destruction to our 8x10 cache, one tooth feels frost-bitten, our only pair of moccasins is nearly worn through, and we are confident that the nature cure is making us feel better. Gilbert Parker would never have penned that epic on the beautiful snow had he experienced our impressions of that particular snowslide that has just struck us where we were accustomed to wear our collar button, and which has commenced to trickle down our column spinalis. What we miss most of all is our shower bath every morning. It is so much more convenient than chopping a hole in seven inches of ice, and the hot water spigot seems to be out of order. Night is coming on. Charlie, our faithful guide, lights the candles and draws the curtains. The heavens are brilliant as only Northern skies can be, and we gaze over a sea of purest white to where stands Kineo, faithful guardian of the lake, his hoary head bathed in the silver light of the moon. Somehow we grow
reminiscent and our thoughts go back to old Georgetown. We wonder does debonair Tom still ornament Eff street, and at what hour. We think of Mr. Baker and the lectures on real estate and the quizzes that are coming, and we make a dive for our Blackstone. Our mind wanders to Gaston Hall and we must muse on the public debate. We in hand, ready to rap the contestants on in hand, ready to rap the contestants in the head in the event of their mixing it up. The reception committee receive in great style. The stillness that reigns around us is broken by the wonderful voice of Charlie Mattingly as he thunders forth his argument.

Frankie Jenal next arises, and the young man that came out of the West, the man who finished a ten-hour examination in 17 minutes, shows the audience an example of the orator par excellence, as developed at Creighton. We thought that loud noise was a clap of thunder, but it was only Dan Lucey stepping to the front of the platform. We met Dan in Boston recently and he vowed by the shades of his Puritan ancestors that he would sustain the honor of Yankeedom and well he did for his side won. Round after round of applause greets the next speaker. The ladies are especially enthusiastic, and more than one of Washington's fair dames smiles approval on Wee Bucky Crawford. "Isn't he just a cute little fellow?" "Oh, yes, I have heard him play." "I do hope he wins." These and similar remarks are passed up to Wee Bucky and we cannot wonder that he sustained the reputation of the village of Gonzaga. The decision is announced and the lights in Gaston Hall go out. Charlie hands us a copy of last month's Journal that has just arrived by dog train. Georgetown beats George Washington at bridge, but G. W. is going to question the standing of our best man, Joe Jenkins, because he took change from the conductor.

Ah! wot is dis. So Jimmie, the veteran correspondent of the staff, has broken forth again. We had thought that after his experiences with Judge Reid of happy memory, he had resolved to confine his efforts to the humble duties of Medical School correspondent, even though the job is slightly beyond his capabilities. But not so. Feeling secure in the thought that Judge Reid had departed and thinking to make sport of our praiseworthy efforts, he stops for the moment his attempts to resuscitate mummified witticisms and proceeds to publish to the world his opinion of the Law School column in this publication. After reading his remarks we are constrained to say that he is far better as a joke man than as critic, but it is a shame he ever attempted either role, when he had such a good job selling Journals on the corner of F and 9th Sts. We are not at all witty ourselves. Unlike Jimmy, we were early taught to realize our limitations. Jimmy says he is going to increase the amount of stuff from the Medical School in this month's issue. For the benefit of Journal readers we pray he intends this as a joke.

The candles are burning low. Charlie
has just come in with a jug of maple syrup. The anti-growler law has not gone into effect up here. The last mail for Washington is about to leave and even the gas stove has frozen stiff. The printer is uttering maledictions upon us. If the snow holds out and our trusty skis do not fail us, we can snowshoe it into civilization in two days, and then on to Washington again. Happy New Year.

JOSEPH A. LENNON.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES. THIRD YEAR.

