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THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL is published by a committee of the students on the fifteenth of the month. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, and to chronicle the news of the University. It also serves the Society of Alumni as an organ of means of intercommunication. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for its patronage chiefly upon the students and alumni of the University and its Departments, and their friends. These and all former students are urged to give it substantial support.

Address—
THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL
Washington, D. C.
STATUE OF BISHOP CARROLL.
THE CARROLL MONUMENT.

An event of great historical importance to Georgetown University will occur on Saturday morning, May the fourth, when the statue of Bishop Carroll, the Founder, will be unveiled on the University grounds. Men who are prominent in Church and state as the President of the United States and Cardinal Gibbons will participate and deliver addresses, while the Alumni from all quarters of the United States will journey back to Alma Mater to do honor to the illustrious Founder of Georgetown University.

The statue is the fulfilment of the wishes of the Reverend John A. Conway, S. J., Professor of Ethics in the School of Arts and of Natural Law in the Law Department, who three years ago at the annual banquet of the National Society of Georgetown Alumni made an eloquent speech in response to the toast “Our Founder.” Father Conway reviewed the life and labors of Bishop Carroll in behalf of education, and vividly narrated the struggles and difficulties that he encountered in the establishment of Georgetown University. He called attention to the fulfilment of Carroll’s dream by the magnificent development of the
University during the century and a quarter since its foundation and said that he too had a dream which as yet had not been verified. His dream was to see the vacant niche on the portico of the Healy Building filled by a statue of the Founder. "Shall my dream be realized?" said Father Conway in conclusion, "the answer rests with you, gentlemen of the Alumni."

Father Conway's appeal awoke enthusiastic responses in the hearts of all present and a resolution was passed empowering the President to appoint a committee of ways and means. George E. Hamilton, Esq., was selected chairman, and he lost no time in sending out a circular announcing the proposition and calling on the Alumni for subscriptions. Generous and liberal have been the donations and when the requisite amount was assured the work of selecting a capable sculptor was taken in hand.

Many recommendations of Mr. Jerome Conner whose magnificent bust of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet of the last century, occupies a conspicuous place in the Corcoran Art Gallery were received by the Committee. Careful investigation developed that Mr. Conner was eminently qualified to fulfill the task. His previous work had specially prepared him for moulding a classic representation of the great first Bishop of Baltimore. Mr. Conner was born in County Kerry, 37 years ago, and was brought by his parents to this country before he had reached his eleventh birthday, but not before he had begun to manifest in boyish fashion the talent that was in him. His father was a contractor and was not greatly pleased with the proclivities of his offspring nor his method of developing his genius which was to steal his father's tools for attempts at carving on all the blocks of stone that came under his notice. The family settled in Massachusetts where the lad went to school and amazed his teachers by wonderful drawings on the blackboards with colored crayons.

When Conner was thirteen he ran off to New York, "without leaving his address," as he expresses it with the characteristic wit of a true son of Erin. His determination to win recognition in the artistic world was not daunted by having to work at first at stone-carving for a livelihood. At eighteen he exhibited at the Boston Art Gallery his first serious piece of sculpture. It was the portrait head of a boy that won him instant renown and which has since been duplicated in marble a number of times for wealthy art lovers.

Later he studied in Boston and New York and then spent six years in Syracuse. These years were eventful for the bent that they gave to his art. The Iroquois Indians of the neighborhood were ideal subjects for sculpture because of their thrilling history and high order of intelligence no less than because of their magnificent physical attributes. The Indians on their part took him to their hearts, made him an honorary member of the Onondaga Tribe when they bestowed upon him the Indian name Gar-er-Kwa, which may be interpreted "of the sun family." This honor may have been inspired by the fact that the sculptor
with his straight, black hair, high cheek bones, and deep set eyes, looks for all the world like an Indian. Indeed he frequently played on their baseball nine, and when he was attired in the fantastic costume of the Indian baseball player, consisting of orange sweater, blue trousers and red cap, no one would have suspected his identity.

His associations with the tribes of New York State aroused his deep interest in the history of the United States. The heroes of the Revolution particularly appealed to him, and many of the great leaders in the struggle for American Independence were endowed with enduring life by the skill of his hand. So it was thought well by the Committee of the Carroll Monument Association to entrust to Mr. Conner the design of the Monument to Georgetown's Founder, who is also truly numbered among the Founders of the Republic.

John Carroll belonged to an illustrious family of Maryland and was associated with his well-known kinsman, Charles Carroll, who fearlessly added his signature to the Declaration of Independence. Thus by birth and relationship he was of a family that was high in the colonies and in his native state. In early youth he was sent to Europe for that education which, as a Catholic, he could not receive at home. There he entered the Society of Jesus in which he lived and labored until its suppression in 1773. When the clouds of the American Revolution began to gather he felt called upon to return to America and share in the fate of his fellow-citizens. Here he toiled especially amongst his own people in Maryland, and in fullest sympathy with his countrymen and their aspirations for freedom.

His influence over the Catholic clergy was so great that although a majority of them were Englishmen, all of them indorsed his views in the great struggle against English supremacy. It was at this time that he was selected by the Continental Congress to accompany the three commissioners sent to Canada to win over our Canadian cousins to the cause of the Revolution. Although the mission proved unsuccessful the appointment of Carroll evidenced the high esteem in which he was held, and entitles him to a place among the Founders of the Republic. When peace came to the United States the Catholic Church was freed from bondage and John Carroll was appointed by Rome superior over all the Catholic clergy. Almost his first act was to design a Catholic College and so the opening of Georgetown was synchronous with its Founder's appointment as the First Bishop of Baltimore and indeed of the United States. Such was the career of the great priest and patriot whom the sculptor, Conner, had to depict in bronze. That he has succeeded admirably is attested by three of the most eminent sculptors in the United States, Messrs. Herman A. McNeil, Adolph C. Weinmann, and Karl Bitter.

The statue, heroic in size, is of bronze and represents the figure of Bishop Carroll seated and looking down the Potomac River, apparently gazing upon the
city of Washington which was projected in the same year in which Georgetown was established. It represents the Bishop in a thoughtful, studious mood rather than in the active position which one might expect in a missionary priest. He is, seemingly, thinking over the great plan he had conceived as head of the new Catholic church in America. Dressed in the garb of a Jesuit priest, he holds in his hand a book and is wondering, no doubt, what may be the result of his daring enterprise. The whole expression is one of kindness, firmness and fearlessness skilfully blended. Competent critics have not hesitated to assert that it will be the most excellent out-door statue in this city, where so many celebrities are commemorated in bronze and marble.

The statue will be erected on the mound in front of the Healy Building. The ceremonies of unveiling will consist of a presentation address by the President of the Georgetown University Alumni Association, and a response by the Reverend Alphonsus J. Donlon, S. J., President of the University. The statue will then be unveiled to the accompaniment of patriotic airs. Then the highest ecclesiastical official, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, will raise his voice to praise the life of his great predecessor. Likewise the President of the United States will join in adding his meed of laudation to the memory of the patriot who contributed his share to the foundation of the Republic. Thus the Church of which Carroll is well termed the patriarch and the state of which he was a devoted subject will do honor to him to whom honor is due both from Church and state.

Father Conway's dream will thus be verified and the loyal alumni who were the instruments in its fulfilment will come from the chairs of Governors, the halls of Legislatures, and the National Congress to participate in the unveiling and the attendant ceremonies. On May the third a reception will be tendered by the Philodemic Society for all the visiting alumni. On Saturday, May the fourth, the Annual Banquet will be held, and on Sunday, May the fifth, a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving will be sung in Dahlgren Chapel on the University Campus. On Sunday afternoon the President of the University will hold a reception in the Hirst Library for the Alumni and friends of the University.
A Third Thespianic Triumph

VINCENT DAILEY, ‘12.

On Friday afternoon, February the 16th, an audience that taxed the capacity of the Columbia Theatre witnessed the third appearance of the Georgetown University Dramatic Association since the revival of college dramatics in nineteen hundred and ten. The affair was given for the benefit of the Christ Child Society of Washington and was truly representative of both the players who so generously gave their efforts and the organization which was benefited.

The program was a varied one, composed of two numbers, the first a dramatic interpretation of Cardinal Newman’s classic, “The Dream of Gerontius,” and the second a modern comedy, “On a Trip for His Health.” The idea of this arrangement was to allow the fullest possible range to the members of the Dramatic Association that they might display their progress in both serious and frivolous enactment and at the same time be given every opportunity for the development of their versatility.

As might be supposed, the task of producing two plays of such opposite natures was an exceedingly difficult one. It was undertaken by Mr. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Director of Dramatics of Georgetown University, and to him more than to anyone else credit is due for the successful culmination of the work.

