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CHANGE

Meeting and parting!—Ah! well may we grieve
For rest in this feverish, mortal clime,
Where up and down like a shuttle we weave
The web of the garment of Time.

We wit not now in what figures we fare
In our going and coming about the earth:—
To the Weaver we leave whether Time shall wear
A garment of grief or mirth.
Members of the Graduating Class: I have chosen as the subject of my address the "Sphere of the Physician in the Community" because I believe it to be a timely topic for discussion. In the face of the great amount of public attention which has been directed to medical themes of late it seems eminently in order to review the relations of the physician to society, that we may better orient ourselves with respect to the many discussions which are centering about him.

Now, while I have no intention of burdening you with an array of tedious historical facts, still it will prove useful in gaining a proper perspective of the present status of the physician if a few of the most salient ones are briefly considered. In early times and among primitive peoples the functions of the progenitor of the physician, the medicine-man, were neither well-defined nor clearly differentiated. In those days the soul and body were not separated in thought, nor was there any distinction at all made between the soul and the mind. The state after death was conceived to be very similar to the conditions of the present, perhaps a little more ideal, the individual being little if at all changed after death, merely carrying forward his life in a different locale. It was thus quite natural that the mystery of life and the mystery of death should unite the function of ministering to both soul and body in the same individual—the priest.

This condition of affairs was not only true of the early tribal communities, but was carried forward into the civilization of Greece; here we see it perhaps as well exemplified in the so-called "temple sleep" as in any other single phenomenon of those days. The afflicted sought the temple and there in their sleep were visited by the gods and healed. Later, in the Christian Era, the priest encouraged the same practice which thus became an adjunct of his function of priest-physician.

In the same way we find in early times the functions of the priest and the medicine-man united, so in certain tribes we find the political head jealous of the power of the medicine-man, usurping his prerogatives to increase that power. Thus we see in primitive communities the functions of the prototype of the physician—the medicine-man, undifferentiated from those
of the ecclesiastical head on the one hand and the political head of the tribe on the other.

With the evolution of the social structure and its consequent increased complexity this unity of functions gave way, and the priest, the political head, and the medicine-man came forth, each to follow a more restricted, but a better defined path.

Here we have the beginning of a specialization of function necessitated by an increased complexity of structure, a specialization which has not stopped with this broad outlining, but has continued in each of these three directions into more and more detail.

This differentiation in very early times was not necessary, for even as late as the Greek civilization a learned scholar might quite properly be said to have known everything. By everything, I, of course, mean everything that was then known, and so the necessity for concentration in a single field of endeavor was not felt. But with the tremendous strides in knowledge that have been made since then, it is no longer possible for a man to master the entire field, in fact he can master only a very small portion of it, and so this increasing complexity, resulting in more and more specialization, has been going on not only throughout the entire realm of human knowledge, but in each of its several departments, and I need not remind you of the results in the field of medicine with its now very numerous, I was going to say almost innumerable, specialties.

I am reminded in this connection of the definition of an ideally educated man that has been given. The ideally educated man in the old days was the man who knew everything; that is, everything that was known, for then such knowledge was within the power of one man. Now, however, when that is impossible, out of the question, and the ideally educated man cannot know everything, he may be said to be the man who knows something of everything and everything of something.

In the narrower sense, as applied for example to medicine, we see an attempt made to carry out the principle embodied in this definition. So we are always sure to tell the student not to specialize until he has had several years of general practice, not to confine himself to any one department of medicine until he is well-grounded in all, until he has a firm grasp of the underlying general principles. The reasons for this advice are perfectly obvious. Specialization tends to narrow one's point of view, to limit one's horizon in such a way that many things which should be obvious may as a result be overlooked. One should first scan the whole field well before confining the attention to any one portion of it.

The vicious results from extreme specialization in medicine have been dwelt upon so often and at such length that it is unnecessary for me to go into them,—in fact I call them to your notice only in their historical relations and as an introduction to the theme of this address.

As the various branches of medicine have grown out from the parent stem and and as each in its turn has become differentiated and individualized, certain more general problems have received consideration. Groups of diseases have been studied en masse statistically and from
the standpoints of etiology, social, geographical, climatic and racial distribution, while still broader questions of the manner of the reaction of the body to disease invasion and the nature of disease itself have rested in explanations on the basis of a medical philosophy. And thus while the narrowing effects of specialization were going on on the one hand, our horizon has been broadened by the development of a philosophy of medicine which has shed its light into all its various by-ways.

This broadening out of medicine, especially along lines of etiology, tended to remove the problem of disease from consideration purely from the individual standpoint. Although the fact of contagion had been known for a long time, bacteriology introduced order out of chaos and the relations of contagious and infectious diseases to society as a whole came to be more clearly perceived. From this condition developed that most important of all branches of medicine to grow up in recent times—preventive medicine—with its new standpoint towards disease problems and its principles of quarantine and sanitation.

As soon, however, as preventive medicine came fairly into the foreground medicine began to assume radically different and broader relations to society. The treatment of an individual case was a purely personal matter. The dealing with the sick so as to prevent the spread of disease, and the improvement of sanitary conditions to protect the well, involved problems far different from prescription writing and temperature recording. The field of legislation had to be invaded, the rights of the individual versus society defined, and an administrative machinery created.

All this had to be done, and was done, and in the doing medicine found itself far afield from its original materia medica stamping ground.

Once fairly launched, preventive medicine, like every new method of approach to problems, soon discovered fields of usefulness originally little dreamed of. From considering only problems involved in the control of such diseases as yellow fever, small pox and the like it has come to deal with diagnosis, the furnishing of means of treatment, disinfection of dwellings and hosts of other problems more remote from the immediate issue, while in the realm of sanitation the problems are broadening out from municipal and state control to interstate, Federal and even international dimensions.

Out of all this has come the attitude towards disease that regards it as the great danger of the race from within, and the accumulation of large numbers of sick, infirm and crippled, in short, of dependents of all kinds, has centered attention upon the dangers to the race from this source.

History has recorded the rise and fall of great nations, of great civilizations, and a study of the causes that have led to the passing away of peoples reveals that those causes were largely endogenous. For example, a review of these questions from the modern view-point has recently resulted in the hypothesis that the decadence, dissolution, and final destruction of that marvelous Hellenic civilization was due to the ravages of a preventable disease malaria.

The note of warning has been sounded.
If we are to continue our existence, if we are to profit by the lessons of history, we must begin ere it is too late to care for the health of the race and to limit the number of dependents that result from disease. We must look to the welfare of not only the present, but of future generations, and seek solutions of the problems of race preservation and betterment.

In all this activity the physician must of necessity stand in the first place. He it is who will be looked to to identify himself with all the work along these lines and to him the public will naturally go to seek knowledge, and so the physician becomes the conserver of the race from destruction by disease.

As soon as this attitude is well outlined we see curiously enough that although the physician has come into existence because of a separation from more heterogeneous activities, more especially from a condition in which medical, priestly, and often political functions were united in the same individual, now he often finds it necessary to join issues with both Church and State to effect the best results. I do not mean to convey the idea by this that there should be in any sense a return to primitive conditions, a going backwards. As a matter of fact, there are here and there isolated evidences of a return to primitive conditions in this respect. This is always to be expected in complex social communities such as ours. It seems fitting at this point, however, to emphasize the necessity of a broad historical, and, in fact, biological, survey of the whole situation, to properly understand these tendencies when they arise, so that they may be relegated to their proper sphere and not, by being misunderstood, as too often happens, be fostered by those of us who should be the first to appreciate their intrinsic error. Never before has the field of activity of the physician been more clearly defined, more definitely differentiated from other lines of activity. This very clearness, however, permits not only of a definite limitation of the problems of the medical profession, but permits also of a clearer appreciation of just at what points they touch other fields and just to what extent they overlap—to what extent interests are mutual.

It is evident that to secure the results of preventive medicine, for example, that comprehensive quarantine laws must be enacted and efficiently and intelligently enforced, while the spiritual and bodily welfare of the individual as guarded by the church on the one hand and the medical profession on the other are constantly meeting on common ground. "A sound mind in a sound body" sets forth this relationship in one of its aspects and is just as great a desideratum to-day as when Juvenal gave us that familiar aphorism, mens sana in corpore sano.

Up to this point I have outlined the data upon which rests the theme of this address "The Sphere of the Physician in the Community." I have traced in brief outline the separation of the purely medical from the homogeneous functions exercised in the main by the priest-physician of primitive society, followed this with a brief indication of how medical questions have broadened as the natural result of increased knowledge and new discoveries, and lastly indicated how closely bound up medical progress is with progress
along other lines and how its field of usefulness not only touches but at points of common interest overlaps these other fields. What are the implications of this brief outline as to the role of the physician?

The physician deals primarily and properly with the sick individual. We have seen, however, that in order to do this, and do it well, he must not be unduly hampered by the narrowness that comes of too assiduous specialization. The general practitioner in the form of the country doctor still stands forth as an exemplification of what is noble and brave in our work for the individual, and he may well serve as the ideal from this standpoint.

Now, while the general practitioner will probably always exist, the great changes that have come about in recent years, especially the vastly more thorough education of the physician, have opened up larger circles of possibilities and influence which have brought with them the inevitable result—greater responsibilities, broader duties.