Were you in the vicinity of Rauscher's tepee on Saturday evening, Dec. 2, 1905? If you were you probably noticed some pink air with distinctly brown stripes in it emanating from one of those side windows. You may have observed that it was raining (we didn't know it, but Mr. Rauscher told us it was and I guess he knows). Perhaps you got a glimpse of some Indians with their brightly colored blankets, and noses, silently wending their way into his wigwam; they had come from their own reservation situated afar off on E street, and carefully evading all the white fronts with their gorgeous electrical displays, had arrived here, for in this tepee was to be held the great sun dance of the tribe. The gentle and delicate little squaws had been left at home to shave the warts off the pickles—and besides each brave would be assessed a two-case note extra for the feed his helpmeet would place beneath her girdle.

There is one thing, however, that we are sure you did not notice because Frank Cleary had covered it over lest some brave from a rival tribe might see and capture it; nor did the braves even tell the squaws concerning its presence; we aren't going to tell you what it was either because we don't want our professors to know about it and besides we are ladies and we are working at our trade. Here is the feed.

Gathering of the Clams.
Rauscher's.
Saturday, Dec. 2, 1905.
Hash Card.

Toothpicks. Spoons.
Omega Oil. Soap. Roman Candles.
Rope. Carter's Little Liver Pill Gasoline.

I think there was also some pickles, but they were passed to McCullough and his gang first, so we didn't get any.

As soon as George had filled his empty lunch box the trouble started. He wanted to speak, and try as we would, we couldn't persuade him not to. He spoke about "College Spirits" and he was full of the subject. He told of the several kinds of spirits and of a certain kind in particular. To tell the truth, I don't think any of the tribe had any special favorite until then, but the speaker, by his eloquence, soon convinced us of our folly.

Kennedy of the Phi Delta Hand faction chirped in a few words on the subject of "I Deal," and he held us spellbound for an hour—all except McCarthy, who was busy in the back part of the room guarding the refreshments.
Then came the most pathetic incident of the evening. Bill Geoghan recited "Casey at the Bat, or Who Moved the Engine from off Mother's Chest." It certainly was sweetly touching, the whole bunch was moved to tears by the way the great Irish tenor rendered that piece.

Stairwalt was chalked up for a toast, but begged to be excused on account of forgetting his little say. The applause he received was deafening. We gave him a vote of thanks and a "Hoya."

There was another dub due to make a little speech about Indians, but when he saw all the mob getting a strangle hold on their glasses he politely but firmly refused to warble his little say. Lester Murphy wanted to tell us about his debating society, but it was a game of freeze out and nobody had dealt Murphy a hand, so we tied the official can to him for the evening (I might say that he certainly made good use of the can). McCandlish sang a very touching little ditty entitled "He Loved, but He went Away, or Leave me! Leave me. I hate to be left alone, but if you must stay let us go together."

Judge Clabaugh was certainly guilty of great foresight and judgment, because he left before Mac commenced to sing. It may be that our big chief had told him of what was coming, but it's a cinch that he didn't let us in on it. Mac why did you? How could you? It might have been worse. How could it?

I think there were two or three other speeches made during the evening, but I can't just recall who made them.

We are of the opinion that the committee should receive a most stinging rebuke for their negligence. Didn't they know that the place had to close at midnight? If they did, why didn't they give us the gentle tip so we, too, could have brought sponges or buckets? As it was, Green and Gibson were the only ones prepared for the awful calamity. We think it was hardly fair to the rest of the gang, and especially to Dial, to be mis-informed as to that most important matter. The only fault we had to find with Rauscher's is the toothpicks. He must get another brand, otherwise he is the candy cook and he runs a pretty good joint.