In the presentation of “The Dream of Gerontius” but four members of the Dramatic Association took important parts but these were ably assisted by a large number of their associates who played the parts of the demons and angelicals and also by the St. Paul’s Sanctuary Choir, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Winchester, which rendered the musical interpretations of the piece according to the difficult score of Elgar’s masterly oratorio.

The “Dream of Gerontius” was simply the depiction of the journey of the soul of Gerontius who, in the momentary loss of consciousness in slumber believed himself dead and called to the gate of the life eternal. The principal role was taken by Roscoe Ridgway, ’10, whose clever interpretation of a most difficult character made intensely interesting what could easily have been, on account of its heavy and lengthy lines, a tiresome and altogether unintelligible discourse.

David Waldron, ’13, as the Guardian Spirit, proved an excellent balance for Mr. Ridgway’s lead and incidentally contributed greatly to the general presentation by his artistic portrayal of a character purely visionary. Paul McQuillen, ’13, took the part of Lorenzo, Gerontius’ servant, and Eugene Carr, ’13, portrayed the family priest. Their presence on the stage was brief but in the short periods which they appeared they both showed to advantage their dramatic abilities.

As far into the realm of the humorous, as the first piece was into the realm of
the serious, "On a Trip for His Health," in one scene and three parts, proved an apt and adequate vehicle for the portrayal of the more frivolous roles which its enactment demanded. It was a comedy and a farce in one, a delightful story of varied aspects, a panorama of laugh-inspiring incidents all woven together so cleverly and unrolled in such sequence that the continual display of incongruities, ridiculous situations and altogether unlooked for episodes compelled laughter and applause and won for the players and their director praise and worthy commendation.

The scene was laid in the Philippines and the plot was woven around the supposed battle between two tame animals, arranged for the amusement of a visiting politician from the states by the Governor of the islands. The absence of a real bear from the neighborhood and the death of the Governor's monkey resulted in the necessity of two of the Governor's staff masquerading in the skins of the animals. As each thought the other was a real animal and as the visitors to the Islands thought that both were beasts of the typically wild type, and as some one was ignorant of all that was going on and all were ignorant of at least part, a general chaos of fun resulted. The humor of this situation was further intensified by the dramatic uprising of the natives, which however terminated in a roar of laughter at the entrance of the Filipino chieftain, bearing welcome and good wishes for the thoroughly bewildered politician.

It was noted of the piece that no one had a leading part but that all contributed in an almost equal degree to the general fun that reigned. Of course some, because of their peculiar adaptations, excelled in a slight degree. Especially was this true of Robert Gannon, '13, whose work as Horace Bolingbroke was magnificent. John F. Crosby, '12, as the Governor, Stephen W. Carroll, '12, as the Captain, and Robert W. Lambertson, '14, as the Honorable Carlton of Tammany Hall, were principally in the limelight with William Galvin, '13, as a traveling actor and Paul McQuillen, '13, as the Governor's Secretary, continually, projecting themselves into the same prominence.

Norman Wymard made a wonderfully proficient butler both in looks and in speech and Thomas S. Smith, '12, was a quite unique sentinel. Delphin V. Rodriguez, '14, as a Lieutenant of the Army, James P. Needham, '13, as a Major, and David White, '13, as a Native Chief, all compelled admiration for their work. Mattias Dorta and B. Escalante, two Mexican students, gave a clever interpretation of Philippine servants.

The program in full follows:

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS",

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Cast of Characters.

Gerontius,
Mr. Roscoe Ridgway, A.B. 1910

Lorenzo,
Mr. Paul McQuillen, A.B. 1913

Guardian Spirit,
Mr. David Waldron, A.B. 1913

Priest,
Mr. Eugene Carr, A.B. 1913

Demons, angelicals, etc.
Scene—Gerontius' study, late at night.

By courtesy of Mgr. Mackin, the St. Paul Sanctuary Choir furnished selections from Elgar's masterly oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius." These difficult selections were prepared under the direction of Mr. Ernest T. Winchester.

"On a Trip For His Health."

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

Gen. Montague, Governor of the Islands,
Mr. John F. Crosby, C. '12
Capt. Charles Carew, U. S. A.,
Mr. Stephen W. Carrol, C. '12
The Hon. Henry W. Carlton, of Tammany Hall,
Robert W. Lamberton, C. '14
Mr. Horace Bolingbroke,
Mr. Robert Gannon, C. '13
Emil de Gex, a traveling actor,
Mr. William Galvin, C. '13
Lieut. Denton, U. S. A.,
Delphin V. Rodriguez, C. '14
Mr. John Baverstock, Secretary to the Governor,
Mr. Paul McQuillen, C. '13
Maj. Kildare, U. S. A.,
Mr. James P. Needham, C. '13
Lames, the butler,
Mr. Norman Wymar ld, C. '12
Atkins, the sentry,
Mr. Thomas S. Smith, C. '12
Rahab and Sam, servants,
Mr. Matthias Dorta, C. '13
and Master B. Escalante, G. P. '15
Lobengula, a native chief,
Mr. David White, D. '13
Soldiers, natives, etc.

Scene—Room in the Governor’s mansion, Philippine Islands.

Act I—One morning.
Act II—One evening.
Act III—Next morning.

What the Washington press said:


STUDENTS IN 2 PLAYS

Georgetown Dramatic Organization Wins New Laurels.

COLUMBIA THEATER CROWDED


The Georgetown University Dramatic Association won fresh laurels at a matinee performance yesterday afternoon at the Columbia Theater in a double bill given under the auspices of the Christ Child Society, the benefit being for the charities under the care of the Society. Every member of the cast in both plays showed much dramatic ability, while some of those playing the leading characters gave evidence of unmistakable talent. There was not a dull moment during the presentation of the plays, and the big audience that filled the theater to its capacity gave evidence of appreciation by generous applause.

The charity benefit was given under
the patronage of well-known women closely identified with the Catholic Church. The audience was one of the most brilliant and representative ever assembled for such an affair. The boxes were occupied by Mrs. Nagel, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor; Mrs. Charles Carroll Lee, Mrs. W. E. Montgomery, Mrs. Christian Hemmick, Mrs. Edson Bradley, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Miss Alice Riggs, and Mrs. H. P. Norton.

Flowers, candies, and favors were sold in the lobby of the theater by Miss Ruth Bliss, Miss Leita Montgomery, Miss Alice Brice, Miss Virginia Millan, Miss Mary Webb, Miss Elizabeth Hill, Miss Nora Hill, Miss Frases Thorn, Miss Margaret Hill, Miss Louise White, the Misses Walsh, the Misses Kirby, and the Misses Henry.

Ten young women students from Trinity University and the Catholic College for Girls, attractively attired in their picturesque students' caps and gowns, sold programs during the performance.

The one-act play, a tabloid drama, “The Dream of Gerontius,” based on a condensation of Cardinal Newman’s poem, formed the first part of the program. It was well received, the tableaux being striking, while the work of Roscoe Ridgway, as Gerontius, showed that the young man possesses dramatic talent well developed. He was ably assisted by Paul McQuillen, as Lorenzo; David Waldron, as the Guardian Spirit, and Eugene Carr, as the priest. St. Paul’s sanctuary choir sang selections from Elgar’s oratorio, “The Dream of Gerontius.”

Pictures Life in the Philippines.

A comedy drama in three acts, “On a Trip for His Health,” the scene being laid in the governor general’s office at Manila, during the pacification of the Philippine Islands following the Aguinaldo rebellion, was well presented, and aroused the mirth of the large audience. Each member of the cast did his part full justice, and while it would be a difficult task to say just who contributed most largely to the success of the play, it is not out of place to point out the work of John F. Crosby, as the governor, a dignified army officer; Stephen W. Carroll, as an army captain; Robert W. Lamberton, as the Hon. Henry W. Carlton, of Tammany Hall, a politician traveling for his health; Paul McQuillen, as the governor’s private secretary; William Galvin, a traveling actor, who was the comedian of the play, and Robert Gannon, in an old man part. The play was presented under the direction and management of Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., of the University faculty.

List of the Patronesses.