If the physician is to live up to these broader duties and responsibilities to which he is heir he must be much more than the minister to the illness of the individual, he must occupy a prominent place in the community—not only the possessor of scientific information, but its exponent—not only the man who knows, but the man who does. He must take an active part, be a leader in all movements for race betterment and the knowledge he has he must in duty give freely of, otherwise he is not worthy of being its privileged possessor.

Never before has the expression of opinion been so free and untrammeled as it is to-day, and so with the great possibilities that exist for intercommunication between peoples we are beset upon all sides by newly formed cults, creeds, schools and isms, anti-societies of all sorts and kinds, and in fact by organizations for the exploitation of every imaginable theory of the treatment of disease and related subjects. The physician should be looked to as being the man in the community who has the knowledge to separate the chaff from the grain, to pick out the true from the false. The laity are unable to do it. They are neither equipped by education nor by experience for doing it and as a result flounder helplessly and hopelessly in this confusion of creeds, now exploiting this one, now swearing allegiance to that, and so upon you gentlemen of the medical profession rests the responsibility of guiding aright the ideas of the people. It is a material part of your duty to the community to express individually and through your organizations as a profession your views on these important questions so that the people may be assisted to the forming of right opinions, of coming to correct conclusions.

And I am tempted to say that we as a profession are open to the criticism of not having measured up to our responsibilities in this respect as we should. The public are eager for information, the sick seek hope, and if we do not do this thing, if we are silent, we leave the way open for the quack, the charlatan and the zealot.

They will not miss their opportunity, they have not missed it, but we should feel that their success is a measure of our own failure and instead of supinely accepting or peevishly complaining, be stimulated to greater endeavor. The church, the
state and the physician need each other, and each should be free to give to the other in that one great work of common interest and importance to all—the up-lifting of mankind.

The growth of means of communication which has made such conditions as I have referred to possible, makes it also possible to reach the public more certainly, and more effectively to combat such conditions and to warn them from the dangers which threaten them, the danger, for example, from such diseases as tuberculosis. As I have mentioned tuberculosis I may say that perhaps there is no more glowing example of what the profession can do by organization than the results that have been accomplished in the campaign against tuberculosis. At the meeting of the International Congress on Tuberculosis that assembles here in September next no less than five thousand representatives from all the civilized countries of the world will come together to discuss this subject from every possible standpoint and the proceedings of this Congress will be distributed in various languages to the four quarters of the globe.

As illustrating how broad this subject is and how far reaching in its influence I may say that this is not a Congress altogether of physicians, but that they have enlisted besides the various departments of medicine, trained nurses, veterinarians, economists, sociologists, labor organizations, factory owners, philanthropists, educators, and in short every type of man who can throw light upon the questions involved and who in turn is affected by the issues. A tremendous movement has been organized which is already bearing fruit. The people at large are learning something about tuberculosis and as a result are beginning to take intelligent means to protect themselves from its ravages. Such an enemy could never be successfully attacked in ignorance, but as soon as the nature of the disease is understood and the means of protection explained, the people will be quick enough to take advantage of them and we are already in fact beginning to see the results of the campaign.

A similar campaign, under the name of “moral prophylaxis,” has been started against the venereal diseases and it is equally the province of the physician to lead the forces in this battle. While the problem is inherently a much more difficult and complicated one to attack than the tuberculosis problem it is perhaps of no less importance, startling as this statement may seem to those who have not given the subject much thought.

In this field of endeavor it is eminently fitting that the church should be the hand-maid to the results sought. Ultimately the state may be called upon to assist, but the common interests of church and physician must work together to pave the way so thoroughly that when the state does take a hand the results will not be marked as heretofore by ignominious failure.

As an example of the co-operation of the State with the physician I will mention, not to weary you, only one example: That great politico-economic enterprise in which we are all so much interested at present—the Panama Canal. What possible ending could this great expenditure of money, time and labor have come to if it had not been for the
development of modern sanitary science?
And so as regards that immense class of dependents, defectives, and delinquents that is always with us, and always an immense burden to the community—the insane, the paupers, the idiots and imbeciles, the alcoholic and drug habitués and the criminals. All of these classes present very large problems of a medical nature, all involve questions of heredity, all are included in the general subject of eugenics and upon the problems of each we look to the physician to throw much light.

And so, gentlemen, you see without attempting specifically to set forth other problems and other provinces for your activities, and their name is legion, I have shown you, I hope, how really broad and comprehensive a life work you are entering upon. This it has been my object to point out, rather than to discuss the merits of any of the questions touched upon or to indicate the methods of their solution. I have taken this course for I believe it is necessary for you, now as you are about to enter your professional career, to appreciate the breadth of that career, and to have an understanding of what it means in its entirety, and you can only do this by a bird’s eye view of it, so to speak, which shall show you your proper position and relation to other fields of human endeavor freed from the distortions incident to a view-point at too close range.

While history shows us that we have become differentiated as a profession by a specie of evolution it teaches us, too, that our interests and duties have become vastly broader and touch again those very domains that by a superficial view we might suppose we had left for good and all. If by this broadening we touch other circles of endeavor it is not because we have gone backward but because our interests have become the interests of the race and we meet these other domains, not upon the plane of primitive society, but upon a different and a higher level. Our deeper, broader work comes as the result of progress.

To my mind there is not a type of activity of which man is capable that may not be exercised to the full in the profession you have chosen. If you lead narrow lives of limited range and influence it is not because the profession has nothing more to offer, while if you avail yourself of what it offers your life can be full to the uttermost, and fulness of life is in reality what constitutes living, anything short of a full life is a life by just so much imperfect, lacking in that balance and harmony of adjustment that makes for happiness.

And so closing I may heartily congratulate you on your choice of a profession. May each one of you find in it what you need and so may it bring forth from you all that is best and thus give not only to you individually a life that is useful and satisfying, but give to the community a body of useful citizens.

Prof. William A. White, M.D.
“Whether in meditation or in dream
Or whether in the circle of known lands
I walked, I cannot tell . . .”

but there I stood

. . . “on a dark strait of barren land;
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.”

Into the cold moon-light, out of the
distance, passed twice-cold shapes, one
by one, into the silent grave-yard, and
sank, noiseless, white, into the ancient
graves that the grass grew upon. There
was a broken chancel and its broken
cross was very old; but the graves were
older and human footsteps fell so seldom
there that the dead arose and walked,
unafrighted, as if this were their Para-
dise.

I said, “I will get me home out of
this place of tombs,” and stealthily I stole
away, fearing that the living dead were
not quite dead again. I passed along—
but the dead had not ended their long
procession. I passed—but the dead

passed with me—in great hosts and
throngs—round about me. They en-
compassed me. They moved where I
moved,—floated, wafted, in pulsations like
noiseless sobs, as they went forward
with me, heeding me not. It was strange.
Why was I there? What fatality had
brought me into this unsentineled denizen
of ghouls? Why was I unnoticed, un-
observed? None fled from me. None
menaced me. Yes—it was becoming
plain—they consorted with me. Yet
what fellowship between me and them?
But the procession of the dead goes on.

Then I looked upward. A star
gleamed above me now—pale, blue,
quivering.

It fixed my gaze, it drew my vision, it
was weaving over me some nameless spell.
I threw back my head,—I bared my
throat—I sought to breathe in the cold,
blue light. By this time I was aware
that my feet barely touched the ground
—or touched it not at all. I too was
wafted onward—apparently by my own
volition. Indeed it did but seem natural.
The earth was not mine now. It inspired
me with no old-time confidence, firm-set
though it was. I had no desire to feel
its solid mass beneath my feet,—no need
to grasp hold of and cling to things,
The great universe of matter was no longer my support, as for the rest of men. The very sense of touch was fading out of my being, and was leaving me with a sense not of loss, but of relief,—of independence,—of freedom from the limitations put upon us by material things. My support and my trust was all in the stream of star-light, pouring down and bathing my soul;—and with my brow high,—my eyes fixed,—my breath going and coming in a long, but faint, almost imperceptible rhythm, I floated forward toward some unknown goal. And the procession of the dead goes on.

Then a cloud spread over my vision. Outlines became indistinct. The star-light was no longer concentrated in a single point, but, little by little, slowly, deliberately it diffused itself through the atmosphere. Distances grew indefinable, and dimensions imperceptible, and matter itself was revealed as a shadowy unreality, an illusion, a figment of our own material limitations. The great procession of the dead moves on, and lo! I am one of themselves.

I no longer see what transpires round about me; I need not, desire not to see; I know, I understand, I comprehend, I live in quiet, tranquil possession of truth and fact, as one is aware, when one has turned away, of the presence of a companion in one's room. I am spirit now, free, untrammeled, disembodied. Away with you, ye tribes of mortal men, with your cob-web thoughts, with your inch-rule wisdom. Above ye I mount, I rise. Above the earth, above the sky, immeasurably. One only weight still holds me,—the weight of self. The garment still of personality swathes me round. Off, off with the last sheath,—let that be severed too. Onward—upward. Freedom lies beyond. Break the bond. Sever the chain. It goes, I come. Oh buoyancy, oh ecstasy, oh bliss... lapsing into silence, serenity and peace,—in the great unfathomable ocean of nothingness.