Just as soon as we had recovered from the effect of excusing that two cases from our jeans, Chief Justice Clabaugh, to show in some small degree how he appreciated our kindness, generosity, etc., etc., invited us to another pink tea in the upper hall. To say that it was a great success is stating it too mildly. The Justice was again detained and Quiz Master Wilson received. Mr. Loose wore a brown suit, a celluloid collar and red necktie. We all thought that he was troubled with a sudden rush of blood to the feet, but we looked and saw it was only his red hose. It was a very disagreeable night and to keep from catching cold, Smith wore a cane—he also wore something else, but the cane was most conspicuous. Maurer's suit was green and cut on the bias, with hat to match. Paschall wore a padded jersey. He said that his mother was afraid we were going to be rough and she wouldn't let him play with us unless he had something to protect his delicate frame.
Justice Shepard also caught the notion and entertained a few evenings later. The subject we had to digest was “Equity,” by Mr. Adams. Now there may be one or two things in that book we didn’t have, but “We’re from Missouri.”

Bert Russell has been elected captain of the indoor chess team, and has issued a call for all candidates to report on the fire escape for secret practice on Jan. 15th. As we have some very good material from which to pick the team a very successful season is looked for.

The track team started training last week under the vigilant eye of Bernie Heffernan, our big 24-lb. pea putter. Some designing rascal tried to put our sturdy little captain out of the business by swallowing the the pea, but we caught him, and by a vicious pounding on the back made him cough up. We expect Osterman to win the running broad spit easily.

We have selected the college seal as a class emblem. Everything was suggested from a clothespin to a Washington monument. Babcock made a great speech for “three balls” and came very near landing it as our emblem. Sayeth he: “Three balls signifies strength and that is what we want—something that signifies strength.” Binley queered him by saying, “If you want something to represent strength, I suggest a young onion or a pair of old socks as being more appropriate, and Mr. Chairman, I move to amend Mr. Babcock’s motion by substituting an onion instead of three balls.” A compromise was finally effected and now that delicate subject has been put in the ice chest so far as ’06 is concerned.

The squirrels have evidently got our dear fat friend from the Medical School. He says that he is thankful for several things, and that we Law School scribes aren’t in his class. Well, if that is the case, we, too, have something to be thankful for. The presumption is that every man is innocent until proven guilty, and as no one has ever accused us of being in his class, we are going to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt and say “Not guilty.” We might also add that the Journal, unfortunately, cannot choose who shall write for it. If it could perhaps we would both be standing on the corner selling it instead of annoying its gentle readers with our rot; but alas, it must take anything it can get and unfortunately must suffer the consequences.

John Duggan, Jr., Law, ’06.
MEDICAL NOTES.

A very happy, prosperous New Year to our readers!

The men down here at 920 H St certainly have profited by the holidays. Everybody is working as if his life depended upon it, because he realizes that June with its usual accompaniment of final examinations is swiftly approaching, and to pass those examinations under the now existing code entails much work and worry. The men of the fourth year particularly look like those six-day bicycle racers on the last lap. Their tongues are hanging out, their breath comes rapidly, their faces are cyanosed, their conjunctives are congested, their eyes are far back in their heads and have a peculiar death-like stare, their countenances wear a worried, anxious expression, and they are losing flesh rapidly. But they are gamely striving to last until the race is run, so that they can trot up to the grandstand, weigh in to be awarded their trophies. It would be a sham dunce to flunk any one of this sturdy crew!

We have some unwelcome news for thee, dear reader. We promised you in our last issue that this month would find a contribution to the Journal from every class in the Medical School, and when we made that promise we had every intention of fulfilling it, but it seems that no one cares about shouldering the responsibility of such a massive undertaking at this time of the course, and so this laborious duty again devolves upon our broad shoulders, and rather than throw the stockholders of the Journal into a pitiable panic by failing to get this monthly accumulation of clever material out of our system we are going to try to bravely struggle on with our burden alone. (Prolonged applause.)

Even as we write though our voluminous text-books in Gynecology, Hygeine, Ophthalmology, and Dermatology frown threateningly upon us from their dust-covered shelves. These four subjects must needs be passed ere another fortnight has gone by. We need your prayers. A glance into the sanctum of our respected Dean revealed the presence there of ten good looking diplomas
to be awarded at Christmas time to that same number of men, whose scruples (and professors) forbade them to accept the said diplomas last spring. Better late than never though.