The patronesses were Mme. Jusserand, Mrs. Wickersham, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. White, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Lamar, Mrs. Clabaugh, Mrs. Lurton, Senora Dona de Riano, Senora Dona de Calvo, Mrs. M. E. Ailes, Mrs. George Bliss, the Misses Cullen, Mrs. John W. Dwight, Mrs. J. Ryan Devereux, Mrs. G. M. Fogg, Mrs. W. W. Finley, Mrs. T. M. Gale, Mrs. N. M. Kerr Gilmour, Mrs. Simon R. Golibart, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. M. A.
Hanna, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. John J. Hamilton, Mrs. J. J. Hampsen, Mrs. Robert Hinckley, Mrs. Gaillard Hunt, Mrs. O. P. Johnson, Mrs. Eldridge Jordan, Mrs. Charles Carroll Lee, Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Mrs. Cabot Lodge, Miss McCeeney, Mrs. J. Nota McGill, Mrs. F. B. McGuire, Mrs. James Mosher, Mrs. W. E. Montgomery, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. William B. Noble, Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, the Misses Patten, Miss H. Cleveland Perkins, Mrs. R. Ross Perry, Miss Janet Richards, Miss Jane A. Riggs, Mrs. Cuno H. Rudolph, Mrs. Philip Sheridan, Mrs. R. D. Simms, Mrs. Henley Smith, Mrs. Edward J. Stellwagen, Mrs. Story, Mrs. J. Selwin Tait, Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, Mrs. John J. Walsh, Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, and Mrs. Robert Wynne.

Officers of the Society.

The Christ Child Society has for its object the care and instruction of the poor and neglected children of the community. The officers of the society are: President, Miss Mary V. Merrick; first vice-president, Mrs. Henry Simpson; second vice-president, Mrs. Thomas H. Carter; secretary, Miss Margaretta Symons; recording secretary, Miss Margaret Cox, and treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Powell Davis. The board of managers are: Mrs. Thornton P. Boland, Miss Pauline A. Burr, Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, Mrs. William K. Carr, Miss Margaret Cox, Mrs. Arthur Powell Davis, Miss Leonide Delarue, Miss Agnes Fealy, Mrs. L. Mason Gulick, Mrs. Otto P. Garges, Miss Margaret Gowans, Mrs. M. A. M. Heaton, Miss Geraldine Johnson, Miss Catharine Lay, Mrs. P. J. Lennox, Mrs. T. J. McCarthy, Miss Maher, Mrs. Kate R. Mann, Miss Mary V. Merrick, Miss Mildred C. Merrick, Mrs. James Dudley Morgan, Mrs. Charles P. Neill, Miss Perkins, Miss Riggs, Miss Mary Roach, Miss Symons, Miss Louise Sheridan, Miss Irene Sheridan, Mrs. Henry Simpson, Mrs. Oscar P. Schmidt, Mrs. Hannis Taylor, and Mrs. Clifford Warden.


UNIVERSITY ACTORS

PLAY FOR CHARITY,

SCORING GREAT HIT

Theater Crowded at Benefit Performances for Christ Child Society.

It was "Standing Room Only" yesterday afternoon long before 2 o'clock in the Columbia Theater, when the annual play of the Georgetown University Dramatic Association was given for the benefit of the Christ Child Society. The lobby was filled with pretty girls, selling flowers, confections, and programs, the proceeds of which also went to the same beneficiary. There were two plays, the first, "The Dream of Gerontius," being a dramatic adaptation of the ora-
torio of the same name. Roscoe Ridgeway, as Gerontius, gave a masterly presentation of this character. He possesses dramatic talent of no mean order. Paul McQuillen, as Lorenzo, David Waldron as the Guardian Spirit, and Eugene Carr as the Priest were excellent in minor parts. The incidental music for this play was contributed by St. Paul's Sanctuary Choir.

The second part included "On a Trip for His Health," a comedy drama, in which life in this country and the Philippines was represented. The picturesque surroundings, the light and color of the islands, the singing of the birds, the waving flags, all contributed a delightful atmosphere to the play. John F. Crosby, as the governor, was dignified in his part. Others in the play were Stephen W. Carroll, who interpreted in an excellent manner the role of an army captain, Robert W. Lambert a Tammany politician traveling in the Philippines for his health, Paul McQuillen as the governor's private secretary, William Galvin as a traveling actor, and Robert Gannon in the role of an old man, were excellent, and showed the result of much study and careful training.

The plays were presented under the patronage of a number of women who are closely identified with work of the Christ Child Society, of which Miss Mary V. Merrick is the president. She, together with the other officers of the organization and the memebrs of the board of managers, were in charge of the social arrangements in connection with the production. A number of box parties were given, and many theater parties were noticed in the body of the house.

The Last Run of the "Queen of the Waves"

ARTHUR J. SHANNON, '14.

The Captain and I sat on the after-rail of the "Queen of the Waves" watching the autumn sunset dyeing the waters of the harbor a deep crimson. Around us great square-sterned ships and lithe four-masted schooners lay at anchor; their black masts and spider-like rigging sharply etched against the glowing western sky.

Their usefulness had passed with the advent of the steamboat, and they now floated idly at their moorings, curious and forlorn-looking relics of a bygone age. But in their day they were great ships, their names were almost household words, and all sea-faring folk knew their records. Every voyage was watched with interest and great was the excitement when a new record was made.

"What's the matter with the old
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL

Queen of the Waves?" I asked the Captain. "She seems to be getting lower every day."

"She's settling fast," he answered, "just rotting away. In six months she'll be a hulk up on the beach with the men chopping up her timbers for firewood and the children playing tag aboard her."

"Too bad," I said, trying to draw the old seaman out, "she was quite a boat in her day."

"That she was," he began, "that she was." I established myself more comfortably on the deck-chair and watched the Captain puff meditatively at his pipe as he strove to call back to memory the glorious days of America's supremacy on the high seas. That was fifty years ago but on nights like this the Captain was accustomed to wander back and live again an age that is forever gone.

"That she was," he repeated, "all these old ships around here were great ships in their days, but the Queen of the Waves was the greatest of them all. Tall she was and proud, with a cloud of canvas and masts that seemed to rake the sky. Her lines were discussed on every water-front from Liverpool to Hong-kong. I have heard her praised on the beach at Tahiti as well as in Boston.

"It took nearly three years to build her in the yards at Gloucester. That was in 1835. It must have been a grand sight when she was launched from the old east shipyard. Men that knew, said she was the acme of shipbuilding; a better would never be built, they said.

"The owners decided to put her on the Transatlantic run—New York to Liver- pool. On her first trip she broke the record. Made it in fourteen days and thirteen hours—a wonderful speed then. The night after her arrival her name was on the lips of every man who had anything to do with the sea and many who didn't. More than one big bark carried off news of her into the outer lands that night. She gained a great bark carried off news of her into the outer lands that night. She gained a great reputation from this trip which increased as she made faster and better time on each successive passage. In 1840 she raced the famous Red-Jacket, the fastest sailing packet of the "Black-Ball" Line and beat her by five hours.

"It's almost impossible for you, not having lived in that age, to realize the glory, the renown that clung around a ship of the speed and grace of the Queen of the Waves. To her swift wings was intrusted the reputation of the great merchant marine of the United States and although the other nations of the world had large fleets of merchantmen trading in all parts of the globe the Queen of the Waves could outsail them all. No giant Indiaman or slim-waisted 'fore-an'-after' could ever plough through a north Atlantic sea like the Queen of the Waves.

"They kept her on the Liverpool run till the west became more settled and the owners found it would be more profitable to send her around the 'Horn' to Frisco. It was the time of the California gold-rush and men were willing to pay almost anything for a speedy passage. The Queen of the Waves was crowded each trip, her hold was full of provisions and stores so that on the roughest days you couldn't see her water-line but still..."
she managed to make the stormy voyage in 97 days, which was considerably faster than any of the others could do. It was on her fourth trip I first made her acquaintance, although I had read all the accounts of her I could lay my hands on. I was employed as cabin-boy and proud I was of the position. She was like a living person to me, with all the arrogance and haughtiness of an empress.

"But after a few years the railroads began to poke their noses into the west—first into Frisco and then into the northwest. This of course put all the vessels sailing, round the 'Horn' out of commission unless they wished to carry a cargo of oil or canned goods. The owners of the Queen didn't think there was enough profit in this for a ship like theirs so they leased her to a firm that was running ships to Japan and the Philippines. Loading with a full cargo of merchandise in Frisco, she made the great circle up toward the Aleutian Islands and then down toward Yokohama, Shanghai and Hongkong; at each port taking on an odorous cargo of tea and spices and queer little odds and ends of Asiatic art. From the Philippines she obtained a great quantity of pearl. Altogether it was a rich and varied cargo that lay in her hold as she headed back across the Pacific toward America.

"But the day of the sailing vessel was passing. Already many a great ship lay in an obscure harbor for lack of a commission. The dispised steamboats had advanced with every new invention, till now they were slowly forcing the mighty monarchs of the wind from the sea. Steam drove boats regardless of the weather; the barks and schooners were dependent on the wind, were often becalmed and sometimes driven back by adverse gales. Long tacks against head winds also made many of these trips into lengthy voyages lasting for months.

"The Queen of the Waves was one of the last to leave the seas; she was fast and she was big, but it took a big crew to sail her and the times were hard. Forgotten was her old fame and glory; the new owners didn't take the same pride in her, as the old. So it was decided to anchor her, with the other 'wind-jammers' in this quiet little harbor.