(Of course this was only a dream.)

II.

ALLEGRO-MOLTO VIVACE.

"Well, the college boys never do fall in love anyhow. They just sit up straight and..."


"What's Dorothy up to now?"

"And they only talk about themselves too..."

"Anyhow the photographs that father..."

"... where sister is."

"... May, always boys!"

All these incoherencies changed the whole atmosphere at the corner by the convent in Maiden Lane early this breezy morning in October (1908). The storm centre was a great hooded country wagon—not the rubber-neck this time—that was last Spring.) Fresh and wholesome to look at it was, canvas almost white—crisp straw bursting through the crevices—streamers of scarlet fluttering from every corner. But do not stop, reader. Pass quickly down the street, take your morning car resolutely at the curve, turn not your head,—unless, indeed, you are a philosopher, and, having looked, need not
to look again. For therein—in the straw—are the maidens of Maiden Lane—not all of them, but just the youngest and the sunniest and the sweetest of them—as fresh in the morning breeze as dew-drops or fairies, every one of them, out this early for a long day’s frolic—bound to have it at any cost—having it already to judge from the chatter, floods of it, and from the laughter, volleys and ripples of it,—with no restraint whatever to-day. "Not a college boy in sight, thank Heavens,"—and for chaperon only dear old Sister Pandora who, for all that she has seen winters five hundred (almost) owns a heart that beats in sympathy with these hearts of fifteen summers.

"Oh! Here she comes."
"Sit here Pandora!",
"No! here."

. . . ready . . .
. . . . off . . .
"Oh! Stop."

And then the old ‘uncle’ driver gathers in the reins, a flourish of the whip, a shrill maidenly cheer—and they’re off and away—off like the wind too—up Maiden Lane—past the cloister—past the chapel with its windows tilted open—past the Academy—past Sister Benevolentia peeping out through the window blinds—("they’re going too fast, can’t some one warn them?")—past Sister Jovialis in the third-story window above her—("there goes one merry-widow already, but we’re going too fast to stop")—past . . . "no! that’s only a chimney pot on the roof up there." Horses clattering—maidens clattering—ribbons fluttering—pulses throb¬bing—and clatter, chatter, throb and flutter all allegro, accelerando, con fuoco —up Maiden Lane, till . . . . . . the strangest thing happened. For round the whole dashing party goes—horses first and driver—and all these maidens of Maiden Lane—round—before they know it—round into—where of all places in the world? Why—into the street, "that—was-going-to-be-cut-through-last-spring—but-never-was." That should never have happened. Never. But nobody noticed it then, nobody but the horses, and they have the devil in them now.

"Dear, they are flyers. Look at the dust." "Well, no one’s neck’s broken yet. So we don’t care . . . we don’t care" . . . . . . "Sing!" . . . . . . "Faster still, old horses, just a little, little faster." "Hold on tight, sister." "Oh she’s all right—every bit of her." . . . . . But it ought not to have happened at all. They had passed the side wall of the Academy now—had cut it off like a knife from the Sister’s farm—shame!—straight on through the avenue of elms—ruined that, too. Still they careered. There is the cemetery now!

"What? Well, we can’t help that.”
What a mad dash it is. Through the head-stones—over the graves—crashing—smashing—bolting,—dear old Sister Benignissima—her bones have rested here in peace for a century till to-day. But this is life, not death; this is blood racing in the blue veins, not dust and ashes in the crumbling grave. Let us live. Away!

"But what is that? That sign ahead? Read it, oh! some one read it." ‘Foxall Heights. For sale.’ Ah me! It should never have happened. They see it all now. The driver sees it and with wild eyes he hangs up the reins. Sister Pandora sees it and her heart is crushed, her
head bows down on her breast and out of the very midst of them she is spirited away on angel's wings. The Sisters at Maiden Lane—they see it now and the bells ring out in dismay from the Convent towers. They see it at the College, and black robes hurry to and fro and the bake-house totters to its foundations and falls a crumbling ruin. All now see what has happened—all but the girls themselves, and so the wild ride goes on, and the wild laughter rings out—and the wild roses blossom on their white transparent cheeks. And then! "See there,—there behind us, running in the dust." "Who is that?" "Oh, surely, girls, surely we know." "That's Montana!" "That's Ohio!" "That's California!" "That's New York!" "Here they come. We know it now. They are in pursuit. They mean to stop us. Oh, this never should have happened," And there, there is the whole United States himself, a big stick in his hand! Oh, no—no—no, it never should have happened at all." "But they'll never catch us—never, girls. Hey—lash up, driver. Gone? Well, we'll take the reins ourselves—all of us." "Yes, we will!" (But, dear, dear reader, don't you know the ravine? Can't you see? They can't. Look there—just ahead of them—straight across the path—the ravine is only three yards ahead of them.) "Come on, now, old horses. Come on, old boys. Rattle your old bones. Shake out your long manes. Curve your proud old necks. The race must be ours." And all the sweet little maidens are standing up straight and their long, loose golden hair is blowing in their wide-open, light-blue eyes. (And the ravine is only two yards ahead of them now.) "See that cloud. That means storm. That's for us. We win. We win. See how we fly." And they all brush back the golden hair, and they open the blue eyes wider still, and the wild roses bloom deeper and deeper on their cheeks. (And the ravine is only one yard ahead.) No one foresees the catastrophe. No one suspects. That ravine should have been bridged. We had thought of filling it in. It will be—next time. But now—no! And so—a peal of thunder, a torrent of rain, a clash of bells,—and over they go—and down—golden hair, light-blue eyes, wild-rose cheeks—all together—into the pit, into the blackberry bushes,—into the honey-suckle vines—into the tree-tops and bird-nests,———and when they came to, the sun was shining and they were not very wet at all. It is true that their sunny locks were tousled and their white frocks were ruffled a bit. But it wasn't their fault in the least, the dears. And the road will never be cut through after that.

III.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

TITANIE LOQUITUR.

Bobin, Bobin, Bobin, Bobin, Don't you hear the morning robin? All wild creatures stir and wake From their slumber in the brake. Ho, ho, ho! What have we here? Little Bobin, Bobin sleeping; And the dew is in his hair,
And the squirrels o'er him creeping,
Wake up, Bobin. You sleep too long.
I shall wake him with a song.

Bobin, Bobin, bonny Bobin,
Don't you hear the morning call
Of the ousel and the robin?
Don't you hear the sunbeams' fall?
Get up, get up, slug-a-bed.
Shake the dew-drops from your head.

Ha, ha, ha! Poor little Bobin, poor
tired Bobin, poor, sleepy-headed Bobin,
rolling on his back with his eyes shut and
his little mouth wide open. O Fairies! O Fairies! O Fairies!

Bobin, Bobin, bonny Bobin.
Don't you hear the reverend owl,
Sitting on his perch and sobbing?
Let us tickle the old fowl,
Till he laugh. Thou slug-a-bed,
Is no mischief in your head?

Bobin (awakening), Oh, Titanie!

IV.

LARGO.

I saw before my eyes a broad and fertile field. It was the spring-tide of the year and the new-springing shrubs and grasses seemed to warm themselves in the early sunbeams after the cold, damp night. In the midst of the field stood a tree in full growth, with bold, strong limbs, uplifting itself in goodly propor-
tions against the sky. The spring-tide had coax ed it too into manifesting its life and it was just putting forth its first fresh twigs and unfolding its first little leaves most beautifully. A flock of bright-feathered birds flew about—vaguely and uncertainly for a time, but after a little they gathered together and lit upon the tree and played among its branches, chirping and carolling, each one with all its soul while the old tree nodded in the breeze.

Then I saw a young man coming over the field toward the tree. He was clothed in a kind of short gown or frock, girt about the waist, and his feet were bare. His features were noble and beautiful; his countenance frank and open, and there dropped down over his shoulders long locks of light hair through which the wind played, pushing it in curves over his broad, deep forehead. He came up close to the tree and looked at it from all sides. I believe he was looking for fruit, but it was the first of the spring and of course there was none. Then I thought the young man looked down sorrowfully, but considered within himself and said, "It is too soon yet. But it should at least be in blossom." But it was not even in blossom, and he turned away and went back over the fields.

I watched him as he went, when suddenly there fell before my eyes a kind of cloud which hid the vision from my gaze. In a few moments the cloud arose and the scene appeared again, but its details were completely changed. It was now late in autumn and the grass was nearly withered, and the wind blew through the boughs of the old tree, moaning a
dirge. The many birds were gone and the few that remained scudded close to the ground or rested in the brown grass. Their whistling and singing had ceased; their playing had become a burden to their wings and their song a sorrow to their hearts. So they clung to the earth and were silent, the wind blowing dry and cold over their heads.

And now again the youth is coming over the fields;—but though the breeze blows cold and the leaves are fallen and the grass withered and the whole earth well nigh dead, still he in his simple frock and most of all in his beauty and winsomeness has changed not at all. And he looks again upon the tree, and it is hanging with fruit, and the fruit is all sound, for the winds have cast to the earth those that were rotten at their core.