The hearts of the afore-mentioned Seniors were made glad this month by an invitation from their professor of surgery, Doctor Vaughn, to call upon him one night each week and there attend a series of quizzes in surgery. The interest he evidences in his class is much appreciated by the men, who are advancing rapidly in the art of surgery. Doctor Kober is pleased to note that the interns at the Georgetown University Hospital are not too far removed from their student days to understand the value of clinical work during the course of studies.

That fourth-year smoker we told you about in our last issue was pulled off on the Tuesday night before the holidays to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. Water flowed just like champagne and old Mr. Fritz Reuter himself was forced to admit that never before in his recollection was such a merry crowd entertained under his roof. Mr. Hiss added his congratulations on the same evening in a little burst of oratory, in which he thanked the gentlemen for the close imitation of a thunder shower produced with no other "props" than the contents of five of his cracker bowls. The table delicacies which were put away, the soda water imbibed, the songs that were sung, the speeches that were made, all tended to liken the grid-iron club to coppers to the number of thirty. The following were among the toasts proposed by Toastmaster Cannon and responded to by the various members of the class:

- The etiology and treatment of flankitis, Mr. Foote.
- Why I'm glad I came, Mr. O'Hara.
- The latest theory regarding the lack of knowledge of football by the Georgetown team, Mr. Winter.
- My first cigarette, Mr. Verbyhe.
- Over the Hills to the Poor house, Mr. Sweeney.
- How to be happy though married, Mr. Sult.
- The drug business versus the clothing business, Mr. Saks.
- Is it wise to present attendance tickets if you are not present, Mr. Rielly.
- Why I am not drinking now, Mr. Reidt.
- Signorita dontcaradamo, Mr. Nussa.
- Why my hat is too small, Mr. Mulvanity.
- Are conundrums always necessary, Mr. Light.
- The advantages of being tall, Mr. Kirby.
- The deterioration of the word cervix, Mr. Kelleher.
- I want to be a soldier, Mr. Drennan.
- The microscopical findings in chronic bronchitis, Mr. Craig.
- The etiology and treatment of hypertrophy of given parts of the human anatomy, Mr. Cooney.
- The advantages of obesity, Mr. Collins.
- Does flute playing predispose to emphysema? Mr. Burke.
- Who paid for this feed, Mr. Blackstone.
When to institute divorce proceedings, Mr. Reynolds.

When the Trinity College girls find me irresistible, Mr. Bastain.

That was one happy night and one long to be remembered by the Seniors.

A banquet will be given by them before Tune, to which the faculty will be invited.

Mr. Blaine of the third year class is just a trifle deaf and an amusing and at the same time embarrassing incident happened at a dinner to which he was invited during the holidays. The fruits of the South were under discussion and the lady to Mr. Blaine's right, noticing that he was not taking a lively interest in the conversation, asked him if he liked bananas.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Blaine.

"Do you like bananas?" said the now more or less embarrassed girl in a tone which was audible to every one at table.

"No," said Mr. Blaine, "ordinary night shirts are good enough for me."

Mr. Blaine is still wondering what it was which caused the peripheral vessels in the young lady's face to so dilate as to cause the scarlet hue which overspread her face.

The editor wants to take this opportunity to thank the many subscribers of the Journal who remembered him at Christmas time. Among the many remembrances which filled our sanctum on that joyous day were the following articles: A dear little note from our tailor, the substance of which was "please remit," three almanacs, four back numbers of Puck, a warning from the prevention of cruelty to subscribers, two scrap baskets for our notes, the dearest little hammer from Judge Reid, the benedict, and four branches of mistletoe with which to trim our hat.

J. A. Gannon, '06 Medical.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Now that the mistletoe has ceased to be a center of attraction, the resolutions of the New Year loom up before our distracted minds and demand attention, if they are later to be a source of satisfaction to us.