"A lot of people said the old ship was down and out for good, but I knew better. I was second mate on her for two years before she was laid up and as it was a slack year for sailors I stay'd aboard her. I could just see her laying there, waiting and hoping for the day when the owners would again put her into commission and her bows would once more feel the crash of the north Pacific, as she heeled to the arctic blast and rolled off her thirteen knots an hour.

"Well, the day came. 'Barker and Smith,' the shipping firm, received news that a million feet of Douglas fir was wanted in Santa Rosa, and that the quicker it got there the better price it would bring. A dam had burst, or something like that, and they couldn't wait to put in their bids the regular way. It was a bit out of the ordinary but many a tramp steamer had carried the same cargo on the same plan before, so Barker and Smith had no hesitation in biting at the offer. All their boats were busy, though, and they decided that they would have
to give up the plan. Not a flicker past their minds of the old Queen that lay here, dreaming of her glorious past and comparing herself with the grimy, dirty, little tramp steamers that sometimes puffed into the harbor.

"It was myself that told them of the Queen of the Waves before it was too late. I was walking along the waterfront, looking at the various freighters and liners—all driven by steam—when I bumped into Mr. Smith, whom I knew when he was a lad playing around the ships in Boston.

"Hello," he said, "don't know where I can put my finger on a good boat, do you?"

"Why not try the Queen," I told him, "she's in perfect condition from her keel to her main-royal."

"Hadn't thought of her," said he, "can she make fast time?"

"Speediest square-rigger afloat."

"He didn't say anything more, but I saw he was thinking mighty hard. Next day a crew aboard with orders to load as fast as possible. The Queen brightened up and strained at her cables. I was afraid she'd break away in the night, she was so impatient, and go drifting down toward the Pacific. But she didn't. She just lay as quiet as a cat while the loggers ran the boom up alongside and her little donkey-engine puffed and grunted with each pile that came dripping over her side. In two days she was loaded far below the water-line and the next morning a tug had come churning alongside, thrown up a hawser and before she knew it, she was passing out to sea.

"Oh, she was a proud sight with all her sails set, even to the main-topgallant-stays'l and the flying jib. I sat on the rail there and admired her till we got well around foul-weather bluff. A prettier ship I've never seen in all my years of seafaring. She certainly was Queen of the Waves that morning. By four bells we had every stitch on her and were booming along at about ten knots an hour. A clear steady north wind belly'd the sails out till the sheets and halyards were strumming with the strain. The old ship seemed to be enjoying herself to the utmost? She was home again—in the kingdom that was hers by right of conquest.

"But all this time another boat had been loading and getting ready for the same port. She was a rusty, trampish-looking steamer of about 700 tons that had been yanked off the South Alaskan run and stuffed with the required cargo. She had started about the same time as the Queen but the fog had prevented us from seeing her. As we passed Cape Deception, latitude 47, we saw the J. J. Wilson' pulling up astern of us. She evidently was being pushed to the limit, for a black column of smoke was pouring from her funnels.' A lull in the wind slowed us down and the pug-nosed rattletrap came puffing up and with a swagger went churning by. The Queen of Waves looked a bit astonished as the J. J. Wilson grew smaller in the south; I'll bet the figurehead was blushing too. The wind rested about an hour, then sprang up afresh and the way the Queen heeled to the water and slid along told me she intended hitting up her best clip.
I guess the old ship knew she would have to make mighty fast time, but thought of defeat never entered her proud head. She had a soul did she—more than lots of folks I reckon.

"Well, to shorten sail, so to speak, we were neck to neck, or rather figurehead to figurehead all the way to Santa Rosa. It was a hard blow and a new experience for the Queen of the Waves—a ship, faster than any clipper or packet on the seven seas, to be thus equalled by a pug-nosed, stinky little teakettle, fit only to carry cattle. It was a hard blow, but she took it to heart and travelled even faster, though try as she would she couldn't leave the J. J. Wilson behind. We pressed on that last resort of the sailor, the 'heaven-tormentor.' There wasn't a stitch left below. The masts shivered and groaned under the great pressure and the Queen leaned over till the sea was boiling along the gunw'le. I looked at the log and saw we were making fourteen knots an hour—a wonderful speed for a sailing vessel.

"Every minute I expected to see the Wilson fall behind, but its rusty engines had more speed in them than I had thought, and it hung right on. When the water front lights of Santa Rosa began to twinkle at us (for it was night), the Queen of the Waves made a last effort. The wind was on our starboard quarter and our port rail was almost under water; rollers swept past us at a tremendous rate; the great square sails tugged like so many horses; the northwester shrieked above our heads. It was on a night like this, over fifty years before, the Queen of the Waves had entered Liverpool breaking the Transatlantic record. Tonight she was making a last stand against the usurper—steam.

"But struggle as bravely as she could the grand old ship couldn't draw away from the J. J. Wilson. In fact the 'tramp' was slowly gaining on us as we entered the land-locked harbor. When we were off the light-house and about three miles from the docks the J. J. Wilson, lights gleaming, a trail of phosphorus in her wake churned past us. It was a great victory for them, but hard, terribly hard on the Queen of the Waves. She entered the harbor of Santa Rosa, defeated and crushed; her spirit gone and her pride. She was beaten and she knew it."

The Captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and slowly refilled it before he continued.

"Some people say the old ship was rotten when she came in here, but I know better—she was as sound as old oak and teak could make her. She's been here but two months now, while the 'General Fairchild' over there has been laid up for years, yet the Queen of the Waves is crumbling to pieces like a wormeaten cigar box. And that last race was the cause. That she, who had been the boast of a mighty nation should be beaten by a rusty, pudgy, tramp steamer was a disgraceful thing, too terrible to be borne. It left her spiritless, her pride crushed. That's why the Queen of the Waves has got seven feet of water in her hold and is falling apart, plank by plank—she's dying of a broken heart."
Civita Castellana was hardly aware that the moon had paled before we were up and stirring in the morning. The streets were cool, dark and quiet at quarter to five—deserted, too, except for the flocks of milking goats we met at the town's East gate. When the sleepy sun appeared at length through countless fairy veils of mist, we had passed the picturesque Castle Borghetto and were pedaling happily, really happily, down a broad attractive valley toward Otricoli.

Why the good citizens ever built a road from the river to the town above instead of steps, I can't imagine, for the one they have is neither more even nor less steep. Quantities—gallons—of perfectly good perspiration shed on that day, still purple the hillside with "vernal flowers," but nice cold claret lemonade in a queer little inn at the top quite revived our spirits and enthusiasm. It's a quaint old hamlet, this, and if there's a house there built since the fourteenth century they've aged it, I'm sure, to blend well with its neighbors. A picture of this sort is a nice little bit of provision with which to stock old memory against an empty hour.

The hills aren't "hills" any more; they've swollen to Alpine proportions. The approach to Narni from the South is very rugged and beautiful. Craggy mountains shut out the light above the narrow road, and deep cleft gorges carry the gathering darkness to terrible depths below. At the Albergo del Angelo we were as usual the only "guests," so I went out in the kitchen and helped the good Mona prepare the eggs and rack the chicken. Everything was delicious, of course, and our Siesta that afternoon was one of "full" satisfaction. Narni is, just like all its sisters, an attractive medieval mountain-perched town, with every street a stage setting, every house the cover for pages of romance. The Emperor Nerva was born here, Pope John XIII too, and Gattamelata the celebrated "condottiere," whose statue is so prominent in Padua. Fortunately, however, there are no definable "sights" to draw thither even the most select of touring parties and Narni remains tranquilly unspoiled.

Some eight miles up the valley the more progressive, less interesting, Terni has been built. The Falls, for which alone the town is famous, are some distance out in the country. Here the amorous Velino leaps seven hundred feet to embosom herself in the Nera which has loved her so long. Unfortunately the Government has seen fit to plant a few armorplate factories in the vicinity, and to run these the old-time beauty has been sadly taxed for power. At least so they say who saw her years ago; but to us it seems that like Juliet, the more she gives the more she has, for
both are infinite. We stayed all night in Terni, I wouldn't have gone another mile for a crown. Tired? I fell asleep so fast I didn't say my prayers.

I was still dreaming next morning when we started—it was just a little after five! But soon enough I awoke to the stern reality of one big mountain that just had to be crossed. I couldn't tell you how high it was, but I know it took me more than three hours of toil and labor before I reached the top. Then, "pro more," I was dead. Luckily, however, I could lie on the wheel and glide down hill the remaining beautiful miles right to gate of Spoleto. Here is a clean, steep, pretty, old town, surrounded as usual with medieval walls and domineered by its frowning feudal castle. The self same castle by the way, in which that queer old thing, Lucretia Borgia, spent many years of well deserved imprisonment.