Ah! see how he stands and smiles,—like a flower in spring, like the beauty of the morning, like an olive-tree in blossom, like the light of the day when we have watched for its breaking. And now he mounts into the tree and sits in the very midst of its branches. And suddenly all the twigs out-blossom, glowing with a new foliage like flames, and a new race of birds, all white or red, with a mellower voice hymn as they curve amid its branches. Beautiful in the midst of it all He sits,—shielded from the cold by its living leaves, and smiling with a new beauty, ever and ever, upon the tree and its burden of fruit. * * * And the curtain of the clouds dropped down.
That people have ever been slow to accept changes of circumstances, even though they be for the betterment of them as a whole; that nations, and especially those where a common faith predominates, have always shown a decidedly antagonistic spirit to any innovations whatsoever respecting religion, are truths that can be verified by a search of past as well as by an observation of current events. As an illustration of these two facts, probably no incident will serve better, both on account of the importance that was attached to the outcome and because of the interest that it excited in the telling, than the great Indian mutiny of 1857.

The year was a centenary of historic events. It was just one hundred years since Clive had founded British authority in India by the conquest of Bengal, and two hundred years since Sivaji, the Maharatta, had struck a deadly blow at the Moslem power. For an hundred years England had now been spreading her paramount rule over the whole country, and there were prophecies, said to be of ancient date, which foretold the downfall of the English power at the end of this century of supremacy. The prophecy itself was sufficient to administer largely to the superstition and credulity of the people, without any other causes being brought to bear upon their native fanaticism. Yet causes of grave aspect both antedated and followed the circulation of this prophecy.

In the matter of all the territorial acquisitions subsequent to that of the Panjab, the feeling throughout the greater part of India was one of a formerly submissive but not acquiescent people grown manifestly bitter. It must be admitted that large excuse is to be found in the anomalous position of England as rulers over 180,000,000 people alien to them in every respect. Still this plea cannot exempt the authorities of Great Britain from their seeming unconsciousness of the true temper of their subjects and from their continued pursuance of the same policies, since there were present in India numerous men who had, both in official and private communication, given warnings of the actual state of the Hindus' mind. And such men as John and Henry Lawrence, Col. John Low, and Sleeman. Men who had devoted the best part of their lives in India. It was the old question of the failure of the nation to rule truly successfully its dis-
tant parts, especially when such parts were not in correspondence either racially or in regard to their religion, with an otherwise homogeneous national fabric.

Now, one does not readily admit mai-administration as an imputation to be charged against so humane a conqueror as England showed herself to be in the treatment of the Hindus and Mohammedians. Yet, at the same time, certain acts rendered evident the certainty that the British representatives were authorizing movements that were of such character as could not possibly produce anything other than discontent.

Primarily the annexation of Satarah had, in many parts of India, a bad moral effect; and when that of Nagpur had been proposed, open disapprobation was general. Anent this very affair, John Low recorded two minutes, protesting against the impolicy and the injustice of this action. Proceeding to the next cause of the slowly but steadily-growing discontent, the absorption of the great province of Oudh into the British Empire is found to supply innumerable reasons. The usurpation of the country of Oudh in itself was not impolitic. That step was not the one which increased the Hindus' natural antipathy to the "white-face"—an antipathy that was to give rise to opposition which, in turn, was to result in hatred and hostility—but it was the grasping of the revenues of that country by the Englishmen and the appropriation of the same to themselves that brought an ugly and ominous scowl to the native's face and caused much insolence and many muttered curses to be flung after passing Europeans. That this move was both warned against prior to the seizure of the money, and afterwards, when it had been done, severely censured, may easily be seen from the counsel of Sleeman in the former case and the criticism of Sir Henry Lawrence in the latter. Colonel Sleeman's advice had been clear, consistent, unmistakable. "Assume the administration," he said, "but do not grasp the revenues of the country." Now, the course that Henry Lawrence favored is plain enough. "I confess that I do not like the present system. I most undoubtedly think that the surplus revenue ought to be spent in Oudh." Mr. Kaye, who dwells at some length on this very subject, says: "... That the measure itself made a very bad impression on the minds of the people of India is not to be doubted, since the humanity of the act was soiled by the profit which we derived from it."

And so the smouldering fire was being gently fanned into a steady blaze, whose flames reached out with devouring tongues for fuel such as the efforts of the English to abolish Infanticide. Thuggee, Suttee and Dacorsee. And likewise the determination of the English to enlist thirty thousand more Sikhs, served, like many other acts, as dried peat. It is a well recognized fact that the native mind was at this time, in a most sensitive state, and easily wrought upon by suspicious appearances. Even the Railway and Electric Telegraph had been accounted as blows struck at the religion of the country. Then again there was that clique which saw or professed to see in these matters the very root of England's cherished desire for the conversion of the people. That was their fear—the extinction of their religion.
And now the only thing wanting, to cap these encroachments, innovations, usurpations and interventions of privileges of the Sepoys by the English, was just such an opportunity as now rose up suddenly before them. A something of which advantage might be taken to persuade the Native soldiery that their Christian masters proposed to defile their caste and destroy their religion. Hitherto the false steps of the British government had not been false enough to serve the purposes. “For half a century there had been nothing of a sufficiently palpable and comprehensive character,” says Mr. Kaye, “to alarm the whole Sepoy army, Mohammedan and Hindu.” But now, suddenly, a story of most terrific import was bruited abroad. It was stated that the government had manufactured cartridges, greased with animal fat, for the use of the Native Army; and the statement was not a lie.

Briefly let me recount the main facts of the greased cartridge. The old infantry musket, the venerable Brown Bess had been condemned as a relic of barbarism, and it was resolved to supersede it by the new Enfield rifle. Unhappily though, the rifle barrels of this weapon could not be loaded without the lubrication of the cartridges, the end of which was to be bitten off by the Sepoy. Let it be borne in mind that this new ammunition was greased with the fat of the detested swine of the Mohammedan, and the venerated cow of the Hindu. Now I realize that this does not seem such a flagrant crime to the reading public, but to the Natives it was all of that and much more. “The mere Englishmen,” says Sir Justin Sheil, “cannot conceive the horror of a Hindu, be his caste high or low, at the thought of defiling his lips with the grease of a cow.” To the native the mere touching of the detested fat with his lips was the irretrievable loss of his always carefully guarded caste, and with the loss of caste came civil excommunication. Mr. Dubois says, “of all sorts of punishments the most severe to a Hindu is that of being cut off and excluded from his caste. It is in truth an insupportable punishment.”

But it is impossible for me to dwell at greater length on the question of the greased cartridge, as much as I would like to do so. But let it be emphasized that this was an awful calamity. In truth it was so terrible thing, that, if the most malignant enemies of the British had sat in conclave for years, and brought an excess of devilish ingenuity to bear upon the invention of a scheme framed with the design of alarming the Sepoy mind from one end of India to the other, they could not have devised a lie better suited to the purpose. It was the very thing that had been so long sought, and up to this time sought in vain.

The report of the greased cartridge, through the agency of malicious enemies, grew to a tale of limitless bounds, until the Sepoy felt assured that the hated Europeans intended not only to defile their caste and destroy their religion, but eventually to extirpate the people as a race. And in no place did this phase of the story receive more absolute credence, strike greater consternation and prove more lasting than in Meerut. It was the iteration of history, the rust of antiquity showing itself on machinery that should
have at all times been kept well oiled and at no time been allowed to settle into disuse. The English thought, by reason of what is unanswerable, that the Hindus were perfectly contented, until the reverse was suddenly thrust upon them. Officially, they considered no complete investigation into the state of the Sepoy’s feelings necessary. In their unaccountable ignorance, I am speaking with regard to the whole, and supreme arrogance, they conceived the idea that all was well, and thought it not peremptory that any change in their governing scheme was the requirement. They deceived themselves, when they bestowed no deliberation on the subject, whether or not European politics would make any impression upon the Indian public. Without hesitancy it is conceded that the Sepoys were not a people owning any great acumen in such matters, and that European politics would only make a vague and indistinct impression on their minds, but it is on the further side of one’s ken, how the English never took cognizance of the facts that ignorance is a magnifier of high power, and secondly, that, in such instances, there were never wanting a few designing men, with clearer knowledge of the real state of things, to work upon the haziness of popular conception, and turn a little grain of truth to account in generating of lies.

And so it was a rude awakening for the English on the 10th of May, 1857, to find themselves in the midst of a revolt that was destined to precipitate them into one of he most atrocious rebellions that in future would be recorded in the annals of state events. From the beginning, this mutiny characterized itself as an anomaly in history. From the taking of Delhi by the Sepoys, to the recapture of the same by that consummate leader, John Nicholson, elapsed a period embracing a time replete with the most heinous acts. Acts which to the most credulous person sound farfetched and as incapable of being performed even by the most abandoned of persons, but which, albeit, were only too true.