Having again collected from all parts we are now enjoying, in contradistinction to the feasting and general merry making of the holidays, the sumptuous intellectual banquet which was prepared in our absence and which is now being served with a generous hand. Still he who partakes freely need not as a rule have very grave fears of the mental digestive tablet which in the past have been prescribed under the forms of "jug" and conditions. The invitations were issued for January and the menu is as follows:

Jan. 4. Latin Theme and English Composition.


Jan. 13. Greek Authors—written.


Jan. 23. English Literature, precepts and memory.

Jan. 29. Logic, Chemistry, Modern Languages and History—written.
Jan. 30. Logic and Modern Languages—oral.

One of the most important events of the year was the solemn reception of members into the Sodality, held in Dahlgren Chapel on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th. Fr. Conway, S. J., Director of the Sodality, gave the sermon, taking as his text, "Henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." He spoke of the dignity, honor and indulgences of the Sodality. Solemn Benediction followed, Rev. Fr. Rector officiating with Fr. Donlon as Deacon and Mr. Lauterbach sub-Deacon.

The following were admitted to membership: Herbert Becket, Peter Dolin, Chas. Duffy, Gerald Egan, Fred Heller, Vincent Lynch, Ronald Miller, Chas. McArdle, Robert Schmidt, Chas. Stuart, Raymond Yund, Thos. Collins, and Clair Gannon.

Those affiliated were: Thomas Boyle, Victor Blandin, Lawrence Hathaway, Ralph Le Comte, John Nash, Carl Vilsack, Christian De Guigne, S. E. Mudd, Earl Mohn, and Griffin Mudd.

The new form of reading the marks, which was inaugurated in November, seems to have become a permanent and pleasing exercise. While combing amusement with instruction it has eliminated the former dryness of the exercise and has become one of the most pleasing hours of the month. The speakers for last month were Messrs. McCann, '07, and Ridgeway, '07. Mr. McCann chose as the subject of an essay, "Sophists, Ancient and Modern," while Mr. Ridgeway delivered the "Farewell Between King Arthur and Queen Guinevere." Both speakers deserve the highest praise for the originality and unique manner in which they handled the subjects.

Before leaving college for the holidays the students had the satisfaction of seeing the ground broken for the new gymnasium, which in all probability will be completed by the first of March. This is just what Georgetown is most in need of to facilitate a healthy growth of clean athletics and the student body will ever be grateful to the generous donor.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Mr. Fitzgerald, '09, was elected assistant manager of football for the coming year.

The social event of the season was the New Year's reception given to the alumni and friends of Georgetown by Fr. Rector. The Washington Post: "In the Hirst Library of Georgetown College, tastefully decorated for the occasion, a New Year's reception was given by its rector, Rev. David Hillhouse Buel, S. J.

Judge Morris, Mr. Yerkes, commissioner of Internal Revenue, Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., Dr. Kober, Dr. Vincent, Dr. Yarrow (of George Washington University), Dr. Cogan, Dr. Grogan, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Woodward, Dr. G. Tully Vaughn, Dr. S. S. Adams, Dr. Baker, Dr. D. Morgan, G. E. Hamilton, Mr. Strong, Mr. Easby-Smith, Mr. J. Nota McGill, Mr. Watkins, Mr. De Guine, Mr. Claude Zappone, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Chas. Walsh, and Dr. J. Taber Johnson.

The music was provided by a string quartet under the direction of Ernest Lent. Refreshments were served by the college caterer."

The election of the debaters for the Merrick debate was held December 7, Messrs. Frye, '06, and Stuart, '07, being elected. The four debaters will consequently be Messrs. Egan, '06, Ridgeway, '07, Frye, '06, Stuart, '07.

The question chosen is, Resolved: That Municipalities Should Not Own Public Utilities.