The Cathedral dedicated to the Assumption has an attractive facade with two open air pulpits. In the tribune is some of Fillipo Lippi's best work—his masterpiece, I think—dealing with the glories of the Virgin, while in one of the transepts the artist himself is modestly tombed.

Spoleto commands a broad fertile valley stretching clear to Perugia and dotted on either side with venerable little hill towns. It seems as though Dante could come back to life and feel at home in any one he might choose. First, Trevi, a dear old place built like a solid cone; then Foligno, where I enjoyed the most "malicious" cinnamon ice-cream and visited the cathedral, with its rich, quaint facade of Romanesque (facing the Trinci palace across the square), then on to the massive old bastioned gateways of Spello. It was here that I came on a young Franciscan Priest reading his breviary under a big umbrella. After the customary salutations I asked him where in Assisi I should present the letters I had brought from America. Upon his request I showed them to him. One was from an American Father who has lived for years in Italy. Padre Tomasso's face lighted up with pleasure. "Did I then know Padre Op—? Was he in good health? Did he sometimes speak of Assisi? Of Padre Tomasso perhaps? Would I then take a message to him?" "Why not indeed?" So I walked beside him while he wrote, trying to make him understand my vacuous Italian; "And now," said he, "you must come and visit my father and mother!" I protested. He insisted. I accepted. So a short ways down the road we turned in through a large orchard to a very comfortable farm house, where first as a stranger, and then as a friend of Padre Op—, I was given the warmest welcome. Homemade wine and cakes were brought out and we laughed and chatted till almost dark. When I said goodnight and started to mount, both tires were perfectly flat. Hamlet's was the only pump that would fit my valve, and except at lunch time I hadn't seen him all day. Plainly, then, I was up against it. Good Padre Tomasso would have me remain where I was all night. A thousand thanks, but that was impossible, I must take the only alternative and walk to Assisi.

Nine o'clock that night the lights of Sta. Maria degli Angeli came in sight
and soon after a dirty bedraggled, fagged out tramp knocked at the Monastery door. Back on the road in the pitch blackness I had rolled down a ditch with my wheel and by this time was as furious as a wet hen. Padre Alphonso, thank God! could talk English, and told me that the rest of the party were up in the town at the Giotto. Like a goose I refused his invitation to spend the night “for fear they might be worried” and took a carriage up to the hotel. They were all ready for bed and seemed surprised to see me.

For various reasons I was much too excited and tired to sleep, so in a negligee costume I sat on the balcony of my little room till nearly three o’clock, my eyes fixed on the sky. Why, I wondered, was the moon ever thought to contain a man? Her time is the evening, her influence dreamy, her methods elusive and charmingly varied; all that she shows is enhanced by the showing, she never appears in the same manner twice, she is coy to a fault and above all how modestly innocent! Modestly innocent, indeed, the moon, who smiles at more evil in an hour of her course than her blazing Lord on the twenty-first of June. She was clear and glorious though that night and silvered all the valley from end to end.

Assisi is, of course, the city of St. Francis, and the sights here are really a series of religious shrines. We visited the little stable where he was born, the font in the Cathedral where his baptism took place; the prison in his father’s house where that irate parent locked him up; the Portiuncula which he rebuilt with his own hands, in which he received his vocation; in which the famous indulgence was made known to him; in which the Order of Friars Minor was founded, and which is still their chief and mother church; his cramped little cell where he spent so many prayerful fasting nights; the garden of bloodstained, thornless roses, where in his strength he overcame temptation; the mulberry tree under which he would sit and talk by the hour with “his sister the grasshopper;” the infirmary where he died a glorious death; and lastly the gorgeous church of St. Francis, where he lies in his venerated tomb. Here there are three churches on as many different stories and each is lined with the precious frescoes of Cimabue and his pupil Giotto. They are the cutest, most naive little pictures you can imagine! Some, it is true, seem almost like intentional humor, but they are certainly most interesting and the “tout ensemble” is very rich and decorative.

There is an old saying that “to mention the name of St. Frances brings back the echo “St. Clare.” Event at the Portiuncula she has a rival claim for our remembrance, since here it was that on the night of Palm Sunday, in 1212, St. Francis confirmed her desire “to live after the manner of the gospel,” founding thereby the Order of Poor Clares. Her life’s story reads like an epic and the people of the Umbrian Valley are to this day devoted to their seraphic mother. San Damiano, where she lived and died is filled with relics and memories, but her body was translated at her canonization and, clad in the coarse habit of her order, may now be seen lying in state in the church that bears her name. Here too are preserved the remains of her beautiful sister, Agnes, who was the first to
join her in retirement from the world. Together they stand as ladies, as christians, as heroines, as saints, Godlike in their ideals, and in their lives Angelic.

Truly Assisi, like early Christian Rome, seems to exude a religious atmosphere of peace, contentment and devotion that one feels the better for having breathed. The people of the entire valley seem to have caught the spirit and differ widely from their compatriots farther south. The anti-clerical, atheistic free-thought tendency and rampant Garibaldianism, so deplorably noticeable in Naples and Rome, find here not even the faintest echo! The people have been defended in their faith from those self-styled reformers, who seek not to teach them more but to take from them that which they have learned. They know their clergy—they trust and love them. The priest is here, as in old time unspoiled Italy, the best friend and most welcome visitor in every home. To him they come with their joys and sorrows, their business difficulties and family squabbles. He is doctor, lawyer, arbitrator and peacemaker for his entire flock. Really it's like a model Christian Arcady.

I wept at leaving Assisi and only the thought of Perugia ahead could have set me in motion. After a perpendicular road down from the first, it was level and pretty till I reached a perpendicular road up to the second. God bless these hilltowns any way. One old man in the goodness of his heart showed me a short cut that—believe me!—was like climbing a ladder. When I reached the top my soul was truly thankful both because it was the top and because it was Perugia, the loveliest city of them all—the jewel of Umbria!

It's history rises in the dim blue foothills of mythology and flows its course through the most romantic forest. At its brink grow the cowslips of fair ladies' love and the bright sturdy poppies of war; the purest white lilies of cannonized saints and the deep glowing violets of art; Melpomène's pansy of velvety black and the sweet rosemary of Clio—oh, there isn't a stream more richly be-decked till we come bye and bye to old Florence. You know, Perugia's school of art gave to the world the world's prime favorite, Raphael, besides having, to own such beacons as Perugino and Pinturicchio. Names indeed with which to conjure! In the fine old Galleria Vannucci their canvases share honors with Bonfiglio and even the Beato Angelico himself. The city has indeed a glorious past, of which she seems to dream on rainy days, but when the sun comes out the brown old walls seem to rouse themselves again to a present that's most alluring.

There is an army of splendid churches for so small a place, and nearly every one contains "starred" sights that must be seen. The Duomo is not perhaps as handsome as it might be; though to tell the truth, at the high mass I attended there, two giddy young maidens were having the time of their lives with an animated uniform between them, and I fear I remember more of that trio than of the less interesting church. But put on your thinking cap and cloak of imagination, so that your interest can't catch cold, and we'll mount together one of the sightseeing buses that doesn't yet
exist. In San Severo, the little church far up to the left is preserved Raphael's first independent fresco—enough-like Perugino to be the master's own. San Bernardo has, as you see, a delicious little facade of terracotta and colored marbles for all the world like the frosting on a big Lady Baltimore cake. San Pedro here is a positive art gallery. Come in and see the delicate carvings and canvases, you'll enjoy them. Now we've reached San Domenico and are standing in the jeweled light of Fra Bottolomeo's window. It faces the west and late afternoon has slowly crept up on us. Can you see, through the golden atmosphere, that exquisite airy tomb over there? It belongs to Benedict XI, the blessed, the learned and the true. He believed in Anagni and loved him, even sealing his affection with his life, for he is everywhere said to have died from French poison given him in figs.

Out in the streets again, every turn is a picture, the men and women costumed members of a huge dramatic personae. We pass under the Arco d'Agusto, perhaps the most interesting of the city's many gates. Beginning with the Etruscan foundations and topped by a graceful Renaissance balcony—you notice that three distinct and widely removed types of architecture are traceable—very interesting, but I don't much care for gateways, they always remind me of parting—so this, of the inevitable day when Perugia too passed into memory.

We said our several smiling farewells almost before the sun was up and rode at top speed to Majone for breakfast—another hill-town reached by another short cut! No comment is necessary. The little inn was cute, clean, pink, and boasted a balcony shaded with pretty vines. When we were ready to start I found there was something very wrong with my wheel, and fix it I could not. If the others could, they didn't care to waste the precious moments and simply said they were pressed for time and would probably meet me in Florence. When they had gone I and Madonna became the best of friends. We chatted away in infant's Italian on most everything and when it came time to cook another meal she let me blow the handles for her charcoal stove. The kitchen, even at home, always had a strange attraction for me, but over here it was quite irresistible. I puttered around, nosed into everything, and made friends with all the customers who came into the shop—enjoying myself immensely till the train for Florence was due.