To the superficial reader of history, the first query—that inevitably arises, is the one “How did the English win out in this rebellion?” This inquiry, unquestionably, is prompted, in considerable degree, by the inability of these same people to comprehend how, if the Sepoys outnumbered the English to such great odds, the issue was not different. The perplexity is easily explained, and the explanation given is not one induced by any prejudice. It is one that has been confirmed repeatedly; one that has been gleaned with patient labor. In a word, the success of the English in the Sepoy Mutiny was due to the dogged perseverance which, individually and collectively, they evinced on all occasions. That the English were contending against great inequalities is at once apparent. In the matter of the proportion of Sepoys to Europeans—which was six to one—we have the first corroboration of this statement. Next, these home forces were not centralized—a condition of affairs that, in large respect, contributed to the long life of the revolt. As if these were not sufficient to wholly dishearten the forces, another fact must be taken into consideration—the effect of the Indian weather on the English. Th-
European had never become acclimatized to the native atmosphere. They suffered excruciating pain through exposure to the Hindu's merciless sun during the entirety of the conflict. Together with the unmentionable crimes committed on the helpless women, this is one of the most distressing pages that go to complete the history of the mutiny. But these hardships, a very few of a great many, caused no dejection or sinking of spirits on the part of the aggressive Englishmen. Probably the condign punishment that they dealt out to the Sepoys, from time to time, acted as a stimulus to a hard-pressed nature; probably the confidence that the home people had placed in them, egged them on to this "do-or-die act." Be that as it may, refutation of this statement can only be made with an utter disregard for all the circumstantial evidence that points irrevocably in this direction.

From our knowledge and observance of particulars we draw our generalities, and as it was in this—the Sepoy rebellion—so it will be in the case of every nation who attempts to rule successfully its different parts, when such parts are not only separated by immense distances, but are inhabited by individuals totally distant and different, both racially and in their customs, from the main ruling body. It is this non-conformity in the make-up of the people of their nation which has contributed so much to the downfall in our present day, and diminished influence and power in European affairs of the Ottoman, or fitly called "the Checkered Empire," and it is this nonconformity which, as surely as there are infrangible laws governing the lives and destinies of nations, will be the one potent factor of destruction in the final death throes of Great Britain as a power among the nations.

Roscoe A. Ridgway, '10.
SUSPICE

"Who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelids?"

—B. & F.

I.

Nay! Not in the lute and its fainting tone
Soothing the soul,—
When the world is still and light of the moon is thrown
Softly back o'er the whole;—
Not, when the silent sleep is crowned,
Not, when the wearied eyes are bound,
Not, when the freshness of evening is blown
Fragrant, thoughtful, and cool;—

II.

Nay!—not then may the soul abide
Resolute!
Why do you seek?—why have you fainted and cried,
"Who shall take up his lute?"
Why have you asked—why have you asked
That the burthen be raised, the soul untasked?
Duty is stern and the world is wide,
Rise, spirit of mine, and do 't.

III.

"'Tis night! and who shall take up his lute?"
No man! 'Tis night!—
Out on the shadowed hills the whisper is mute,
That we've heard when the day is bright:
The silence is sad as for something missed,—
Tho' you strain every nerve, and pausing list
E'en for the fall of the wayfarer's foot,—
—No sound from the world to-night.

IV.

For the world lies dark; men slumber still
Shaking off care;
Be the lute for them,—for them be the sleep,—but will
You not abide in prayer?
Thought is thy work,—think calmly and well,
O thinker, O dreamer, O toiler, spell,—
Spell o'er the sleeper a word to thrill
And sink thro' his pulseless ear.

V.

What may one earnest spirit do?
Infinite things!

Whatever is noble, one man hath done it;—shall you
Hug then the ground, having wings?
Turn in on thy inmost self—be strong;
To whom doth the groan of the spirit belong?
O soul, soul thou hast a work to do!
Soul, remember man's sufferings!

The Notre Dame Debate

Georgetown's memorable victory over the stalwart debaters of Notre Dame is now over two months old, and though the labors of examinations, the glories of graduations, and the pleasant distractions of vacation time have dimmed the recollection of athletic conquests on land and water, that debate is still, and will be for months to come, the dominant theme in conversation, whenever Georgetown men gather together. Notre Dame had debated many of the best Colleges and Universities in the Country, and had never been defeated. Her list of victories was long and brilliant. She had even defeated Georgetown a few years before, and but a few days prior to her second meeting with our boys, her second team had won a decision over the representatives of the Ohio University, on the same side of the same question which Georgetown later defended so successfully.

The subject of the debate was
"Resolved, That corporations engaged in interstate commerce be compelled to incorporate under federal law, Constitutionality granted."

The details of the debate were received after The Journal for May had gone to
press, and in response to many requests the following brief outline of the arguments is given:

The first speaker for Notre Dame began by enumerating three evils—overcapitalization, interholdings and secrecy. These were to be cured by the plan proposed.

Mr. Effler, the first speaker for Georgetown, admitted these evils and showed how they all center in private monopoly. He then proceeded to eliminate all producing monopolies, on the ground that they are not engaged in interstate commerce under the decisions of the Supreme Court, and thus do not come within the scope of the proposition. All the monopolies in unincorporated form were likewise laid out of the discussion, leaving a very narrow field for the operation of the proposition. But, it was contended, the remedy proposed could not cure the evils of the corporations admittedly within the scope of the proposition.

In reply the second speaker for Notre Dame said that if the proposition did not extend to the producing monopoly the affirmative had nothing to debate.

The second speaker for Georgetown, Mr. O'Mara, cited the Supreme Court in answer to this—to the effect that enterprises whose primary function is the production effect commerce only indirectly and incidentally, and, though they depend upon commerce both for raw materials and for the disposition of their products, cannot be said to be engaged in interstate commerce. He further added some half dozen remedies compatible with the present system of State incorporation. Remedies of this kind, he showed, remained to be tried before the remedy proposed, with its concomitant evils, had any standing in the Court.

The affirmative replied by protesting that the producing monopoly is engaged in interstate commerce, but offered no authority, nor even attempted to distinguish the decisions of the Supreme Court. No mention was made throughout the debate of the trading function of the big producing monopolies.

The third speaker for Georgetown was Mr. Spiller, who again cited court decisions one after another against the mere statement of the negative. He showed further the grave evils which the plan of the affirmative carried with it, e. g., that the several States would be deprived of a vast amount of revenue, and that it would result in a most dangerous centralization of business and of government easily controlled by the controllers of the centralized business.

In rebuttal, besides insisting on the elimination of the producing corporation (which had been made the crux of the whole discussion) Georgetown protested against the attempt of the affirmative to relieve itself of the burden of proof regarding the remedies proposed by the second Georgetown speaker, and made a telling hit by adding to Supreme Court decisions quotations out of the mouths of Notre Dame's own cited authorities. Georgetown insisted that Notre Dame must eliminate these untried remedies.

Georgetown had proposed a dilemma to determine Notre Dame's attitude toward private monopoly: Either their plan would legalize it or destroy it. In the first case, the two sides were squarely at issue, in the second case the only difference between them was as to the
method of destroying private monopoly. If Notre Dame had chosen the second alternative she would have been confronted by the various untried remedies proposed by Georgetown. But Notre Dame chose the first, to legalize private monopoly. It was not difficult for Georgetown to show that if monopoly were really an economic necessity, it should be public monopoly, and not private. Private monopoly was held to be politically indefensible and intolerable in a land which abhors special privilege and boasts equal opportunity.

The Notre Dame debaters contested every inch of the way. The battle was undoubtedly the hardest ever fought by Georgetown, and the glory of winning it is enhanced many fold by the honor of having defeated such able, honorable, and courteous gentlemen.

Don Carlos Ellis, LL. M., '08.
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Now that the financial reports of the Athletic Association are available, we can freely congratulate ourselves on our withdrawal from the Poughkeepsie regatta this year. On a cash balance of about two hundred and fifty dollars, offset by unpaid bills of nearly six hundred dollars, we could scarcely go north on a trip which cost last year over seventeen hundred dollars, unless we wished to race this year at the expense of next year's management. To be frank, our crew was in no condition to enter a championship race; but that is another story.

* * * * *

Again we can safely rest satisfied with the action of the executive committee in refusing to carry the expense of a Basketball Team next year. As a cause of activity in the game among the students, basket-ball was a failure: the six members of the team were a foregone conclusion from the start, so that not more than one or two others made any attempt to play the game. For practice the team was obliged to play the Preps or some team brought up from town for that purpose. As for the pleasure of seeing the games played, the students paid for that *tollis quoties* at the gate, and a very small proportion of the money found its way into the hands of the management. The lessees of the skating rink got most of it.

* * * * *

The Baseball Team gave us a run for our money. We had a long series of good games on the home grounds, and the glory of beating some famous adversaries; though just here we might complain that the team should have held itself in form to the end and not have come down as a stick after going up as a rocket. All its good work was due to the coach, who served us *gratis* and deserves our abiding gratitude, and when circumstances took away his driving hand, the team fell back to a slow pace. In the matter of drawing students out to *play* the game, the season as usual was a failure.

* * * * *

The Track Management gave us a great Meet; but we paid a high figure for it; it developed but little talent among the students and won us almost no honors. If
we are to look upon the Meet hereafter merely as an athletic celebration at which we are the host who foots the deficit, we are getting down to developing a spectacle with no physical advantage to the student body.