Knowing the weight and powers of the speakers the consensus of opinion among the members of the Philodemic is that this will be one of the best public debates given under the auspices of the Philodemic for a very long time and the student body is requested to attend in order that it may be a complete success.

The following debates took place in the Philonomosian during the past month:

Resolved: That the United States should form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England and Japan.

The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. J. Brady and Percy Fitzpatrick. For the negative, Messrs. Heil and Le Comte spoke. The decision of the house favored the affirmative.

Resolved: That Georgetown should not have made the move she did, as to purifying athletics without the co-operation of at least one other university.

The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Shelly and Lyons, while Messrs. Gibbons and O’Gorman advanced the arguments of the negative. The vote of the society resulted in a tie.

JEFFS, '08.
Well, it's all over now except the shouting, but that seems fair to eclipse all previous records, both for long-windedness and for success in getting into the public eye. However, we do not commend the sentiment of the person who observed that it gave about as much pleasure to said public as a cinder would in a similar position. On the other hand, we think that discussion is a most excellent thing—in its way. To elevate football from the degraded field of brutism into the arena of academic combat, where learned professors biff one another with a fierce onslaught of words is most edifying, indeed. To hear their sage deliberations and New Year resolutions cannot but impress one with lofty expectations for the future of athletics. The trenchant expositions of certain college heads as to how football will be regulated hereafter is most interesting. Yet despite these splendid outbursts of intended reformation, we still harbor in a sneaking way a few heretical doubts. In the first place, when the clamor and the fad dies out, will any actual purification take place? And in the second place, does not history tell us that when one devil was chased out, seven other more terrible devils took his place, so that the last state was worse than the first? At all events, here at Georgetown we are awaiting the outcome with a considerable degree of interest. As for ourselves, we are saying nothing and sawing wood. Evils crept in and we forthwith abolished them, defects were discovered and we did our best to correct them without proclaiming our righteousness to the world or asserting how pure we henceforth intended to be. In fact, when an invitation was extended us to participate in the free-for-all debate, catch as catch can style, our faculty declined, saying that they were too busy effecting reforms to quit and indulge in discussions whose result was, to say the least, uncertain. So our precious company was denied them. Still if they are really looking for a solution of the difficulties which at present beset college athletics, Georgetown's method is not patented and the faculty will gladly furnish information to any interested parties.

A new star has arisen above Georgetown's horizon, by name O'Gorman. The ease with which he took away the medal for the best shot-put at the indoor meet of the Fifth Regiment in Baltimore somewhat surprised the natives. This young Hercules from freshman class went out, picked up the shot, threw it once and then sat down for half an hour watching the other numerous contestants striving to equal his remarkable throw. But there was nothing doing, and he was awarded the medal for first place, thus winning a point for Georgetown. Many who are considered as competent critics predict that there is a brilliant future awaiting him in the athletic world. Macte virtute.
The baseball management has completed the schedule for next season's games and it's a corker, both from the standpoint of the players and of the student fans. For the baseball adherents at home because of the number of well-known universities who will meet Georgetown on her home grounds, and for the team because of the Northern trip (possibly two of them), which is one of the most pleasant and convenient yet arranged, besides trips to Richmond, Annapolis and various other towns. On the list there are twenty-seven games, with two open dates, which will probably be closed within a couple of weeks. In addition to the usual games, three contests have been proposed with Yale and Penn in June. The Quakers and Old Eli have offered Georgetown dates at Philadelphia and New Haven during the alumni reunions, when it is expected there will be thousands of graduates at the two institutions. The faculty have not yet consented to this arrangement, but it is expected that their permission may be obtained after the next executive meeting. If these dates are finally arranged the schedule will be one of the best of any of the college teams of the South.