Not five minutes ride from the station we emerged from a tunnel in full view of Lake Trasimeno. In its rich blue depth it's like a piece of sky that's become unloosened and tumbled into the landscape shiny side up. Islands crowned with tiny castles are scattered over its surface like "rich and various gems that overlay the unadorned bosom of the deep." Here, two hundred or more years before Christ, one of the bloodiest battles of the Punic War was fought. Hannibal was victorious and fifteen thousand Romans were strewn along the border of the lake. Past battles could claim small attention though, as one was now being waged in my very presence. Two well dressed settled looking men were having a most enjoyable fight. It's funny, but in a
quarrel, Italians have a childish way of pleading their case in toto to the nearest onlooker who will listen. Although I couldn't understand of course a dozen words they said, I tried hard to look intelligent and gravely sympathized with the one I thought I'd like best. So time took wings and before I realized that Arezzo was out of sight, the train slowed down in a dark, roofed station. I was in Florence.

(To be continued.)

GETHSEMANI

DONALD CHISHOLM, '14

Gethsemani! That garden fair,
That hill of woe and weeping, where
Our Master drained His suffering!
There as did He, the victim King,
With love our trials may we bear.

Though life seem bright, though free from care—
Then more the need of fast and prayer;
Our present joys will whet thy sting,
Gethsemani!

Make strong our hearts, O Lord, to dare
The anguish that awaits us there!
To Thee in sorrow must we cling.
We do not ask for lessening
Our part in what we all must share—
Gethsemani!
The Merrick Debate

James K. Lynch, '12.

The thirty-eighth annual Merrick Debate was held this year on the evening of February 29th, by the Philodemic Debating Society. The question debated was as follows: "Resolved, That the Arbitration Treaties with Great Britain and France, referred to the Senate of the United States August 11, 1911, should be ratified."

These treaties had been signed by our Secretary of State Philander C. Knox, and by the Ambassadors of Great Britain and France, the Honorable James Bryce, and M. J. Jusserand, and were then awaiting final action by the Senate.

A very large and appreciative audience assembled to hear such a momentous question debated (and decided), by the Philodemic Society in its oldest and classic public debate.

Mr. Crosby, '12, of Wisconsin, president of the Philodemic Society, in a few remarks told of the founding of the Merrick Debating Medal by the Hon. Richard T. Merrick in 1874.

The debate was opened for the affirmative by Mr. Jennings '12, of West Virginia, who said that the Treaties are opposed because the third clause of Art. III, empowering the Joint High Commission of Inquiry, in case of disagreement between two nations, to determine whether a question is justiciable, gives the Commission too much power, and secondly because it is unconstitutional. He answered the first objection by showing that questions of governmental policy and those affecting national honor, such as the Monroe Doctrine, exclusion of immigrants, and Territorial integrity, would not be considered as justiciable questions. He then answered the second objection by denying any delegation of legislative power by the Senate or loss of their prerogatives because the Commission does not determine what is to be arbitrated but only whether this or that particular question comes within the class of questions which the Senate has agreed shall be arbitrable.

Mr. Smith '12, of Connecticut, the first speaker on the negative, after some well chosen remarks, said that the affirmative admitted the principle of warfare in that if the Commission decides that the question is non-justiciable the only recourse left for its settlement is the arbitrament of war; that if the Commission be opposed to what is just and right it would be idle to expect the injured party to submit, especially if it be well supplied with battleships and fighting men. Mr. Smith also contended that the proposed Treaties if ratified would render such vital questions as the Monroe Doctrine, immigration regulations and the Panama Canal open to arbitration. In his peroration Mr. Smith made the undeniable assertion that peace would be aided more by the practical application of the principles of Christian ethics in dealing with international questions rather than by at-
tempting to legislate justice, morality and uprightness by the enforcement of the Treaties.

Mr. Haggerty '12, of New York, the second speaker for the affirmative maintained: That peace is the fundamental principle of civilization; and that civilization will attain its highest aim in the establishment of universal peace. He said that peace was possible, and arbitration eminently practical. He asserted that the pending Treaties will tend to establish that peace, inasmuch as they will include the very questions that are most conducive to war; that they provide for a year's delay before a question is submitted to arbitration; and they provide for an impartial interpretation in the scope of the Treaties. In answering the objections Mr. Haggerty demonstrated that a question such as the Monroe Doctrine cannot be included in these Treaties because it is a question of national and not international policy; and that immigration laws cannot be included because the right of restriction of foreigners is inherent in every sovereign power.

Mr. Dailey '12, of New York, closed the debate. His speech consisted in the portrayal of the defects found within the "four corners of the Treaties." He argued that if treaties of this sort were to be made, they should not be concluded until the wording of them was of such a perfect nature as to equalize concessions, specify exceptions, omit loopholes, be possible of fulfillment, impossible of wrong interpretation and be in strict conformity with both the Constitution and well informed public opinion. In his peroration he also touched upon the lack of a sanction to compel obedience to the mandates and decisions of the arbitral court and he expressed himself as being opposed to anything which would weaken in any way the status of the present Court of Arbitration commonly called the Hague Tribunal.

The judges, the Hon. Richard E. Connell, Congressman from New York; the Hon. Ashley M. Gould, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District; and John J. Hamilton, LL. M., Professor at Georgetown Law School, then withdrew to decide the merits of the debate and to select the best individual speaker.

During the intermission the Georgetown Orchestra and Glee Club entertained the audience with several selections.

Mr. Connell, chairman of the judges, announced that the debate had been awarded to the affirmative side. The best individual debater who receives the Merrick gold medal, will not be known publicly until graduation day, the sixth of June.
Reception to Our New President

J. Kenna Jennings, '12.

In spite of the threatening dark clouds and the drizzling rainfall, on the afternoon of February 18th from four till six P. M., a representative assemblage of Washington's elite society, consisting of over three hundred guests, thronged the Hirst Library, to enjoy the hospitality of the University and to celebrate the election of The Rev. Alphonsus J. Donlon, S. J., to the presidency of Georgetown University.

The entire Senior Class of the College department, wearing caps and gowns, cordially welcomed the guests at the main entrance of the Healy Building, and then escorted them to the Hirst Library, where they were met by Mr. George E. Hamilton, President of the National Alumni Association, who presented them to the newly-elected president.

For the occasion the Hirst Library was tastefully decorated with potted palms and plants, with carnations, red and white, everywhere predominating; the walls artistically ornamented and bedecked with the seals and pennants of Georgetown; the balcony and pillars profusely adorned with the blue and gray, intermingled with the Stars and Stripes; and all the decorations interspersed here and there with variously colored small electric bulbs of delicate shades and hues. On the balcony, screened off and alcoved by portieres of plants and flowers, was to be found Minster's Orchestra, which added immensely to the pleasantness of the occasion by cheering all with many catchy selections.

Although this event was the first of its kind held by the faculty of Georgetown for quite some time, it is indeed needless to say that it was not only a real success, but greatly eclipsed all others. That it was highly enjoyed by all, was evidenced by the general good cheer that was ever and everywhere so prevalent. Truly it was an auspicious event, an occasion for the open expression and acknowledgment of the good will of the many friends of the University, and it marked the opening of a new era for Georgetown. If the kind feelings of the guests are any criterion, and if their numerous predictions come true, then we have every reason to be most optimistic in looking forward to the greatest possible prosperity for Georgetown under the direction of our great leader—Father Alphonsus J. Donlon, S. J.

Assisting the president were, The Rev. John B. Creede, Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences; Chief Justice Claibough, Dean of the University Law School; Dr. George M. Koher, Dean of the School of Medicine, and Dr. William N. Cogan, Dean of the School of Dentistry.

To the kind ladies who served at the tea and refreshment tables, and who assisted so much in spreading the good
cheer that so marked the occasion, all are deeply indebted. They were the following: Mrs. Harry M. Clabaugh, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. Seth Shepard, Mrs. William N. Cogan, Mrs. Alexander McNeil, Mrs. Milton E. Ailes, Mrs. William N. Roach, Mrs. J. Eakin Gadsby, Mrs. P. P. Mullett, Mrs. Nellie E. Fealy, Mrs. Anna E. Murphy, Miss Jane Daly, and Miss Margaret Gowans.