* * * * *

The Crew brought us just a wee bit of credit in the defeat of New York University, and that was all. It gave us for a spectacle two races on the river, and it seems a high price, over eleven hundred and fifty dollars deficit, to pay for a small thing. On the other hand, the management did for a time bring a crowd of students into the shells on the river, chiefly because of the inter-class races, and that is a point on which we wish to congratulate the manager.

In fine if inter-class races, games and contests could bring the main body of the college students (there are not so many of us) on the field track and river, it would be well worth all the money raised and expended. But if we are to tax the best energies of a half a dozen managers to raise funds to keep up excitement among us and to give us the spectacle of a few men doing athletic work and winning a modicum of glory distancing other colleges, it seems a disproportionate expenditure on an object that is scarce worth while.
The College Commencement, held on Thursday evening, June 4th, was chronicled in detail in last month's issue of The Journal. It need but to record the fact here along with the other episodes of the closing year.

On the evening before the Commencement, June 3rd, the Alumni held their annual banquet in the College dining-hall. It was exceptionally well attended, the newspaper reporter saw 400 guests, but that was at the end of the banquet of course, and if The Journal's scribe who was "on the outside looking in" may be a safe judge, it was enjoyed with exceptional hilarity. The toast-master was George Hamilton, President of the Association—the speakers, Messrs. Jno. O'Brien for the Class of '04, and John A. Lusk, for the Class of '08. The toast-master then called on Senator Carter who spoke with such urgency and conviction, that this address will doubtless be remembered as the one event of importance that evening. His theme was, "The Call of the People for College-bred men in the public service."

The last examination was held on Wednesday, June 10th, and the last victim was loosed from the Inquisition chamber about 10.30 a. m. The day was too warm for anything to happen. About 11 a. m. a Salvation Army Band was heard somewhere in the North Building, and it looked as if that haunt was about to receive a late but not unmerited visitation. A rally was doubtless hoped for by the impromptu Salvationists, one that would have called for armed intervention from the authorities—but nothing happened and the army faded away.

The next morning at 9 a. m. the students were assembled for the last time in Gaston Hall where, through the indefatigable and indefensible energy of the Rev. Prefect of Studies, all the marks of
all the students for all the year were read aloud for all to hear. No one escaped. It was as sure as the judgment day. As sure as you lived at Georgetown, so sure would you hear your name before you left that fateful hall. Even students who earned only a few marks—not enough to attract any attention—students who were not the kind to resent any neglect of them on the part of the Prefect—even these were read out. Your fate was signed, sealed and delivered then and there. Then the prizes were awarded. The Reverend Rector addressed the students briefly, and by noon Georgetown College was on the railroad train.

The following is a list of the prizes awarded in the College Department on the morning of June 11th:

**JUNIOR.**

Gold Class Medal (founded by Mrs Lawrence O’Brien, of New York, in memory of Francis X. O’Brien, of the Class of 1900), Joseph W. Montgomery.

Class Prize, Laurence D. Smith.

English Composition Prize, Thomas E. Lavelle.


Prize for Physics, Paul Emmet Golden.

Silver Medal for Analytical Chemistry, Joseph W. Montgomery.

Prize for same, J. B. Edmund La Plante.

**SOPHOMORE.**

Silver Class Medal, Peter J. Dolin.

Class Prize, Daniel B. Murray.

English Composition Prize, Peter J. Dolin.


Prize for Mechanics, Mart P. Briggardner.

Silver Medal for General Chemistry, John D. Murray.

**FRESHMAN.**

Silver Class Medal, Frederick R. Gibbs.

Class Prize, Arnulf A. Gloetzner.

English Composition Prize, Arthur M. Feenan.

Silver Medal for Freshman Mathematics, Herbert F. Wright.


Prize for same, Arnulf A. Gloetzner.

Silver Medal for Freshman German, John F. Crosby.

Prize for same, Charles J. Reilly.

**LAW SCHOOL NOTES.**

**THE COMMENCEMENT.**

(From The Evening Star, June 9, 1908.)

Before an audience that tested the capacity of Gaston Hall the Class of 1908, Georgetown University Law Department, received degrees and diplomas and listened to an address from George R. Gaither, of Baltimore.

Long before the hour set for the opening of the exercises the friends and grad-
uates began to stream across the campus. An orchestra played selections from popular musical comedies while the hall was filling up.

The Faculty and graduates entered the hall marching to the music of "The Barrister," by Schroeder, written for the occasion. As the long line of cap-and-gown students filed upon the stage the audience applauded loudly.

The exercises were simple. President David Hillhouse Buel, S. J., opened the ceremonies by calling attention to the fact that Georgetown Law School was national in character, as it received its power to confer degrees directly from the United States Congress under an act passed in 1815. This is a unique feature, as the majority of schools and colleges received their charters and power to confer degrees from State Legislatures.

PROMINENT GRADUATES.

President Buel then mentioned prominent men of the day who had been graduated from the Georgetown Law School, among them Secretary Cortelyou, the Governor of Rhode Island and District Attorney Baker.

The degrees were conferred by President Buel. As each was called the candidate stepped forward and the President presented the diploma and shook hands with the graduate.

The conferring of the degree of Master of Laws was attended with more ceremony. In addition to receiving the diploma the candidate was presented with a silk hood of blue and gray, lined with royal purple velvet.

The address to the graduates was made by George R. Gaither, of Baltimore. He spoke of certain features in the law, but preceded his more serious remarks with humorously flattering praises of the "handsome young men in front of him."

PRIZES ARE DISTRIBUTED.

The prizes were awarded by Seth Shepard, chief justice of the Court of Appeals, District of Columbia.

Faculty cash prize of $40 for the best essay on any legal subject from the members of the Third Year Class was awarded to Cloud Marshall.

Faculty cash prize of $40 for the best essay from members of the Fourth Year Class was awarded to Otis B. Kent; subject: "To What Extent Will the Courts Sustain the Validity of Ultra Vires Transactions in Favor of and Against Corporations?"

Special prize a set of "Smith's Leading Cases," for the best essay from among the members of the Third and Fourth Year Classes combined, was awarded to Cloud Marshall.

The Edward Thompson prize of law books was awarded to Warren H. Wagner.

A prize for the best graduation thesis—subject, "To What Extent Is a Public Officer Liable to a Person Injured by the Act of Such Officer or His Subordinate, Done in the Regular Course of His Employment?" was awarded to Daniel P. J. McKenna.

The $100 cash prize, won in public debate by Michael J. Igoe, was presented last night.
Cash prizes for high averages maintained during the year were awarded as follows:

Fifty dollars—First year best average, Frank Morse Rood; average, 97.32.

Twenty-five dollars—First year second best average, H. G. Waggs; average, 95.95.

Fifty dollars—Second year best average, George Melling; average, 99.05.

Twenty-five dollars—Second year, second best average, Archie M. Cheney; average, 97.06.

Seventy-five dollars—Third year best average, Elmer C. Wood; average, 98.68.

Forty dollars—Third year, second best average, Erwin R. Effler; average, 97.35.

The Senator Mallory prize for the best essay from any student in the University on a subject relating to the Constitution of the United States, was awarded to Otis B. Kent.

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred upon the following:

The Third Term Public Debate of the Law School was held on the evening of June 2nd, at Gaston Hall. The contestants were the winners of the Public Debates of the First and Second Terms. The question "Resolved, That further material increase in the United States Navy, is desirable," was upheld by Mr. Erwin R. Effler, '08, Ohio, and Mr. Thomas F. D'Mara, '10, Ind., and opposed by Mr. James Spiller, '09, Texas, and Mr. M. Lambert Igoe, '08, Ill. Mr. Igoe won the purse of one hundred dollars offered for the best debate.

BANQUET OF THE GRADUATES.

On the evening of June 6th, the graduating class held its banquet at Raucher's. Mr. Igoe was toast-master, and the following members of the faculty and graduating class responded to toasts: Rev. Father Buel, Judge Clabaugh, Judge Shepard, Mr. Baker, Mr. O'Donoghue, Mr. Adkins, Mr. Effler and Mr. Gallagher.

The 1908 Class Annual was published a short time before graduation, and surpasses anything of its kind ever issued by the students of the school. The class and the University owe a great debt of gratitude to its Board of Editors for their splendid achievement. Copies may be secured from the Secretary's office at the Law School.

Don Carlos Ellis, Law, '08.

POST GRADUATE CLASS OF 1908.

When we look to the future and see in our mind's eye the brilliant careers
awaiting these embryo lawyers of the Post Graduate Class of 1908, we feel highly honored to be the first to introduce to the world at large this noted galaxy of legal lights. We have taken the liberty of making this history more of a personal description of the elements which go to make up the Post Graduate Class of 1908, rather than a history of the class as a whole.

The Class began the term of 1907-1908 twenty-five strong, but alas, again the survival of the fittest (with apologies to Mr. Kent) rules and we draw to the close of the school year diminished by eleven. It is sad to think the course has been so rough and rugged that eleven members, who have attained the Bachelor's degree, should fail by the wayside before winning the coveted hood of the Master. Woe be unto the Professors of the P. G. Class for this awful slaughter of the innocents.