As will be seen by reading the appended schedule, we have a game with West Point for the first time. The exact dates for the games to be played with the Washington Nationals have not yet been decided upon. Glancing over the list, our eye pauses at the name of George Washington, who is expected to pay us a visit on May the 26th. Doubtless after the warm reception we tendered her last November she will be anxious to give us her compliments in the most approved style. Her manners are perfect, but somehow or other she never had a winning way about her. The management is making arrangements to invite a number of guests to be with us on the same occasion. If the weather permits the nine will open the season with the Maryland Agriculture College on March the 26th, and from then until June the 13th baseball fans will be in their seventh heaven.

The dates follow:

- March 26—Maryland Aggies at Georgetown field.
- March 31—Lafayette at Georgetown field.
- April 4—Probably Commissioners at Georgetown field.
- April 6—Pennsylvania at Georgetown field.
- April 7—Pennsylvania at Georgetown field.
- April 12—Yale at Georgetown field.
- April 14—Princeton at Georgetown field.
- April 16—Princeton at Georgetown field.
- April 17—Yale at Georgetown field.
- April 21—Syracuse at Georgetown field.
- April 25—Fordham at Georgetown field.
- April 28—North Carolina at Georgetown field.
- May 2—Navy at Annapolis (pending).
- May 5—North Carolina at Richmond.
- May 9—Army at West Point.
- May 10—Fordham at New York.
- May 11—Andover at Andover.
- May 12—Brown at Providence.
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May 14—Holy Cross at Worcester.
May 15—Wesleyan at Wesleyan.
May 16—Princeton at Princeton.
May 17—Open.
May 18—Cornell at Ithaca.
May 19—Syracuse at Syracuse.
May 23—Open.
May 26—George Washington at Georgetown field.
May 30—Fordham at New York.
June 12—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia (pending).
June 13—Yale at New Haven (pending).

The personnel of the team will be greatly changed. So the probable strength of the nine that will uphold the glory of Georgetown is as yet doubtful. The action or the faculty in debarring a large number of last season’s star men for various violations of the new eligibility code has put a quietus to several members of the baseball team, including Martell, who was elected captain at the end of last season. So it will be hazardous to make any forecasts until the candidates report for practice early in March.

After looking far and wide the management decided that there was no better coach in the business than Jim Morgan, last year’s captain. Great things are expected of him, both because of his popularity as well as his scientific knowledge of baseball. While Morgan has already played his full four years, he is still in the college and this fact will add greatly to his efficiency. While going through the press we have learned with regret that Jim has been called home to Iowa, by illness in the family and may not be able to return.

When Martell was disqualified, Howard Smith, the freshman third baseman of last spring, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. And he is now hustling to find likely applicants for a job on the diamond field. His search will have to be a thorough one, for in addition to Martell and Morgan, the new eligibility code has put the ban on Larkin, the first baseman; McGettigan, the shortstop, and Keane, the outfielder, while Hub Hart, the catcher, graduated last June.

Some probable occupants of positions are Captain Smith, who will again play third base, and Scheller is expected to cover shortstop. Devlin, who formerly played at Holy Cross and who has complied with the one-year residence requirement, will make a mighty effort for second base, with Simon of last year’s Reserves a promising candidate for first base. But the hardest job for Coach Morgan will be to find a catcher, as there are no available back-stops from the nineteen and five squad. The principle games will probably be pitched by Larry Drennan, the first year man, who earned such a reputation last spring, and Cantwell, formerly of the Commissioners’ club, who is a freshman this year, is expected to develop into a twirling marvel. There are a number of outfielders who will report for practice, but their ability is now best designated by X.

The same eligibility code that caused such havoc in the other branches of athletics has also done its work for the crew. Scarcely any of last year’s eight will be able to take their accustomed seats on the machines. Some are dead (ones) and some are wed and others have gone and graduated. Nevertheless Captain Madd expects to follow the example of the past and develop a winning crew from green material. There are many big men around school who if treated to an injection of college spirit, will be fit to toe the mark or rather fill the seat. All such are hereby exhorted to get busy and take a reef in their sails preparatory to hard work next month.
MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER. U. S. V., LL. D.