Among the distinguished guests were Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey, Senator E. G. Poindexter of Washington, Senator and Mrs. Weldon B. Heyburn of Idaho, Senator and Mrs. Atlee Pomerene of Ohio, Senator-elect and Mrs. Ransdell of Louisiana, the Spanish Minister and Senora de Riano, Chief Justice and Mrs. Clabaugh, Chief Justice and Mrs. Seth Shepard, Justice and Mrs. Lamar, Justice and Mrs. Barnard, Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Wiley, Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Hannis Taylor, Col. and Mrs. R. D. Simms, Mr. and Mrs. James Knox Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Asaph Hall, Gen. William Crozier, Gen. J. J. O'Connor, Commissioner Robert E. Valentine, Mr. Herbert Putnam, Mr. John Joy Edson, Mgr. J. T. Mackin, and the Senior Class of Georgetown Visitation Convent.

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**REVERIE**

W. A., '15

When to the solitude of some silent dell
I stray me from this busy world a-while,
I there with hallowed thoughts the day beguile,
I then have felt those things I cannot tell.
Deep musings all the baser moods do quell,
And solemn dreams man's vaunted works revile,
Then is there wisdom in a daisy's smile,
Then is this world a word I learn to spell.
Yet, lack-a-day! when all my dreams are fled,
Or ride off on the sunbeams of the morn.
When nought but what is earthly is not dead,
And only what is mortal may be born;
Then turn I to those toils I late did scorn
And wake old Meditation from his bed.
Alumni

BERNARD BRADY, '14.

Mr. and Mrs. Billups Phinizy, of Athens, Georgia, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bolling Phinizy, to Mr. Hughes Spalding, A. B. '08, on Wednesday, February the seventh. In his Senior year "Spike" was manager of baseball and besides having one of the best teams that Georgetown has ever turned out, proved his capability in other ways.

According to the America the Rev. John Hagen, S. J., the head of the Vatican Astronomical Observatory, who was professor of Astronomy at Georgetown a few years ago, has just issued a volume on "The Rotation of the Earth," in which he develops the results of his experiments with his new double pendulum called an "isomeograph."

John J. Beckman, formerly of Indianapolis, and Will H. Smith, formerly of Livingston, Mont., both of whom graduated in the law class of 1910 with the degree of LL. B., have gone into partnership and are situated as a law firm at 422-23-24 Yeon Building, Portland, Ore.

"Hub" Hart, star Varsity football and baseball player 1901-5, has gone to Sacramento, Cal., where he will play this season. Hart received his dental degree of D. D. S. in '05, but the call of the diamond was too insistent and he has been a professional player since his graduation.

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Lancaster, Pa., was the scene of a pretty wedding when, on January thirty-first, Miss Kathryn M. Griffitts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Stuart Griffitts, was married to Mr. John W. Eckenrode, Jr., A. B. '09. Harold J. Eckenrode, brother of the groom, formerly of the class of 1911, was one of the ushers. Since graduating Eckenrode has gone into business with his father, establishing the firm of Eckenrode & Son, general agents of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia. Many of the present day students will recall that "Ecky" was the leader of the orchestra from 1904-09 and was the Varsity catcher on the teams of '08 and '09 which made splendid records.

The Providence, R. I., Tribune, of Sunday, February eleventh, contains a full page contribution by Rev. Thomas F. Cullen, A. B. '99, which is headed, "Parochial Schools Have Attained a High Standard." It is a well written exposition of the state of the parochial schools in the Providence diocese, containing a brief history of the schools, stating their number and showing the inmeasurable amount of good they have accomplished. The article does not confine itself merely to the topic of local conditions of the parochial schools, but defines in a clear and scholarly manner the attitude of the Church on the subject of education. He says in part: "If the
origins of our schools are mean and humble, as far as power and material equipment go, they are glorious and sublime if we consider the character of those who founded them and first taught in them; who bore hardships and lived down contempt, and transformed hatred into love. The heroic religious who nursed them in infancy and watched over their growth have long since gained the confidence of the community; they have passed from opposition to toleration, from toleration to recognition, and today compel the admiration of all for their splendid achievements in the work of Christian education."

The Evening Post of Frederick, Md., recently printed the following editorial in praise of Mr. Edward Smith, A. B. '01:

City Attorney Smith's report of his observation of the work of Congressman David J. Lewis, while he was in Washington this week co-operating with Mr. Lewis in preparations for pressing upon the attention of Congress the bill for the payment of Frederick's war claim tends to strengthen the high opinion of the Sixth District's Representative which his constituents generally have come to hold. In this connection, it certainly is not out of place, and is but just, to remark that the city attorney himself is a hard worker for Frederick's interests. In this matter of the war claim, in the matter of the protection of the city's water supply, and in many other matters of importance, Mr. Smith has been earnest, energetic and persistent in his efforts to conserve and advance the city's interests. If Congressman Lewis wins this fight to have the war claim paid, a large measure of the credit will belong to Mr. Smith, and the debt to both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Smith by the city will be large.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."—Gray.

Henry Augustus Cecil, whose memory and merits are commemorated by these lines, was born on the 23rd of September, 1830, at the place where Cecilian College now stands, and died at the place of his birth, January 23, 1893. He was a descendant of those early pioneers who came to this country when it was one of the possessions of the English crown. His father, Charles Cecil, was born in Marion County, Ky., in 1808, and married Rebecca, the daughter of Denton Geogehan. The result of this union was six children, of whom Henry was the eldest. As a boy he was industrious and bright, and early in life he acquired a good education. Very few persons of this day, born and reared under our present well organized and widely spread system of schools, academies, and colleges, everywhere accessible, can realize or appreciate the many obstacles and inconveniences which beset and frustrate the efforts of the youths of that day to obtain an education. He graduated at the early age of sixteen, at
Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and immediately began to devote himself to teaching, a profession that he then adopted and followed during all the rest of his life with the greatest success.

In 1850 he received the degree of A. M. from the same venerable institution where he had graduated. In 1860 he became president of Cecilian College, and for thirty-two years occupied that position, and by his indomitable energy he overcame all obstacles, and placed Cecilian College on a level with the best institutions of learning in the land.

Patient, laborious, and persistent in his investigations, he shirked no labor essential to the discharge of his duties, and was one of the most aggressive and progressive teachers of the age. He reduced the art of teaching to a science, and won fame at home and abroad. In 1877 he married the daughter of Gen. Humphrey Marshall, and was a most faithful and devoted husband.

Amidst the passions and emotions of humanity, he strewed along the pathway of his life, so simple and so beautiful as it was, great deeds, noble actions, and chivalrous sentiments,

“As the giant oak of his own native forests,
Strews its foliage in a kindly largess to the
Soil it grew on.”

By an unswerving fidelity to truth, a conscientious discharge of his duties, and true charity, he became endeared to the people in the midst of whom he lived, and no one knew “Old Pres.” but to love him. The needy never applied to him in vain.

He may be forgotten as a teacher, as a man of brilliant attainments, or as a scholar, but as “Old Pres.” he will always be remembered, and as one whose heart beat responsive to all those warmer and dearer sentiments that makes us all, both haughty and humble, forget cold and barren humanity, and brings us closer to the Creator.

He was a member of the Catholic Church, and firmly believing in it, he professed and practised it free from bigotry or uncharitableness toward others.

Naught can be said to alleviate the article of Death, but when “the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken,” when “mortal has put on immortality,” we can but cast a retrospective glance over a beautiful life like his, and anticipating his reward, exclaim,

“O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?”

He was stricken down in the full vigor of maturer manhood by the unseen enemy who ever dogs our steps, prompt to seize on the slightest avenue of approach to sap or storm the citadel of life, and he passed away conscious of the presence of sorrowing relatives, and of the devoted ministrations of an affectionate wife and idolized daughter.

Thus uncertain is life; thus death constantly invades our narrow circle, thins our numbers, and reminds us that no gravity of employment, no eminence of station, no interest in life, can arrest its fateful decree.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of.
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.”
He was borne to his last resting place in the sacred bosom of his native State, and placed among the departed generations of his kindred, at old St. John's, where the dark and sombre forests, in never ending cadence, sigh their mournful requiem.

"His life was gentle, and the elements were so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

H. M. S. in Owensboro Enquirer.
On the evening of March 2d the four walls of Convention Hall rang with the plaudits of more than three thousand spectators as the Eighteenth Annual Georgetown Indoor games, not only the most successful of this series of successful meets, but the greatest indoor carnival ever held South of New York, was held. And the greatest thing about the meet was the fact that for the first time in the history of that event Georgetown excelled the representatives of all the other represented colleges and won its own meet. The meet itself was the best ever held by Georgetown, and the success of its management was due to the fine work of Manager Kingsley who was ably assisted by ex-manager Wymard and assistant manager Darr. There was only one thing that marred the meet, and that was the unfortunate necessity of disqualifying the Virginia team and awarding the relay race to Georgetown. Todd was the first man to run for Virginia; against him was running Bob Eller of Georgetown. Eller by superior head work managed to keep Todd in the rear for the first two laps, his energy having been sapped in the previous events in which he competed, on the third lap he was quickly breaking down but gamely doing his best. As the two runners came down the home stretch of the third lap, Eller leading by a few yards, he swayed slightly away from the post. Todd, thinking he saw his opportunity to take the lead made a desperate sprint, attempting to pass Eller on the inside. Simultaneously Eller pulled himself together and, loath to lose his hard earned advantage cut into the post. Apparently there were two things for Todd to do, either to stop short and lose his stride, thereby ensuring victory to Georgetown.
or to attempt to pass Eller without leaving the track. He attempted to do the latter, but found it impossible and was forced either to bump Eller, thereby fouling him, or to run inside the line. This he did, quite probably unconsciously, and was disqualified. There is but little satisfaction in having won a race in this manner, but Georgetown authorities are confident that if Todd had stopped and turned out, that he would have lost approximately ten yards in so doing, and that with this increased lead the race would have been awarded to Georgetown in the end.