The Class, this year, placed its destinies in the hands of Mr. Daniel J. McKenna, who claims Rhode Island for his State (we hope Rhode Island may some day claim him for her son). Mr. McKenna has always been a loyal Georgetown man. Besides being President of the P. G. Class, he had the honor of being President of the Senior Debating Society for the first term. We might add he makes a specialty of International Law.

National fame, in the realm of the law, is usually only attained after many years of hard work, but Mr. Thomas W. O'Brien of Pennsylvania, has won his place with the great advocates of the bar while yet in the early years of young manhood, by his wonderful defense of a poor dumb monkey who wandered into the clutches of the law. It was reported for some time that Senor Caruso had engaged him for his defense, his case being in a large part concerned with monkeys. Rhode Island having turned out so many successful Georgetown men, Mr. O'Brien decided to link his fortunes with Mr. McKenna in the practice of the law. We wish them great success.

We have been told professional appearance counts for a good deal in the practice of the law. If so, Mr. Clarence L. Parke, of Indiana, the Vice-President of the Class, will make his mark in the world. It is often hard to distinguish which is the Professor and which Mr. Parke; that is, if the Professor wears a frock coat. By way of a postscript, we might add he is married and so has been unable to go out with the boys, after the lectures, and enjoy the good times.

This distinction of being a benedict Mr. Parke shares with Mr. Ira C. Haycock, of the District of Columbia, the Treasurer of the Class. Mr. Haycock trod the path of single bliss the first two years of his course and then decided that a comprehensive grasp of the law could best be obtained with a helpmate.

Texas should be proud of its representative in the Fourth-Year Class. He bears the name of Otis B. Kent (no relation to Chancellor Kent). By face, a preacher or saint; by talk and actions, words fail us; we leave it to those who
have been associated with him for four years. He is also an actor and cartoonist—at least he says he is.

Small in stature, mighty in words. Our name is LeRoy M. Paddock; our State, Kansas; our Department, that of the Commerce and Labor. He is a very good critic of pleadings and sometimes himself prepares pleadings. Did we say pleadings? We mean writes essays, or books, as you choose to call them, on different legal questions. Ask the Class.

It is bad enough when you fail at the Bar Examination, but it is as nothing compared to the feeling when you are told you have passed, but that because of your age it is thought advisable not to admit you for a couple of years. Such is the standing of Mr. William F. Columbus, of the District of Columbia. We would offer him consolation by repeating to him the phrase we have so often heard: "You will be better able to meet and handle the questions propounded to you by this added period of preparation."

"Should a student feel flattered by being called on three times in one night to answer questions on International Law?" is answered in the negative by Mr. Frederick H. Daiker, of the District of Columbia, the Secretary of the Class. Mr. Daiker has shown such a grasp of the subject of International Law that it is believed he will be offered the Chair on that subject at some University next year. P. S.—If he is, his notes on the lectures will stand him in good stead.

The Class is the proud possessor of one other practicing lawyer besides Messrs. McKenna and O’Brien. Mr. Benjamin F. L. Herron, of Georgia, is engaged in the practice of the law in partnership with two former Georgetown boys. He makes a specialty of labor questions, and is often retained by the large corporations over the country for his opinion on such matters. If the only knew, they could obtain his opinion free by attending the lectures of the Class.

No mother would be afraid to send her boy to Georgetown Law School for fear of his being led astray if she could see the elderly gentlemen from Massachusetts with whom she could leave him for safe keeping. At least we think he is old. He has all the earmarks of an old man. They do say, though, that deep and long study will cause the hair to fall out. His name is Ignatius X. Cuttle. It is reported that he is interested in the Standard Oil Tank Lines. We are not sure whether it is the Standard or some other tank line.

The fame of Georgetown Law School has gone so far that each year we have men from other Law Schools entering our walls to take the Post-Graduate Course. This year we welcomed three, Mr. Walter S. Gilchrist, of the District of Columbia; Mr. Edgar B. Scott, of Virginia, and Mr. John W. Staggers, of Missouri.

Mr. Gilchrist came to us from the George Washington University. He seemed the model young man when he first came among us, but we fear that, through the evil influence of the "saintly
one," he has acquired an insatiable desire for the Bohemian life.

The University of Maryland should be proud of its representative in our Class. Mr. Scott has shown himself one of our hardest workers. It has always been a pleasure to hear him on any legal subject, because of the thorough manner in which he prepares his work.

Last but not least of the adopted members is Mr. Staggers of the Kansas City Law School. "Staggers" yes 'tis true, he staggers you with his arguments on legal questions. Mr. Staggers, associated with Mr. Baker, has favored us on Monday nights with a course of talks on all the legal subjects known to the profession and some not known. The number of cases he has read on different propositions seems almost impossible for one so young, but he says "I have read cases on the subject," so it must be true. If he hasn't read a case on the subject he can tell a story of which it reminds him. He has only one failing, he refuses to eat mustard on his sandwiches.

We hope that this short history of the Class may kindle in you a desire to know personally the men of the Post Graduate Class of 1908, and that you may be amused and helped by their acquaintance, as we have been this past year. It is indeed with extreme regret that we see this present school year drawing to a close and with it a rending asunder of those ties which have so closely bound the members of this little band together. May your futures be as bright as you have made this present school year.

ALBERT H. PIKE, L. L. M., '08.,
Historian.
Governor Crothers, of Maryland, has announced his intention of honoring an alumnus of Georgetown, Mr. B. Harris Camalier, with the office of Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit in that State. Mr. Camalier is an A. M. of '84. For some years he has been actively engaged in political life. Three times he was a candidate for Congress, and, though each time defeated in the Republican stronghold where his lot was cast, led in every contest a forlorn hope with much spirit and determination. He is at present State's Attorney for St. Mary's County.

We grieve to record the death of Lieut. Col. William H. Gardner, U. S. A., retired, who passed away at the General Hospital, Washington Barracks, some weeks ago. Colonel Gardner was graduated from the Medical Department of the University in 1861. For thirty years he served in the Medical Department of the Army and was an honored member of the American Medical Association, Companion of the Loyal Legion, member of the Society of Indian Wars and of the Sons of the American Revolution.

One of the oldest inhabitants of the District, Dr. Florence Donohue, died at his home on Wednesday, June 24. He entered Georgetown University Medical School after a career in the U. S. A., which brought him into active service in the hardest fought battles of the Civil War. At Gettysburg, when the color bearer of his Regiment was killed by his side, Dr. Donohue seized the flag and carried it through the remainder of the bloody action, planting it at last on the crest of Cemetery Hill. It was only after these perilous times that he entered on his medical career, and it speaks much for his earnestness and determination that he graduated with honors from the School. He was said to be one of the most popular men in the District and was noted for his cheerful disposition. It has been remarked that he was never heard to speak ill of any man.

The "Old Boys Column" extends its warmest congratulations to Mr. Leslie
Warwick Brennan, A. B., who, on June 3, was married to Miss Helen McSherry, in St. Mary's Chapel, Union Mills, Md. As the "O. B. C." knows Leslie Brennan—qualis sit et quantus—it has the best of reasons to extend its warmest congratulations to the bride also.

And lastly we have to chronicle the passing from this life of one who was, in his day, a prominent member of Georgetown's Crew when its record was the proudest. This is the Rev. J. J. Lynch, of Holyoke, Mass. Father Lynch was graduated with honors at Georgetown in 1902, and four years later was ordained priest by Bishop Beaven at the Springfield Cathedral. Although his health had for sometime been poor, his death came suddenly and almost unexpectedly on May 8th.

The following letter, which is a testimonial to the champions of the Notre Dame Debating Contest, from one whose praise is appreciated, is, at the same time, a testimonial of the devotedness and loyalty of the writer:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1908.
REv. DAVID BuEL, S. J.
Washington, D. C.
REv. DEAR FaTHER:
I am not confident that the boys reported to you my visit to Notre Dame at the time of the intercollegiate debate. I could not let the opportunity pass of seeing my old College in a contest, and so took the trip to Notre Dame, and was present at the joint debate, and did my share towards cheering Georgetown on to a victory. You never entered a contest where the victory was better earned than on that occasion. Notre Dame has a remarkable team, and made the strongest possible presentation of their side of the controversy. The division of the vote of the judges showed that it was not a one-sided affair, but I think Georgetown clearly won. They had probably the least popular side of the issue, and were in strange surroundings and in the midst of the most loyal body of students I ever saw. I was very proud of my old College, and I desire to express my admiration for Georgetown. I dare say there was not such a debate in any University in the country this year as the exhibition at Notre Dame. I would like to be with you this spring, but am just going into a law suit of very great importance and probably will not be through until the last days of May.

Wishing my University all manner of prosperity, I remain,

Its obedient servant,

PATRICK H. O'DONNEll.
### Financial Statement from the Various Departments.