Besides the Georgetown-Virginia relay race there were races between Yale and Princeton and Cornell and Carlisle. The Yale-Princeton event was easily the prettiest of the evening, each team running two miles and Yale after an exciting finish being the winner by a margin of two feet. Cornell swamped Carlisle in their race, leading from the start and coming in first with thirty yards to spare.

John Paul Jones, of Cornell, probably ran the best race of his life in the mile event at the indoor meet. Running from scratch with Wilson of Hopkins, he fell at the turn thereby losing a good twenty yards only to pass his rival, on the home stretch, and win by a few yards. It was a veritable pleasure to see this man run. His long, free stride seemed to eat up space with no effort at all, and after running seven-eighths of a mile his sprint was that of a fifty-yard man, running his heat.

Thrope, of Carlisle, is an all round man of the same type as Eller. After having finished second in the hurdles he walked up to the space reserved for the jumpers, cleared the bar at 6 feet 1½ inches and then put the shot farther than any other man. Athletes of this type are very scarce and it was indeed a novelty to see two men of their stamp in action on the same evening.

In Bob Eller Georgetown is extremely fortunate in having obtained an athlete capable of placing the Blue and Gray, as of yore, foremost in college trackdom. To the imposing array of world's marks made by the peerless Duffy and Wefers, we now have added another list equally imposing, but more incredible in that Eller has accomplished in a period of two months, feats almost the equal to those that it took his predecessors nearly two years to accomplish. Yes, it is indeed true that Eller has worn the Blue and Gray for but two months, and yet in this short period he has by his own efforts, won for us the Hopkins meet, helped give us second place in the Richmond games, and contributed to the winning of our own meet. Not satisfied with these results Eller has proceeded to set new records in the hurdles and dashes, not for the colleges of the continent, nor yet for the continent itself, but for the entire world. Nor indeed have Eller's efforts been confined to sprinting alone. He has won points for Georgetown in throwing the weights also, and in this department, while not yet a record holder, he is classed with the best men in college athletics.
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Thus we see that not only is Eller an individual star, but by his all-round work not only is his name heralded across the confines of two continents as a world beater, but he also enables Georgetown to renew her claims as queen of the South, in track athletics.

Newt Brewer is the find of the year. Unheralded by the newspapers, and practically unknown in the local track circles, he has contributed his quota to the successes of the Blue and Gray this season. Winning the fifty yards collegiate and finishing second in fifty yards open he furnished the Blue and Gray with eight points without which the victory would never have been ours. In the quarter mile handicap he ran a sensational race, finishing second in his heat by a nerve-racking sprint.

Harry Costello deserves the unstinted praise and admiration of all sons of Georgetown. Costello, not having vaulted for over a year, took his pole in hand and cleared the bar at 11 feet 6 inches, which when his handicap was added gave him first place in the pole vault and gave Georgetown the five points necessary to beat Hopkins out for first place, in the big indoor meet.

Georgetown's victory on March 2d was due to the efforts of three men: Costello, Eller and Brewer. Eller furnished ten points, Brewer eight and Costello five, giving Georgetown a total of twenty-three points over the twenty-one of Hopkins.

Everything seems to give promise of a successful campaign for the base ball nine. Almost all of the veterans of last year's aggregation are still with us and new ball tossers of reputed skill have
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joined our ranks. The elements, however, seem to have united against an early start for the active practice of the nine, and so far there have been but two days of outdoor practice. The early part of the season has also been slightly marred through a rumor, given birth to in one of the daily papers, that the base ball nine has been already chosen, and that there is no chance for more than ten or twelve of the aspirants to land a birth on the regulars. Coach Sprigman and Captain Cogan vehemently denounced this rumor as being absolutely without foundation and Manager Haggerty was forced to go to a great deal of trouble in order to contradict the rumor, which had gained credence in the down town departments.

The names of those who reported for the opening of the season and the positions that they are competing for indicate that there is a wealth of material for the Blue and Gray nine that has been unequalled during the past few years. The battery will this year be excellently supported on the mound by the three veterans of last year's team, White, Feinle, and O'Connor, while Lamberton and Heffenan of the new recruits give promise of being corner. The former pitched for the strong Freshman nine last year and in a game with one of the local high schools was credited with seventeen strikeouts. Heffenan, who is a strong southpaw with a wicked delivery, made a name for himself throughout the New England prep schools last year while pitching for the Sanford Academy nine. O'Herron a newcomer from Pittsburg is endowed with a world of speed and seems to have masterly control. The
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Center Market. Washington, D. C.

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(Continued from page ix.)

receiving end of the battery will be none the less strong. With Furey, Waldron and Bergin of last year's team with us again and three strong newcomers in the persons of Lynch of Fordham, Mullaney of Mt. St. Joseph's and Magner, who hails from the Mississippi, we need have no fear as to the strength of this position.

In the infield we shall probably see two new faces. Bun Feenan, the giant initial sacker is now a member of the alumni body and ex-captain Sitterding has signified his intention of switching to the outfield this year. To fill in the vacancy left by Feenan we have “Morry” O'Connor, who played on first base the year before last, Chapman who held down this position last year on the Fordham nine and Mulcahy and O'Boyle of the Freshman class. Bailey, M'Cauley and Connely are out for second base, while Captain Cogan will doubtless be seen in his old position at shortstop. Campazzi, of Fordham, and “Inky” Davis, a veteran of last year will fight it out for third base.

There is an equal wealth of material for the outfield. Hunt and Ryan, two of last years outfielders, should with a year of added experience be even better than last year, while Sitterding will put in a strong bid for one of the gardens. Among the newcomers, however, are a number of men who should make last years men work for their laurels and the above mentioned trio will be extremely fortunate in being able to hold down their births.

With a fast and heavy hitting aggregation such as we have cause to expect their is no reason why the team should not go through the hard schedule with success and uphold the name of Alma Mater throughout college baseball circles.

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Michael J. Colbert, Attorney-at-Law, Southern Building, 15th and H Streets.

Joseph J. Darlington, Attorney-at-Law, 410 5th street northwest.

Darr, Peyer, and Taylor, Attorneys-at-Law, 705 G Street N. W.


George E. Hamilton, Attorney-at-Law, Union Trust Building.


RAY ROSS Perry & Son, Attorneys-at-Law, Fendall Building, Washington, D. C.


George E. Sullivan, Attorney-at-Law, Fendall Building, Washington, D. C.

Frank Van Sant, Attorney-at-Law, Davidson Bldg., 1413 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Winfield P. Jones, Attorney-at-Law, Atlanta, Ga.

HAWAII:

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E. J. Geringer, Attorney-at-Law, 630 West 12th Street, Chicago. Telephone Monroe 448.

Michael L. Igoe, Attorney-at-Law, 1201-1208 Title & Trust Bldg., 100 Washington St., Chicago. Telephone Randolph 446.

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Charles J. Martell, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 1108-1110 Barristers' Hall, Boston.

James R. Murphy, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School Street, Boston.

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Martin Conboy, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 27 Pine Street, New York
James P. B. Duffy, Attorney-at-Law, Rochester Savings Bank Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Jean P. des Garennes, Counsellor-at-Law, 63 Wall St., New York.
John M. Nolan, Counsellor-at-Law, 20 Broad street, New York
Henry G. Rask, Real Estate and Securities, Jamestown, N. Y.
Elwin Sefton, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 149 Broadway, New York City.
Andrew J. Shipman, Attorney-at-Law, 37 Wall street, New York.
Maurice C. Spratt, Attorney-at-Law, 77 West Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Henry Walters, President of Atlantic Coast Line R. R., Empire Building, 74 Broadway, New York.

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OKLAHOMA:
J. A. Dial, Attorney-at-Law, Childers & Dial, 14-15 Englis Block, Muskogee, Oklahoma. Phone 430.

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Charles B. Kenny, Law Office, Marder Building, 433 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
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