**REPORT OF FOOT-BALL MANAGEMENT—A. SEASON OF 1907.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Receipts</th>
<th>Expenses</th>
<th>Profit/Loss</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gallaudet</td>
<td>$98.50</td>
<td>$64.50</td>
<td>Profit $34.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland</td>
<td>$119.00</td>
<td>$112.50</td>
<td>Profit $6.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fordham</td>
<td>$477.03</td>
<td>$409.43</td>
<td>Profit $7.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>$214.90</td>
<td>$493.35</td>
<td>Loss $278.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carolina</td>
<td>$267.00</td>
<td>$491.00</td>
<td>Loss $224.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>$3,347.00</td>
<td>$2,972.50</td>
<td>Profit $374.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geo. Wash'ton</td>
<td>$3,398.35</td>
<td>$1,494.44</td>
<td>Profit $1,903.91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total Profits** $4,326.51  
**Total Losses** $502.45  
**Profit Balance** $3,824.06  
**Due on Unsettled Acct** $273.54

**Net Profit Balance** $3,550.52

(Signed) EDMUND FITZGERALD, JR., Manager.
### Report of Foot-Ball Management—B.

**Season of 1907.**

#### General Expense Account.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rubbers and Wages</td>
<td>$113.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repairing</td>
<td>$90.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coaching</td>
<td>$625.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletic Supplies</td>
<td>$261.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stationery</td>
<td>$2.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drugs and Supplies</td>
<td>$16.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime and Hardware</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moving bleachers</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repairs on Bleachers</td>
<td>$28.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing (Darby)</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertising</td>
<td>$13.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegrams</td>
<td>$10.42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Expenses</strong></td>
<td><strong>$1,244.99</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Income.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Appropriation from General Athletic Fund</td>
<td>$169.84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Season Sale of Tickets</td>
<td>$273.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peanut Privilege</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geo. Washington Programme</td>
<td>$58.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net Profit Balances from Games</td>
<td>$3,550.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Income</strong></td>
<td><strong>$4,063.86</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total Income: $4,063.86**

**Total Expenses: $1,244.99**

**Net Income: $2,818.87**

**New Bleachers: $726.00**

(Signed)  **Edmund Fitzgerald, Jr., Manager.**
REPORT OF CREW MANAGEMENT.

From September, 1907, to June 1st, 1908.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expenditures</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxes</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages to Coach</td>
<td>$525.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages to Janitor</td>
<td>$269.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall Regatta</td>
<td>$75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Regatta</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Y. U. Race</td>
<td>$175.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia Trip</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Bills</td>
<td>$566.86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repairs and Maintenance of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Launch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running Expenses</td>
<td>$575.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$2,923.77</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Receipts</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>College Store</td>
<td>$770.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appropriation from General</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletic Funds</td>
<td>$1,305.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boat Club Tickets, Donations,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Etc.</td>
<td>$607.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$2,742.80</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Signed) Clif F. Woods, Manager.

Statement of Standing on June 1st, 1908.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Liabilities</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wages to Coach</td>
<td>$187.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages to Janitor</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saks &amp; Co</td>
<td>$52.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Littlefield &amp; Alvord</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. G. Spalding Co</td>
<td>$3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Libbey Bros</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$273.35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Assets</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance in Treasury</td>
<td>$17.89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College Store (estimate)</td>
<td>$350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown Preps</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Decker (voluntary)</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. A. Balser (gasoline)</td>
<td>$6.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$449.61</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Signed) Clif F. Woods, Manager.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

REPORT OF TRACK MANAGEMENT.

SEASON OF 1907-1908.

**Expenditures.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Printing, Stationery, Stamps, Telegraphs</td>
<td>$47.24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplies</td>
<td>112.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fees and Dues</td>
<td>38.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages</td>
<td>248.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Expenses</td>
<td>4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photo of Team</td>
<td>26.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Team Trips: To Columbia Meet</td>
<td>202.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Virginia Meet</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indoor Meet: Hall Rent</td>
<td>350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall Expenses</td>
<td>13.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rubbing Rooms</td>
<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cornell</td>
<td>125.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yale</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princeton</td>
<td>60.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fordham</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Y. A. C.</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob Tome</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marquette</td>
<td>55.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Referee</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clerk of Course</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starter</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judge of Finish</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulligan of Philadelphia</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>67.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages</td>
<td>29.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prizes</td>
<td>253.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relay Trials</td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cartage</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entertainment (officials)</td>
<td>14.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidentals</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $2,308.24

Refund to General Fund: 800.00

Debit for Last Year's Funds received: $229.95

$3,108.24

**Receipts.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From General Funds</td>
<td>$726.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entrance Fees</td>
<td>112.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia Guarantee</td>
<td>75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>39.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indoor Meet: Programme</td>
<td>300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gate Receipts</td>
<td>1,851.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Returned Check</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Credit from Last Year</td>
<td>229.95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $3,338.19
## REPORT OF BASE-BALL MANAGEMENT.

### Season of 1908.

**Expenditures.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Printing, Stationery, Stamps, and Telegrams</td>
<td>$148.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poster and Bill Board Advt.</td>
<td>$197.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newspaper Advertising</td>
<td>$290.31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplies</td>
<td>$585.67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Care of Grounds &amp; Bleachers</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages for Labor</td>
<td>$287.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umpire's Fees</td>
<td>$176.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guarantees to other Teams</td>
<td>$1,992.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trips, Virginia</td>
<td>$112.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fordham-Yale and Fordham</td>
<td>$534.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$4,535.21</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Receipts.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Appropriation from General Funds</td>
<td>$782.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sale of Season Tickets</td>
<td>$799.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Sale of Privileges:
  Schedule                                  | $12.50  |
  Programme                                 | $75.00  |
  Peanut                                    | $40.00  |
  Sporting News                             | $10.00  |
| Guarantees:
  Virginia                                 | $150.00 |
  Yale                                      | $150.00 |
  Fordham                                   | $129.00 |
| Gate Receipts                             | $2,387.26 |
| **Total**                                 | **$4,535.21** |

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## REPORT OF BASKET-BALL MANAGEMENT.

### Season of 1907-1908.

**Expenditures**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance of credit with Treasurer</td>
<td>$414.17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$440.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Receipts.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>By appropriation from General Funds</td>
<td>$255.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other sources</td>
<td>$185.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$440.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*The Manager of Basket-Ball had not up to the time of going to press filed any financial report with the Faculty Director nor left his accounts for inspection. They are promised for a later date. The above report is taken from the Treasurer's books and only shows the business transacted by check. There was doubtless a further list of receipts and expenditures in cash.*
REPORT OF TREASURER.

FROM JUNE 8TH, 1907, TO JUNE 1ST, 1908.

RECEIPTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>From</th>
<th>Balance in Riggs Bank from Last Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$783.79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Association Dues</td>
<td>84.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Football Manager</td>
<td>7,800.72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Crew Manager</td>
<td>1,802.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Track Manager</td>
<td>2,453.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Baseball Manager</td>
<td>4,162.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Basketball Manager</td>
<td>185.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total** $17,272.46

The Treasurer's report shows a credit balance of $253.69; against this there are at hand unpaid bills to the amount of $599.55, showing a practical deficit of $345.86. However, as an offset to this it is to be noted that while last year left a cash balance of $783.79, it also left an indebtedness of $1,626.63, which this year settled, making a difference to this year's credit of $842.84. This cancels the deficit above and leaves as net profit of this year $496.98. In addition the association has acquired this year a new set of bleachers and players' benches at a cost, including painting of the same, of $872.25. This practically lifts this year's profit to $1,369.23, which is not a bad showing.

DISBURSEMENTS.

| For General Expenses       | $13.50                                     |
| On Account Football        | 5,890.52                                   |
| " " " Crew                 | 3,814.01                                   |
| " " " Track                | 2,609.69                                   |
| " " " Baseball             | 4,232.13                                   |
| " " " Basketball           | 414.77                                     |
| " " " Football, 1908       | 43.25                                      |

**Total** $17,018.77

Cash Balance In Bank.. $253.69

**Total** $17,212.46

The Treasurer's report shows a net profit of the Football Season of $1,910.20, to which must be added the cost of construction of the bleachers ($726.00), paid for by the Football Management, making the season's contribution to the General Athletic Fund from Football $2,636.20.

The Basket-Ball Team shows a net loss of $229.77 drawn from the General Athletic Funds.

The Track Management shows an apparent loss of $156.14, from which must be deducted an old bill of last year, paid this season, of $5.75, leaving a net loss to the General Athletic Funds of $150.39. When this is compared with last year's profit of between five and six hundred dollars, it does not make pretty reading from a business standpoint.

The Crew is recorded in the Treasurer's report for a loss of $2,012.11, to which must be added unpaid bills to hand to the amount of $257.85, making a gross deficit of $2,669.96. As an offset to this it is to be noted that the Crew management paid off
last year's indebtedness for Poughkeepsie deficit, balance due on new shell, cost of overhauling, storing and freighting home launch from New York, to a total amount of $1,108.88; this leaves the net loss to the General Funds for this year's crew $1,161.08.

The Baseball deficit on the Treasurer's books is only $69.53; but to this must be added $491.00 (credited by Treasurer to this year's Base Ball account, while the bills of last year which this amount was to meet are charged to the General Account) and $218.35 for unpaid bills to hand, making a gross deficit of $778.88. Against this must be set an old bill of last year ($37.00) and the cost of new benches and of painting the bleachers ($146.25), leaving a net loss for this year's base ball season of $595.63.